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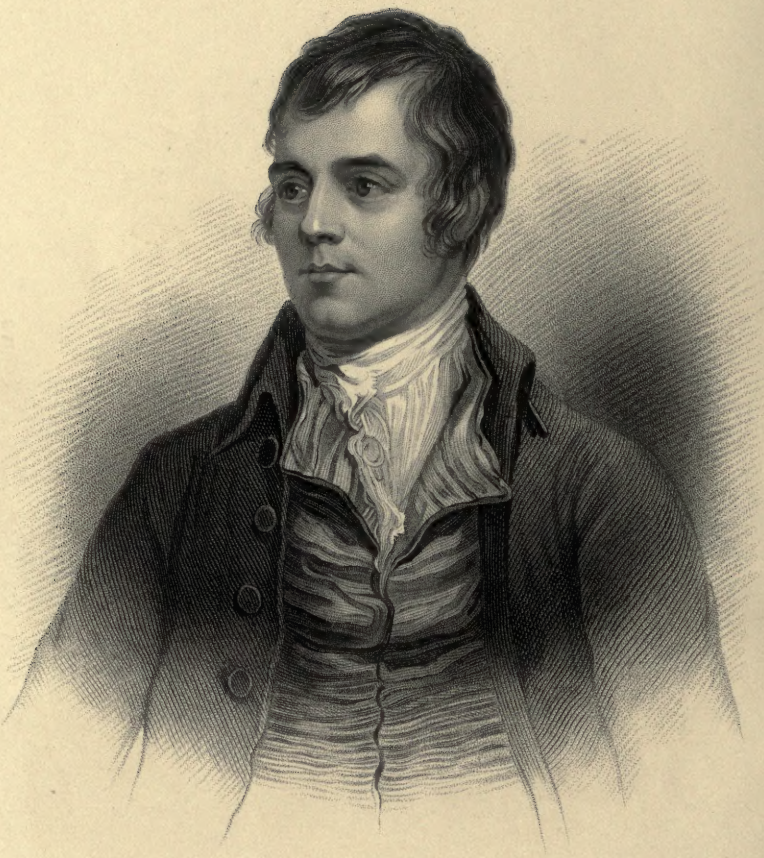

Robert Burns

Engraved by S. Freeman from the Original painting by Nasmyth

A. Fullarton & Co. London & Edinburgh

Chronicle of the Hundredth Birth Day of Robert Burns

Cottage in which Burns was born

A. Fullarton & Co.
Edinburgh and London

CHRONICLE

OF

THE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY JAMES BALLANTINE,

AUTHOR OF THE "GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET," &c.

A. FULLARTON & CO.,

EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

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PREFACE.

"He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a';
He'll be a credit till us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

THE celebration of the hundredth birthday of Robert Burns, on the 25th day of January, in the year 1859, presented a spectacle unprecedented in the history of the world.

The extent and variety of the materials necessary to chronicle the incidents of such a day may be judged of by the following analysis of the meetings herein chronicled:

SCOTLAND,	676
ENGLAND,	76
IRELAND,	10
COLONIES,	48
UNITED STATES,	61
COPENHAGEN,	1
Total,	872

The utmost enthusiasm pervaded all ranks and classes. Villages and hamlets, unnoticed in statistical reports, unrecorded in Gazetteers, had their dinners, suppers, and balls. City vied with clachan, peer with peasant, philanthropist with patriot, philosopher with statesman, orator with poet, in honouring the memory of the Ploughman Bard. The meetings were no less remarkable for their numbers than for their unanimity of sentiment; the number of speakers at each meeting being greatly over the average on other public occasions, and far beyond what the space of this Chronicle can record.

Many noble poems and eloquent orations have been omitted. It was not easy to see and resolutely keep the way to this necessary condensation. The determination is told by the book itself, which chronicles only ROBERT BURNS.

The Editor, for his own satisfaction, takes this opportunity to chronicle the efficient aid afforded by his friend, Sheriff Gordon, and the assistance received from the practical co-operation of his friend, Mr. John A. Fullarton, one of the members of the publishing firm by which the work was projected. No men ever entered on a genial task with greater harmony. No labour of love was ever carried out with more thorough kindliness. And it is to be hoped that the volume will carry down to a remote period a faithful memory and expression of the gratitude of the human heart to one who gave utterance to its truest and happiest feelings.

J. B.

EDINBURGH, 16*th May*, 1859.

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THE

BURNS CENTENARY.

EDINBURGH.

THE Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of ROBERT BURNS was by all classes in Edinburgh regarded as a holiday. So far as the weather was concerned, the day corresponded pretty closely with that on which the poet was born—the "Januar' wind" blowing with the strength and energy of a hurricane. About two o'clock, without concert, but with one accord, shopkeepers began to shut up; and within little more than an hour after, crowds were in all parts of the town to be seen proceeding to the various places in which the Centenary Festivals were to be held. Long lines of cabs and carriages extended from all the entrances to the Music Hall, and groups of spectators gathered at every door, or promenaded George Street, observing the arrivals. Nothing could have been more cordial or general than the enthusiasm that prevailed at all the meetings; at the great gathering in the Music Hall especially the tone was admirably struck by Lord Ardmillan, to whose hearty manly eloquence as a speaker, and tact and good-humour as a chairman, the complete success of this chief festival was in no slight degree indebted. Here and at the Corn Exchange and Queen Street Hall all the proceedings passed off with the greatest *éclat*, while lesser celebrations, of which we have no note, numbered by scores; and in no case have we heard of any untoward occurrence. The monument to the poet at the Calton Hill was florally decorated for the occasion—the dome, pillars, and base being wreathed and encircled with evergreens; and in the course of the day many persons paid to this memorial of genius the homage of a visit.

THE MUSIC HALL.

A great banquet took place in the Music Hall in the evening. Tables were laid out for seven hundred persons, besides which the galleries and orchestra were crowded with five hundred ladies in full dress, who took their places at an early hour, and remained till nearly the conclusion of the proceedings.

Lord Ardmillan presided, and he was accompanied to the platform by the Lord Provost, the Lord Justice-Clerk, Lord Ivory, Lord Neaves, Colonel M'Laverty, Captain Carnegie, Rev. Dr. Robert Lee, Mr. Adam Black, M. P., Sir William Gibson-Craig, Professor Blackie, Mr. D. O. Hill, Secretary, R. S. A., Mr. James Ballantine, and Professor Campbell Swinton. Sheriff Gordon and Mr. R. Chambers acted as croupiers.

Among the gentlemen in the body of the hall were Sir W. Dunbar, M. P., Bishop Gillis, Mr. Hepburn, as representative of the Caledonian Society of London, Sir John Richardson of Lancrigg (the Arctic navigator, and in his youth a frequent visitor at Burns' house in Dumfries), Mr. Gray of Preston (who, as a playmate of his children, knew the poet, and who came from Preston to be present on this occasion), the Provost of Leith, Sir W. Baillie, Professor Simpson, Mr. A. T. Boyle, Mr. Russell (Scotsman), Bailie Forester, Bailie Grieve, Bailie Johnston, Treasurer Russell, Councillor F. Richardson, Councillor Mossman, Councillor Cassels, Councillor Hill, Councillor Wood, Councillor Hay, Councillor Marshall, Bailie Lindsay of Leith, Professor Dick, Mr. A. Morrison, Dr. Schmitz, Mr. John Ritchie, Mr. Maurice Lothian, Mr. F. Russell, Mr. G. Lorimer, Mr. C. Maclaren, Mr. Edmonston, Professor Kelland, Professor M'Dougall, Colonel M'Niven, Sir William Forbes, Bart., Mr. Cosmo Innes, Mr. E. F. Maitland, Mr. David Laing, Mr. William Tait of Priorbank, Mr. David Rhind, Mr. John Archibald Campbell, Dr. John Renton, Mr. Williamson (Kinross), Mr. John Philip, R. A.,

Mr. George Harvey, R. S. A., Mr. John Steele, R. S. A., Mr. Horatio M'Culloch, R. S. A., Mr. Kenneth Macleay, R. S. A., Mr. James Drummond, R. S. A., Mr. W. B. Johnston (Royal Academy librarian), Mr. James Archer, R. S. A., Mr. William Brodie, R. S. A., Mr. Allan Fraser, Mr. Howden, Dr. W. T. Gairdner, Mr. Gillon, Rev. Mr. Boyle, Rev. Mr. Torrance, Mr. J. C. Smith, Mr. M'Ewan, Mr. Oliver G. Miller (Dundee), Mr. Peter M'Kenzie (Glasgow), Mr. P. S. Fraser, Mr. Hunter (New Mains), &c. There were also present as guests of the meeting, Miss Burns, granddaughter of the Poet, and three daughters of his friend the late Mr. George Thomson.

After dinner, before and after which grace was said by the Rev. Dr. Robert Lee,

The CHAIRMAN rose amid loud cheering, and said—I cannot, in mere words of form, propose to you the toast with which it becomes us, as good subjects, to commence our proceedings. This is the centenary of a day when, within the "auld clay bigging" of a Scottish cottage, the peasant-bard of our country was born; and now that each returning summer brings royal visits of condescending kindness to Scottish cottages, I am sure that you will join me in dedicating loyally, thankfully, and joyously our first enthusiastic pledge to the health, happiness, and prosperity of the Queen. (Great cheering.) Whether we take a retrospect of the years which have passed since the birth of Burns, or try to number our national blessings, or mark the present aspect of the times, and anticipate the bursting on other lands of the storm with which the little cloud on the horizon may be charged, we have great reason to be thankful to Divine Providence that our beloved Queen is, by the personal virtues of her pure and amiable character, an illustrious example to her subjects, and that in her wise and benign sway we have the best security for social order and national tranquillity, and the surest guarantee of personal and constitutional freedom. (Cheers.) Thus it is that, from the stateliest castle to the humblest cottage of our happy land there prevails one universal feeling of devoted loyalty to the Throne; and that, with the deliberate conviction of our judgment, and the earnest affections of our hearts, we unite loyally and lovingly in a bumper to the Queen. (The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.)

The CHAIRMAN then gave, in succession, "The Prince Consort," and "The Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family."

The CHAIRMAN again rose, and called for a bumper.—I rise to propose to you "The Arms of our Country"—not the heraldic arms, blazoned though they be with the historic glories of departed ages; but the two brave and powerful arms with which Britain now guards her shores, maintains her rights, and achieves her triumphs—the Navy and Army. It is in no narrow or exclusive spirit that at this Scottish festival we rejoice to think that Scotsmen have ever been, and now are, in the front rank of our defenders on sea and shore. In the navy, where a Prince of the blood royal is now training for service and developing his promise of distinction, there are leading Scotsmen too numerous to mention; and I am happy to see present my honourable and gallant friend, peculiarly qualified to represent his noble profession, as he adds new lustre to a name hereditarily distinguished in the annals of naval war. In the army our eyes turn to the daring veteran whose Scottish arm now bears aloft the standard of victory in the East, and to that determined Scottish brigade who so brilliantly accomplish the plans of a leader worthy of their confidence. (Cheers.) On this occasion there is a peculiar propriety in the toast; for in every phase of the soldier's life—at each step in the course of conflict, victory, and returning peace—some tones from the harp of Burns come thrillingly to our feelings. In the unflinching stand from which attacking foes recoil, scattered like waves from a rock; in the desperate onset which sweeps the enemy from the field, how has there run along the Scottish line the sound—first murmuring low, then swelling like thunder—of that noblest of martial odes,—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." (Enthusiastic applause.) In the hour which crowns the triumph, and closes the career, as "victory shines on life's last ebbing sands," how finely, with a touch at once powerful and delicate, does Burns describe the dying hero:—

> "Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
> Death comes—wi' fearless eye he sees him,
> Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gi'es him:
> And when he fa's,
> His latest draught o' breathing lea'es him
> In faint huzzas."

And, once more, when the fruits of victory are reaped in honourable and lasting peace, who can forget—who even that has not seen Mr. Faed's illustrations can forget—Burns' picture of "The Soldier's Return"—

> "When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
> And gentle peace returning,
> Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
> And mony a widow mourning;
> I left the lines and tented field
> Where lang I'd been a lodger,
> My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
> A puir but honest sodger.

(Cheers.)

"A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstained wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia hame again
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks of Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

"At length I reached the bonny glen,
Where early life I sported,
I passed the mill and trysting thorn
Where Nancy oft I courted.
Wha spied I, but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling,
I turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my een was swelling."

May many such returns be soon witnessed, and may peace, and home, and love be the rewards of the brave! The toast is "The Navy and Army," coupled with the health of Captain Carnegie and Colonel M'Laverty. (Drunk with great enthusiasm.)

Captain Carnegie, in reply for the Navy, remarked that, while the Navy could claim a monopoly of Dibdin as a poet, and a large share of Campbell, he could not find anything specially connected with the navy in the career of Burns. The fact was that he wrote not for one class but for all; he struck every chord in the human heart that ever beat, whether under a black coat, a red coat, or a blue coat. (Cheers.)

Colonel M'Laverty replied for the Army, and referred to the influence of Burns on the soldier, in all circumstances, and especially on the Scottish soldier. He also remarked that the people of Belfast, in his native county of Antrim, were at that moment celebrating the centenary of the poet with the same cordiality and enthusiasm as in this country. (Cheers.)

The Chairman again rose amid cheering, and said—Let us now offer our best wishes to the Lord Provost and Magistrates of this city—"Edina, Scotia's darling seat." I am rather amazed to find myself in this chair. In the first place we had hoped and longed for the presidency of Lord Brougham, from whom I have had the honour of receiving a most instructive and valuable letter, which has been printed and handed to every one present that it may be deliberately considered, and then retained as a memorial of the occasion and of the writer. Not, indeed, that any special memorial of that learned, eloquent, and distinguished man can be required, for the extended intelligence and the enlarged liberties of his country are his appropriate and enduring memorial. (Cheers.) Then, in the absence of Lord Brougham, I expected to see the Lord Provost in the chair; but as he has done me the honour of supporting me in a chair which he was so well entitled to occupy, I take the earliest opportunity of proposing his health and that of the Magistrates; and sure I am the toast deserves, and will receive, your hearty adoption. (Drunk with Town Council honours.)

The Lord Provost, in acknowledging the toast, said—For myself and my colleagues in the Magistracy I beg to thank you for the honour which you have been pleased to confer upon us. While this day brings along with it associations which are dear to every lover of his country, it is invested with a peculiar interest to the inhabitants of this city as the place which was visited by our great national poet during the prime of his active manhood, and where his genius received an additional impetus from coming into close contact with many of the master-spirits of his day. (Cheers.) It was here that he published the second edition of his works, and his genius broke forth into full effulgence—an edition which contains prefixed to it one of the finest of his prose compositions—I refer to the dedication which he then made of his works to the members of the Caledonian Hunt, where he gives expression to that noble spirit of self-reliance and pride of country for which he was so remarkable. "I was bred," he says, "to the plough, and am independent. I come to claim the common Scottish name with you my illustrious countrymen, and to tell the world that I glory in the title." (Cheers.) It was in this city that, by the kind influence of the amiable and accomplished Dr. Blacklock, he was induced to change his resolution to emigrate, and was thus preserved to his country. I rejoice to know that, on this day set apart to commemorate his genius, such is the enthusiasm felt by the inhabitants of this metropolis, no apartment could be found sufficiently capacious to contain the numbers of those who are ready to do him homage. (Applause.)

The Chairman then rose amidst enthusiastic cheering, and said—Though I am deeply conscious that I shall very inadequately present to you the great toast of this evening—especially as I am a most unworthy substitute for the illustrious man whom we had hoped to see in the chair—I shall, without prelude, address myself to the subject which has evoked these simultaneous gatherings in every part of the world. One hundred years ago, a Scottish peasant was born, who in his life was first flattered and tempted, then scorned and neglected, by the great, and whose world-wide fame now craves a demonstration altogether without precedent. There is a pretty impromptu by James Montgomery—with the manuscript of which I was favoured by Mr. Watson in Princes' Street, whose store of literary memorials, and especially

of Burns' memorials, is very extensive and interesting:—

"He passed through life's tempestuous night
A brilliant trembling Northern Light,
Through after years he shines from far
A fixed unsetting Polar Star."

To that star, clear and bright, after the lapse of a century—a glorious light and yet a beacon light—all eyes are now turned. No poet of any age or country has obtained the same position in popular admiration and affection as Burns. Truly it is said by Wilson—a noble and appropriate eulogist of such a man—(cheers)—"Burns was by far the greatest poet who ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in humble condition." As the embodiment of popular genius, the champion of popular independence, and the type of popular elevation, his memory—not the memory of his faults and his follies, but the memory of his matchless genius and his noble spirit—is cherished close to the heart of every Scottish man. (Loud and continued applause.) In my own county of Ayr, to my connexion with which I owe the honour of my present position, this feeling is greatly intensified. His memory there is inscribed on every feature of natural scenery, and associated with every phase of domestic life. Everything there around us is impressed by his genius and vocal with his name. (Cheers.) We seem to hear it in the song of every bird and the murmur of every stream, in the sough of the night-wind that rocks the raven's nest at Alloway Kirk, and the rippling of the moon-lit waves breaking on the coves of Culzean; our breezes whisper, and our rocks repeat, all nature echoes, and the heart of man owns it with responsive throb. There, in a lowly cottage, on "the banks and braes o' bonny Doon," dwelt his worthy father—he who is so touchingly and beautifully described in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," as reading to his gathered household from "the big ha' Bible," and offering the family prayer, so impressive in its simple solemnity—

"That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside."

In that cottage Burns was born. Within a week of his birth the "auld clay bigging" was partly blown over in the night, and beneath the midnight storm and howling wind and flashing light, the infant poet and his mother were carried to a neighbouring hovel for protection—meet ushering into life of the tempest-tossed soul of Burns—fit emblem of the startling combination of the wild and the tender, the terrible and the homely, which swayed his heart and inspired his muse. Since Ayrshire contains not merely the spot of his birth but the scene of his youth and his prime, of his sports and his toil, of his loves and his friendships—the scene of his nascent thoughts and springing fancies, where his young genius tried her early wing—and

"As he walked in glory and in pride,
Following his plough upon the mountain side,"

his great heart swelled with its high aspirings—amid such scenes an Ayrshire man may be forgiven an intense and peculiar feeling on the subject. (Cheers.) But Burns belongs not to Ayrshire alone, but to Scotland; and, in a sense, not to Scotland alone, but to humanity. In every part of the habitable world where Scottish enterprise has penetrated, and the Scottish tongue is known, and Scottish hearts beat with manly feeling and patriotic emotion, his works are universally felt to be a great popular treasure—his fame a great popular heritage—his genius a great popular impulse, as it sheds gladness on the humble home, and cheers the social board, and inspires the dream of young ambition, and revives the courage of sinking hope. (Loud cheers.) To the Scottish peasant Burns represents and illustrates all that he prizes most: his order ennobled; his humble lot dignified; his unuttered aspirations expressed in words that set his heart on fire; his country honoured by the genius of the cottage-born. But there have been other peasant-bards; and it is not alone to his humble birth, his rural toils, and his Scottish dialect, that the name of Burns owes its popular spell. The true power of the charm lies in three qualities, characteristic alike of the man and of his poetry—sensibility, simplicity, and reality. He was the poet not of fiction but of truth. His joys and tears, his passion and his pathos, his love and his pride, the reckless mirth of his jovial hours, and the remorseful sadness of his subsequent reflections—all are real—the product not of his fancy, but of his experience; and as he clothes in language of modest and nervous simplicity his natural and earnest thoughts, his words find an echo in the heart. Under all the forms of affectation, whether it be of thought, or fancy, or feeling, or style, the charm of poetry breaks and the power of genius withers; and of all true poetry the inspiration should be drawn, like that of Burns, fresh, clear, and gushing, from the fountains of natural thought and feeling. Burns, though the best of song-writers, was no mere song-writer. Had he never written a song, his poems would have made him im-

mortal; had he written an epic or dramatic poem, the author of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and of "Tam o' Shanter," could not have failed; and in any view he must rank, not merely as the greatest poet of humble station, but as one of the greatest poets whom the world has produced. (Cheers) In my humble opinion there is more genius in Burns' songs than in volumes of our modern poetry. Sometimes in sublimity, sometimes in pathos, sometimes in graphic description, sometimes in elevated sentiment, sometimes in exquisite humour, and always in tender and passionate emotion, Burns is without a rival. (Loud applause.) Let petty fault-finders and carping cavillers object as they may—(vehement and renewed cheering)—the true test of the power of Burns' poetry is, that, like what is recorded of his society, criticism is disarmed by intense emotional impression. There are deep springs in the human heart, often covered and hidden by the rubbish and *débris* which the tide of life deposits as it rolls along; other poets pass over the surface and pierce not the interposed earthiness; but these hidden springs are stirred by the power of a spirit like Burns, and Nature, evoked from her deep and rarely-reached recesses, owns the touch of a master-spirit, and bursts forth responsive to the call of true genius. (Loud cheering.) I should trespass too long on your time if I once began to quote in illustration of this peculiar character of Burns' poetry. What heart does not feel that "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "The Vision," the "Lament," and the address "To Mary in Heaven," with others too numerous to mention, are poems of the rarest and highest order? What can be finer, wild and startling as it is, than the "Address to the Deil," and the picture of the great enemy as—

"Whyles, ranging like a roaring lion,
For prey a' holes and corners tryin';
Whyles on the strong-winged tempest flyin',
Tirlin' the kirks;
Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
Unseen thou lurks!"

(Great cheering.) "Tam o' Shanter," to any one well acquainted with the Scottish dialect, is magnificent. (Great cheering and laughter.) It is scarcely possible to refrain from quoting; but I must forbear. Notwithstanding the supernatural ingredients so admirably wrought into the tale, it has all the air of a reality. Every Scotsman, especially every Ayrshire-man, with a mind above the clods of the valley—(loud cheers)—can close his vision on existing objects, and in his mind's eye can see Tam, and the Soutar, and the landlady, and the parting cup, and the ride in the storm, the auld haunted kirk, the accumulated horrors on the table, the dance of witches to the unearthly music of the demon-piper on the bunker, the furious rush of the startled legion with Cutty-sark at their head, the crisis of Tam's fate at the keystane of the brig, and the gray mare skelping hame without her tail! (Laughter and applause.) In the midst of this wild description, where horror and humour prevail by turns, how beautiful is the vanity of earthly pleasure touched off:—

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

But wonderful as "Tam o' Shanter" is, our admiration is increased by the extraordinary fact that the whole poem was written, not in Ayrshire, where he was in the midst of the scenes, but at Ellisland, and between breakfast and sunset of one day. Among the many specimens of the broad and hearty humour of Burns, I may mention "Meg o' the Mill," "Tam Glen," "Death and Dr. Hornbook," where rare caustic humour alternates with a power almost sublime; and "Hallowe'en," where the rustic sports of that now almost forgotten festivity are charmingly described. Think of the adventure of "Fechting Jamie Fleck"—

"Who whistled up Lord Lennox' march
To keep his courage cheerie;
Although his hair began to arch,
He was sae fley'd and eerie:
Till presently he hears a squeak,
An' then a grane and gruntle,
He by his shouther ga'ed a keek,
An' tumbled wi' a wintle
Out-ower that night.

He roared a horrid murder-shout
In dreadfu' desperation!
And young and auld came rinnin' out,
To hear the sad narration;
He swore 'twas hilchin Jean M'Craw
Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
Till, stop!—she trotted through them a',
An' wha was it but grumphie,
Asteer that night!"

(Laughter.) Or call to mind the scaring of Leezie on the brae—a sketch in which the graphic and humorous spirit is relieved by a bit of exquisitely beautiful description:—

"A wanton widow Leezie was,
As canty as a kittlin;
But, och! that night, amang the shaws,
She got a fearfu' settlin'!
She through the whins, and by the cairn,
And owre the hill gaed scrievin,

Where three lairds' lands meet at a burn,
To dip her left sark sleeve in,
Was bent that night.

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As through the glen it wimpl't,
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't:
Whyles glittered to the nightly rays
Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazel,
Unseen that night.

Amang the brackens, on the brae,
Between her and the moon,
The deil—or else an outler quey
Gat up an' gae a croon:
Puir Leezie's heart maist lap the hool,
Near lav'rock-height she jumpit;
But missed a fit, and in the pool
Out-ower the lugs she plumpit,
Wi' a plunge that night."

Or what say you to his epigram on a certain lawyer?—

"He clenched his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hinted,
Till in a declamation-mist,
His argument he tint it;
He gaped for't, he graped for't,
He fand it was awa', man,
But what his common-sense cam' short,
He eked it out wi' law, man."

(Great laughter.) I cannot pause to give specimens of the tender and passionate poetry of Burns. His songs abound in stanzas of surpassing beauty, chiefly inspired by his love to Bonnie Jean, his good and faithful wife—a love which was, I think, his deepest and tenderest feeling. His famous lines, said to be addressed to Clarinda, and containing the stanza adopted by Byron as the motto of the "Bride of Abydos,"

"Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted,"

were not, I believe, meant for Clarinda, but for Bonnie Jean, whose image was never long absent from his heart. His best letters, to my mind, were those to Mrs. Dunlop, not those to Clarinda; and his most tender and touching songs were inspired by Bonnie Jean. He walks by the burn-side at night and sings—

"As in the bosom of the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So trembling, pure, is tender love
Within the breast of Bonnie Jean."

He plods his way across the hills from Ellisland to Mossgiel, and love prompts the charming song to Jean, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." When Lapraik's verses are sent him, his heart chooses—

"There was ae sang amang the rest
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had addressed
To some sweet wife;
It thrilled the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life."

He sees in fancy the genius of Coila, and Jean recurs to his mind as alone rivalling the celestial visitant—

"Down flowed her robe—a tartan sheen,
Till half a leg was scrimply seen,
And such a leg—my bonnie Jean
Alane could peer it;
Sae straight and taper, tight and clean,
Nane else came near it."

(Great cheering and laughter.) And then, with all his high aspirings, and all his love for social pleasures and even social excesses, where does he place the scene of his highest duties and his dearest joys?

"To make a happy fireside clime,
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

(Loud applause.) Had this man not a heart, and a heart with some rare qualities—sensitive, passionate, and tender? (Enthusiastic and long-continued cheering). I believe that, next to the blessing of a conscience divinely enlightened and divinely cleared, the greatest happiness permitted to man in this life, is the happiness of loving and being beloved. (Cheers.) The heart is the true spring of happiness, as Burns himself well says—

"It's no in titles nor in rank,
It's no in wealth like London bank
To purchase peace and rest.
It's no in books, it's no in lair,
It's no in making mickle mair,
To make us truly blest.
If happiness have not her seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
We never can be blest.
Nae treasures, nae pleasures
Can make us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye
That makes us right or wrang."

Of the moral character of Burns I must say a word. Let us not be misunderstood. I am no hero-worshipper, no unqualified eulogist of Burns. I protest against the thought that for what is morally wrong an excuse can be found in the rarest talents; and deeply should I regret if any word fell from me tending to lower the standard of character, or loosen the obligations of religion and morality. There are few sadder subjects of contemplation than a noble generous spirit like that of Burns, manly, tender, and true, full of the love of nature, of country, and of liberty, yet floating rudderless and helpless on the tide of life, till

dashed on the fatal rocks which have wrecked so many of his countrymen. His lot, indeed, was cast on evil times,—on times peculiarly perilous to such a temperament as his. The tone of morality in his day was not pure or high; the tone of religion was cold, and hard, and low. To the prevailing devotion of his day, generally cold, frequently ascetic, sometimes hypocritical, there was an antagonism in Burns' nature. (Loud cheers.) Genuine, practical, and loving piety might have charmed and won him. If, instead of the stern or the cold preachers who repelled his feelings and stimulated his opposition, there had met Burns a pastor in whose large and genial heart dwells love and sympathy as well as faithfulness, who, true to his own convictions, recognises in others the rights of conscience, whose preaching and whose life presents religion in her most attractive aspect, and whose imperishable memorial will be read in the statistics of diminished crime, in the testimony of reclaimed children, and in the records of converted souls, who can tell what impression might have been made on him? He was not so fortunate. To him was rarely presented the instructive illustration of the influence of true religion on human character. That influence comes in no harsh or ascetic spirit, it diverts no noble aim, it extinguishes no honourable ambition, it quenches no pure fire of genius, no flame of virtuous love, no generous sentiment or kindly feeling, but, entering with searching power into the heart, out of which are the issues of life, it expels from the "dome of thought" and the fountain of feeling the dark spirits of evil, it raises man to his true dignity, and directs his faculties to their appropriate aims. We must deplore and condemn much in the character and in the writings of Burns; we must lament that the spirit in which he wrote the "Cottar's Saturday Night" did not always prompt his pen or guide his life; but there was much to deplore in the character of the times in which he lived. Time has not passed in vain over the influence of Burns. Shakspeare says—

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

The popular enthusiasm of Scotland has reversed the process. From the grave of Burns it has resuscitated the buried good,—and the evil now only lives that the lesson and the warning may be learnt. As a mountain torrent, depositing its earthiness as it flows, comes after a long course to reflect the face of heaven on its bosom, time has cleared and mellowed the influence of Burns—(applause)—like an old and rich wine, the coarse and impure particles have subsided, and we now rejoice only in the pure and generous qualities which remain. I do not seek to disguise or to palliate his faults—but who among us is without faults? Charity, which hopeth all things and thinketh no evil, ought to be our monitor. (Applause.) Let us "gently scan our brother man"—let us judge ourselves severely, and others leniently—let us gather the good we can, though it be intermingled with evil—let us use aright the more favourable appliances which surround us—let us strive ourselves to cultivate a purer morality, and adorn by our lives a sounder religious profession; but let us admire in Burns whatever is worthy of admiration, and honour his genius as it deserves. Those who object to this demonstration must remember that the power of Burns over the popular mind of Scotland is a great fact which cannot be ignored. (Enthusiastic applause.) Burns has lived, and has written, and has a hold upon the heart of Scotland. (Renewed cheering.) It is well to qualify our praises, and to inculcate the warning lessons of his life. But surely it is not the part of wisdom or of virtue so to repudiate such a man as to consign to the cause and the friends of mischief a name and fame so attractive and so potent. (Long-continued applause.) Let us rather deal with the power of Burns' name as science has dealt with the electric element. Science has not stood afar off, scared by each flash, mourning each shivered tower; science has caught and purified the power, and chained it to the car of commerce and the chariot of beneficence, and applied it to the noble purpose of consolidating humanity—uniting all the world by the interchange of thought and feeling. On this day Burns is to us, not the memory of a departed, but the presence of a living power—(enthusiastic cheering)—the electric chain which knits the hearts of Scotchmen in every part of the world, stirring us not only to admiration of the poet's genius, but to the love of country, of liberty, and of home, and of all things beautiful and good. Therefore, I call on you to pledge me, not in solemn silence, but with our heartiest honours, to "The Immortal Robert Burns." (The chairman, whose speech was delivered with great power and fervour, resumed his seat amidst volleys of cheers.)

Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle"—Mr. Stewart.

Mr. James Ballantine (Secretary), then read the following verses, composed by himself for the occasion.

BURNS' CENTENARY BANQUET.

I dreamed a dream o' sitting here,
Delighted wi' our canty cheer,

While sangs and speeches charmed the ear
And heart by turns,
When, lo, as frae some heavenly sphere,
Descended BURNS.

He strode straught forward to the chair,
And sat him down by Craufurd there,
When shouts o' welcome rent the air
As ne'er were heard,
And proved the love that Scotland bare
To Scotland's Bard.

He rose—his form towered proud an' hie,
Fire flaughted frae his goss-hawk e'e—
Syne, wi' a gesture bauld and free,
He leant him back,
And in deep tones o' melody,
Thus Robin spak.

"Dear friends and brither Scots, guid e'en;
Hech, sirs, it seems but like yestreen
Since first frae Ayrshire's pastures green
I daured to stray,
And to Edina, Scotland's queen,
I made my way.

"A touch strikes fire frae flint or steel,
A spark gaurs granite mountains reel,
And kindness shown a rustic chiel,
Far frae his hame,
Soon made his grateful bosom feel
A kindred flame.

"But threescore years an' ten hae fled,
And a' those genial friends are dead
Wha that young ploughman's footsteps led
Through palace ha's,
And his poetic fancy fed
Wi' kind applause.

"Yet those kind friends o' auld lang syne
Still live within this breast o' mine,
For a' their generous virtues shine
In memory's sky,
And I wad fain a wreath entwine
Round days gane bye.

"Glencairn, my patron, friend, and brither,
The world scarce e'er saw sic anither;
His godlike form and soul thegither,
When seen an' felt,
Ye had a kind o' hankerin' swither
Ye should hae knelt.

"Then Erskine, wha could cowe the whole age
For wit an' lair, for fun an' knowledge;
Wi' Blair and Stewart, Kirk and College,
Weel skilled to lead;
And Creech, wha charged nae fee or tollage
On my winged steed.

"And then the genuine Man o' Feeling,
Sic fostering love to me revealing,
His eloquence to a' appealing,
Soon made weel kenned
The thoughts that born in humble shealing
Made man my friend.

"And thus did friendship's sacred flame
Light up my rugged path to fame;
And ploughman Rab, wha's muirland hame
Was cauld and drear,
Auld Reekie, canty, couthy dame,
Was first to cheer.

"The first kind blink o' opening Spring,
That set the birds to churm and sing,
Aye set my fancy on the wing,
To wander on,
And gaured me aim my harp to string
In unison.

"When Summer cam', in sun and showers,
And clothed the earth wi' leaves and flowers,
How sweet to wander leesome hours,
'And no think't lang,'
While hills and dales, and woods and bowers,
Burst forth in sang.

"When harvest filled a' hearts wi' cheer,
And reapers' mirth rang loud and clear,
Ilk lad had aye his lassie near
To geck an' gab wi'—
And wadna Robin lookit queer
Wi' nane to blab wi'?

"For Love and Beauty aye were themes
Of a' my highest hopes and dreams,
And slee side keeks, or glowing beams,
Frae maidens' eyes,
Aye warmed me up, wi' gowden gleams
O' summer skies.

"And Beauty still, I'm proud to see,
Here blinks on me wi' kindly e'e,
As gin she cam' to tell to me
I did nae wrang
In reining the unbridled glee
O' auld Scots sang.

"When mountains wore their snawy hood,
And Winter howled through leafless wood,
I lo'ed to mingle wi' the cloud,
On rugged height,
And wauk wi' sang the Patriot's blood,
For freedom's right.

"I kenned the puir man's eident life,
I shared his cares, and soothed his strife;
And tho' whiles sorrows, dark and rife,
Might grieve or stound him,
Joy cam', like light, when weans and wife
A' clustered round him.

"Byganes hae been, let byganes gang;
That ever Scotland meant me wrang
Was never sung in a' my sang,
But when we parted
I felt a queer mysterious pang,
And dee'd sair hearted.

"Then fare-ye-weel, Auld Reekie dear,
And ilka time each coming year
Your sons and daughters meet me here
They'll ken me better,
And own a spirit true and clear
In every letter.

"But, hark! the cup that memory's quaffin',
Amid the universal daffin',
While Freedom's sun-bright flag is wawffin'
Afar and near,
And Time's auld clock is telegraphin'
MY HUNDREDTH YEAR."

Sheriff GORDON, in rising to propose the health of Lord Brougham, was received with loud and continued applause. He said—Lord Ardmillan, ladies and gentlemen, of all who

are here to-night, there is not one probably, except myself, who may hesitate for a moment to regret the absence of Henry, Lord Brougham. Right gladly, too, could I have seen the hearts of this vast assembly, like boughs of the wind-stricken forest, swayed to and fro by the resistless impulse of his living words. But I doubt if in his own presence, had I then been privileged to speak of him, I could have ventured to have given full utterance to all my honest admiration of his great-hearted and many-handed life. (Cheers.) And yet it is possible perhaps that even as I had looked upon him face to face, there might have touched me one spark of his own impetuous and irrepressible fire, which has now for more than half-a-century flamed in the forehead of his country's story. (Applause.) He is not with us, but depend upon it, and indeed we are sure, that his sympathies are not far away from a meeting which means to appreciate the sturdy independence and the blunt honesty of a nature on which the shadows of hypocrisy or duplicity never fell—(cheers)—a meeting which means to commemorate the victorious progress of an inborn vigour, which, against the barriers of social condition, ay, and even of individual temperament, held on its earnest way till glory filled the furrows of its plough—and a meeting which means to wreathe with green gratitude the wonderful achievements of that Æolian sensibility which, placed in the window of a peasant's breast, vibrated to every whispering air or stirring breeze, or even stormy gust, which moves man's strange and chequered life, and gave back the exquisite melody, of which the undying echoes have been, and will be, wafted over "a' the airts the wind can blaw" till time shall cease to be. (Loud cheering.) Brougham is not with us, but I see him now, the Demosthenes of Britain, as he sits on the shore of the bright Mediterranean and revokes across its tideless mirror the magnificent renown and the terrible ruin of which the colossal annals, from the pillars of Hercules to the blue Symplegades, strew the whole margin of its waters. (Applause.)

"Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,
Assyria, Rome, Greece, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since."

(Cheers.) And I hear him murmur to this unchangeable witness of the awful vicissitudes of nations and kingdoms—"Does then the past always teach us the future? for if the free and brilliant race who conquered at Marathon, the Bannockburn of Greece, and if the majestic and proud people who survived Cannæ, the Flodden of Italy, are now crumbled into littleness almost worse than nothingness—shall I fear or may I hope for my own grand country?" (Applause.) But it is not for the sea, but for us ourselves, his countrymen and his fellow-citizens, to answer his query, and I think we may bid him be of good cheer; or at all events I think we may tell him with a cheerful pride that there has not often lived in the world any man who more truly than Henry Brougham, looking back with an undimmed eye through a retrospect of fourscore years, can track the steady and large improvement of his country by the very footprints of his own luminous and indefatigable career. That very spirit of indomitable vitality, of which, as active yesterday when he wrote that long letter with his own hand as in the vehement ardour of his prime, he scattered the seeds so broadly among us, has ripened, under his guidance, into not only abundant and general, but healthful and invigorating, harvest both of thought and of action. But I suspect that the pilgrimages of many generations of men must begin and end before there can be fairly estimated or properly fixed the precious value and the vast extent of what, directly and indirectly in every corner of the commonweal, the energy of his efforts and the influence of his example have done or helped to do. Remember that I cannot now justify this large eulogy, or even illustrate it, by particular incidents in his career. I cannot be a miniature painter. I cannot even give you his portrait in colours. I must rather try, however roughly and imperfectly, to put before you, as it were, in a model of sculpture, the muscular massive outline of the image of that individual force and that individual activity which has made itself felt throughout the length and breadth of the British empire. I set before you an avenging giant with a hundred arms, but I must leave you to select what head of the hundred-headed hydra you wish to bring down, which the hundred arms of Brougham were ever ready to attack and destroy. (Applause.) I do not dwell, therefore, upon the manifestations, I dwell upon the reality, the intensity, and the efficacy of a power which, on memorable, momentous, and even vital occasions, has photographed so vividly the existing wrong, and has telegraphed so unmistakably the coming right. (Cheers.) And I will draw the general conclusion, that when a man has spoken and written as Brougham has done, whether his cause was right or wrong, he has done so with a glowing consciousness of enormous mental strength—(cheers)—and knowing his strength, the question is, How has he used it? And I say that he has used it invariably, perseveringly, and enthusiastically, and with a glorious success, for the intellectual expansion, for the social

amelioration, and for the political elevation of his fellow-men. (Continued cheering.) He has invaded tyranny in all its citadels, and shaken all its arsenals, and settled the sunshine of the standard of freedom both upon the heights and down in the valleys of humanity. He has torn bigotry into very tatters, and let in the comfort of the light of common sense even through the densest theological atmosphere —(cheers)—and he has warred with ignorance under every shape and in every recess, and planted, and watered, and cherished, till its fruits were ripe and mellow for the taste and nourishment of all, the blessed tree of general knowledge. I do think that the man who has done all this may well hope, and need not fear for his country, which by its whole life shows that the lessons of Brougham have entered deeply into the convictions, the aspirations, and the daily habits of its people. And therefore I shall, in all our names, bid the currents of the ocean carry to that old man eloquent, upon the shore of the great inland deep, our heartiest thanks and good wishes, and our belief that when he obeys the doom to which we all must yield, even if no temple, or column, or memorial tomb shall mark his resting-place, HE needs none of them who shall be known in after times as a man who can feel on his deathbed that, largely by his means, man his brother in his native land stands at this hour more erect and free before God and his fellow-man. (Loud and long cheering.)

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm.
Song—"John Anderson, my jo"—Miss Cole.
Solo on the Violoncello on favourite melodies of Burns—Mr. Hausmann.

Lord NEAVES, in proposing "The Biographers of Burns, and Mr. Robert Chambers," said—It has been said that a hero is nothing without a poet to celebrate his achievements; and it may be added that a poet is not wholly himself without a biographer to commemorate his character and conduct. Some poets there may have been so fortunate as to afford few materials for a biography—who, blest with a decent competence, and exempt from violent passions, have retired to the secluded contemplation of nature, or have looked at the world through the loopholes of some calm retreat where they might behold the perils of life without partaking of them—

"With friendly stars their safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore."

(Cheers.) But with those who are cast forth upon the billows and breakers, the rocks and quicksands of human existence, who, with feelings as quick and passions as powerful as their genius, are exposed to all the trials and temptations that flesh is heir to; above all, with those who, with manly souls and genial dispositions, have known the heights and hollows of worldly fortune, the task of the biographer is necessary not only to make us know the poet, but to make us know his poems. With all its imperfections, there is no literary work more delightful than Johnson's Lives, and there has seldom been a life more deserving of commemoration than that of the great man in whose honour we are now met. (Loud cheers.) I shall not attempt to enumerate all his biographers, for their name is Legion. I shall select four names out of the list as specially deserving notice. The services of Dr. James Currie, as the first great biographer of Burns, were nearly as valuable as they were meritorious and disinterested. I do not enter on the controversy whether Currie was too forward to do what another great man forbade—

"To draw his frailties from their dread abode,
The bosom of his Father and his God."

If he erred in this respect, it was not through want of charity or from bad intention, and any accusations there admitted have since been answered by anxious and ample vindications, which have enabled the cooler hands of our own day to hold the balance impartially. We now know the man as he was, with many errors that in him were unhappy, and in us would be unpardonable, but with virtues at the same time that far outweigh all his faults; with a deep feeling of piety, an ardent patriotism, a wide philanthropy, a tenderness of heart that embraced even the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, a lofty love of independence, a scorn for everything sordid and base, and a sincere self-abasement for his own faults. (Cheers.) But Currie was especially useful in helping men to form a true estimate of Burns' genius and works. Even in Scotland Burns was then imperfectly appreciated. But in England he needed an interpreter to introduce him. Currie discharged that office successfully, and thereby at once did honour to the Scottish name, and rendered good service to English literature. Towards the end of the last century there seemed at one time a great risk that all manly and noble poetry would be extinct. By the influence of some silly women and sillier men, a school arose under the name of the Della Cruscan, of the most sickly and senseless sentimentality, while, on the other hand, a return to the old style of Pope and Dryden was hopeless. At this juncture there arose two men especially qualified to regenerate the public taste, and give it a truer and firmer tone than it had long

exhibited. From the seclusion of an English village Cowper published his "Task" in 1785, and in 1786 there appeared in the obscure town of Kilmarnock a volume of "Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," which needed only to be known in order to be admired. These two men were very different, and were suited to reach very different minds; but they agreed in this, that they were men of manly intellects and noble hearts, and it was impossible that where their poetry could penetrate there could be any room for affectation or imposture. (Applause.) The diffusion of a relish for Burns was in this way a safeguard against false taste, and a preparation for whatever of genuine nature or feeling we have since welcomed in the poetry of the present century. Nor would it, perhaps, be a bad thing if some of the poets of the present day would revert to those models, and imitate, without copying, the native force and straightforward simplicity —the intelligible, feelings and the transparent diction—by which they are so eminently characterized. (Cheers.) It should never be forgotten as to Currie, that while he devoted to his friendly task the time and strength which might have been occupied in his profession, he generously gave up to Burns' family the whole profit—a very considerable sum—which was thus realized. (Cheers.) The next names I shall couple together—Lockhart and Wilson—who have both done justice to our great bard; and the eulogy of Wilson is one of the noblest pieces of criticism in the language. These men, adorned with all the learning of classical studies, and accomplished in all the arts that confer literary skill, recognised fully, by an instinctive sympathy, the merits of him who had "followed his plough upon the mountain side;" and they gave him their admiration, not as a sentiment of relative wonder due to a show or a prodigy, having reference to his origin and position, but as a tribute of just praise to an equal—to one who, in his own department, was absolutely and abstractly, both in sentiment and in expression, an unrivalled master of his art. (Applause.) I now come to the last of the list—one who, in closing the procession, has done his work so fully and so exhaustively, that he seems to have made it impossible that he can have a successor. Our friend and fellow-citizen, Mr. Robert Chambers —(cheers)—has brought to bear on this task that power of industry and skill of research which in other departments, and particularly in Antiquities and in the Domestic Annals of Scotland, have rendered such services to his country. In preparing his Life of Burns, every source of information has been visited, every track that promised any advantage has been followed up, every document has been collected that could throw a ray of light on the truth. We have thus, I think, a perfect history and representation of the man, while the occasion and motives of all his poems have been admirably illustrated. Altering a well-known quotation, we may say—

"Quo fit ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti depicta tabella,
Vita viri!"

Alas! we cannot say as Boswell did in his picture of Johnson, "*Vita senis;*" and we must remember this fact. I do not in all things assimilate Johnson and Burns, yet it has been pointed out that they strongly resemble each other. Both were men of manly and courageous minds, of strong passions and kindly affections—both were lovers of truth and lovers of independence. Johnson was as superior to Burns in strength of moral principle as Burns was superior to him in poetical power. But Johnson had his own share of faults and infirmities; and if Johnson had died at the age of thirty-seven, and we had minutely known his life when he was the companion of Savage, and often passed the night on the streets of London without a lodging, we might have seen some of those traces of temptation and evil communication which can so seldom be escaped, and could scarcely have detected the features of the venerable moralist who was afterwards, from his desk as from a teacher's chair, to instruct and to ameliorate mankind. To Mr. Chambers we owe, with reference to Burns, a full and final development of the truth, and we can there learn the lesson to forgive and avoid his errors, to admire his virtues, and to cherish, as we now seek to do, the memory of his genius. (Cheers.) I ought to add that Chambers, like Currie, has literally made his work a labour of love, and generously surrendered the profits of his great exertion to promote the comfort of those of Burns' surviving relatives who needed assistance. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. R. Chambers thanked the company for the kind notice that had been taken of his name as a biographer of Burns. He feared it might be held presumptuous in him to have entered a field in which he had had such distinguished precursors; but it must be attributed to Burns himself and to the growth of his fame. From his earliest years he had felt the keenest interest in Burns and his poetry. There was indeed no name of the past which he had been accustomed to regard with so much veneration and love as that of Robert Burns. There were some men who objected to him and his writings; but he never could understand what constitution of mind these men were of.

(Cheers.) He believed that of all men living he had inquired into Burns' life and character with the most minuteness, and the result was, he still retained the same love and regard for the name of Robert Burns that he ever did in his earliest youth. (Cheers.) Then the fame of Burns had been progressive. Burns was not now in the same position with the British public that he was in the year 1820. He had advanced as Shakspeare had done. In his (Mr. Chambers') early days, Burns was comparable to Shakspeare in the days of Rowe and of Pope. The earlier biographies gratified all the curiosity that there was then about him. But as time went on, and gave us no other Burns, and as we took a wider view of the character of his writings, the public became more and more in love with them, saw more and more beauties in them, and more and more intensely appreciated them as they saw that they were so completely unmatched. Then it was they found men making pilgrimages to the country which had been beautifully and appropriately called the land of Burns; they found that every surviving acquaintance of Burns had become a notability; all the facts, places, and circumstances adverted to in his writings, became matter of keen interest. It had, therefore, appeared to him that it was necessary that they should look more narrowly into the life of Burns. He had made that his task, and if in executing that task to the best of his humble ability, he had contributed to gratify the interest of the present or any future generation regarding our marvellous national poet, he should have been amply rewarded for many laborious nights and days. (Loud cheers.)

Glee—"Willie brewed a peck o' maut."

The CHAIRMAN then announced that he had received a letter from the Dean of Faculty, stating that, in consequence of severe indisposition confining him to bed, it was out of his power to take part in the proceedings. The Dean added that he deeply regretted that he was thus prevented from being present on such an occasion, that he cordially sympathized with the objects of the meeting, and that he was deeply disappointed in being compelled to relinquish the very flattering and agreeable task of proposing the toast of the Peasantry of Scotland. Lord Ardmillan proceeded to say—That toast I now give to you. I propose the fountain from which the stream flowed in which we all are rejoicing. I propose—I will not say exactly that body of the people of Scotland from which he sprung, because I think he sprung rather from the body that may be called a little higher in social position than the peasantry; he sprung certainly from a small farmer in Ayrshire, but, at all events, giving it the largest and widest meaning, he sprung from the people of Scotland. (Cheers.) I am not now called upon to repeat what has been so well said by others around me of the influence of Burns' poetry upon the people of Scotland. Undoubtedly that is an influence which subsists at this moment; it affects them in their homes, it affects them at their social meetings, it affects them in their public convocations,—it affects the heart and mind of Scotchmen not in Scotland only, but throughout the whole world at this day. (Loud cheers.) That influence may have been injurious in some quarters and at some periods; but, looking to its present power, it cannot be anything but a generous, noble, virtuous sentiment that comes so home to the hearts of men at every stage of their lives and in every part of the globe. (Cheers.) And, therefore, with every warm wish for the prosperity, for the advancement, for the advantage, and for the elevation of the peasantry of Scotland, I propose this toast. No good can befall them that I do not wish them; no good can happen to them that they do not deserve; no good can be theirs which Burns would not have desired—(cheers)—no good can be theirs that we, on the centenary of Burns' birthday, should not earnestly, and with our whole hearts, wish them. (Loud applause.) Therefore, I propose the Peasantry of Scotland—may every good alight on them—may they retain the noble patriotism of Burns—may they retain the love of liberty of Burns—may they retain the noble heart, the free feelings, the fervent affections of Burns—may they, with firmer principles and more self-denial, and more self-control, vindicate their character as rising even superior to what Burns would have desired of them. (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm.

Song—"Highland Mary"—Miss Cole.

The CHAIRMAN then said—I understand that we have now present among us in this great assemblage the only man who saw the day which this day celebrates—one man alone, when generations have been swept to their graves, lives to be present now who lived when Burns was born. There is a man in this room who is now more than 100 years of age—(loud cheers)—who was alive when the poet Burns was born, and who personally knew that immortal man. He is here in this room, Mr. Walter Glover, who was the carrier between Dumfries and Edinburgh in the days of Burns, who has seen Burns, whose eye has met the eye of Burns, whose voice has met the voice of Burns, whose ear has heard the words of Burns. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. WALTER GLOVER, who is in his 101st year, having been born in the summer of 1758;

who, when carrier between Dumfries and Edinburgh, knew Burns well; and who now resides at Craigmillar, then ascended the platform amidst loud cheers. The old man, to the amazement of the audience, recited "Tam o' Shanter" from end to end, in a strong voice and with "due emphasis and discretion."

Mr. BLACK, M.P., proposed the health of "The Chairman," which was most cordially received. He said they had all been witnesses to the admirable manner in which he had performed his duties. (Cheers.) But admirable as his conduct had been, it had not surprised them. It was just like him. (Applause.) It was like what they might have expected from one who had discharged in so satisfactory a manner all the duties of life from his boyhood till he had risen to the high eminence which he had now attained—an eminence which he had reached not from the power of great family connexions or from accidental circumstances, but from treading in the footsteps of Jeffrey and Cockburn, and Moncrieff and Inglis, and other ornaments of the bar. He had risen by his own great talents, by his incorruptible honesty, and by his great legal attainments, to the high and responsible situation which he now filled with much credit to himself and with the greatest benefit to his country. He (Mr. Black) did not use the language of eulogy, but he spoke the words of truth and of soberness when he said that both as a man and as a judge he had secured the universal confidence and respect of his countrymen, who sincerely trusted that he would be long continued a blessing to his country. (Protracted cheering.)

Song—"Of a' the airts"—Mr. Hunter.

The CHAIRMAN briefly acknowledged the toast and the very kind manner in which it had been proposed and received; and mentioned that he had just received a telegraphic message from Newcastle, stating that the chairman and all present at the meeting there in honour of Burns desired to concur with their meeting in all possible honour to the memory of the bard. (Cheers.) He (the chairman) had before him a great and enthusiastic meeting of Scotchmen with all their hearts warmed on this great occasion; he had before him a mountain-daisy, sent to him by a working-gardener in the neighbourhood, grown at this early season, which recalled one of the sweetest images of the poet; he had before him one of the many bowls of Robert Burns—a bowl full only of the recollections of his genius, and his affectionate, loving, noble disposition, emptied of all that his attackers and assailers could object to. (Cheers.) In these circumstances, he might well feel proud of the position which he now occupied. He could only return his best thanks to the company, and in no language could he do so so appropriately as in the language of Burns himself. He was there on the kind invitation of the committee to preside—an invitation which he was deeply gratified to find the meeting had adopted. He might return, then, the kind of invitation that Burns once returned when asked to dine with a friend. He could not go, and his reply was:—

"But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
And hae a swap o' rhymin'-ware
Wi' ane anither.

(Loud cheers.)

"The four-gill-chap, we'se gar him clatter,
And kirsen him wi' reekin' water;
Syne we'll sit down and tak' our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
And, faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

"Awa' ye selfish war'ly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, and grace,
Even love and friendship should give place
To catch the plack!
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

"But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my heart, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!"

(Prolonged cheers.)

Solo on the violin by Mr. Howard.

Captain CARNEGIE then proposed "The Ladies." The probability is, he said, that there is no one individual of the male sex in this hall who has not at some time of his youth, in the inmost recesses of his heart, drunk the health of somebody or another; but, if he did so, he did it to the total exclusion of the public. (Laughter and cheers.) Now, his Lordship has made me a universal lover. (Renewed laughter and cheers.) He has desired me to toast the whole sex. I can be no longer particular or personal—I must be general. My task, and the difficulty of it, is therefore increased tenfold; but as no man yet has ever been able satisfactorily to propose the health of the ladies, I can only say that, as success is impossible, I hope I shall fail with as much dignity as possible, and wrap my mantle round me with the least possible disgrace. In the early part of this evening I had the pleasure of addressing you on another subject, and I was compelled to say then that I could find no connexion whatever between Burns and the naval profession; but in regard to the toast which I

have now to propose, all those excuses have vanished. (Cheers.) I have no longer any reason for saying that Burns is not with me. Nine-tenths of his poems are amatory—nine-tenths of his poems are devoted to the adoration of that sex who have come here in such numbers to do honour to the memory of that poet who wooed not one of them but their whole sex in the most bewitching tones. Now, gentlemen, Burns has got me into a scrape, and Burns shall be made to get me out of it. It is impossible to describe the attraction of women better than Burns has described them. It would be the highest presumption on my part, particularly on this night and at this moment, to endeavour to describe the better part of the creation in terms which can by any possibility come to be equal to the smallest of Burns'; I shall therefore take refuge under his ægis, and propose that we should drink to the Scotch lasses as Burns describes them. (Cheers.) We can pay them no higher compliment. I wish we could. If you want his description, open his book. You cannot turn over a page without finding some remarkable stanzas expressive of his admiration of them. If you are not satisfied with that description—*circumspice!* (Loud cheers.) Turn if you please from the black letter of the book to the book of Nature, and you will find you cannot show your respect for that sex which has honoured us with their presence here to-night, in any way more than by drinking their healths as Burns' own lasses. (Loud applause.)

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Professor BLACKIE, after some introductory remarks, said—It is with the greatest pleasure that I rise to propose "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott." There are six great names in Scottish history round which all true Scotsmen must gather as the proudest symbols of their nationality—two in the political world, Robert Bruce and William Wallace; two in the world of Christian heroism and devotedness, Patrick Hamilton, the first Protestant martyr, and John Knox, the founder of our National Church; two in the literary world, Robert Burns and Walter Scott. To which of these truly representative men we are most indebted for the inheritance of our great birthright of national feeling it were foolish to inquire; enough that they have all contributed to make us what, by the grace of God, we are—a free, an independent, a thoughtful, a sober-minded, and a conscientious—an earnest, determined, and persevering—and, so long as we cherish these virtues, a prosperous and an invincible people. I value Walter Scott for many things; but for nothing, certainly, more than this, that he was a thoroughly national, and an eminently Scottish writer; and with all this strong tincture of nationality, he was at the same time so widely human, and so generously catholic, that he has made Scottish character and Scottish scenery known and beloved wherever the common British language is understood, from the Ganges to the St. Lawrence. There is no doubt a certain class of shallow witlings besouth the Tweed who would gladly have the whole British world refashioned after their own Anglican image; to whom, of course, anything like the assertion of an independent type and characteristic feature in Scottish men is an abomination. And yet these very pert and priggish persons are delighted with nothing so much, when they perform their autumnal visit to Scotland, as to find our Grampians not exactly like their own Malvern Hills, and our Highland lochs not simply a mere northern repetition of their Westmoreland meres. (Cheers and laughter.) But if it is right and pleasant that there should be various types of landscape in the various districts of our island, it is no less right and pleasant that there should be various types of men inhabiting those districts; and therefore it is right that the style of human being called Scotsman should glory in his national peculiarities, as a lion glories in his mane, and not submit his strong shaggy exterior to be clipped smooth according to any London or Oxonian model of pithless proprieties and conventional gentilities. Therefore, let us rejoice in Walter Scott, not merely as a great painter of men and nature, but as pre-eminent in the truthful portraiture of Scottish men and Scottish manners. No doubt he has not done justice to one class of Scottish men—to our Guthries and our Renwicks, and our whole glorious army of martyrs, who are, with good reason, more to us than St. Jerome or St. Augustine, or all the saints in the calendar put together; but that was his misfortune no doubt, not his fault; besides, religion is always a somewhat delicate matter, with which, in a divided country, a poet is often wise not to intermeddle. With this single exception, however, there is no Scottish writer more thoroughly Scottish, in his whole tone, temper, and habits, than Sir Walter Scott; none to whom a Scotsman, by whom his nationality is prized, lies under greater obligations; none who has more just claim to be specially remembered in this national recognition of the great lyric poet of the Scottish people—Robert Burns. There is scarce a notable hill or crag in the country on which he has not stamped his name; not a birch-fringed amber-flooded stream which does not murmur more sweetly, or rush more fiercely to the stirring notes of his lyre. Scotland lies painted in his pages as truly and as significantly as the

woody Zacynthus or the rocky Ithaca in Homer. There is everywhere in Scott's poetry to me a breath as of the bracing mountain air, and a distinct smell of heather—qualities which are not only essentially Scotch, but pre-eminently healthy. And this brings me to the second point which I should wish to bring forward in connexion with the bard of "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." Scott is characteristically, both in his prose and in his verse, a healthy poet; and this is a quality which, both in prose and verse, but especially in verse, ought to be ranked a great deal higher than now-a-days seems in certain quarters to be fashionable. I could name poets of considerable note within the present century whose works can be accurately defined no otherwise than as the musical utterance of a sublime disease; with which one may be pleased after a fashion, as with the piteous cries of the Sophoclean Philoctetes left on the desert isle; but after all it was an ugly sore; and one has permanent delight in the warblings of a happy bird, not in the screamings of a wounded Titan, into whatever curious harmonies they may be worked up. It is not at all an indifferent matter whether a great poet be a healthy and therefore a happy man. The business of poetry—the special prerogative of genius—is not merely to stimulate and to excite, but to harmonise and to reconcile; and no one who does not know the blessing of a reconciling and harmonising temper in his own mind can communicate that greatest of all blessings to the souls of his fellow-men. My notion unquestionably is, that if a man can give nothing to the public but musical wails, and lamentations, and denunciations, he had better hold his tongue. (Laughter.) We have enough of misery in the world without applauding persons as great poets for whisking up into sparkling foam the bitter waters of their own diseased emotions. And yet it is precisely because he does not do this that certain persons are constantly repeating that Walter Scott is great only as a novelist, but very poor as a poet. Certainly a volcanic poet, in the style which the French Revolution was quick to raise up, he was not; and those people who prefer the turbid sublime of a volcano to the clear beneficent glory of the sun, or the cheerful blaze of the domestic hearth, may laud Byron and write down Scott with perfect consistency. But for my part I prefer the steady splendour of the familiar luminaries of the sky, and the fireside, to Titanic convolutions of eruptive smoke, and the fitful glare of distempered lightnings. (Cheers.) Walter Scott was not a poet of this troubled class, and may be compared fitly not to a seething ocean of passion, but to a cup of mellow wine. He will not be the chosen poet of those young ladies, to whom the "horrible murder" and the "shocking accident" is the most delightful paragraph in the newspapers. As little will he please those to whom neither poetry nor sermons, nor even novels, in the present age, are palatable without a certain amount of misty metaphysics and super-subtle theology. This metaphysico-theological tendency also is one of the sublime diseases of the present time; to which, as a necessary transition stage, in its proper place, a reasonable man can have no objection; but poetry is not that place at all, certainly not the most fitting place. It is the misfortune, perhaps, of metaphysicians and theologians to be ever tormenting themselves and others with fruitless attempts to solve the insoluble. But be this as it may; it never can be the business of any sane poet to be constantly striving to jump out of his skin, and vainly struggling to give a body to that which is essentially bodiless. (Applause.) It is the business of the true poet directly in a rich life, various with concrete reality, and indirectly in musical expression, to enjoy all that is enjoyable, and to help other men to do the like. Had Walter Scott been infected with the modern rage for mixing up metaphysics with poetry, he never could have set forth with such graceful luxuriance those vivid and sunny pictures of Scottish nature which only the morbidly fretful and the inanely ambitious will despise. I have only another word to say in conclusion, and it is this. A great deal of critical fencing has taken place among notable men abroad, and in this country also, about the two great schools of art, the classical and the romantic. I have no wish to tax your patience at present with any curious definitions on this subject; but this I will say, that in the best and deepest sense of the word, Walter Scott is the most classical of modern poets, and that precisely by virtue of the thorough nationality and broad healthy-minded popularity which was so eminently characteristic of his genius. If there is one distinction between ancient Greek poetry as a whole, and modern British poetry, and specially the poetry of the last fifty years, it is this, that while the ancient poet was essentially the spokesman of the people, the modern poet is too apt to use his verse as a vehicle to vent his personal feelings, and spin his own peculiar speculations. Hence the perfect freedom of classical poetry generally from all those favourite characteristics of much of our modern poetry, which are only various phases of emotional self-indulgence, and pampered individualism. Pindar, Æschylus, and Sophocles spoke to the people; performed, in fact, in their works part of the regular public life of the nation to which they belonged; and therefore

they are never overstrained or transcendental in their style. Therefore, they are always clear and true, sober and sensible, moderate and judicious. For an appeal to the normal standard of healthy human feeling, as it exists in the great mass of what is called the public, is always the great God-ordained corrective of the private crotchets of the individual thinker, poet, philosopher, or theologian. This appeal the Greeks always had without seeking it. This Walter Scott, with the wise instinct of a thoroughly healthy nature, always sought, and never failed to find. Therefore, while ignorant of the Greek language, he everywhere manifested a soul in healthy freshness, in breadth of popular sympathy, and in frank hilarity, containing the best elements of what we most admire in the great classic writers of antiquity. He is in fact more like Homer both in style and manner than any writer that I know, ancient or modern. In Homer there is no dim-groping theology, no self-torturing metaphysics, no unreal supersensualism; but only and everywhere Greek nature and Greek life, Greek men and Greek women, Greek grace, Greek cheerfulness, and Greek eloquence. So in Walter Scott, while we are everywhere kept far from the dim region of intangible speculations and laboured subtleties, we are nowhere divorced from the invigorating influences of Scottish nature and Scottish life, Scotch sobriety and Scotch humour, Scottish hills, Scottish heather, and Scottish mountain air. (Loud cheers.)

Part song—"Scots wha hae."

Professor CAMPBELL SWINTON then briefly proposed "Scottish Art and the Royal Scottish Academy," which was acknowledged by Mr. D. O. Hill.

Song—"My Nannie's Awa"—Mr. Smith.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed the Secretary, Treasurer, and Committee, alluding particularly to the exertions of Mr. A. T. Boyle and Mr. Ballantine in connexion with the arrangements for the banquet.

The whole company, standing, and hand in hand, then sung "Auld Langsyne." After Miss Cole, Mr. Howard, Mr. Hunter, and others who led the singing, had concluded, Lord Neaves sang an additional stanza, in capital style and amidst warm applause, the company renewing the chorus with increased enthusiasm.

There was an excellent orchestra, led by Mr. Howard, who himself sang several of Burns' songs in admirable style; and Mr. James Sinclair, Unicorn Pursuivant, dressed in a court costume of Burns' time, performed the duties of toast-master with great effect and success.

The following letter from Lord Brougham to Lord Ardmillan was circulated amongst the company:—

LETTER FROM LORD BROUGHAM TO LORD ARDMILLAN.

MY LORD,—It is altogether unnecessary to say how very deeply I lament the disappointment of my hopes that I should have been able to attend this interesting festival. Such celebrations are the discharge of a duty, the payment, as it were, of a debt to departed genius; they afford occasion for indulging in mutual congratulations, and displaying honest national pride. But also they should by all means be turned to good account, in the opportunity which they give of drawing practical inferences from the subject-matter of our contemplations. To two of these inferences I take the great liberty of directing your attention, in order that this celebration may be productive of some useful result.

After his great poetical genius, there is nothing so remarkable in Burns' history as the extraordinary refinement of his sentiments, and even of his taste, from his earliest years, the effect certainly of his education having been greater than falls to the lot of the peasantry, even in Scotland. But it is impossible to read the accounts of his family, and his description of, and correspondence with, his friends of the same age, and the same humble station, and not be struck with the manner in which they were all raised above their condition by the ordinary education of the parish schools, and the taste for reading and for contemplation to which it gives rise, beside its effects in forming industrious and temperate habits. It led in him further to the greater cultivation of his faculties, and the nursing and unfolding of his genius; and we have an unquestionable right to affirm that but for this education he in all likelihood would have passed through the life of an humble and unknown peasant, and that his genius would never have been known either to himself or the world. The existence of genius must ever be an accident; but as it cannot be confined to any class of the community, the chances of its appearing, that is, of its existence being known, must needs be in proportion to the numbers placed in circumstances that shall nurse and unfold it. Thus beside the ordinary and everyday effects of this education, we have its necessary tendency to mature and to disclose rare capacity of the highest order—all that is called genius; a Watt to alter the whole face of the world by the changes which his profound science and matchless skill produced, each change an improvement, and adding to the happiness of mankind; a Burns whose immortal verse makes the solace and the delight of his countrymen in every age and every country where their lot may be cast. These are of course very rare examples; but it is fit to dwell upon the common and universal effects of the system in raising the character of our people, distinguishing them wherever they go for intelligence and usefulness; for thoughtful and therefore prudent habits. The testimony is general and it is striking, which is borne to them in these respects, not only by calm observers free from all national prejudice, like M. Biot, father of the National Institute (whose work on our Scotch system I am publishing with notes), but by the employers of labour in all parts of the world, both old and new. It is truly gratifying to reflect that wher-

ever a native of Scotland goes he bears this character along with him, and finds his claims to respect acknowledged as soon as he declares his country, not like the old Roman appealing to the fears awakened by the sound of the barbarous tyrant's name, and silencing the voice of justice or preventing its course, but representing the humane and enlightened nation which has faithfully discharged its highest duty of diffusing knowledge and promoting virtue.

The inference to be drawn is, that what cannot in any way be treated as the ground of empty boast, should not be made the ground of exultation, foolish and unprofitable. Our duty is to maintain and to amend the system by all well-considered measures, so that it may not only be perpetuated but improved. There, as everywhere else, time has produced some defects and disclosed others. By our experience in both these respects we are bound to profit—securing the independence of teachers; placing them under the inspection which the law originally intended to be effectual; providing for their removal when incompetent, and for their support when disabled by age or infirmity; apportioning their advancement to their merits; and raising to their just place in society such as are distinguished by their useful labours; nor ever forgetting that to this body of men there once belonged one of the most powerful preachers and eminent leaders of the National Church. That a firm resolution to work for the attainment of these objects may arise out of this celebration, to which it is so peculiarly appropriate, would not seem to be entertaining too sanguine a view.

But it is also fit that we should, on this occasion, consider in what language Burns' poems, at least by far the most celebrated, and the most justly celebrated, are written. It is the language, the pure and classical language of Scotland, which must on no account be regarded as a provincial dialect, any more than the French was so regarded in the reign of Henry V., or Italian in that of the first Napoleon, or Greek under the Roman Empire. Nor is it to be in any manner of way considered as a corruption of the Saxon; on the contrary, it contains much of the old and genuine Saxon, with an intermixture from the northern nations, as Danes, and Norse, and some, though a small adoption, from the Celtic. But in whatever way composed, or from whatever source arising, it is a national language, used by the whole people in their early years, by many learned and gifted persons throughout life, and in which are written the laws of the Scotch, their judicial proceedings, their ancient history, above all their poetry. Its Saxon origin may be at once proved by the admitted fact, that Barbour, Chaucer's contemporary, is more easily understood by an English reader at this day than the Saxon of the father of English poetry. The merits of the Scotch language are attested, as regards conciseness, by the brevity of the Scotch statutes compared with the English, and as regards clearness, by the fact that there has been much more frequent occasion for judicial interpretation of the latter than of the former. But the peculiar value of the language arises from the great body of national poetry entirely composed in it, both in very remote times, and in those nearer our own day; and there can be no doubt that the English language, especially its poetical diction, would greatly gain by being enriched with a number, both of words and of phrases, or turns of expression, now peculiar to the Scotch. It was by such a process that the Greek became the first of tongues, as well written as spoken. Nor can it be for a moment admitted that the Scotch has less claim to this partial adoption, than the Doric had to mingle with the Ionian; or the Æolic with the Attic. Indeed of Æolic works there are none, while there is a whole body of Scottish classics. Had Theocritus lived before any poet like Pindar made frequent use of the new Doric, his exquisite poems, so much tinged with Sicilian, must have given that dialect admission into the pure Greek. Indeed Pindar, himself Bœotian, and naturally disposed to use the old Doric, has recourse to the new, for its force of expression, probably as much as he would have done, had he like Theocritus been a Sicilian; as Moschus did, who belonged to those colonies of Asia Minor, the origin of the language and literature of Greece. It must be allowed that when we refer to the free admission of various dialects into the classical language of Greece, we should bear in mind the peculiar fastidiousness of the Attic taste, and its scrupulous rejection of all barbarisms, and all solecisms —all words in languages not purely Greek, and all terms of expression arising from a corruption of that pure tongue.

It is a great mistake to suppose, as some have done, that the interest excited in all minds by the associations of early years, forms the only ground of desiring to retain in certain compositions the language familiar to us in childhood. The charm imported by such associations is unquestioned; but it is not the only merit of the language, which may have other claims to being preserved independent of that. Thus Scotchmen will beyond all doubt feel a greater interest in Burns' poetry, because it is in the language used by those who cherished them in childhood, and which themselves first spoke. But so they will feel a greater interest than foreigners in the songs which they knew at the same period of life, in whatever language composed, an interest wholly independent of the language; and yet there may be in the merits of the language itself, strong claims to being preserved and adopted. A Sicilian might feel the charm of Theocritus' verse, because it reminded him of the pastorals, the national songs of the peasantry, from whence, indeed, it was in a great part taken; and he might delight in that verse all the more for the language in which it was composed. But others, as Pindar and Moschus, who could have no feeling of local associations, could adopt that language in their lyrics and pastorals, if not preferring it, yet uniting it to their own, because of its peculiar adaptation to the subjects of their composition.

The events which brought about the general disuse of the Scotch language, first, the union of the Crowns, but infinitely more, that of the kingdoms, have not extinguished the great works in which it is preserved. It stands in very different circumstances from the Italian in this important respect. The accident of the great writers, especially the poets, being Tuscans, in all probability prevented the dialect of Venice from being the classical language of Italy, and its great beauties make men

lament that it is not partially adopted into the more expressive but harsher Tuscan, the prevalence of which has kept all poets of eminence from using any other. Scotland stands very differently in this important particular; for the greatest of modern lyric poets has used the Scotch alone. Assuredly, had either Dante or Petrarch been Venetians, the Tuscan would have divided its sovereignty with the dialect of Venice. The accident of all the great writers of the fourteenth century being Tuscans had the same effect in preventing the other languages from keeping its ground, which political changes had in discouraging the Scotch; yet it can hardly be doubted that, if Ariosto or Tasso, at a much later period, had used the Venetian, it would have gained an ample share of estimation; and if to this had been added the important circumstances, that all the Italian national poetry was confined to the shores of the Adriatic, as all the British has ever been to the country beyond the Tweed, the inevitable consequence would have been a great softening of the Tuscan by the sweeter Venetian, at once to improve the language, and to prevent two several tongues being used by the same people.

Would it not afford means of enriching and improving the English language if full and accurate glossaries of approved Scotch words and phrases, those successfully used by the best writers, both in prose and verse, were given with distinct explanation and reference to authorities? This has been done in France and other countries, where some dictionaries accompany the English, in some cases with Scotch synonyms, in others with varieties of expression. It may be hoped that the very learned person who is preparing an important philological work of the same description, may incorporate with it the flowers at least of our northern Doric. Two of our most venerated names, those of Playfair and Stewart, may be cited; they were wont to express their desire to borrow some Scotch words as of great scientific use. In the judicial proceedings of Parliament we have, at least of late years, discountenanced all attempts at translating Scotch technical expressions into English. Let it be added, that the greatest poet after Burns whom Scotland has produced (there wants no mention of T. Campbell), was wont to lament the inability of using his mother tongue with the mastery which he had so happily gained over a foreign language.

I have to apologise for this intrusion upon the meeting; but only for the length of the letter, and its inferiority to the subject.—Yours faithfully,

BROUGHAM.

CANNES, *January* 17, 1859.

THE CORN EXCHANGE.

The "grand citizen banquet" in the Corn Exchange, under the auspices of the Total Abstinence Society, came off with great *éclat*. The decorations of the Exchange were tasteful and brilliant, and the *tout ensemble* of the preparations was scarcely less striking than what was presented on the occasion of the celebrated Crimean banquet which was held in the same place two years ago. Numerous flags and banners waved from every available spot on the walls and ceiling, while from arch to arch of the roof were suspended enormous garlands of evergreens, intermingled with artificial flowers. Along both sides of the hall temporary galleries were erected capable of accommodating four hundred individuals. At the south end an enormous platform, for the speakers and special guests, and fitted up with tables for two hundred, was raised high above the floor of the hall; and at the north end, opposite the principal platform, was a smaller erection, on which was stationed the band of the 16th Lancers, who performed the overture "Fair Maid of Perth" during the assembling of the audience. The fronts of the platforms and galleries, as well as the pillars which support the roof, were all tastefully draped with red and white cloth, and festooned with evergreens. On the wall, at the back of the speakers' platform, were the letters "R. B." illuminated with variegated lamps, and surrounded by a laurel wreath, on either side of which were placed banners bearing the Edinburgh and Scottish arms. Twelve parallel tables stretched the whole length of the area of the Exchange, at which those holding tickets for that part of the building were served with tea, presided over by about an hundred and fifty ladies. A spacious gasalier was suspended in the centre of the hall, and, along with numerous smaller brackets, all tastefully decorated, threw a flood of light upon the vast assemblage beneath, and completed the brilliant effect of the scene. Every corner was filled long before the hour announced for the proceedings to commence, and even the passages were choke full. There could be no fewer than fifteen hundred persons present. The arrangements, however, were on the whole very satisfactory. Mr. Duncan M'Laren occupied the chair; and among those on the platform were the Lord Provost, Bailie Grieve, Councillor Fyfe, J. B. Gough, Esq., John Dunlop, Esq. (Brockloch), Rev. A. Wallace, Dr. Brodie, J. W. Jackson, Esq., Dr. Menzies, Andrew Scott, Esq., David Low, Esq., Thomas Knox, Esq., William Logan, Esq. (Glasgow), John Knox, of Greenlaw, Berwickshire, &c.

After tea had been partaken of,

The CHAIRMAN said—Ladies and gentlemen,—The hall is so large, the difficulty of speaking is so great, that no speaker can hope to be heard unless very great silence be observed. (Applause.) I have to explain first of all, that although this meeting is not the one that was first advertised and brought before the public of Edinburgh, it was not started in any rival spirit to the meeting in the Music Hall. (Hear, hear.) But its promoters thought that at no

meeting in honour of a man who was pre-eminently the man of the people should the door be barred against the people by a large price being charged for admission. (Applause.) On that ground, and with these feelings alone, this meeting was projected; and the committee soon found that they had struck the right chord; and when the tickets were all disposed of, and thousands could not obtain admission, then other meetings were organised, until this evening there are four large meetings in the four largest halls in Edinburgh to celebrate the centenary of Robert Burns. (Applause.) It is not for me to depict the character of that distinguished individual in all its parts. His merits as a poet speak to the heart, I am sure, of every one present; and anything that is to be said upon that subject will far more aptly come from the learned Lord Neaves, who is to address you this evening—(applause)—than from the humble individual who now addresses you. I will only say that the poetry of Burns has sunk into the character and hearts of the people of Scotland. Every one knows more or less of it. Every one knows so much of it, that I have no doubt whatever that if, by some extraordinary event, the writings of Burns were to be all burnt, they could be reproduced from the memories of the people of Scotland. ("Hear, hear," and applause.) The power of his writings is something extraordinary. They have, as it were, been woven into the thoughts and feelings of the people. His whole character seems to have been imbued with the most intense love of country—with the most ardent patriotism. I know many people blame us for coming here to celebrate the Centenary of Burns, because, as they justly say, he was not an immaculate character. Few men, unfortunately, are so; and I don't suppose that those who originated this meeting did so with any view of justifying much that he wrote or did. All have their own opinions on these questions, and it is not necessary for me minutely to analyse his character. We are here to do honour to him as the great poet of Scotland—the man of all others by whom Scottish poetry is best known,—whose name and fame are better known throughout all the countries in the world to which Scotchmen and Englishmen emigrate than any man of modern times, with the exception of Shakspere. (Applause.) No doubt, ladies and gentlemen, many things could be pointed out which are deserving of severe criticism; but, when we consider the character of the man, we must consider it in reference to the times in which he lived. (Applause.) We must not measure a man like Burns by the gauge of the customs and sentiments of the present day alone. For example, if, in the days of Burns, some great meeting had been called to celebrate the heroes whom he idolized and almost worshipped—I mean Wallace and Bruce —(applause)—had a meeting been called for such a purpose when Burns lived and was in the zenith of his fame, I ask you, would it have been possible to have called 2,500 persons together in a hall like this, where they had nothing stronger to drink than tea and water? (Renewed applause.) Those who read the contemporary history of that time know that, much as he is blamed for some parts of his conduct—for the bacchanalian sentiments to be found in many of his songs, and for the effect which these in some instances have produced, he must be measured by the men amongst whom he lived; and if you look at contemporary history and inquire into the customs which then prevailed, by reading the lives of men who lived in those times—take, for example, the glimpses which are given of life in Edinburgh at the beginning of the present century in that interesting work of Lord Cockburn's—you will find that men far more elevated, in a worldly point of view, than Burns—men most distinguished on the bench and at the bar—indulged as much, I fear some of them even more, in those bacchanalian orgies for which Burns became, unfortunately, so distinguished. (Cheers.) Other three meetings are held in this city to-day of the same character as this. In all of them the utmost propriety of conduct will be observed; and from all of them the parties will go home, I have no doubt, without anything occurring that will require the censure of the public of Edinburgh to-morrow. (Cheers.) This state of things could not have existed in any town in Scotland during the last century, and such considerations should oblige us to make very great allowances in judging of the character of Burns. (Cheers.) There is one part of his character which I should like to notice—the deep and heart-felt sympathy which he had for everything calculated to elevate man —(cheers)—his ardent love of liberty; his sympathy with every just and good cause; his utter abhorrence of everything like obsequiousness, or falling down and worshipping the rich and the great, in whatever society he was placed. (Cheers.) When he came, for example, to this great city to have the second edition of his poems published, he was taken into the highest circles. He was almost idolized; no man could have been more noticed and petted (if I may say so) than was Burns. (Hear.) And yet, from all that we know of that period of his life, we have every reason to believe that he took his place amongst the highest of the land, standing erect and calling no man master. (Cheers.) He tells us himself in a short sketch of the early

period of his life which is preserved, that the first books which he ever read after he left school were the Life of Hannibal, and the Life of Wallace by Blind Harry; and that the effect of the reading of the last of these works upon his mind was extraordinary. He says—"The story of Wallace poured Scottish prejudices into my veins which will boil and run over until the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest." (Cheers.) This was unquestionably the case. This may be regarded as the key to his character. To his intense love of country as a Scotchman, his intense admiration of his patriot hero, and of all those who, like him, stood up in defence of liberty, we are no doubt indebted for that beautiful and heart-stirring song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." (Cheers.) In no circumstance of his life did he forget that self-respect to which he was entitled from his talents and genius. When he came to Edinburgh, he met with an amount of kindness which, I think, has been greatly under-rated. (Hear, hear.) Many people say he did not get justice from the more distinguished men who lived in his time. My impression is that he could hardly have expected to meet with greater attention, greater respect, or greater patronage (as it was then called) than he did when he came to Edinburgh. (Hear, hear.) After referring to what had been done for the success of Burns' second edition of his works by the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, who subscribed for one hundred copies, at a guinea each, and to the fact that 2,800 copies were subscribed for at lower prices, Mr. M'Laren said—In the dedication to that edition of his works we do not find that fawning, flattering, cringing to the great which we find in the dedications of many works of that period by distinguished literary men. In that dedication he says, in words never to be forgotten—"I was bred to the plough, and am independent." (Cheers.) That was Burns' idea of independence. Burns was one of the people. He knew that to every man health and strength, united with industry, gave real independence, for by these he could earn his bread; and *that* independence he would not have exchanged for the most distinguished position which the world could give. (Applause.) That is the kind of man with which the people had to deal; and hence the ardent love of liberty which is to be found woven into the very heart of all his poetry, and which has done so much, in my opinion, to nourish and cherish the love of liberty which exists to so great an extent amongst the people of Scotland. (Great cheers.) I believe that, next to the spirit that was infused into this country by the Covenanters (to whom we can never be sufficiently grateful), to Burns we are more indebted than to any other single individual for cherishing, and preserving, and increasing that intense patriotism and love of country and that love of liberty which characterise Scotchmen, not only in their own country, but in every other country in the world to which it may be their fortune to go. (Great cheers.)

The Lord Provost then addressed the assemblage, and was received with loud cheers. He said—Often since the close of the short but brilliant career of our great national poet has the day of his birth been celebrated by his countrymen in proud remembrance of his genius. An epoch has now been reached which more emphatically than hitherto marks and brings the event to our remembrance. (Applause.) Let me congratulate you on your assembling as you now do, in order to mingle your homage along with that offered by your fellow countrymen to the memory of one whose genius has shed a halo of glory around our native land and her people. (Loud cheers.) The source of the intense admiration cherished towards Burns by his countrymen is to be traced partly, perhaps chiefly, to the vivid delineation given by him in his writings of our national character, and of the virtues which made the peasantry of his country in his day stand out in bold relief, as distinguished from those of every other country in the world. (Applause.) No poet ever identified himself more fully with his class than did Burns. The lofty tone of self-respect maintained by him, and in which he invariably spoke of his brother man, sustained that elevation of thought and of action amongst his class, of which he was the true exponent. He furnishes in himself a noble specimen of the spirit of self-reliance, which is so strongly inculcated in his writings. (Cheers.) He enjoyed the inestimable blessing of the education which, in bygone times, was furnished to the people of Scotland by their parish schools, and which has done so much to form our national character. (Applause.) It was there that he imbibed a thirst for knowledge, and such was the value attached by him to its acquisition that he established—and it is believed he was the first who established in Scotland—a village library, and who evinced a desire to diffuse, in this form, a taste for reading amongst the humbler classes of his countrymen. (Cheers.) But there was another fountain whence he derived the education which no school can give, and without which all other instruction is comparatively valueless: I refer to the example which he was privileged to enjoy under the parental roof—(applause)—which lighted up the flame of piety that glows with solemn fervour in what we all admit to be his greatest

work, "The Cottar's Saturday Night"—(applause)—of which I know that I express your sentiments when I give utterance to the ardent wish that, perpetuated and handed down, as it is sure to be, to all succeeding ages, it may ever be found exerting a benign influence on the people of our country—an example which makes the memory of the sire as dear to us as is that of his gifted son. (Great cheering.) Who can tell the amount of good which has not only been sustained but produced by the tone of religious and moral sentiment—the scene of pure domestic bliss depicted in that immortal work! (Applause.) The sentiments there expressed must have been felt before they were described; and bitter, therefore, the anguish at a departure from them. If we turn to his lyrical compositions, which form an important and valuable portion of his writings, how strongly are all our best feelings and emotions evoked when listening to his songs, known to us from childhood, and the more admired the longer they are known. (Great applause.) Who does not know some exile whose fond recollections of country and of home have been soothed and sustained by the songs of Burns, whose works find a place in the library of every Scotchman who leaves his native land? (Cheers.) The source of our admiration of Burns, however, has its rise from a foundation deeper than any feeling which is merely national. While to his countrymen his delineations of character have an interest and value which one would think could scarcely be appreciated by those who are unacquainted with our vernacular and unversed in our national usages, we find that in all lands where his works are known they have commanded the same homage as at home—(cheers)—and for this reason—that they are delineations of the human mind, and therefore they secure a sympathy which is universal and has no limits. (Applause.) Hence it is that his works, when translated into other languages, are almost as much appreciated by others as by ourselves—the sentiments and feelings which they convey being intelligible to all. Where will you find patriotism described in colours so glowing as in the works of Burns?—(applause)—where are pure love and disinterested affection—where is manly independence more warmly inculcated—and when are we induced more ardently to long after the possession and the exercise of the nobler affections and duties, than in rising from a perusal of those of his writings which bear on these all-important topics. (Loud applause.) The subject immediately described may be an individual, and that individual a countryman of his own, and the scene may be in his own country; still the sentiments to which he gives utterance being those of the human heart, find an echo in every breast. (Cheers.) It is, I know, unnecessary for me to say to you that these remarks do not apply to his entire writings, amongst which are to be found some which we could wish had never been written; and others which, though they may be palliated, cannot be excused even by the vitiated taste of a bygone age. Casting aside the dross which is to be found in the works of Burns—as, alas! it is to be found intermingling itself with the works of almost every writer of his time—we this day fix our exclusive attention on those emanations of his genius where all that is best in our common nature is so beautifully and faithfully depicted—where the domestic altar, love of country and of his brother man, manly independence, and unsullied integrity, are held up to our admiration and respect. (Loud cheers.) At the age of thirty-seven he closed a life of varied enjoyment and suffering, which has left behind it many lessons. More than sixty years have elapsed since he was consigned to an early grave. His fame survives—a fame which, we believe, will never die, because he gave utterance to thoughts that are immortal. (Great cheering.)

Mr. Thomas Knox was the next speaker. He said—Mr. chairman, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to say in all sincerity that I never stood up to address my fellow-citizens more conscious of the difficulty of the task I had undertaken than I do now; and I am only sustained by this conviction, that no man ever does his best, in the best spirit, before an Edinburgh audience, without having the best construction put upon his efforts. I feel that this is indeed a very great occasion, and that it may well task our powers, for it is no other than the celebration of the hundredth birthday of Scotland's national bard—Robert Burns. In the words of the great-hearted Robert Nicol—

> "This is the natal day of him
> Who, born in want and poverty,
> Burst from his fetters and arose,
> The freest of the free;
>
> "Arose to tell the watching earth
> What lowly men could feel and do,
> To show what mighty heaven-like souls
> In cottage hamlets grew."

It seems to me that we sometimes speak of Burns as our national bard without adequately realizing how transcendently glorious the title is; for only think how big that soul of his must have been whose influences fill up the great spaces of a century—I might even say of the wide, wide world of civilization itself; for where is the habitable nook of creation that

the enterprising and daring feet of our countrymen have ever trodden, that have not also been penetrated and gilded by the sunlike rays of his resplendent genius? Wherever Scotchmen go, he goes—dwell, he dwells—sorrow, he sorrows—ay, laugh, and he laughs; and it is because of this moral ubiquitousness of Burns that he is emphatically our national poet, and that we now celebrate his centenary in a manner that has never been before, and may never be again. If I were asked to define in one simple and significant word the great, supreme characteristic of Robert Burns, I would call it—universality. And as this definition must include every phase of his life and literature, perhaps there are some present in this vast gathering who expect me to take up particularly certain parts of both. I will only remind you that I have conducted, as I hope, an honourable controversy with Burns for upwards of twenty years, and that I would be a poor dull pupil in the school of his mental independence had I not dared to do so, and did I not dare to say so now. If, however, more than this is expected of me, here I must disappoint you, for I wish on this occasion only to refresh my memory and yours with the crowning virtues of the bard. I have said that universal love was his supreme characteristic, he loved all mankind, without reference to creed, country, or colour, with an unconstrained exuberance of heart and soul all his own. All men who ever came near his works have felt this, and have given him love for love. Like a great magnet his nature has attracted all varieties of human sympathy towards itself. Mr. Knox here graphically told an occurrence in a hotel where a man of colour was reading Burns and laughing most immoderately. Though he (the Ethiopian,) confessed not to know all the Scotch words, yet he so felt and understood those great broad strokes of humour, those "touches of nature" which make the "whole world kin," that he loudly laughed. And a company of gentlemen also laughed at the sight of his great black shining face, showing teeth as white as a mouthful of snow. So in this distant hotel the Ayrshire magician was conjuring with equal facility rich humour and glee from the hearts of black and white. We believe no poet ever gave such overflowing expression in his verse to the great idea of universal brotherhood as did Burns. He wrote out, and sang out, the divine gospel "that God hath made all men of one blood to dwell upon the face of the earth" with his whole heart and soul. Every separate theme upon which he wrote was intended to give force and furtherance to this supreme idea of his life. When in moods of satire or of independence, when patriotic or pathetic, still he twanged out from the strings of his great heart the same sublime truth. No matter the subject he began with, it would certainly end with it. Allow me to give one illustration—

"Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the louns beware, Sir,
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, Sir.
The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
The Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!

"Oh let us not, like snarling curs
In wrangling be divided;
Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted!

"The kettle o' the kirk and state
Perhaps a clout may fail in't;
But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,
And wha wad daur to spoil it;
By heavens! the sacrilegious dog
Shall fuel be to boil it!

"The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
That wretch, his true-born brother,
Who'd set the mob aboon the throne,
May they be cursed together!
Wha will not sing, God save the King,
Shall hang as high's the steeple;
But while we sing, God save the King,
WE'LL NE'ER FORGET THE PEOPLE!"

So you see that the last line is made all of a sudden to give overwhelming prominence to the foremost aim of his heart and life—"We'll ne'er forget the people;" and the people answer—"We'll ne'er forget the poet—Burns!" These verses, though sixty-five years old, are young as yesterday, and have a most comfortable blood-heat about them. Burns knew no blood-royal on earth intrinsically different from the ruddy blood of honest men and honest women everywhere—always with him

"An honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

"God hath made all men of one blood" was the burden of his gifted soul. He knew that every mother's love is the same, every father's, every sister's, every brother's,—every lover's love the same, whether in lofty hall or lowly cot. The power and beauty with which he proclaimed this conviction showed the intensity with which he felt and cherished it, and the world-response of this centenary day proves the depth of his insight into the great throbbing heart of humanity. We believe his writings have done much to make a proper fu-

sion of all classes of society. It were an impossibility, indeed, to despise the great order of industry from which he sprung, and which he so grandly represented. That order of industry is made properly aspiring and confident by those words of Nicol's—

"Burns, thou hast given us a name
To shield us from the taunts of scorn;
The plant that creeps amid the soil
A glorious flower hath borne.

"Before the proudest of the earth
We stand with an uplifted brow!
Like us, thou wert a toil-worn man,
And we are noble now!"

The rich and the poor are now harmoniously seeking a truer and happier platform on which they can meet and co-operate for the great ends of life on earth.—I glory in this day, not only because of Burns, but because it serves to remind us all of that great idea of universal brotherhood for which he lived and sung, and which, amid the conventionalism and artificialism of high civilization, we are all so apt to forget. This day proves that nature is too strong to be partitioned off by sectarianism and conventionalism. Nature loves fusions, and loathes isolations. Nations, too, are strong by the fulness of their class-fusions, and weak in proportion to the extent of class-isolations. We are all of one blood to-night, let us strive to realize this great truth more and more, not only poetically, but practically. Let the wrongs of all men be ours, their rights ours, their elevation ours, their joys ours, their sorrows ours, and by so making one indivisible humanity everywhere, life shall become for all a more glorious inheritance. It was in looking through all those shams and pretensions which alienate man from man, that made him pen his most immortal poem, "A man's a man for a' that." Mr. Knox here recited with great effect the whole of that inspiring poem, and then said—Since the Bard fell asleep, what mighty forces have leapt into the world's arena, impatient almost to fulfil his prophetic longings. The penny-postage unseals its myriad-lips to proclaim his prophecy, "It's coming yet for a' that." The printing-machines, with their ceaseless energies and enterprises, chorus out by night and by day the beautiful strain—"It's coming yet for a' that." The railways, bounding and careering along the valleys of Great Britain, along the valleys of Europe, ay, along the valleys of every continent in the world, merrily whistle the strain, "It's coming yet for a' that." The fleets of steamships scudding along the highways of the sea, beat paddle-time as they bear to every shore the same millennial music, "It's coming yet for a' that." And the Electric Telegraph, impatient with the progress of its great compeers in civilization, speeds a lightning-footed courier from city to city, shore to shore, and continent to continent, proclaiming the same heaven-born message to all the world,

"It's coming yet for a' that,
When man to man the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."

In the name of our National Bard—Robert Burns; in the name of his and our "dear auld mither," Scotland; in the name of universal humanity; and in the name of our universal Father-God, Amen, so let it be, even so let it universally and quickly be! (Loud and prolonged cheering, with waving of handkerchiefs.)

The Chairman read a letter from Lord Ardmillan, apologising for the unavoidable absence of that nobleman. He also stated that the Lord Provost had been authorised to apologise for the absence of Lord Neaves.

The Rev. Alex. Wallace of Glasgow then addressed the large audience. He said,—This is, in some respects, one of the most remarkable nights in the history of Scotland. The country is stirred to its very depths; and not only so, but a sympathetic chord is struck which vibrates in the breast of every Scotchman on the face of the earth. (Cheers.) What is it that has led to such a national demonstration on the part of a people not easily moved to such meetings as the present? The gatherings in every town and village to-night, from John o' Groat's to Maidenkirk, are not sectional or party gatherings, but national. They breathe the spirit of an entire people; for Robert Burns was the most intensely national poet that ever lived. (Cheers.) The Supreme Giver of all good gave Scotland a rich and a rare gift,—we may never see the like of it again,—in that immortal genius which, when it rose to the high purpose for which it was given, men felt,—as they feel still, and must ever do so long as human hearts can feel the power of genius,—that this gift was truly the "touch of nature that makes the world kin." His "native wood-notes wild" were so sweet, so simple, so full of nature, that men felt that a voice was given to feelings which they had all experienced, but which they could not utter, and that new life, and beauty, and attraction, were thrown around the most commonplace objects, and the most familiar incidents of everyday life. It is but simple justice to our national poet to say, that his brilliant genius should be looked at apart from the dark cloud through which, alas! that genius often shone and struggled into glorious light. The splendour of his genius made the dark spots of his life all the more visible. We would look upon these through tears,—the

blinding tears of pity and regret; but we cannot remain insensible to that genius which has sung, as poet never did before, the joys and the sorrows of the poor man's lot, and given a voice at the same time to noble sentiments which make the poor proud of him as their poet—for he is emphatically the poet of the poor—(cheers)—but by the power of his genius he binds together the rich and the poor in one common sentiment, so widely and practically acknowledged to-night,—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."—(Loud cheers.)

His best effusions were written when "he walked in glory and in joy behind his plough upon the mountain side." The toiling thousands of this and other lands have reason to be proud of that genius which has beautified the rough byways of labour. And so they are. They have ever looked upon his genius with grateful admiration. They stood true to him when he was cast off by those from whom better things might have been expected. (Cheers.) If we are to speak of faults at all to-night, and if there were great genius and great faults on the one side, were there not others to blame? I ask you to look back upon the social character of those times, so far as drinking was concerned, when he came from the "plough stilts" to take up his abode with a friend from Mauchline, in an apartment in Baxter's Closs in the Lawnmarket, rented at three shillings per week. The drinking habits of Edinburgh killed poor Fergusson; and was there no danger for Burns, whose conversational powers were even a greater wonder than his poetical genius? (Cheers.) Where were Scotland's nobility and gentry,—where was her middle class,—when the life of her greatest poet became a sad tragedy? There are few things so tragic as the last days of Scotland's greatest poet. Scotland received a gift which she may never receive again; and if there is to be blame, let a large portion of it rest where it ought to lie,—at the door of Scotland's intemperance at that time, which made it a terrible risk for a man to be endowed with genius such as Burns possessed. Notwithstanding all his faults, we owe much to him. (Great cheering.) The fact that we have a distinct peasant literature that has sprung from the lowly cottage homes of our country, which has been nurtured amid the many-sided trials of the poor man's lot, which has gladdened his fireside, and made him proud of his land—a literature which has given a name and a glory to every stream, and glen, and river, and ancient ruin, and old feudal keep, and lofty mountain, from the far north to the banks of the Tweed—a literature which, so far as it has been embodied in song, is as varied as every mood of the human soul keenly alive to the beauties of nature, and strung to every emotion of joy or of sorrow in the heart of man—a literature which is at once the burning purpose of the patriot, the war song of freedom, or the voice of artless love, or the low key-note of a mother's affection, as, with a simple song, she hushes the babe to sleep—the fact, we say, that we have such a distinct peasant literature is an honour to which few countries besides our own can lay claim, and, but for the genius of Burns, she would have had but few claims to such an honour. (Cheers.) There are distinct national causes to which we can trace such a literature as this. There is first of all the deep interest which our reforming forefathers took in the education of the people, the practical result of which was the establishment of our parish schools. No man ever took a deeper interest in the education of his children than did that most worthy man William Burns, the father of the poet. He drudged hard and stinted himself of ease and comfort, that he might give his children the blessing of a good education. Then, again, there is a quiet thoughtfulness, a shrewd inquisitiveness, a native enthusiasm, a dogged perseverance, or, if you will, a "dourness," in the Scotch character, that nothing will overcome. We have noted examples of this in the case of Hugh Miller and David Livingston—(cheers)—and Burns was not a whit behind them in all these qualities. (Renewed cheers.) He tells us that he had a "sturdy stubborn something" about him, and he reached the lofty height to which, when a boy, he aspired on the harvest field.

"E'en then a wish,—I mind its power,—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,—
That I for puir auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear."—(Loud cheers.)

Again, is there not even something in the external features of our country that awakens a strong national feeling of patriotism, evokes the spirit of a peasant literature, and fires the genius of its "native wood-notes wild?" Who can follow the silvery Tweed, or pass up the soft green vale of Yarrow, or track the Teviot, the Till, the Nith, or the Clyde, or gaze upon the glorious panorama of Highland lakes, and glens, and mountains, such as Loch Linnhe, and Glencoe, and the everlasting giants of Argyle, without saying to himself, "there is no won-

der our forefathers fought for such a land as this?"

> "Oh, Caledonia! stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child."

Burns was most favourably situated in this respect. He grew up amid the beauties of nature on the banks of the Ayr and the Doon—and no one ever loved nature more intensely, or could describe it in its varied phases better than he did. Take for example his description of a stream,

> Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
> As through the glen it wimpl't;
> Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays;
> Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
> Whyles glittered to the nightly rays,
> Wi' bickering, dancing dazzle;
> Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
> Below the spreading hazel,
> Unseen that night.

He loved nature, however, chiefly in connection with the interests of living things. Many passages in proof of this will at once occur to your own minds. And then, what country teems with more soul-stirring associations than our own dear Scotland? The history of our country—whether we turn to its struggles for civil or religious freedom—contains all those stirring elements which cannot fail to kindle into proud enthusiasm the peasant in his moorland home, as well as the dweller in lordly hall. (Cheers.) There were materials lying profusely at hand in the records of our national history to fire the soul of the peasant bard, and pour the burning tide of rapture into his song. Burns felt this, and hence his patriotism, his love of freedom and independence, which burst forth in such strains as "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and his "words that breathe" in the prayer for Scotland—

> "Oh, Scotia! my dear, my native soil,
> For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
> Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
> Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
> And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
> From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
> That, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
> A virtuous populace may rise the while
> To stand a wall of fire around our much-lov'd isle!"

(Cheers.) In addition to all this, there are the hallowed home influences of humble cottage life in Scotland, which, whatever these may be now, were, generally speaking, in former times most favourable to the development of a peasant literature, and could not fail to beget a noble spirit of independence and self-reliance. No cottage home in broad Scotland enjoyed these hallowed influences more than the one over which William Burns was the presiding father and priest. Step into that little farmhouse in the neighbourhood of Ayr, and, in the long wintry nights, you see a delighted circle gathered around the fireside; and an elderly-looking man—not old, but old-like from many harassing cares, and from severe toil, that racks the joints, and makes the hair prematurely grey—is instructing his children, amongst whom are his two sons, Gilbert and Robert. He reads from some useful book, or converses with his two boys "as if they had been men." But hark! there are rapid footsteps outside, and then a knock at the door. All eyes are turned to it, and a young man, frank, joyous, and warm-hearted, enters, to the great delight of all. This is Murdoch the schoolmaster. He brings books with him; and what, think you, can he read in such a dwelling? Is it the "Farmer's Almanack" many weeks old? No! but the noblest effusions of some of our best poets, or the record of some of the most stirring events in Scottish history. The evening would be closed by family worship, so beautifully described in "The Cottar's Saturday Night:"—

> "The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
> They round the ingle form a circle wide:
> The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
> The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
> His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
> His lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare;
> Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
> He wales a portion with judicious care;
> And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air."

Whatever influence these causes might have in developing the poetical genius of Burns, or in giving rise to our peasant literature, we can never forget that he was born a poet, that he was a poet by nature, that the gift which was in him was not the result of art, but a gift of nature, as much as is the song of the linnet or the lark. He poured the rich melody of his genius over broad Scotland, because, like the birds, he could not but sing. There was in him, by nature, what could not fail to attract and delight, and make him a power amongst the people. In that humble homestead in which he was reared, conjugal love and all the gentle ministrations of the home affections brightened the stern face of poverty, strengthened every noble sentiment, and cheered the drudgery of ceaseless toil. No man knew better, or could better describe, the home influences of humble cottage life. He knew the straits, the privations, the joys and the sorrows, the independence and the worth, the manly virtues as well as the weaknesses, that were to be found in the cottage homes of Scotland; and nowhere does his marvellous genius appear to greater advantage, —nowhere does it shine with greater brightness and purity, than when he starts into life those

scenes and feelings which appeal to the common heart of man. This is the secret of his power, especially with the mass of the people. They love him notwithstanding all his failings. They look upon him as a brother, because the best effusions of his genius have enshrined in the bosom of living sympathy their own experiences, and much which, in point of endurance at least, was peculiar to themselves. What poet lives so familiarly amongst the people as he does? They fondly speak of him as their own Robin, or Rabbie, when they would characterize the more pathetic effusions of his muse; whilst they speak of him as Rab, or "an unco Rab," in reference to his more wild and reckless fancies. (Laughter.) Nowhere is his genius more appreciated than at the fireside of labouring men, and that very class of toiling men, of whom Scotland may feel justly proud,

"Who make her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad."

(Cheers.) I well remember the thrilling effect produced in a humble home circle, when but a mere child, when some of his noblest effusions were repeated by a pious father, who could do this as but few could do it. (Hear, hear.) The homely jingle was new and attractive to the ear, but the scenes, the sentiments, and the incidents, could move to tears, or shake the sides with laughter. You have but to witness the effect produced in any circle, or in any great promiscuous gathering of the people, by the singing of one of Burns' songs, in which manly independence, or the love of freedom, or patriotism, or conjugal affection, or the purity of virgin love, are set forth, to be convinced of the power and vitality of his genius, and of the hold which he has upon the hearts of men. (Cheers.) The popularity of his best lyrics does not arise from the music to which they have been wed, as is the case with many songs, but from the inherent power of genius itself. Take away from his writings all that is objectionable, all that in his last hours he would have blotted out, and which he would have consigned, could bitter regret have done it, to the deepest shades of oblivion—take away all which the best of men and his firmest admirers regret should ever have been written,—and after this is done, there will still remain much, very much, that will endear his genius to the common heart of man, and which that heart, as long as it beats in unison with noble sentiment, will not willingly let die. (Cheers.) I need not say that I am speaking of the genius of Burns in its brightest and purest moods; and, though we have but mere fitful snatches of these, surely there is enough to call forth our grateful admiration and our deepest pity. Had this not been the case—had there not been in his writings the stamp of imperishable genius—that sympathetic something which makes the world kin, which appeals to the universal heart—the name of Burns would have perished. It would have been dragged down into oblivion by the baser part of his life and writings. As time passes, the impure sediment will sink, but the pure stream of genius itself flowing above that, and looked at apart from that, will ever be regarded with grateful admiration, and will remain a "thing of beauty and joy for ever." It is well that the Scottish people, generally speaking, have had the good sense and the charity to look at their national poet in this discriminating way. The diamond is still the diamond, notwithstanding the baser materials in which it is embedded, and in which it shines. I am anxious not to exaggerate in any way on an occasion when there is so much danger of this; and whilst we express our admiration of the genius of our national poet, let us feel as if we were invited by the bard himself to stand by his grave and read the epitaph which he composed for himself—

"Is there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool?
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

. . . . . .

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name."

In the words of an eloquent living writer—"Alas! his sun shone as through a tropical tornado, and the pale shadow of death eclipsed it at noon. Shrouded in such baleful vapour, the genius of Burns was never seen in clear azure splendour enlightening the world; but some beams from it did, by fits, pierce through, and it tinted those clouds with rainbow and orient colours, into a glory and stern grandeur, which men silently gaze on with wonder and tears." Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, his genius has wreathed around the brow of old Scotland a garland of poetic beauty imperishable as her own heathery glens, and sweet and simple as her own "Mountain Daisy," to which that genius has given a deathless fame. (Prolonged cheers.)

[The speaker was frequently interrupted by the extraordinary enthusiasm of the audience, and when he resumed his seat was greeted with a storm of applause.]

A choice selection of Burns' songs, sung by Mr. John Johnstone, Mr. William Kerr, Miss Acquroff, and a choir of the Edinburgh Abstainers' Musical Association, filled up the intervals between the differ-

ent addresses, and were received with the utmost enthusiasm by the vast audience. Mr. Melville (of the Theatre-Royal) recited "Man was made to Mourn," and "Mary in Heaven," with much feeling and effect. Mr. A. Laurie presided at the pianoforte, and the performances of the band of the 16th Lancers added much to the entertainment of the evening. The proceedings were brought to a conclusion about half-past eleven o'clock, by the whole audience joining with the utmost spirit in the parting song of "Auld Langsyne."

QUEEN STREET HALL.

At six o'clock the Trades' Delegates held a fruit soiree in Queen Street Hall, where was assembled an audience that filled every corner both of area and galleries. The only decorations consisted of a plentiful array of evergreens, tastefully arranged around the platform, and a few flags hung in conspicuous positions. One or two portraits of Burns were placed in front of the galleries, and, in addition, a handsome bust of the poet occupied one of the niches at the back of the platform. A bust of Sir Walter Scott occupied the corresponding niche on the other side. On the motion of Councillor Ford, the chair was taken by Professor George Wilson, who was heartily cheered on making his appearance. On the platform, besides a number of the Delegates' Committee, were Councillor Ford, Mr. Gorrie, Advocate, Mr. John M'Laren, Advocate, Mr. M'Donald, &c.

The CHAIRMAN, in introducing the business of the meeting, said—We are met to-night to commemorate the birthday of a mighty man of genius, who entered on his earthly life this day one hundred years ago. I did not look forward to taking a prominent place in the festivals on this occasion, although I deeply sympathise with the spirit that prompts us to commemorate the birthday of Burns. The Chairman, after explaining that he had given the preference to the invitation of the Trades' Delegates over those which he had received from other quarters, on the ground that he was the Professor of Industrial Science, then proceeded—We are met together this night, not to criticise Burns, not to judge Burns, not to apologize for Burns—no, not even to praise Burns. He is now in the land of the great departed, and when we consider that, we shall be slow to call him, whom the Merciful Judge has already judged, before our unauthorized tribunal to judge him anew. If you think that in that world of spirits they know what happens here, you will be reluctant to call before you him who has been already judged; and if, on the other hand, you believe that no message goes from this earth to that other spirit world, except by those who themselves have also put off the mortal flesh, you will the more feel that, as he cannot hear our praises, as little should he be called before us to hear his faults. You will also agree with me that we should be sparing of judgment, and that we need not offer laudation; yet, let me say that it is not because we are afraid to submit him to criticism. All know the incident that happened when his grave was opened to lay his widow beside him. When his mouldering remains were exposed, they took up that wondrous example of divine architecture—his skull—and, perhaps unadvisedly—I will not say irreverently — they tried whether *their* hats would fit it. And that very skull, though bare of the flesh that once covered it, and the noble locks that had curled around it, was too big for their hats. Let us be warned by that; let us not try to cover Burns' head with our caps. (Applause.) Let us not seek to show that his organ of veneration was not so big as ours—that his organ of benevolence was not so large—or that his organ of self-approbation was larger than ours. Ah me! he was gifted beyond most of us; and let us cheerfully concede this, and waive aught of judgment. And yet we might submit him to judgment, and not be afraid to praise him. We are not here to be partakers of other men's sins. It is not the faults of Burns that have brought us together; no, it is the superabounding excellence of his virtues that has compelled us to come here to-night. No man denies that he had his faults; he would rise himself from his grave and condemn us if we did. Nevertheless, he was a shining star. In that noble poem which was read to-day in the Crystal Palace, Burns is called a "star-soul," and the fitness of the word will be acknowledged. I would have said he was a "burning and a shining light," did I not fear that I should be called irreverent in quoting Scripture about him. Yet he was a star, and "dwelt apart;" and, as a star, so as a sun. You know that our sun has spots in it—great blanks of darkness, great areas out of which no light comes. There are some who judge Burns as an astronomer would treat the sun, if, when he was asked about it, he said there were only spots of darkness in it. You do not judge so. As the sun heats as well as illuminates, I ask you if Burns has not, from our earliest childhood forward to manhood, been alike a source of intellectual light and moral heat, though we do not refuse to acknowledge that there are spots of darkness in him. (Applause.) Thus, my friends, we are met together on his birthday to realize as much as possible of the feeling that we experience when we meet together on the birthday of a member of our own family still living, where we do not think of counting our father or

mother, our sister or brother's faults, but, having had large experience of their virtues, dwell on them, and think of them. And let me remind you that this is the birthday of a dead man, and that it therefore the more becomes us to recall his virtues and not his faults. (Applause.) He is no party to our calling him, and might answer like the Hebrew prophet when invoked by the first king of Israel. At least let us remember that we have him not before us, and that it is not our right to make his faults rank before his virtues. (Applause.) There is a seemliness, nevertheless, in our commemorating his birthday, for I ask you if it is not the case that Burns lives amongst us to a far greater extent than many a man whose heart is still beating, and whose blood is still flowing in his veins? He lives so, inasmuch as he was that great thing—a poet. And what does that mean? It means that he could create what others could not; it means a man who can see a grander light about all things than other men can see, can hear a sweeter sound in all music than they can hear, can feel a deeper loveliness in all that is loveable than they can feel—who can, in fact, day after day, feel and realize what other men experience only at short seasons and at brief intervals. And then this Burns, who was a marvel of genius—who had the power to see what other men could not see, was no poet-laureate with a liberal pension—(hear, hear)—no titled lord occupying his leisure hours with verses—no idolized youth with his collar turned down—(laughter and applause)—but a hard-worked ploughman, "following his plough upon the mountain side," who could only steal an evening of pleasure to lighten the hardships of his daily toil, by thrashing so many more sheaves in the barn; one whose bread was scanty and coarse, whose sleep was short—who, in bearing on his shoulders the burden of a Scottish peasant's life, had enough to bear, and yet who rose to be a higher light than the most idolized and most regal Scotsman of them all. (Applause.)

We are all poets in some degree. The child who thinks it can climb the rainbow, who believes that the moon can be clipped into stars, or who looks into its pillow, and sees wondrous things there, is a poet; every child who reads the Arabian Nights, who believes in Aladdin's lamp, or who goes to a pantomime, is a poet. And in later years we are all poets—love makes us poets. (Applause.) Every man-lover is a poet; every gentle sweetheart is a poet; every mother bending over her suckling child is a poet; every son comforting his old mother is a poet. There is a poetry in all our lives, if we can feel it; and if we cannot, no Burns or any one can teach us it. But we want some one to sing it for us, and this Burns did; and how did he do it? He so sang that we not only enter intensely and sympathizingly into all his feelings, but he sang in the very way that we ourselves would have sung had we had the power. Think of this—that he has sung our native land into greater glory in the earth because it is the birth-land of Burns. (Applause.) There is not anywhere over the civilized world where men are able to appreciate genius, or worth, or reality, a nation which does not say that Scotland, in producing a ploughman like Burns, who did not pretend to speak more than the feelings of his own countrymen, but spoke them with the poet's power, must be a grand land. And he sang our Scottish tongue into a repute that it never had before, and secured for it a longevity that otherwise it never would have had, so that he would be a bold man who would predict the time when that mother speech will die, since Englishmen learn it for nothing but to read the songs of Burns. Such is his power over the language of our hearts and the language of our country, that Scotsmen scattered over every part of the world are on this day assembled as we are now; and I have just learned that, at this very moment, my dear brother will be presiding at a meeting like this in far-distant Toronto. (Applause.) And you know that Burns not only sang so as to please our perhaps too partial ears, but he has so sung that generous England has listened to his songs, and said he is an Englishman, and that he shall have a hearty toast in every English town. In Ireland, too, you may go through its length and its breadth, and if you can sing a song of Burns you will be welcomed. All through Anglo-Saxondom, from the frozen North to the Gulf of Mexico, and thence to the Tierra del Fuego, it is the same; and wherever the language of Burns is understood, there his poems are listened to and his songs are sung. When we remember all this, I think we may very lightly bear the blame of those who say that we are doing a wrong thing in commemorating his birth by meetings such as this. (Hear, and applause.) What did Burns sing of? He proclaimed in noble words a catholic patriotism, an intense love for his mother-land, which yet should be compatible with the recognition that men of other lands should also love them with a similar love. There is a selfish sectarian patriotism, a feeling which I can compare only to the affection of the cat which lingers around the fire and the hearth-rug, where it is comfortably warmed, even when those who gave it a home have all passed away. But it was another patriotism that Burns sang of, which buried its own roots in the soil of "Caledonia, stern and wild," but

all the while waved its broad leaves in sympathy with the kindred trees of other lands. Yes! if he was a lover of his own country, it was no blind love. He knew our Scottish land, and loved it for its own sake. Think of the stories he has preserved in song, which would otherwise have been forgotten; think of that most magnificent war ode, "Scots, wha hae;" think of the affectionate way in which he refers to what others might call weeds—to the "mountain daisy," the sweet hawthorn, the thistle, and the harebell; think of his feelings towards the lower creatures, to the "cowering beastie," to the "chittering bird," to the "wounded hare," to the "old mare;" in a word, how on every living thing he bestowed his affection and his sympathy. Still more did he love his fellow-men. What in very truth killed Burns was, that he could not get love to respond to his own. There was deep loyalty in him. Veneration for higher worth and modest self-respect sound from every line of "A man's a man for a' that." (Applause.) The learned Professor proceeded, in glowing language, to allude to some of the sorrowful traits in the life of Burns, in which respect he paralleled him to Scott, Southey, Moore, Byron, Keats, Shelley, Chatterton, and other poets. From the lives of all these men there was a deep lesson to be learned; and an obligation lay on all to profit by the story of those, who learned in suffering what they taught in song. And as we cannot make amends to the dead, let us be careful not to treat our living poets as our forefathers treated Burns, who when he asked for bread got a stone; and not even that till dead. The Chairman concluded by a comparative sketch of the careers of Burns and James Watt, and the respective influence which each had, as types of the poetical peasant and the scientific artisan, exercised on his own and the present generation.

Mr. Gorrie then addressed the meeting, and said—I confess that, in rising to say a few words on this festival night, I feel as if I were trying to speak where a thousand voices already filled the air. You are all quiet and attentive; but a secret sympathy tells me, as it must tell you, that the eulogy of Scotland's bard is at this moment ringing round the world. It is not only the tongue of auld Scotland that struggles to utter thoughts too deep for utterance; but pass with me in imagination to what quarter of the globe you choose, and there you shall find the sons and daughters of the old country engaged in enthusiastic celebrations. The sound of revelry is rising from Canadian cities —the memory of Burns is being fondly recalled beneath the soft beauty of Australian skies—and this night, the Scottish soldier, resting from war, shall sing the songs of his country's bard by the bivouac fire on the banks of the Ganges. Then why need I attempt to address you when the thousand voices, now treating of the same theme, can but faintly approximate to what Scotland means to say on this the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth? It seems to me that it is not of Burns alone, nor of his poetry, that she would speak, but that she takes this man and the productions of his wondrous genius as a type of her nationality—a nationality which even now grows dim in the hearts of the people, and in another hundred years may be fed entirely by the songs of Burns. I shall leave it to others then, to enter upon a critical estimate of the poet's works; I shall leave it to those who feel the subject agreeable to them to point the finger at the follies of his life, and with your permission shall say a few words upon two prominent qualities which the poetry of Burns has cherished in the hearts of Scotchmen—I mean independence of character and love of country. But first, as to the time and circumstances when Burns appeared. When, as we have just heard sung, the first blast "blew handsel in on Robin," [the rain and wind at this moment drove with great violence against the windows of the hall, when the speaker said,] and the elements to-night seem also to be keeping the centenary; let them lash on, it is the best illustration we can have of the wild, dark, and stormy career of the poet! When Burns was born, Scotland, although she had been united to England for half-a-century, was as much a separate nation, with a distinct language, different laws, and peculiar customs, as if the articles of Union had never been penned. The blood was scarce dry on the field of Culloden. In the Lowlands the feeling against the Union had mellowed down into a keen attachment to native institutions. The Scottish language was universally spoken in the hall of the noble, from the pulpit, from the bench, as well as in the cottage. But by the time Burns arrived at manhood the influence of England had already wrought great changes, and every one felt it was destined to effect more. The peasantry were still intensely Scottish; and it was thus that Burns' poems and songs were received by them with so much enthusiasm. They expressed the feelings of the nation in the common language. He gave a voice to the patriotism, the humour, ay, and the deep religious sentiment of the people. He clothed in deathless song their loves, their sports, their customs. He shed a richer glory over the romantic scenery of their native land, and, above all, in every line there breathed a spirit of ster-

ling independence which formed a striking contrast to the prevailing characteristic of the higher ranks of the period. Scotland needed a poet to embody in song the life of the nation before a foreign element had weakened and changed its conditions. And, obedient to the great law, when the time was ripe for the man, the man appeared, ripe, ready, and specially gifted for the work. He sprang from that class of the people which best suited his mission, a class which has given to Scotland some of her greatest ornaments, but which now, under the influence of what is called "progress," is being blotted from the old country. While from association and sympathy he was a peasant, he had received the education of a farmer's son. The one fitted him to be the poet of the people, the other to wed their aspirations and emotions to immortal verse. In very early youth he cherished the idea which he was fated to work out.

"E'en then a wish,—I mind its power,—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,—
That I for puir auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

Let us take, then, the quality of independence of character which breathes through Burns' poetry, and in teaching which he has deserved well of posterity. Without Burns, I believe, we would not have had so much manly independence among all classes in Scotland. Moralists might write essays innumerable, but they would struggle in vain to teach by any dissertations, however eloquent, what Burns gives in a couple of lines, with a power which brands the sentiment upon the brain for ever. He strove to "preserve the dignity of man with soul erect." Burns was not capable of understanding that spirit of humility which rejoices in cringing to some fellow-mortal merely because he is rich, and who probably has little claim to respect. He held the true Christian theory of the dignity and brotherhood of man, and longed for the time when "man to man the world o'er, should brithers be for a' that." The feeling of independence which he cherished and displayed was something entirely different from any mere envy of rank. To those in high station who were worthy of his regards, he paid them with a poet's heartiness; but he had no respect for mere rank and mere station when dissevered from worth. Here also his position in society stood him in good stead. The class of whom his father was one were the salt of Scotland. They had stood by Wallace in the war of independence. They were ever ready at the call of their country—they were in the thick of the Reformation—they were in the thick of the Covenanters' struggle, and they have been deep in all the bloodless contentions which have since agitated Scotland. They were actuated by a high sense of duty, permitting none to come betwixt them and their privileges. Whether it was an English soldier, a Romish priest, a persecuting Prelatist, or an interfering landlord, they each and all received the same stern rebuff. If they were invited to stretch their consciences in sacred matters at the bidding of their superiors, they knew how to resist it with scorn—if in civil matters, they were ready to take the consequences of refusal. They were scrupulously jealous of their independence in another particular—had you offered to place one of those genuine old world Scotchmen upon the poor-roll, it would have broken his heart! He knew how to labour hard and live sparingly, but he knew not how to depend upon others for his daily bread. Mr. Gorrie then took up the second subject with which he proposed to deal, namely, that the poetry of Burns had done much for Scottish nationality. The poet was born amid scenes peculiarly fitted to fire the patriotic ardour of his soul. Every inch of the soil which he trode in youth was classic ground. Ayrshire was the land of Wallace before it was the land of Burns. It was the land, too, of the Covenanters; and the remembrance of the liberty, civil and religious, which had been thus achieved, acted powerfully upon the whole population of the west. The land of Wallace! and

"At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died!"

The blood of the poet, like that of every true Scotchman, fired at the very name of the Great Patriot. He tells us how he used to visit and muse amid the scenes of Wallace's dangers and triumphs, and how he longed to sing a song worthy of the man and his work. I would the practice were as universal now as then, of recalling the life and labours of one who preserved Scotland from the yoke of bondage, and thus made her what she is in her freedom, her prosperity, and her great aspirations. I would it were more common than it is, to tell the children of the land—they who must in future bear up the country's banner—the legends of that elder time when their fathers struck for freedom. But I presume they are now taught the "philosophy of sport"—taught the nature and attributes of a soap-bubble, or why a fly can walk along the ceiling. It is good to do the one, but not to leave the other undone. It is good to teach them the works of Greek and Latin poets, but teach them first—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

Burns, I say, has done much for Scotland and Scottish nationality by thus becoming a voice to her patriotism. He kindled his torch ere the fire had burned low, and now it passes from hand to hand down the ages, lighting afresh the patriot's zeal. And God help the country where patriotism is no more, and the science of money-getting reigns supreme! God help the people who have no thought to bestow upon the history of their native land, or on the achievements of the great men of their race! Their seeming prosperity may go on widening and deepening till the whole world gazes with admiration and envy, but it is a prosperity which is rotten at the core, and will one day crumble into a terrible ruin. It is not based upon those everlasting foundations which alone can insure permanence to prosperity; it is reared upon a false political economy; and when the storm comes, as come it shall, the nation shall find that it has built its house upon the sand. Yes, initiate your children, if you choose, into all the mysteries of science—make them walking cyclopædias of knowledge, and forget to tell them how the blood of patriots and martyrs was poured out that the bright legacy of freedom might be handed down unsullied and unimpaired—forget to tell them that, next to loving God, their duty is to love their country with all their soul and strength—to treasure its traditions—to extend its fame—to guard its privileges, and to widen its freedom—forget all this, then, I say, God help the nation, for its doom is already written:—

"Oh, Thou! who poured the patriotic tide,
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh! never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!"

I thank thee, Burns, for those lines! It is in such strains he gives a voice to Scottish patriotism; and on this the centenary of his birth the Genius of Scotland seems to appear, and mutely plead that the voice may not be raised in vain. I am afraid we all think too little of auld Scotland, and lay too few plans for her sake. I am afraid there are some among us who even act a more ungrateful part—who ridicule the spirit of nationality, and exult in the humiliation of their country! It is of these things that the Genius of the land struggles to speak; but the heart is too big for utterance, and she can only call up before us visions of the past, and point silently and sadly to the future. The future! May we so labour that the future shall be no less glorious than the past—so labour that when the next centenary comes, Scotchmen may look round upon a regenerated land, and seeing, boast the memory of their sires, and utter a blessing over our graves. (Mr. Gorrie, who was warmly applauded throughout his speech, resumed his seat amidst loud applause.)

Speeches were then delivered by Mr. John M'Laren, advocate, and Mr. Fraser, one of the Trades' Delegates Committee. At this part of the proceedings the meeting was visited by

The Lord Provost, who stated that he had been at the meetings held in the Music Hall and the Corn Exchange, and was much gratified at being able to attend this one also.

Mr. Simon Glover, a contemporary of Burns, and who is now upwards of 100 years of age, made his appearance on the platform during the evening, and was enthusiastically received. He gave a very interesting description of the manner in which he became acquainted with Burns; and also recited the poet's poem of "Death and Dr. Hornbook."

Several of Burns' songs were sung during the evening; and Mr. Macdonald gave some readings from his poems.

DUNEDIN HALL.

The "Working Man's Festival" in Dunedin Hall was crowded by an audience numbering upwards of 2,000 individuals, while many were unable to gain admittance. Mr. Donald Ronald Macgregor presided. The building was decorated with flags and evergreens, and had a very fine appearance. A superb band from the Castle was in attendance. On the platform, beside the Chairman, were Councillors Alexander, Redpath, Jamieson, Anderson, &c., and a perfect galaxy of female beauty. After tea had been served,

The Chairman then rose, and having congratulated the meeting on its numbers and heartiness in the cause, proceeded as follows—William Burns, the father of our great national poet, was driven at an early age from the parental roof, in consequence of family misfortunes, which had their source in the forfeiture of the Dunnottar estate in Kincardineshire in 1716, by the attachment of the Keith Marischal family to the cause of the exiled Stuarts. He came to Edinburgh, and for many years worked hard as a gardener when employment could be had, at times in difficulty and trouble enough; but still, by self-denial and economy, managing to spare something for the support of his aged

parents. He afterwards removed to Ayrshire, where he took a lease of some seven acres of land near the bridge of Doon, and commenced business as a nurseryman. On this piece of ground, with his own hands, he built a clay cottage, and in December 1757, brought to it Agnes Brown, his young bride, the daughter of a small farmer in Carrick. It was in this humble cottage, exactly one hundred years ago this day, that Robert Burns, their eldest child, was born, and it is this event which we are now met to commemorate, an event which is this day being celebrated not only in every city, town, and village, and hamlet throughout Scotland, ay, and England too, but in every land, and in every clime where the Anglo-Saxon language is spoken, or an adventurous spirit has carried one of Scotia's sons. (Great Applause.) And well may the whole Scottish nation celebrate the birth of Burns, for Scotland herself is this day exalted and glorified in the fact that, sprung from the bosom of her people, and living and dying among the children of toil, she has produced a poet whose genius has pictured, in undying words, all that is lovely and loveable in her daughters, all that is manly and independent, noble and devout, in the character of her sons. (Hear, hear.) In Robert Burns we recognise the true representative, so to speak, of his countrymen. His genius searched into the hearts of those among whom his life was spent, and gave utterance to the nobilities he found there. The simple piety which erected a family altar in every household, speaks to us in the "Cottar's Saturday Night" —the pure unselfish love of our lads is expressed in such sweet strains as "My Nannie O," and "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," rising into the sublimity of chastened tenderness and love in the "Ode to Mary in Heaven"—our slow to give, but fast to hold, friendship in "Should auld acquaintance be forgot"—our pride even in our honest poverty, our independence, manly but not boorish, the peasant casting no glance of envy on the peer, is pictured in "A man's a man for a' that"—while Scottish patriotism as it existed in the time of Burns, as we are proud to know it exists among us still, thrills through our every vein, as if we heard the trumpet's call to battle for freedom and our hearths, in "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." (Great cheering.) Robert Burns is truly, *par excellence*, the poet of the Scottish people. His songs are with us in our every mood, are associated with us in our every memory, that takes us back to the days of langsyne, to the days of our boyhood and our youth, to friends who have passed away, and to joys that return no more. His songs lighten the toil of labour, and bring balm to the spirit oppressed with the world's care. Robert Burns lives in the heart of the Scottish nation, and there will he be enshrined while the plough turns up the soil of auld Scotland, or the sound of the hammer is heard in her cities and her hamlets. (Applause.)

However humble and lowly the household in which Burns grew up to manhood, it was not without its advantages. William Burns, his father, was one of those of whom Scotland may justly be proud—a model of humble intelligence and worth—a man ready to make all sacrifices for the education of his children—a man of whom Mr. Murdoch, the poet's teacher, said, "I have always considered William Burns as by far the best of the human race that I ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with, and many a worthy character I have known." An affectionate husband, a kind father, repressing every evil and encouraging every heavenward influence, we behold him and his family at their simple evening devotions, so exquisitely pictured in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and he lives in our veneration and love for ever. (Great applause.)

Robert Burns was barely thirteen when he commenced a life of hard toil, and with a stout, willing heart did he put forth his young strength to help his loved father on the little farm he had taken, for the sake of keeping his family together under his own roof tree. At fifteen he was chief labourer on the farm, and relieved his father from holding the plough; and in this capacity he remained until his father's death in the spring of 1784, when being then in his twenty-sixth year, he and his brother Gilbert took the farm of Mossgiel, in the parish of Mauchline, whither the whole Burns family removed. The farm-house of Mossgiel, which still exists pretty much as when it was inhabited by Burns, is a humble dwelling, mainly two rooms, a kitchen and a parlour, with a kind of garret-closet entering by a trap stair from the lobby. This little garret was the chamber of the poet and his brother. It had a small window of four panes in the sloping roof, and under the window a small deal table. Here he transcribed the verses he had composed in the field, his youngest sister often slipping up to search the drawer for them. Burns was not a farmer in the modern sense of the word, but the douce guidman who held his own plough. The plough was drawn by four horses, driven by a help or gaudsman, as he was called. His gaudsman at Mossgiel was one John Blane, who related, in illustration of the poet's humane disposition, that one day the plough having turned up a field-mouse, he chased and was on the point of killing it, when he was called back by the tender-hearted Bard, who not only saved its life then, but immortalized it by an ode to

the "Wee sleekit, cow'rin' timid beastie,"—one of the earliest and one of the sweetest he has written. (Great applause.) After two years of hard work on Mossgiel, getting from it barely his wages as a ploughman of £7 a-year, Burns became disheartened, and had well-nigh emigrated to Jamaica; but a volume of his poems having been published at Kilmarnock, and realized the, to him, large sum of £20, he abandoned that idea, and in November of 1786 made his first journey to Edinburgh. Here the genius of Burns quickly made him known and welcomed by all classes. Among the first places Burns visited—places of interest to him—were the house of Allan Ramsay, on entering which he reverently took off his hat, and the humble grave of Robert Fergusson, where he knelt and kissed the sod, afterwards erecting a tombstone to his memory—still to be seen in Canongate Kirkyard. (Great applause.) It was at this time that Walter Scott, then a lad of sixteen, employed in his father's house, had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Burns; he met him in the Sciennes, at the house of Dr. Ferguson, whose son, Sir Adam, tells us that the poet's attention was arrested by a picture in the room representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side—on the other his widow with a child in her arms. These lines were written underneath:

"Cold on Canadian hills or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eyes dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years—
The child of misery baptized in tears."

Burns read the lines aloud, but before he got to the end of them his voice faltered, and his big black eye filled with tears. He asked if any one could tell him who had written the lines. The philosophers were silent, but the lame boy modestly told him it was one Langhorne, and mentioned where they occurred. The poet looked at the lad with kindly interest, and in a serio-comic voice said, "You'll be a man yet, sir." (Great applause.) Although Robert Burns associated with the greatest and wealthiest of the land, he never resorted to the meanness of overlooking the child of honest poverty. One day, walking down Leith Walk with a modish friend, he met an old Ayrshire acquaintance very poorly dressed, and stopped to have a crack. His dandy friend told him he was surprised he had stopped to speak to such a shabby-looking fellow. "What!" said the manly bard, "do you think it was the man's clothes I was speaking to—his hat, his coat, and his waistcoat? No, it was the man within the coat and waistcoat; and let me tell you, that man has more sense and worth than nine out of ten of my fine city friends." (Applause.) This visit of Burns to Edinburgh was perhaps the happiest period of his life. He mingled with a society comprising undoubtedly the first names of the day in philosophy, literature, and science, and enjoyed with his friend, Alexander Nasmyth, the landscape painter, many a ramble in the magnificent country around. Arthur Seat being a favourite resort, he would lie down on the top of this romantic hill, and for hours, poet-like, gaze delighted on a view stretching from far beyond the May to the huge Ben Lomond guarding the couch of the weary sun in the far west.

By the Edinburgh edition of his poems, Burns netted something like £400, about half of which he generously advanced to his brother Gilbert, who struggled on at Mossgiel, and with the remainder he stocked, in 1788, the farm of Ellisland, on the Nith, between five and six miles from Dumfries, and to this farm he brought his wife, and set up house late in the same year. Ellisland, turning out no better than Mossgiel, the poet, in 1789, got an appointment as an exciseman, £50 a year, out of which he had to find his own horse, and for which, as one part of his duties, he had to ride, on an average, 200 miles a-week,

"Searching auld wives' barrels,
Och hon the day!
That clarty barm should stain my laurels;
But—what'll ye say?
These movin' things ca'd wives and weans
Wad move the very hearts o' stanes."

I give the lines, as they show the motive for accepting the uncongenial office, and do the bard honour. (Great applause.) Two years later, having reason to expect promotion in the Excise, he gave up the farm altogether and removed to Dumfries, where he remained until his death, which occurred 21st July 1796, at the early age of thirty-seven. (Sensation.) Of this part of his life I cannot bring myself to speak. No man can read of it with dry eyes; and we are met, my friends, not to weep, but to rejoice. Suffice it to say that they were years of sorrow and anxiety beyond what commonly fall even to the lot of man. The expected promotion never came—the poet's free political opinions even jeopardising the poor situation he held, and alienating many friends. Burns never would consent to write poetry for money; and hence we cannot wonder that he left his widow and five children very slenderly provided for. The poet's death-bed was soothed by the conviction that his countrymen, after his death, would be kind to them for his sake.

He bequeathed them to his country, and she has shown herself worthy of the trust. (Great applause.)

We cannot help wishing that some of his great friends had been more true to Burns, and more energetic on his behalf; that in his case, at least, politics had been overlooked, and that the rulers of the nation had honoured themselves in honouring him, although perhaps we are wrong to expect much in that way in times of Sedition Bills, imprisoning of newspaper editors, and prosecutions of Thomas Muir, Skirving, and others. But whatever views we may take of the doings of the great men in power—the titled, the wealthy, the philosophers, the clergy, and the critics of that time—we are bound to say this, and we say it with pride—the working-men of his day with their wives and their sons and daughters—the men who, like himself, had earned their bread by the sweat of their brow, and knew what it was to toil, and to bear, and to suffer—were ever true to him; and their successors of the present generation, whether it be their lot to whistle at the plough, or, far from the light of heaven, to dig out the hidden treasures of the earth, to tend the loom, or wield the hammer; whether watchers of sheep or diggers for gold in far Australia; pioneers of civilization in Africa or America; fishermen on our rivers, or sailors on the ocean; old warriors at the ingleside, or Scotchmen, worthy of the country of Wallace and of Bruce, avenging, 'neath India's burning sun, their murdered and outraged kindred, this day hail Robert Burns as their poet and their brother, and proclaim that his memory shall be hallowed and enshrined in their hearts for ever!

One word as to the various festivals now being held in honour of our great national poet—and they are as varied in their character as are his poems: there is the great festival in the Crystal Palace, which was held at noon to-day, and has been attended, I learn by telegram—kindly sent me by the directors—by 15,000 persons; there is the St. George's Hall banquet in Liverpool, for which 3,500 tickets have been issued; there are the great demonstrations in our own city, in Glasgow, Ayr, and Dumfries, in Dundee, Aberdeen, and all our great towns, the hearty gatherings in every country village, and in every Highland clachan. Dinners there are, and suppers, sheep's heads and haggises, washed down by Edinburgh ale and whisky-toddy. Masonic lodges, enthusiastic enough, but ungraced by the fair; and social gatherings like our own, where Scotland's bonnie lasses grace the festive boards, and prove that spirits are not indispensable to happiness and mirth when we have their pleasant smiles and gracious presence. Tea we have from China, coffee from Arabia, sugar from the Indies, and fruit from Spain and the sunny south; bread from the metropolis of the Land o' Cakes, songs by Burns himsel', sung by lads and lasses he would have loved to listen to; stringed music from a generous-hearted German admirer of the Bard, and matchless wind music from our Sussex brothers, the "braw, braw lads" from the Castle. Surely this evening shall be one, not only of honour to the memory of Robert Burns, but of happiness to every one I have the privilege of addressing—a happiness enhanced when we remember that the surplus funds are to be devoted, through the medium of the Royal Infirmary, to the alleviation of human suffering and woe. (Great cheering.)

The song, *par excellence*, of the evening, entitled "Ye sair wrought sons o' daily toil," (written expressly for the occasion by Mr. John Brown,) having been sung with excellent taste by Mr. Bishop—the Chairman then introduced Miss Somerville, who sang with pathos and feeling "My Nannie's Awa." She was well received, and was succeeded by Mr. Shiels, who sang "Bonnie wee thing," followed by Mr. Smith, who gave great effect to "A man's a man for a' that," the immense assemblage joining with hearty good will in the chorus. The part songs of "The Birks of Aberfeldy," and "Banks and Braes" came next, and after a tune from the Band, Mr. Manderson, (a blind gentleman,) recited with humour and correctness the tale of "Tam o' Shanter."

The Chairman here repeated a few original verses, written by Mr. Manderson, showing a considerable degree of poetical talent. Several other songs were sung—and a vote of thanks to the Chairman was moved by Councillor Anderson, which was warmly responded to. After which the Band gave dismission to the meeting by playing "Auld Langsyne."

GLOBE HOTEL.

A number of gentlemen dined together in the Globe Hotel in Hill Place, and spent the evening in the most agreeable manner. The chair was occupied by Mr. JAMES BURN, of Elder Street, who proposed the toast of the occasion. After some introductory remarks he said:—It may be argued that Burns was not a poet like Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare, Milton, or many others we might name, and that his experience of men's social habits and modes of thought was confined to a very narrow circle. I grant such to have been the case, but though he could only survey the world of life from a very humble position, the extraordinary quickness of his perception more than compensated for his want of worldly education. And we must bear in mind that much of the wisdom he has left for our inheritance was the produce of inspiration rather than the result of worldly experience. Burns possessed the magic power of acting upon the living sympathies of man's

nature, from kings to beggars, and he contributed most to our happiness when he told us the things we knew, but could not express. The impulses of men's minds are the secret-springs of their actions; and though all our passions and feelings are very simple things, yet simple as they appear, gentlemen, how few there are who can describe them as they really exist. Burns' power of imagery and truthfulness of description was of the highest order; but it is in dwelling upon the mysteries of human thought and action in the daily concerns of life in which he excels. If in a sad hour of reflection he sang the melancholy lay that "Man was made to mourn," he has cheered our hopes and gladdened our hearts with his picture of happiness in humble life in his "Cottar's Saturday Night." Whether he strikes the lyre to love or patriotism, we are made to feel the force of his magic power; in the one case his flame is the pure devotion of the heart, and in the other we have the ardour, courage, and determination of a man who would rather die in the defence of his country, than live on the ruins of her liberty. In the dialogue of the "Twa Dogs," the ploughman shows a keen insight into the affairs of men in the various ranks of society, and in the true spirit of the poet and the philanthropist he never fails to plead the cause of suffering humanity, and claim for the sons of toil the rights of freemen. Who that has read the inimitable "Death and Dr. Hornbook" can ever forget the journey of the half-drunken man as he floundered on his way home in the dead hour of night? How graphically he describes the different conditions of his mind as reason or whisky prevails, and how the courage of the toper and the superstition of the man battles for mastery! How playful the wit, how droll the humour, and how keen and cutting the satire when exposing the evils of quackery! We love Burns for his kind and generous sympathy with our nature, we admire him for his manly independence, and we are pleased with his sparkling wit and rollicking humour. In his moments of gladness he plays with our susceptibilities until he inoculates us with his own thoughts and feelings. The imagery, the wit and pathos, combined in "Tam o' Shanter," makes it one of the most unrivalled productions in our own or any other language; and if Burns had never written another line, this poem would have immortalized him. Gentlemen, I am convinced that no man can truly admire a poet until he has felt him; this is the great secret of Burns, the different states and conditions of his own mind are communicated to his readers, and whether our souls are tinged with melancholy over the dear departed shade of his "Mary in Heaven," carried away by the full-flowing tide of friendship in "Auld Langsyne," or dwelling in the misty delights between the late and early "wi' a wee drappie in our e'e," we are made to feel that the poet is a living part of our own nature. The ploughman bard had a mission independent of that of ministering to men's lighter enjoyments; he wielded the club of satire with the arm of a giant, and he made men feel the force of ridicule who were impervious both to reason and common-sense. Some of his satires upon the canting Pharisees and saintly sinners of his time were well directed, and, what is of no small consequence, they are as applicable to certain mistaken Christians, or double dealers, now as they were seventy years ago. We have often heard the poet found fault with for the manner in which he lampooned the unco gude, but the conduct of the parties he flagellated was a greater reproach to religion than could have been inflicted upon it by its worst enemies. Upon more than one occasion some of the able Christians of his own country have endeavoured to brand his name with infidelity; this day has proved how far they have succeeded. My opinion is that Burns' idea of religion was far exalted above the narrow-minded, sectarian bigots he so justly exposed. I must confess, gentlemen, that I am not one of those who join in the insane cry that Burns was badly used by his countrymen while living. His literary career was of short duration, and the public had not sufficient time to sit in judgment upon his merits as a poet; and it must be remembered, too, that the newspaper press, the great organ of public opinion, was then only in a state of helpless infancy. No man in the present day, with anything like Burns' talents, could long go unrewarded; and we have good proof of what his countrymen would have done for him, if they had known the living man as well as they have since known the poet.

HOWLET CLUB.

The members of the Howlet Club, having resolved to celebrate the Burns Centenary, met in Bourgeois' Hotel, and after an excellent dinner, most ably presided over by Mr. J. M'Intosh, spent such a "nicht wi' Burns" as will be long remembered by those who had the gratification of being at this happy meeting.

DRUMMOND STREET HALL.

On Tuesday night the Loyal Sir Ralph Abercromby Lodge of Oddfellows, M.U., a number of brethren of the sister lodges, and other friends, assembled in their Lodge-room,

Drummond Street Hall, to celebrate their sixteenth anniversary, and in honour of the centenary of Burns. John Middleton, M.D., the surgeon of the lodge, presided, supported right and left by ex-Baron-Bailie Robert Ritchie, C.E., Dr. Murray Thomson, Messrs. John Dalgleish, Andrew Thomson, James Wilson, P.G., Hugh Cameron, P.C.S., William Scott, P.G.M., &c. Past Grand Walter Henderson, and Past Secretary A. Fraser, officiated as croupiers. The Chairman, in an eloquent speech, gave the toast of the evening, "The memory of our illustrious bard, Robert Burns." The toast was most enthusiastically received, and in commemoration of the bard's connexion as poet-laureate of the Freemasons, "The Lodge Canongate Kilwinning," was given with real "Canongate honours." Various appropriate toasts and sentiments followed, and the hilarity of the evening was much enlivened by songs, recitations, glees, &c.

FRUIT SOIREE.

A fruit soiree, under the auspices of the Dean and Water of Leith Mutual Improvement Society, took place in the Free Dean Church Schoolroom, on Tuesday evening, in order to afford to the inhabitants of the neighbouring village and district an opportunity, at a moderate cost, of paying respect to the memory of our great national bard. The schoolroom was quite crowded. Interesting addresses were delivered in the course of the evening, on the life, genius, and character of Robert Burns; and some of his finest songs were sung, and recitations of some of his poems given. The entertainment went off with great spirit.

STUDENTS' MEETING.

About forty legal and medical students from the counties of Dumfries, Ayr, and Galloway, attending the Edinburgh University, celebrated the centenary of the nativity of Robert Burns by dining together in the Turf Hotel, Princes Street. The duties of the chair were very ably performed by Mr. William Shaw, Stranraer; Mr. James Roy and Mr. A. D. Muir officiating as croupiers.

The cloth having been removed, the CHAIRMAN, who was received with great cheering, briefly proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, all of which were received with the utmost enthusiasm, the whole company singing the National Anthem after the toast of the Queen.

The CHAIRMAN again rose to propose the toast of the evening, and said,—You are all aware that patriotism is a valued characteristic of the people of Scotland. (Cheers.) There is not a man within whose veins the blood of a Scottish ancestry flows who would suffer the slightest imputation to blot the fair fame of his native land. (Great cheering.) It was patriotism which brought us here to-night; it is our love for our native land, because it is our admiration of the immortal genius of a native of Scotland. It is for the purpose of still more indelibly impressing upon our minds the immortal memory of Robert Burns, the plough-boy of Ayrshire; and I am sure a sincere, grateful, and loving tribute will be devoted at the shrine of his immortal genius. (Continued cheering.) It was on this day one hundred years ago that Robert Burns was born. It was at a period *not* much later, when but a youth, and following the team, "the Genius of poetry first threw her inspiring mantle around him." Then came, as you all know, what he has left behind—poems and songs which have made his name immortal—poems which sang and still sing, the loves, the joys, and the sorrows of "Auld Scotland." It is a pleasing duty to reflect on some of the finer traits in the poet's character. In all his history he was actuated by uprightness. In his friendships he was sincere, and he was the life and soul of the social circle.

> "That man to man, the world o'er,
> Should brithers be,"

was one of his favourite maxims, and he never deviated in the most minute degree from its proper observances. Of course, we dare not deny that he had weak points: but take into consideration the preponderance of good—could there be found in the motley throng which struts its little hour upon the chequered stage of life, the single instance of a man, who has not for a time allowed the passions implanted within him as it were to overcome the better rules laid down for our self-government? Our insufficient knowledge of ourselves is the cause of this, and why then should anathema be cast at the fame of Robert Burns, because the same failings clung to him which cling to us? (Cheers.) It would, therefore, be uncharitable to parade before you those worldly pleasures which

> "Hovering and blazing with illusive light,
> Mislead the amazed night wanderer from his way,
> To bogs and mires."

We cannot but sincerely regret that many of our fellow-countrymen, actuated with feelings not distantly related to hypocrisy, have thought fit to make the weaknesses of our poet a reason

why his centenary should not be celebrated. We have, however, reason and judgment as well as they, and reason and judgment have dictated the course we have to pursue. Who could forget the sad history of Burns and his Highland Mary? Suppose a summer's night when all around enchanted was in nature's sweetest dreams, while Burns with his dearest Mary sat among the whispering wood beneath the fragrance of the fair flower, and enchanted by the echoing music of the never drumlie streams which encircled the Castle of Montgomery. He was there, brought by sincere and ardent affection, but he did not know he was to take his last farewell. The green birk waved carelessly overhead, while he clasped her to his bosom under the fragrant shade of the hawthorn. But the stream of life may cease to run when least expected. There were the youthful lovers indulging in the sweetest dreams of future prospects, and they saw each other no more. (Sensation.) Gracefully and feelingly did he sing the rural scenes and fireside pleasures of his country. That section of his poems abounds in sublimity—summer is as it were made more sunny, while dark and dreary winter is made brilliant by the sunshine of his genius. (Great cheering.) The scene depicted in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," one of the finest, if not the finest of all his productions, when carefully read is not easily forgotten. The picture of nature given in this poem is as enchanting as it is wonderful. The last day of the week arrived, and the weary cottar is returned to his ingleside, his toil is forgotten in the felicity of his little ones. The little infant is his tender care, while his own good example is his children's only heritage. Truly this is a noble poem. After having adverted at some length to the poems of Burns, the Chairman concluded as follows—But while we admire his genius and respect his memory, we cannot, we dare not forget, that he was sadly neglected during his life, and our forefathers having neglected him, shall we not do what we can now to wipe out the stain? (Cheers.) Now then, gentlemen, shall I test your enthusiasm. Now let every feeling be evinced at the mention of the name and memory of Burns. Though he be gone (it is hoped to a better world), his spirit still hovers around us. Let heartfelt responsiveness be the reception of the toast. Drink to the great and good—the noble spirit and the independent mind—commemorate the centenary of Robert Burns—the immortal Bard of Scotland! (The toast was drunk with great cheering, and unbounded enthusiasm prevailed for several minutes.)

Numerous other toasts followed, and the greatest hilarity prevailed during the evening, and the company, after having sung "Auld Langsyne," broke up, highly delighted.

LOWER MUSIC HALL.

The Free Masons, Free Gardeners, and members of other corporations, in order not to be behind their neighbours in paying a tribute of respect to the memory and genius of Scotland's favourite bard, availed themselves of the prevalent kindly feeling towards the great poet, and held a ball on Tuesday night in honour of his centenary. This festival was exceedingly well attended by ladies and gentlemen in full dress. The programme, which was strictly adhered to, included all the popular and favourite dances of the present day, with a superabundance of quadrilles, mazourkas, waltzes, and schottisches. Mr. Macaulay, with the aid of a first-rate band and an efficient master of ceremonies, conducted the charming symposium with great and deserved success. The Barony Broughton Flute Band were also in attendance, and played well several lively strains. After the banquet in the upper hall was over, a few gentlemen not tired out with the feasting and toasting then brought to a close, joined the company in the lower hall, and soon were engaged in tripping it on the light fantastic toe. In the course of the evening Messrs. Stewart and Hutton danced the Highland fling in costume, in a very superior style. There was also a sailor's hornpipe in character; and several songs were sung with great taste and feeling—but we have only space to mention Miss Bruce's beautiful interpretation of "My Nannie's Awa." Dancing was kept up till an early hour on Wednesday, when all separated in an orderly manner, evidently pleased with their night's enjoyment. The whole arrangements, under the auspices of Mr. Hutton, were admirably conducted; everything passed off in a quiet and orderly manner, for which the company are entirely indebted to the zeal and active efforts of that gentleman.

HOLYROOD.

On Tuesday evening a number of gentlemen assembled to celebrate the centenary in the house of Mr. Robert Finlayson, Watergate—John Fulton, Esq., of Nettlehurst (Ayrshire), in the chair; and Mr. Garratt discharged the duties of croupier. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been given, the chairman proposed the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Burns," in an able and eloquent speech. The toast was drunk with enthusiasm. Mr. Dreghorn proposed the health

of the "Sons of Burns." Several other toasts followed, and the party broke up in high spirits.

SUPPER AND BALL.

The *employées* of Messrs. Schenck and M'Farlane held a supper and ball in Mr. Dewar's class-room, South Bridge, on Tuesday, in honour of the centennial anniversary of the birth of our great national poet. Several appropriate speeches and songs were given in the course of the evening, and dancing was kept up till far on in the morning.

TAM O' SHANTER CLUB.

The Tam o' Shanter Club met in Souter's Inn, South Back of Canongate—Mr. Wm. Darling in the chair, Messrs. James Brown and William Dalglish, croupiers. After partaking of an excellent supper, the chairman gave a feeling address, and the "Memory of the Immortal Bard" was given by Mr. Brown with all the honours. The evening was spent with songs and recitations.

ABBEY BREWERY WORKMEN.

The workmen (amounting to the number of about two hundred) in the employment of William Younger & Co. assembled on Tuesday to celebrate the centenary of Robert Burns in the large barn within their work, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with bay leaves, holly, and evergreen. On one side of the place, "R. B.," the initials of the poet, "Speed the Plough," &c., were exhibited; on the other, "V. R.," and other devices; at the back of the chairman was observed "William Younger & Co.," elegantly done with flowers; while at the back of the croupier a bust of the bard, surrounded by seventy dazzling lights, added great beauty to the place. A sumptuous dinner was given to the workmen by their employers, which was handsomely got up. Amongst other dainties was the haggis, a dish that is every Scotchman's brag. Andrew Smith, Esq., occupied the chair, and Mr. Cuthbert acted as croupier. The chairman began by giving the usual loyal and patriotic toasts—"The Queen," which was followed by the "National Anthem;" the "Army and Navy," which was responded to by John Younger, Esq. A variety of Burns's songs were sung—"A' the Airts," "Afton Water," "The Birks o' Aberfeldy," "Bruce's Address." Mr. Cuthbert, in an elegant speech, gave "The Memory of Burns," concluding amidst great cheers. "William Younger & Co." was next given, and the song of "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut" was then sung. Mr. Bruce also delivered a neat address on the genius of Burns; he also gave "The Travellers," which was responded to by Mr. Greenlaw, who also gave a poetical production of his own on our poet. "A Man's a Man," "Ye Banks and Braes," "I am a Young Man," and many other songs, were sung. "Auld Langsyne," concluded the celebration. The party then broke up, greatly delighted with the treat, next day showing that the evening's amusement was able to bear the morning's reflections.

RAINBOW HOTEL.

Among the many private celebrations of the great centenary in Edinburgh, we have to record a very successful one which took place in the Rainbow Hotel, where between fifty and sixty gentlemen sat down to dinner, presided over by Mr. Henry Kerr, watchmaker; Mr. James Gow acting as croupier. After due and loyal honour had been done to the usual preliminary toasts, the Chairman gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," in a speech characterised alike by great judgment and a true appreciation of the poet's genius and character. His remarks were frequently and deservedly applauded, and the toast was drunk with all the honours, in the most enthusiastic manner. The most popular of the poet's songs were sung in the course of the evening—a glee party from one of the musical associations in town lending their valuable assistance. "Tam o' Shanter" was recited with much spirit by Mr. Henderson. Mr. Douglas delivered an eloquent address on "The Genius of Burns;" and several toasts in connection with the poets and poetry of our native land were given and warmly responded to. "The bonnie lassies" were not forgotten, and although "a man's a man for a' that," his happiness is never complete without them. However, notwithstanding their absence, the meeting was a great success, and assisted, in however humble a way, to throw a stone on the great cairn which was that day reared to the poet's memory. They "a' were proud o' Robin."

THE EDINBURGH BRECHINERS.

A large company of gentlemen resident in Edinburgh, connected with Brechin and neigh-

bourhood, celebrated the centenary of Burns by a dinner in the Cafe Royal. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Hendry, and Mr. A. M. Davidson acted as croupier. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman, in an admirable speech, proposed the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Burns," which was received with rapturous enthusiasm. Mr. David Black then read, amidst great applause, some verses composed by him for the occasion. The "Sons of Burns," "The Peasantry of Scotland," "The Daughter and Nieces of Burns," and various other toasts were given. Several of the Bard's choicest songs were sung in the course of the evening, and altogether the meeting was one of great enthusiasm.

GLASGOW.

CITY HALL.

The grand Glasgow demonstration took place in the City Hall. About five o'clock P. M. the company began to assemble, and a few minutes thereafter the body of the hall was filled. The place was magnificently decorated. In front of the organ there was suspended a large screen, painted to represent various scenes and objects connected with Burns. On the right side was the familiar "Brigs o' Doon," "The Ayr Monument," "The Auld Alloway Kirk," and the cottage in which he was born. On the left side of the painting was "The Mausoleum at Dumfries," with its local scenery. On the extreme left was represented the Edinburgh Monument with the Craigs and Arthur's Seat in the background. In the centre of this composite landscape was represented a bronze statue of the poet ten feet high. The attitude is taken as he appeared when "following his plough in glory and in joy," with his eyes bent on the ground as if he were musing. Above this characteristic painting, which, we believe, is the work of Mr. Bowie, 26 Bothwell Street, are the shield, mottoes, and crest of the poet. At each side the flags of Scotland, England, France, and America drooped in mingled carelessness, and were supported by the shields of Scotland and Glasgow. On either side, hanging from the organ, and every appropriate place, were flags of all designs and colours, which beautifully undulated in the gentle upper current of the hall. Conspicuous in front of the platform was the splendid portrait of Burns by Mr. Macnee, which was displayed to the best advantage. On the wall at each end of the chairman's table were two busts of Burns, the one the classic model of St. Fillans, and the other that of Mr. Currie. The former was kindly lent by Mr. Thomas Brown, and the latter by Mr. A. Balloch. In the same line with these busts, ran on either side along the whole length of the hall those of Wilson, Scott, Motherwell, Ramsay, Shakspeare, Milton, Byron, Dryden, Pope, and others of the great and good. The spaces between the pillars of the galleries were draped with crimson cloth, fringed with evergreen, and on these, in white letters, were inscribed some of the poet's most popular and most successful lines and poems. In two of the spaces were two whole verses from "The Cottar's Saturday Night." The whole appearance of the hall was brilliant in the extreme.

While the company were assembling, the excellent band of the Sherwood Foresters discoursed several pieces of music. The gallery was laid out with a service of cake and wine for the ladies, who were to enter after dinner.

The gentlemen took their places on the platform in the following order:—Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., chairman—supported on the right by Colonel Burns, Sir David Brewster, Samuel Lover, Sheriff Trotter, and Principal Barclay; on the left by the Lord Provost, Judge Haliburton, R. Monckton Milnes, M.P.; R. Monteith of Carstairs, and Dr. Norman M'Leod. The gentlemen at the second table of the platform were:—Bailie Houldsworth; Mr. Lowe, of the Critic; C. R. Brown; Blanchard Jerrold; Wm. Burns, Esq.; A. Smollett, M.P.; Bailie Fowler; James Cairns, Esq.; Bailie Brown; Bailie Wilson; Bailie Gemmill; Councillor Arthur; D. M. Lang, Esq.; Councillor Clark; J. Cutler Ferguson, Esq.; James Merry, Esq.; Andrew Mitchell, Esq.; Robert Burns Begg; —— Begg, jun.; and Colonel Mellish.

The gentleman composing the third table on the platform were:—J. Ross, jun., Esq.; W. B. Faulds, Esq.; Robert Gunn, Esq.; A. Dennistoun, Esq.; —— Smith, Irvine; Moses Provan, Esq.; John Crawford, Esq.; D. M'Cub-

bin, Esq.; R. J. Currie, Esq.; A. J. Symmington, Esq.; Dr. Morton; John M'Nab, Esq.; George Coats, Esq.; Charles Rogers, LL.D., Stirling; J. T. Rochead, Esq.; Officers of the Sherwood Foresters; Haliburton Hume, Esq.; Dr. Laurie; Provost Grey; Dr. Burns; J. B. Dill, Esq.; J. Muir Wood, Esq.; Dr. Strang, City Chamberlain; P. Rintoul, Esq.; George Troup, Esq.; Dr. Drummond; Adam Sim, Esq.; —— Paterson, Esq.; Andrew M'Laggan, Esq.; &c. The croupiers were:—Robert Dalglish, Esq., M.P.; Walter Buchanan, Esq., M.P.; Henry Glassford Bell, Esq., Advocate; Peter Cunningham, Esq.; Alexander Baillie Cochrane, Esq. of Lamington.

Blessing being asked by Professor Barclay, a very capital and *recherche* dinner—served up by Mr. M'Lerie—was disposed of. Dr. M'Leod returned thanks.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said,—Before we begin the proper business of the evening, allow me to make two observations in reference to the conduct of the business. We have ascertained that no voice, however powerful, can be heard from the other end of the room, and therefore, when the croupiers are to give toasts, they will be requested to move up to the platform, in order that what they say may be heard by the whole company. (Applause.) Another observation I have to make before we begin is this, it is important that the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," should be given with all the honours. It is usual on occasions of the health of dead persons being drunk to give the toast in solemn silence; but, gentlemen, Burns never will be dead, his spirit is immortal, and we will give him with all the honours. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, in order that he may be thus given, after the speech in which I will have the honour to propose it, I hope you will rest for a minute or two till your glasses are all filled with champagne, in order that the toast may be befittingly honoured. (Cheers.) Allow me, also, in reference to the arrangements of the meeting, to make one other request. There are a number of stewards here present who have been appointed to the agreeable duty of ushering in the ladies who are in attendance to hear this meeting. I request that those gentlemen who have been selected for this duty will now retire to the other end of the room, that they may perform in a proper way their agreeable functions. (Applause.)

The ladies' stewards accordingly retired, and in a minute or two ushered in a most brilliant assemblage of the fair sex, who, on taking their places in the galleries, were greeted with loud and long-continued cheers.

The Chairman then rose to give the usual loyal and patriotic toasts.

The CHAIRMAN (who was received with loud cheers) said,—The first toast, gentlemen, of this evening, and the first in all the numerous assemblies who are met together on this occasion, and at this hour, in honour of Burns, is our most gracious Sovereign, "The Queen." (Hear, hear.) Reigning, as she does, in the affections of all her subjects, and distinguished as her rule has been by every public and private virtue—(cheers)—there is no assembly of Britons in any part of the world among whom her name is not at all times received with enthusiasm. (Cheers.) But there are peculiar reasons why in this country, and on this occasion, it should be hailed with more than ordinary feelings of loyalty. Viewing, indeed, with equal eyes, as sovereign of all, her varied subjects from the Equator to the Arctic circle, her conduct has always been distinguished by that impartiality which was her first duty. Yet we are entitled to hope that she views with peculiar interest the country of her royal ancestors, through whom she has ascended the throne of Britain—(cheers)—that her heart is with the land of the mountain and the flood, and that she gladly escapes from the toils and the cares of Royalty to seek refuge in the seclusion of her Highland home, amidst the blue hills, and dark forests, and sounding cataracts of Caledonia. (Cheers.) But in addition to this, there is another and a still stronger reason why, on this day, we should drink our Sovereign's health with enthusiasm. We are assembled to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Burns, and you will soon show with what feelings it will be hailed. (Cheers.) But, coeval with his birth, there was another event arising in a distant hemisphere—the birth of a mighty Eastern empire—the growth of which during an entire century has been commensurate with that of the fame of the Poet, and which has, at its close, attained as colossal a height among the nations of our earth as his has done in the land of song. (Cheers.) And now both have been accomplished on the centenary of our national bard, I have the happiness to give, for the first time from this chair, the health of "Queen Victoria, Sovereign of Great Britain and the Indies." I cannot form a warmer wish for the countless inhabitants of those vast realms, than that the Government of the Queen and her successors may be regulated by this maxim, announced in her noble address on ascending the throne: "It is your prosperity which is our strength; it is your loyalty which is our security; it is your gratitude which is our happiness." (Loud cheering.)

The toast was drunk with the usual honours.
Queen's Anthem by vocalists.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed in succession

"The Prince Consort and the rest of the Royal Family" and "Her Majesty's Ministers," which were duly responded to.

The CHAIRMAN then said—The next toast on the list is one not indeed immediately connected with poetry, but to which no assembly in this country will ever fail to respond with enthusiasm—that of "The Navy and Army of Great Britain." (Cheers.) I trust that the cloud which has lately overspread the political horizon in Europe may be dispelled, and that the peace of the world may be long undisturbed. (Hear, hear.) But if it should prove otherwise, and our warriors by sea and land are again to be called into action, I feel assured that they will uphold and extend the ancient martial fame of their country. (Cheers.) Those who have within four years brought to a glorious conclusion two mighty wars in far distant hemispheres, need not fear any adversary; and the conquerors of the Alma, of Inkermann, of Delhi and Lucknow, may safely be intrusted with the honour of their country. (Applause.) Nor let it be said that those sentiments are foreign to this night's festivities—for who was so intrepid and ardent a patriot as Burns?—(cheers)—and who shall say what influence the immortal lines "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," have had in rousing the heroic spirit of his countrymen? (Cheers.) His gallant son—my friend, Colonel Burns, adorned with the Burmese medal, is beside me, a living example of their inspiring influence. (Cheers.) The spirit elicited on the mountains of Scotland has led his countrymen to victory amidst the snows of the Himalaya. I trust that your reception of this toast will animate our warriors by sea and land to continued efforts in behalf of their country—for glory is the soldier's idol—national gratitude is his best reward. (Cheers.) And I know that words which have been spoken, and cheers which have been heard in this place, have resounded over the world—smoothed the pillow of suffering in the hospitals of Scutari—and lightened the bed of death in the charnel house of Lucknow. (Loud and long-continued cheering.)

The toast was drunk amid loud cheers.
Organ—Rule Britannia.

Colonel MELLISH, in reply, said—On this occasion, the fighting part of the community is principally represented by the militia, and therefore I have the honour of rising to return thanks for the toast which you have just so warmly received. With reference to the Poet, in whose honour we are this day assembled, I may remark that the countrymen of Robert Burns have lately and most brilliantly participated in the many gallant achievements of the British navy and army, and have thus shown that they are of the same stamp as those who bled with Wallace, and were led on by Robert Bruce, and whose spirit is still to be found among their descendants, ready with strong hands and with stout hearts to do their duty to their country. (Applause.)

Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle"—Mr. John Muir.

The CHAIRMAN then rose, amid loud cheering, and said—I have now to propose to you a toast which I know will be received with enthusiasm, the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." (Tremendous cheering, continued for several minutes.) In approaching this great subject I know not whether to feel more impressed with the lowliness of the origin from which our great national poet sprung, or the colossal magnitude of the fame which he has since attained. (Hear, hear.) On this day one hundred years—25th January, 1759—a child was born in a cottage near the now classic Kirk of Alloway, in Ayrshire, intended apparently for a humble lot, and to be gathered at length to his fathers unknown, unsung, in this simple churchyard, where "his rude forefathers of the hamlet slept." (Cheers.) But this child was destined to immortality—(continued cheering)—nature had given him the patent of true nobility, the passport to eternal fame; and while all, or nearly all, cotemporary reputation have already passed away, his alone is hourly on the increase, and now shines like the fixed stars with imperishable lustre. (Loud cheers.) It has come to embrace not only his own countrymen but all who can admire genius and venerate lofty feelings in every country of the civilised globe. In every city and village of Scotland, in not a few in England and Ireland, multitudes are now assembled to celebrate his genius, and wherever the English language is spoken, in Europe, Asia, or America, one universal chorus of admiration is resounding in honour of our peasant-son. (Cheers.) His fame has been like the swelling eddie, which rises round a pebble thrown by a child—the child of nature—into a stream; but that stream has descended to the ocean and become a mighty wave, which has rolled across the Atlantic, and broke, and will for ever break, on the American and Australian shores. (Hear, hear.) Vast as is this assembly which I now address, it is but the representative of millions in the East and in the West, in the North and in the South, who are now found together in the expression of common feeling; and the pulse which now throbs so violently at the very name of Burns under this roof, is beating also at the same moment in the extremities of the earth, afar off in Australian and Transatlantic wilds.

Whence is this moral prodigy in which we all participate, yet at which we are still surprised? It is to few men only, and those in ages far distant from each other, that Nature has given the passport to immortality, and when she has done it, it is not on the great or the affluent that she in general has bestowed the gift, but on the most humble and suffering of the human race. (Applause.) She gave it to the Bard of Chios—as a blind and needy supplicant he wandered through the isles of Greece. She gave it to him of the Mantuan lake as he mourned the loss of his little freehold under the shadow of his wide-spreading beech-tree. She gave it to the exile of Florence as by the waters of the Po he sat down and wept. She gave it to the prisoner of Ferrara as in the gloom of his dungeon he mourned a hopeless love. She gave it to the Republican of England, after he had, poor and unbefriended,

> "—— dazzled by excess of light,
> Closed his eyes in endless night."

But where was she to find a worthy recipient for such a gift among the aged civilisation and national jealousies and political passions of Europe in the close of the eighteenth century? She looked for him in the halls of princes, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the senates of nobles, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the forums of commerce, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the solitude of nature, and she found him beside the plough, with his eye fixed on the mountain daisy, which spread its humble beauties beneath his feet. (Loud cheers.) It was in this very circumstance—the lowliness of his origin—that the secret of his ultimate greatness is to be found. (Hear, hear.) The child of nature, he told us, like Homer, or the Hebrew poet in the book of Job, what he saw and what he felt, uninfluenced by the greatness, unbought by the wealth, undeterred by the criticism of the world. Mr. Pitt said at Lord Liverpool's table, shortly after Burns' death, that "since the time of Shakspeare poetry had never come so sweetly from the hand of Nature as in his rhyme;" and that was literally true, and true just because Nature had been his only teacher. Self-taught, untutored, he poured forth in unpremeditated lays "the short and simple annals of the poor," but in their short and simple annals he found means to descend to the inmost depths of the human heart, to ascend to the loftiest heights of human feeling. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" is the most perfect picture that ever was drawn, not merely of individual life, but of the race of man, inferior to none in the world in virtue and firmness—the peasantry of the land. (Cheers.) "Auld Langsyne" has become the national air of Scotland—the expression of the love of home and of the scenes of infancy to the entire civilised world. (Loud cheers.) "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" is already the war-song of the bold and the patriotic in every country of the earth—(hear, hear)—and the passion of love in its purest form was never so finely expressed as in his immortal lines to Highland "Mary in Heaven."

> "That sacred hour can I forget?
> Can I forget the hallowed grove,
> Where, on Ayr's winding banks we met,
> To live one day of parting love?
>
> Ayr gurgling kissed her pebbly shore
> Beneath the wild wood's thickening green,
> Where fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
> Twined amorous o'er th' enraptured scene.
>
> The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
> The birds sang love on every spray,
> Till too, too soon the glowing west
> Proclaimed the speed of winged day.
>
> Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
> And fondly broods with miser care;
> Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

(Loud cheering.) All the world has joined in admiration of these exquisite lines; but our wonder at them becomes greater when we recollect that they were written by the poet on the anniversary of Mary's death, after he had concluded the labours of the harvest field, when resting on some corn sheaves, with his eye fixed on the evening star, whose growing light "proclaimed the speed of winged day." (Cheers.) To us, and to Scotchmen in every part of the world who can appreciate the fidelity of his pictures, the poems of Burns possess a peculiar and indescribable charm: they recall scenes of early youth, long unseen, but still unforgotten, and realize in waking hours the beautiful words of the poet in the Soldier's Dream:—

> "I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
> In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
> I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
> And knew the sweet strains which the corn reapers sung."

(Loud cheers.) But the universal admiration with which the poems of Burns have been hailed, not merely in his own country, but over the whole civilized world, prove that, great as his graphic powers were, they were the least of his varied gifts. (Hear, hear.) It was the depth of his feeling, his warm expansive love for all mankind, the touching pathos which shone forth in his pieces, which everywhere went to the heart. His tenderness extended

even to inanimate objects. The hares, the field mouse, the mountain daisy have been celebrated in his songs. Above all, he possessed in the highest degree that great quality without which, in the trial of Time, all others are but as tinkling brass—a due appreciation of the dignity of human nature, and a firm determination to assert it. (Loud cheers.) To him we owe those noble lines now become as household words in every land of freedom:—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that."

(Cheers.) To this quality also he owed many of the misfortunes with which his life was embittered. Had he condescended to flatter the great—to conciliate the affluent—to fawn upon the multitude—he might have earned ease and comfort in life; but he disdained to do any of the three. Therefore he was neglected by his cotemporaries—therefore we are now raising statues to his memory. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, it is said that Burns was a Radical. I know he was; but I do not respect him the less on that account. (Cheers.) I wish we had more Radicals like Burns. (Continued cheering.) Most men of his ardent and poetic temperament are inclined to those opinions, especially early in life, and were so most of all in his day. They see in others the generous feelings of which they are conscious in themselves. It is well they are so; they would miss their mission if they were not. Genius is the moving power of the moral world. Experience is the fly-wheel which regulates the movements of the mighty machine: without the first it would stand still; without the second it would be torn in pieces. It is by the counteracting influence of the two, as by the antagonist action of fire and water in the material world, that the equilibrium of nature is preserved; and thus is secured at once the life, the progress, and the stability of nations. (Hear.) But if Burns was a Radical, he was not less a patriot. He was no advocate for domestic broils or foreign interference, he respected every man in his own position, but did not seek to change it; for what said he to the Dumfries Volunteers, of whom he was a member?—

"Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted."

(Loud cheers.) A more serious charge brought against Burns is that his life was sometimes irregular, some of his poems effusions which, however admired at the moment, his warmest friends must now lament. Gentlemen, in reference to this charge I will not repeat the common excuse that his frailties were those to which men of ardent and poetic mind have in all ages been most subject. I disdain any such apology. I recognize no exemption from moral responsibility in the sons of genius. I know rather that from him to whom much is given much also will be expected. But I say he was a son of Adam, and let him that is without sin among you throw the first stone. (Cheers.) I would answer in the words of Bolingbroke, when reminded of the faults of his great political antagonist, Marlborough—"Yes, I know he had faults; but he was so great a man that I have forgot what they were." (Loud cheers.) And I would recommend his detractors to imitate his example, to expiate passing faults by lasting benefits to the species, and like him to cause the spots on the sun to be forgotten in the lustre of his rays. (Cheers.) But one great moral truth I extract from the fate of Burns, and that is that no lasting fame is to be acquired, even by the brightest genius, save that which is devoted to the purposes of Virtue; for the few poems of Burns which we now lament have long since passed into oblivion, and those on which his immortal fame is rested are as pure as the driven snow. And, as such, they will form an unseen bond which will for ever unite Britons and their children in every part of the world—a bond which will survive the maturity of colonies, the severance of empires; and "Auld Langsyne" will hold together the wide-spread descendants of the British empire, when grown into independent states—

"Tho' seas atween them since hae row'd."

Gentlemen, I have detained you too long; and I conclude in the words of the Poet—

"A last request permit me here
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him the Bard that's far awa."

The learned Chairman then resumed his seat amidst tremendous cheering.

The toast was drunk with all the honours, the whole company rising to their feet; and ladies, as well as gentlemen, waving their handkerchiefs, and making every demonstration of enthusiasm.

Song—"Highland Mary"—Mr. Stembridge Ray.

Colonel James Glencairn Burns, who was received with enthusiastic applause, said—I humbly thank my God that He has spared me to live and see this glorious day, a day on which so many thousands in almost every part of the globe are paying homage to the genius of the Bard of Scotia. (Cheers.) My mother told the late Mr. M'Diarmid of Dumfries that my father once said to her—"Jean, one hundred

years hence they'll think mair o' me than they do now." How truly his prophecy has been fulfilled the proceedings here and elsewhere amply testify. I feel most grateful to you for the opportunity you have afforded me of being present at this, one of the most influential of these gatherings, presided over, as it is, by the celebrated and talented author of the History of Europe—(applause)—supported by such well-known and distinguished men as Judge Haliburton, Principal Barclay, Sir David Brewster, Mr. Monckton Milnes, and Mr. Glassford Bell. In no place will the day be hailed and celebrated with more enthusiasm than in the far East, where I spent so many and such happy years. In proof of this I may quote a few lines written by my old friend Colonel George Anderson Vetch, the author of many a Burns' birth-day ode. In a poem of his, entitled "The Exile in India," he says:—

"The music of Scotia is sweet 'midst the scene,
But ah! could you hear it when seas roll between!
'Tis then, and then only, the soul can divine
The rapture that dwells in the songs o' lang syne."

(Cheers.) As a leal and true Scot, and a warm admirer of the genius of the Bard, I have joined in doing honour to his memory. As his son, permit me to return you my most sincere thanks for the same. (Renewed cheering.)

Band—"The Campbells are coming."

Mr. DALGLISH, M.P., proposed "Lord Clyde and his Companions in Arms." He said—It is fortunate for me that this toast requires not the eloquence of the learned chairman to make it come home to every heart. Sir Archibald Alison has told us to-night that, in addition to her title of Queen of England, her Majesty has also to add that of Empress of India. It is to our gallant army in the East that the Queen owes that proud addition to her title. (Cheers.) I think, gentlemen, it would be wrong in me to detain you with any detailed statement why you should receive this toast with all the honours. It is enough to say that owing to the undaunted bravery of our soldiers, and the skill of their commanders, the most treacherous mutiny has been suppressed, and India has been retained for Britain. But, gentlemen, on this occasion, I think there is a claim upon you to drink this toast with redoubled enthusiasm, for the gallant army which now fights our battles on the plains of Hindostan is commanded by a man born in Glasgow—by a citizen of Glasgow. You are all aware how, soon after his arrival in India, he organized with great care an army that has since done incomparable deeds. I need not speak of his defence and successful relief of Lucknow, of his return to Cawnpore, where he retrieved the disasters of the day before, of his final success and capture of Lucknow, and the success which has attended his combinations ever since. But we have also other men connected with Glasgow who have taken a share in the glories of our Indian campaign. I need hardly allude to a gallant colonel, son of our excellent chairman—(cheers)—having lost an arm in the cause of his country, and who has since been more successful in another field of fight, and gained the hand of one of our loveliest citizens. (Applause.) I need hardly allude to the gallant Kerr, who, almost the only European, and in command of a body of native troops, alone with a regiment of native troops achieved such deeds of heroism and valour, that he has been decorated with the Victoria Cross. (Cheers.) Our talented townsman, Mr. Macnee, has also a son who carried the colours of his regiment at the capture of Gwalior. These, gentlemen, Glasgow has a right to be proud of, and I trust you will drink this toast with all the honours.

The toast was drunk amid loud cheers.

Band—"See the Conquering Hero comes."

The Very Rev. Principal BARCLAY was received with loud cheers. He, in a few words, gave both Houses of Parliament.

WALTER BUCHANAN, Esq., M.P., replied.

Mr. HENRY GLASSFORD BELL, in proposing "The Poets of England," said—Every one has felt that it is not always on those occasions when he is most anxious to say something worthy of being listened to, that he is best able to satisfy his own wishes. I confess that to-night I feel my mind almost overpowered when I reflect on the grandeur of the devotion—not national only, but world-wide—that is being paid to the memory of one man. I question whether such an amount of grateful and affectionate remembrance was ever before so concentrated and so extended. The question naturally occurs—Whence all this gratitude?—honourable alike to him who occasions and him who cherishes it; surely no unworthy sentiment, since it ascends to the Creator through the person of one of his created. Whence this gratitude? Simply because that Scottish peasant added more than most men to the stock of human happiness, by throwing wider open the gate of human knowledge. (Cheers.) The most valuable of all knowledge is knowledge of ourselves, and it is *that* the poet teaches. Great as the benefactor of his species is who extends the confines of science, not less great is he whose finer eye looks with a clearer perception into all the subtle mechanism of the human heart. (Cheers.) Robert Burns invented no steam engine, but he knew the secret source of tears and smiles; he discovered no new planet, but he called up thoughts that twinkled in the

soul like stars, for he touched, as with a fiery finger, every latent emotion until it sparkled into light; he made us no richer in worldly wealth, but he taught us how divine a thing human love may be; he taught us the nobility of earnest patriotism and unflinching manliness; he taught us how these, or any of these, may make the darkest life resplendent with a gleam of inward lustre. (Cheers.) Hence comes it that thousands of his fellow-men, who never saw him in the flesh, have to-day met in every quarter of the globe to do him honour; hence comes it that

" ——— the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate! "

In Scotland all this feeling is intensified by the consciousness that Burns was essentially, and, from his cradle to his grave, our countryman—a Caledonian. The country to which other great men have belonged seems often to have been an accident of birth. There appears no reason why Shakspeare might not have been born in Scotland, and Beattie or Campbell in England. But Burns never! He was a concentration of the genius of Scotland. His patriotism is Scotch—

" Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him on wi' me! "

(Loud cheers.) His delight in the beauties of external nature was Scotch—

" Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom."

His loves were Scotch, and his happiest moments with the objects of his love were in the midst of Scottish scenery—

" Ye banks and braes and streams around
The Castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
There summer first unfauld her robe,
An' there the langest tarry,
For there I took the last farewell
O' my dear Highland Mary."

(Applause.) His noble independence was Scotch—

" Is there for honest poverty
Wha hangs his head and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by—
We dare be poor for a' that."

(Loud cheers.) His earliest and his latest aspirations were Scotch—

" E'en then a wish,—I mind its power,—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast.—
That I for puir auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

Shall Scotland not be proud of her peasant poet—

" Who murmur'd to the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own? "

(Cheers.) Show me a song-writer from the days of Anacreon to the days of Beranger, who comes within a thousand miles of him. (Immense applause.) All social and friendly gatherings do good to the hearts of care-worn men; but we have assembled here to-night with a nobler motive than to eat and drink and be merry. We have assembled to do justice to the better parts of our own nature, by declaring our veneration for a true bard who died in poverty, but who has made us heirs to the priceless riches of his own effulgent mind. I leave the theme with reluctance; but it has already been descanted on with an eloquence that has charmed us all, with a copious grace and beauty peculiar to the rich, genial, and refined mind of an Alison. (Applause.) The toast I have the honour to propose is, "The Poets of England." I do not know whether it is meant to be limited to the living poets; if so, their number, I fear, is small, taking the word poet in its true though stricter sense. But I think it may be understood to comprehend all those poets who shed, about five-and-twenty years ago, so brilliant a light over the literary horizon. Their bodily presence has been taken from us, and it is a somewhat sad thought for those who, like myself, have been privileged to look upon their thoughtful foreheads, and to hear their living voices, that nothing mortal now remains of a Byron, a Coleridge, a Wordsworth, a Southey, a Shelley, a Rogers, a Hemans, and a Landon, but the mouldering dust in their graves. Yet, though dead, they still speak to us solemnly and sweetly; none with more solemn sweetness than Wordsworth, because none with a truer and purer human love and understanding. The sacred key was intrusted to the keeping of them all, by which the deeper heart of man is unlocked; and the electric thrill emanating from them diffuses itself through all lands—

" One touch of nature makes the whole world kin!"

(Applause.) Of living poets I must not pretend to speak; but, as Wordsworth, in his beautiful sonnets on personal feelings, says he will

mention two female portraitures "pre-eminently dear"—

> "The gentle lady wedded to the Moor,
> And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb,"

so I shall venture to name two poets as standing conspicuously out among all our living minstrels, and sending abroad from their resounding lyres richer and nobler melodies than any of their compeers. You will not doubt that I mean Alfred Tennyson, and the high-minded lady, Mrs. Barret Browning. (Cheers.) Their styles are altogether different, each marked by its own originality; but in the works of both there is a repertory of dignified and graceful thoughts, of deep and glowing feelings, of suggestive and lofty imaginings, which have worthily won for them a place far up the sacred mount. Of them, and of all who labour at the same delightful tasks, we say with universal voice—

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares;
> The poets who on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays!"

(Loud applause.) Permit me to couple with my toast the health of an English poet now present, whose English heart is not the less sound that it has in it some Scotch affections, which inspired him with a poet's yearning to do honour with us to Scotia's Bard. Mr. Monckton Milnes—(applause)—so well known for his more recent exertions in the cause of legislative and social improvement, has written, among other effusions of great energy and beauty, "Memories of many Scenes." I hope that to-night will enable him to add to them a fresh memory which he may deem worthy of cherishing, and that he will at least believe that "poor auld Scotland," whilst it remembers departed, welcomes living genius. (Prolonged applause.)

Band—"The Roast Beef of Old England."

Mr. Monckton Milnes was received with cordial applause, and said—Nurtured in the love and admiration of Burns, and accidentally connected with the fortunes of his family, I accepted the proposal to act as one of the arbiters of the merits of the poems composed in his honour, and for myself, the distinction of being your guest to-day. Many of you will have seen the poem to which the prize has been adjudged, and have, I hope, not considered it unworthy of the occasion; but it becomes me here to say a word respecting the unsuccessful candidates for the crown, many of whom have produced works of deep feeling and noble expression, and all of whom appeared impressed with the real greatness of the character it was proposed to them to celebrate. (Cheers.) In the phrase of one, they all recognised

> "The glorious and poetic peasant
> Driving his laurelled plough."

In the words of another, they appreciated the character of the people who read by turns

> "The Psalms of David and the Songs of Burns."

(Cheers.) Two impressions, indeed, which seem to me altogether erroneous, prevailed in many of the poems—the neglect of the poet by his contemporaries, and the connection between his poetic gifts and the sorrows and discomforts of his life. Now, I believe that the worth of a poet never received a more rapid acknowledgment from a nation than Scotland has given to Burns, from the first letter of Dr. Blacklock to the celebration of this hundredth anniversary. I am equally convinced that the poetry of Burns was the joy and sustenance of an existence not otherwise favoured by fortune. True, the lights of the poetic temperament cast their shadows, as they will always do: true, there was in him that earnest melancholy, which is ever the reverse of the true metal of genuine humour. But without his poetry, Burns must have been as much an exile from his native land as Dante, whereas, with it, he is identified with his country as Shakspeare. With it, the incidents of his common and private life have become the events of a century; the songs composed for the merriment of an obscure tavern club have set millions of tables ringing with delight; the natural outpourings of his affections have become the stimulus and the interpreter of youthful passion in ten thousand breasts; and the religious bickerings of a remote province have been made vocal with the most stirring trumpet-tones of civil and religious liberty. I remember being in Prussia some fourteen years ago, when the Censor of the Press condemned a spirited translation of "*A man's a man for a' that*" as hostile to the order of society, and calculated to set class against class. I should be very glad to have that censor here to-night, and to ask him whether this, and the thousand other festivities now taking place, exhibited hostility and ill-will to mankind? (Cheers.) You have done me the honour of connecting my health with the poets of England. When Burns was writing, the poetry of England was mainly represented by the languid grace of Cowper, and I do not know how much of the great revival which followed may be attributed to the influence of your bard. I wish I could anticipate any such phenomenon in our days. We have, indeed, a laureate whom we can boldly match with any of his predecessors, yet I am conscious that the

tendency of the time is rather to enjoy and rest upon the poetry that has gone before it than to add to the imaginative store of the world. Perchance it must be so. Few thoughts have not already been expressed in as good music as words can supply, and our business may be rather to appreciate and apply them—just as Burns took up the screed of some old ballad that touched his fancy, and transformed it into a poem for his own, and for all time. (Cheers.) Those, indeed, who desire to combine the pleasures of the composition of verse with the duties of active life will rejoice to remember that Burns made an excellent and diligent exciseman, as Wordsworth an accurate stamp-distributor; and instead of lamenting that such men were so employed, they will delight in every combination of rare talents and honest toil. Who shall say whether, if the outward circumstances of the life of Burns had been those of comfort and repose, his wonderful powers might not have been obscured and contracted? But be this as it may, I am sure that the passionate admiration which brings together the multitudes of this evening would not have been excited. The sorrows of the great have ever been the aliment of the veneration of mankind; and the victims of misfortune in high places have even attained supernatural powers, without any very close scrutiny into their character and conduct. But the time comes when even the "sad stories of the deaths of kings" fail to move the popular imagination; and yet, even then, the heart of a nation is stirred to its depths by the recollection of suffering genius, and something of a sacred halo surrounds the poet who has endured and striven like a man. (Great applause.)

Song, "John Anderson, my jo," by Mr. Robson.

Mr. A. Denniston, writer, Greenock, rose and said—The toast I have the honour to propose, "The Scottish Peasantry," though at first it may appear a very humble one, yet, on such an occasion as this, it rises into dignity—I had almost said sublimity—and is second only to the toast of the evening. But it will take a more ingenious man than I pretend to be to define correctly what particular class of persons is included in the subject of my toast; and I must be content to consider all those to be peasants who live and labour on the soil—to whom the plough is the chief instrument of industry, much in the same way as the steam-engine is the main instrument of the engineer. It was in this relation that Burns said of himself, "The genius of Poetry found me at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle around me." And nothing can be more fitting in an assembly like the present—met to do honour to the memory of Burns—than to honour also the great class to which he belonged. (Cheers.) It is a chief glory of our country that we have such a class of men among us. And whether we look to our aristocracy, our merchants, our mechanics, or our ploughmen, we may well challenge a comparison with the whole civilized world. The leading characteristics of our peasantry are the same now as in Burns' time, for we see in them the same great features of character—the same intelligence, the same independence, the same love of liberty, the same public spirit and patriotism, the same respect for religion. Nor is it the least remarkable feature in their character their high appreciation of the character and works of Robert Burns. Other countries have great names and great works. England has her Shakspeare and her Milton—but as a poet of the people how deeply has our national mind been impressed with the poetry of Burns! To that feeling I do not hesitate to ascribe much of that lofty spirit of religion and patriotism for which our peasantry are so remarkable. Yet even in this assembly I may be permitted to touch very gently a subject in connexion with the peasantry of Scotland, which I admit is somewhat tender. The time is surely come when we have seen the last of that process of extermination and expatriation of our peasantry which has been going on for half-a-century. (Applause.) We have room enough indeed for all our population, and let me express a hope that our great landlords have ceased to prefer sheep, and cattle, and wild beasts, to an industrious and God-fearing population. To the foreigner, as well as to the native Scotchman, there is no sight in our beloved land half so melancholy as that seen from the top of many a Highland glen, when one gazes on the green pastures and still waters that flow beside those roofless cottages and desolate homesteads of our humble peasantry who have been shipped off like convicts to a foreign shore. We may say with our poet—

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

And with another poet we may add—

> "Princes and peers may flourish and may fade,
> A breath can make them, and a breath has made;
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed, can never be supplied."

The toast was drunk with great applause.

Mr. Muir gave, with most powerful effect, "A man's a man for a' that," which elicited a most enthusiastic encore, and was again sung even with renewed power and beauty, the audience standing and joining in the chorus.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold gave "The Poets of Scotland." He said—Your committee have confided a very difficult task to very weak

hands: still I must do my best to recommend to you the propriety of filling a cup to "the beaded brim," in honour of the poets of Scotland—in honour of your unacknowledged legislators, who have set forth gentle laws in noblest harmony. (Cheers.) To the great leader you have already done honour: well, we must remember the Ramsays and Fergusons, whom Burns, with unaffected modesty, declared he had studied as his models. (Cheers.) But we know that the south wind upon his cheek, the daisy under his ploughshare, the rough burr thistle at the point of his weeder-clips, were his teachers. He was born to sing; and model or no model, music must have come from him. (Cheers.) A rough ride over the wildest Galloway moor stirs fine harmony in him. A common alehouse inspires the Jolly Beggars; and a common grief bursts into the plaintive notes of Auld Langsyne. It was the ambition of this great and stormy soul to sing at least—and he sang it greatly. (Great cheering.) And did he not give a braver national spirit to your literature? Did he not give a new charm to the purple heather? Did he not warm anew the national heart, and inspire voices to sing nationally? In his wake come troops of Scottish poets. Here are Scott, Hogg, and Allan Cunningham, (whose worthy son is amongst us this evening, and whose health we drink,)—(cheers)—and Campbell, and Aytoun, and Charles Mackay. These names call to our minds utterances that have quickened the pulse, and warmed the heart, and refined the soul of thousands. (Immense cheering.) Nor may we forget, this evening, the gentle lady who has dimmed many eyes with the story of Auld Robin Gray. We drink to "a nest of singing birds"—the memory of whose songs shall give a zest to the grape, as we lift it to our grateful lips: The Poets of Scotland, and my friend, Mr. Peter Cunningham. (The toast was drunk amid great applause.)

Mr. Peter Cunningham, who was received with great cheering, said—My friend the Hon. Member for Pontefract (Mr. Milnes), has told you, in language such as I cannot imitate, why he accepted the office of judge of the prize offered by the Crystal Palace Company. I will tell you why I refused that position; it was because I felt I was not competent to be a judge, and I felt that if a proper committee had been constituted, a lady should have been on the committee. (Cheers.) I am sure that with woman on the committee, we should have gained a Burns prize-poem with a little more of the touch of feminine beauty in it, beautiful as the poem is. I have slender claim to return thanks for the poets of Scotland. My father was a Scotch poet, and was, moreover, a Scotch peasant. (Loud cheers.) To him I owe everything; and my brothers, who fought in the East, like the sons of your chairman—to him they owe everything. The destiny of the children of Allan Cunningham has been cast very much like the destiny of the sons of Burns. My friend, Colonel James Glencairn Burns, derives his name from a Cunningham; and my father has been one of the best friends the poet had, for he wrote Burns' life, and wrote it well. My dear friend, Colonel Burns, left his native Dumfries, and became a scholar in Christ's Hospital like myself. The two sons of Burns went to India and came back with honour. Three of the sons of Allan Cunningham went there too, and acquitted themselves with honour to their country. (Loud cheers.) I have this claim also to return thanks for the poets of Scotland, that I have shaken hands with Sir Walter Scott, and for twenty years I sat with Archibald Hastie, and drank to the immortal memory of Scotland's Poet out of Burns' own punch-bowl. I have perhaps another claim to reply to this toast. I have sat with Thomas Campbell, the poet of Hope and Hohenlinden, and drank whisky-toddy, very well brewed, from that silver bowl given to the great poet by the students of this university. I have also sat and drank with the Ettrick Shepherd from a silver bowl given to him by a true-hearted Scot, and honoured and prized by the Shepherd as it deserved to be. There is a genealogy in song. Our friend, Mr. Monckton Milnes, will recollect how beautifully that idea is expressed by Dryden, who says that Chaucer was the poetical father of Spenser, and Spenser of Milton. There is a hereditary descent in song as natural as "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob." (Laughter and cheers.) Allan Ramsay was the poetic father of Robert Burns, and Robert Burns the poetic father of the Ettrick Shepherd, Allan Cunningham of Edmondstone, Aytoun, and Charles Mackay. In a belief that a genius for poetry never dies, I return thanks, too imperfectly I feel, for the poets of Scotland. (Loud cheers.)

Organ—"In the Garb of Old Gaul."

Mr. Monteith, in proposing "The City of Glasgow and its Civic Rulers," said—After the intellectual feast which we have enjoyed, the merit at which I have to aim must be that of brevity. This is the more incumbent on me, because I suspect that not a few here participate in an impression experienced by myself, both when I knew of the toast assigned to me, and when just before our meeting I found that I was to address you very much earlier than was at first intended. My feeling was that my toast, though one most interesting to the majority here—vitally interesting to myself—was

not at first sight in perfect harmony with the high themes of this great festival, and, as already said, the feeling assailed me again on finding myself suddenly advanced to a still more prominent place in our proceedings. Yet may I not plead something in mitigation of such a judgment? Is it not the fact that all of us in this city are in the habit of holding ourselves more bound up with Robert Burns than Scotland's capital, or most of the many places rejoicing at this moment to do him honour? (Hear.) Burns was a Scotchman, and dear to all Scotchmen; but he was out and out a west-country man. "O' a' the airts the wind could blaw" he was bound dearly to "lo'e the west"—and we are the west-country capital. (Cheers.) And, gentlemen, if this is our feeling, shall we suppose that there is nothing in this vast scene of industry that would interest in turn such a thinking brain and such a fervent heart as those of Burns? Poet he was; but, I boldly assert it, too much of the poet not to find themes to crowd on his fancy, and stir his soul, amid this world of human energy, this sea of human enterprise, these triumphs of human intelligence. (Hear, hear.) True it is that "God made the country, and man made the town." But man himself is the work of God, and man is here with all his being in intense development, with all his passions, hopes, fears, and capacities. Robert Burns loved the face of nature, whether mighty mountain or humble meadow; his mind could never long sever its musings from such scenes as the braes of Doon or the birks of Aberfeldy; but wherever there is man, man's heart with its joys and sorrows, there is the poet's field. This truth has come out more and more in those later times, and countless authors have found that there is more genuine gold of poetry to be found, by search, among the haunts of the living artizan, than among vague dreams of Arcadia itself. Tennyson has not paused to ask whether the melancholy wilderness of brick called London were a poetic subject or not; but he has written of "the miles and leagues of lights, and the roaring of the wheels," and, when he had done so, was it not surely poetry? Another has dared to put the cotton mill itself into verse—the subject of all subjects which shallow pedants have thought the very type of horror and of prose—and has told of its look, its sounds, and its denizens:—

"From out the sombre wall come forth
Murmurings of wheel on wheel,
Like low winds muttering from the north—
There he toils with careful zeal.
Self-moved the vast machine rolls on—
Each hour an age's work is done;
The myriad threads like one are whirl'd,
And those faint fingers clothe the world."

(Loud cheers.) Yes, Robert Burns would have found poetry in our streets, and poetry among our people. The ploughman-poet of Ayr would have found souls akin to his own among the skilled mechanics of the Clyde. And was Burns only the poet? Was Robert Burns not a Scotchman? was he not a patriot? Was it possible, then, that he could have trod these streets without honest pride in what "puir auld Scotland" has here accomplished?—accomplished in her ungenial climate, beside this petty river of a far off sterile land? (Cheers.) Well, then, my toast is not so uncongenial as we might just at first have feared. No—Burns, I repeat it, would have found himself at home here both as a poet and patriot, and these made up nigh one-half of his being. How vividly would not such a mind have pictured the successive scenes which make up our civic history—the old church and straggling street overhanging not the Clyde, but the humble Molendinar—when Glasgow had as little dreamed of skirting and bridging the Clyde, and swallowing up Broomielaw and Partick, as she now does of including Greenock and Ayr—then he would come down in mind to the dawn of commerce such as it was, that is to say, I fear, nothing more respectable than the sturdy privateering in which we embarked in the latter half of the seventeenth century—then when viewing the pomp of architecture, the public monuments, the not less dazzling contents of warehouse and of shop, might he not recall out of the odd corners of some of his reading how old Wodrow groans in spirit over the year 1709, and tells how "the Lord hath been frowning"—"remarkably frowning" is his phrase—"over the city this year, in that Glasgow has lost full £10,000 by losses in the Dutch trade." (Hear, hear.) Then he would recollect the generation immediately preceding himself, and the first Glasgow vessel that crossed the Atlantic, I think, in 1718, humble forerunner of how many stately successors! That was the great tobacco epoch, the time of our West India Princes, who trod the crown of the causeway at the Cross in those incredible scarlet cloaks, and were monarchs of all they surveyed. (Cheers.) But I have come down to Burns, our time, this day a hundred years ago, without thinking of dear old Bailie Nichol Jarvie. What, is he not as real to us, at least, as any bailie or provost that has ever walked amongst us? Ah! what would the dear old man say could he but see now all that lies around within a radius of a mile or two from where our chairman is sitting? Above all, what would he say to the waters of far Loch Katrine, piercing hill and crossing valley to reach his own Saltmarket? Those waters, distilled from the very heaths and hills of his own "ne'er-do-weel"

cousin, the M'Gregor! (Loud cheers.) How he would have invoked his honest conscience, and turned for sympathetic wonder to the confidential Matty. (Cheers.) We must close the vista, only remembering that a hundred years ago—the first year of Robert Burns—Glasgow took the first step towards deepening the Clyde, the first step in that long but triumphant course—how long and slow we may calculate by the fact that many a man amongst us, who would be much surprised to be called old, has waded as a boy across our river where now are crowded the tall ships which bring the world's wealth from every climate to our doors. I will only add one word to this historic sketch, but it is one that brings vividly past and present before us, and in conjunction with what I have just stated regarding our navigation, suffices to make the time of Burns' birth and boyhood a sort of centre to our career. It was when he was just about five years of age that Watt exhibited here to us his first model of the steam engine. Think of that little wonder ninety-five years ago, and all that surrounds us now as its consequence. (Cheers.) But enough of a tone of thought which may seem to contain too many elements of an unprofitable pride. If since then we have grown a giant's growth, if it be, as is most assuredly true, by our industry and enterprise more than by any other cause that Scotland has reached her present height of material success, that her population has outgrown her bounds, and has welled forth upon the world, carrying "Auld langsyne," and the sweet name of Robert Burns to earth's farthest shores—great and cheering is the thought. But does nothing remain for us to do? Is there nothing which we have to undertake, in a spirit of hope, indeed, but at the same time of humility? Are our literary, our moral, our philanthropic triumphs on a par with those of our practical science and our commerce? Dare we say that the physical or intellectual condition of all this busy mass of human life is as clear a triumph as are our steamers and our mills? Great indeed are the strides which have been made under the auspices of enlightened wealth, and a municipal government at once intelligent and generous, and a population readily stirred to honourable effort. Our university has for a long time linked on to its own proper academic honours the fame of the great men whom a generous youth have known how to crown and to adopt as their own. Art has opened her galleries in which the people may enjoy the same feast with the richest and the most accomplished. Our hoary Cathedral begins again to glow with the hues of sacred beauty. Our School of Design brings the skill of pencil and of pallet within the reach of the humblest grasp, and is among the foremost, if not the foremost, of such institutions in Great Britain. Public gardens afford the charms of tree, and shrub, and glade, where but lately there were none but waste places for the mechanic to stroll in with his family, or the schoolboy to sport. Material improvement begins to invade the noisome dens of vice and disease; and long ago the cause of the school reformatory was affected here when almost unheard of elsewhere. But we must advance. (Cheers.) Our people must be made foremost in education, in sobriety, in all virtue. The common school must rise in character, our Alma Mater must grow in honours, and embrace at once a field of knowledge, and a proportion of the population commensurate with the enlarged horizon of human science, and the aspirations of an active-minded people. She must become to us what the famous universities of the middle ages were to their respective countries. Thus we shall impel forward our native land in higher things than the mere multiplication of wealth. And at last when habits have universally refined, and knowledge has increased, and laws have slowly ripened under the care of our wisest and our best—if amid so many present evils one can indulge in such varied hopes—then, under these happier auspices, in these circumstances of diminished suffering and temptation, of exasperations softened and healed, and of innocent enjoyments multiplied, may another Burns arise! (Cheers.) May such another hero of song appear among Scotia's sons, whether among the peasants of her fields or the artizans of her cities—(cheers)—to exhibit all that the man whom we celebrate here to-night was meant to have been. By that time may the name of Robert Burns himself have lost in men's memories much of that which still hangs around it to obscure its lustre—may the miserable detail of grievous error be forgotten—may some of those words which his better self despised be dropped into oblivion by an affectionate posterity. Thus time, the healer, may do his beneficent work both for the poet and his worshippers, and admiration, wiser though not less ardent than that which now prevails, perform the most graceful of duties to an honoured name. Then will Burns, the frail but noble son of genius, and that other of whose advent I have dared to dream, whose brow will bear on it the stamp of reason dominant over passion, and a conscience unsullied by vice, will, perchance, be handed down together to latest times as one inheritance of glory to our land—an undying theme for love and sympathy and wide acclaim, unmingled with that which now must still be heard, the reluctant tone of sorrow and rebuke. (Loud cheers.)

The toast was drunk with applause.

The Hon. the Lord Provost, who was received with cheers, said—I have to thank you most heartily for the very cordial way in which the toast now proposed has been received. As chief magistrate of this city, I can assure this meeting that all the various gentlemen who take an interest in the management of the city have only one object in view, and that is the moral and religious improvement of the people, along with the manufacturing and commercial prosperity of the city. Mr. Monckton Milnes referred to what Burns might have supposed if he had seen Glasgow. I cannot follow him in his beautiful poetical fancies, but I may say that I have no doubt the poet would have been proud of Glasgow for its great progress not only in manufactures and commerce, but in the arts and sciences. And I think that, to-night, we have a strong proof that there is something of a poetical feeling still existing in Glasgow. (Cheers.) Amid all our cares and anxieties of business, we find time to commemorate to-night the birth of a man dear to us all, and whose poetry often cheers us all in our leisure hours. (Cheers.) It is often said that the hearts of merchants are so seared, and so set upon the acquiring of wealth and distinction, that they are apt to forget the nobler feelings of human nature, and forget that they have feelings to gratify of a higher kind than any that are excited by honour and wealth. I think that this night the citizens of Glasgow have shown that they cultivate nobler feelings than these; and as chief magistrate of the city, I cannot help feeling gratified at the successful issue of a meeting of this kind. And I am perfectly sure that every one of my colleagues has the same feeling as myself, when I say that I rejoice in such a meeting as this. (Cheers.) I just conclude by thanking you for the honour you have done us; and I can assure you that all who have any charge of civic matters have no other object in view than the prosperity and improvement of the people. (Cheers.) They may, in many instances, not carry out their views in the way that the masses expect them to do, but I am quite sure they have an ardent desire to do so, and I am quite satisfied that in the course of a few years there will be such social improvements in our city as will astonish many who now hear me. (Cheers.)

Mr. Bailie Cochrane of Lamington, who was received with loud cheers, said—Ladies and gentlemen, as you have so cordially responded to the toast of the "Poets of England," and also of "The Poets of our own Country," it is most suitable that on such an occasion we should also drink to the poets of Ireland; and although, assuredly, I am not the person capable of doing justice to such a toast, still, if Irish traditions be correct, this toast should at all times be proposed by a Scotchman; for I find that in various works Ireland not only asserts she bestowed sovereigns and also the name of Scotia on our native land, but also that we are indebted to her for all our Highland airs. We are told that when the inhabitants of Munster and of Leinster expelled the Bretons, the legislative bards, as they were called, then took shelter in the wilds and fastnesses of Scotland. A legislative bard is not a position well defined in our constitution. We possess poets; we possess legislators; and we possess gentlemen who are both poets and legislators, like my gifted friend Mr. Monckton Milnes; but, although I have heard him make many admirable speeches, I have never heard them set to music; nor can I believe that he will move his important amendment on the Reform Bill in the Spencerian metre. (Cheers.) But it does not require any assurance to persuade us of the extreme beauty of the Irish melodies. The lyrical power has happily not expired with Cormac and O'Carolan—the names of Sheridan and of Moore, of Sheridan's illustrious granddaughters, of Goldsmith, of Lever, of Morgan, of the author of the "Angel's Whisper" and of "Rory O'More," our honoured guest of this night, Samuel Lover—all these testify that the cunning has not departed from the land, and that the fire of Irish talent still burns like the inextinguishable lamp of Kildare's shrine. (Cheers.) But there is one bond of union between the minstrelsy of the two countries—that is, the feeling of independence and of patriotism that each awakens. Moore and Lover are dear to Ireland, as Burns is to Scotland, and who shall say what an effect these great men may have had on the destinies of their respective countries? For instance, there was a time, a century ago, when our nationality was endangered, when Scotland had been converted into that battle-field "Where those who conquer do not win, and they must lose who gain,"—(loud cheers)—the nation felt that a stranger was in the land, and his cold hand was laid on its heart. Ay, at that time there was danger, not for our national, but for our mental, independence, for a feeling sprung up in the south hostile to our progress; but in spite of all jealousies and antipathies, Scotland marched on England, not in military array, but in the less dazzling march of mind and of intelligence; and this march—the echo of which is still heard throughout the land—this march was preceded by Robert Burns. (Cheers.) Yes; and there is another point of sympathy between the lyrical poets of the two countries. In most cases we find that the poet is neglected during

his lifetime. Mr. Lover has done a great and a good work for Ireland in collecting those immortal lyrics which, but for him, might in time have been lost. What a long list of names is there of those who, like Carolan, died neglected. What shall we say of the last days of Richard Brinsley Sheridan? Alas! all nations can testify,

"How nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

(Cheers.) Who was it erected a monument to Robert Ferguson many years after his death? Why, a brother poet—Robert Burns! The band of genius possesses its noble army of martyrs. See Camoens dying in a garret; Tasso in a madhouse; Milton in poverty; Otway choked with the morsel of food doled out in charity; Chatterton, always the melancholy Chatterton, most so in his death. Yes, and afterwards justice is done to departed genius. Tasso is crowned on his deathbed; Petrarch in the Capitol; and now Burns is crowned by the one unanimous cry of love and admiration, which echoes far and wide. When Mr. Lover returns to Ireland, if he is asked, as Macduff asks Rosse, "Stands Scotland where she did?" he will, in his own powerful language, describe the grand scene he has witnessed; he will tell how

"The friends we have tried
Are by our side"

this night in the persons of the honoured sons of our immortal poets, and how we may anticipate, as Robert Burns anticipated the day, "When man to man, the wide world o'er, shall brothers be." (Great applause.)

Band—"Rory O'More."

Mr. Samuel Lover, who was received with loud and prolonged cheering, said—Sir Archibald Alison, Ladies, and Gentlemen—Before I attempt to allude to the subject matter of the toast you have just heard, I must first give expression to a feeling that has been struggling at my heart all this night, increasing in warmth and magnitude as the evening has progressed; and that feeling has been one of more than a fulness of joy—an overflow of joy—at the glorious sight I have seen to-night of a nation's pride in her poet. (Cheers.) That I have been invited to this banquet to-night, and for such a purpose as to speak on the part of the poets of Ireland, I look upon as the highest honour of my life. (Cheers.) It is an honour every man might be proud of, and this medal I wear as steward of this meeting, I look upon as an order of poetic merit which I shall treasure as long as I live. I cannot but remark upon the singularly handsome compliment paid me by the tune which accompanied the toast—(the air was "*Rory O'More.*") The dying eagle, when he saw the arrow that struck him, winged with one of his own feathers, felt his death more keenly; but I feel my life stronger within me when I find a compliment winged and pointed in a shaft of my own quiver. (Cheers.) I look upon the union of that air with that toast as very much after the fashion of certain ready and rapid alliances made upon this side of the border. Milton talks of music married to immortal verse, but now has music been married to a handsome Scotch compliment; and I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that Rory O'More is not the man to object to a Scotch marriage. (Laughter and great cheering.) Mr. Bailie Cochrane has alluded to the legislative bards of Ireland; he repudiates them, and says that he thinks there are no such thing as legislative bards. Neither do I; but I do believe that legislators have some regard for the bards, because they constantly call upon us to pay the piper. (Laughter and cheers.) With respect to the poets of Ireland, Ireland is as proud of her poets as Scotland is, and Great Britain ought to be well pleased and regard it as one of the happiest circumstances attendant upon the triumphal march of her language, when it became the vehicle of thought and expression for such men as Goldsmith, and Sheridan, and Moore. (Cheers.) That the poets of Ireland should be remembered here does not surprise me, because there is much in common between the people of the two countries. They are both of Celtic origin, both gifted, as all the Celtic races are, with the gift of song, both clinging affectionately to national observances, both exulting in national glory, both rejoicing in a generous and hilarious hospitality, both sending round the shells of joy, often filled with mountain dew—that dew that falls so plentifully in the evening, but does not always evaporate fast in the morning. (Great laughter and cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, there is an old saying that states that an Irishman has leave to speak twice for another man's once. But the minutes are so precious that really I feel that, though an Irishman with that privilege, I must speak only once, and that as briefly as possible. But before I sit down I wish to express once more the feeling of delight this evening has given me in its glorious celebration of a glorious name, this grandest example I have ever seen in my life of the pleasures of memory. (Cheers.) It has been of late in these utilitarian days common to ridicule nationalities, to think lightly of those dear remembrances that every man of warm sympathies must wish to cherish, and it has been too

much the fashion to look upon poets as merely the ornamental appendages of society rather than things to be honoured and remembered. But if any man of so cold a nature will not listen to a generous argument on the subject, if they will accept of nothing less than an argument of stone walls, let me refer them back to the history of Greece, and point to her decay. The Acropolis has crumbled, the Parthenon is in ruins, the domination of her heroic chiefs has passed away, the conquests of Alexander are but as dust, while Homer and Sophocles hold their sway as strongly as ever in the human mind? (Loud cheers.) No, let us never give up our poetical memories. What should we be without these endearing remembrances? Where is the man that has not some sacred place in his heart for dear memories, and who would not be solitary and desolate without them? The ship, in mid-ocean, without compass, quadrant, or chronometer, would not be more utterly isolated and desolate than the man without some tender recollections in his heart. No, let us never give up our heart-memories, or forget our poets. I hope and believe the time is coming when those evil feelings will be dispersed, and when poets will be cherished as dear things, and if any are sceptical, I should like to show them this meeting, and I think that it, in the shape of an argument, would be what is called a clencher. (Laughter and cheers.) Better times are coming, and it is a good sign that in the present Government of Great Britain, we find two bright names in literature, the names of Mr. Disraeli and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. In your country you have had a charming example lately of literary merit rewarded by a coronet. And in what does Lord Macaulay excel? In history. And what is history but memory on a grand scale? I say, then, in conclusion, cherish your memories and love your poets: and on the part of the poets of Ireland, with a full heart and a brimming glass, ladies and gentlemen, I salute you. (Great cheering.)

The Hon. Judge HALIBURTON proposed the next toast—"The Scottish Clergy." In doing so, he said—I have accepted the invitation to appear here to-night with peculiar pleasure. A hundred and fifty years have elapsed since my family left the borders of Scotland to seek their fortunes in the wilds of America, and I am the first of that family that has made his appearance in his fatherland—(cheers)—and that you have been so good as to call me here to-night, as your guest, overpowers me in a way that I cannot well express. I have been honoured by being requested to propose a toast, which, I am sure, every one who hears me will receive with a most cordial and affectionate response, since it is the clergy of Scotland. When it was first proposed to me to give this toast, I confess that I was considerably embarrassed. It did not appear to me particularly appropriate that so venerable, so pious, so zealous, and so learned a body as the Church of Scotland should be given by the humble author of Sam Slick. (Laughter and loud cheers.) I thought perhaps that it might have been given more appropriately by one nearer home and better able to do justice to such a subject, but a moment's reflection taught me that nothing was required of me but to propose it, because it was a toast that spoke for itself, as the clergy had their bond of union with the country in the feelings, and sympathies, and hearts of the people. Nothing, therefore, remained for me to do but to propose it, for their eulogium is like that beautiful inscription, sublime from its simplicity, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral —the inscription to the immortal architect who raised it—*si monumentum quæris, circumspice.* (Cheers.) In like manner, the eulogium of the clergy of Scotland is best found in the character of its people, in the institutions they have fostered, in that comprehensive system of education they have encouraged which has made Scotland pre-eminent among the nations. Having said thus much, I should feel that I have done all that is required of me; but the clergy of the Church of Scotland are not the whole Scottish clergy, for there is a very large body of Scottish clergymen whom they have sent abroad, as learned, as pious, as laborious, as self-denying, and as useful as any, in British North America. The Hon. Judge proceeded to describe the arduous labours and trials of the Scottish clergy in the vast territory of British North America, covering as it did a ninth part of the surface of the globe, and proceeded to say—It is easy to draw delusive pictures, as I saw one drawn the other day by a skilful artist, who, addressing the working classes of Glasgow, bade them go to the country where they would have a vote in the representation, with the safe-guard of the ballot-box—where there were no taxes, and where they would have a happier home in the wilderness. These are such very pretty pictures, that it is a pity they are fancy sketches, and not realities. (Laughter and cheers.) The poor settler that goes to that country, you hear from when he succeeds; but do you ever hear from the hundreds who perish by the way, who carry a broken heart, broken hopes, and a broken constitution to the grave? You hear not from them; all you know is that they have gone to America, and that they have not written, or that their letters have not reached. I am delighted to see here the venerable and learned

head of the University of Glasgow—a university so renowned through the world—which has produced so many statesmen, poets, judges, lawyers, and able men—and I am delighted also to see the Rev. Dr. M'Leod, whose acquaintance I had the honour and pleasure of making on the other side of the Atlantic, where the amenities of his manner, and the eloquence of his pulpit oratory, will long be remembered by the population through whom he passed. (Cheers.) I am delighted to see him here, further, because he can bear witness that wherever there are Scottish clergymen, you find under their care a body of men distinguished for moral and religious feeling—for frugality, industry, and general respectability. (Cheers.) I am glad to see them, further, because it tells me that by the end of a century there has been time enough to weave that cloak of charity which we are told covers a multitude of sins. (Cheers.) If that cloak had not been woven by this time I would think little of the clerical or lay weavers of Glasgow. I beg leave to propose to you the Scottish Clergy, present and absent, those here and those in North America.

The toast was received with great approbation. Organ—"Luther's Hymn."

Rev. Dr. M'Leod, of the Barony, in replying to the toast, said—I have the honour to acknowledge the toast which has been so kindly proposed and accepted. The clergy could not have their merits tried by a more discriminating judge than the honourable gentleman. Yet I for one would not have objected had the duty which he has so eloquently performed been assigned to an illustrious friend of his, who, if less venerable, is, if possible, better known over the world than himself, and is everywhere admired for his accurate knowledge of men and manners—his keen perception of character—his most excellent wit and genial humour; and who, if he could not, perhaps, spare the weaknesses of the clergy, would certainly not forget their virtues—I mean his distinguished friend the Clockmaker. (Laughter and cheers.) It is now more than ten years since I enjoyed the happiness, to which the Judge has so kindly alluded, of receiving a shake of his hand in Halifax, and a welcome to Nova Scotia. I now in Glasgow reciprocate that welcome to old Scotia; and where could Old and New Scotia more appropriately meet than when commemorating Robert Burns? (Cheers.) There are two things which alone make Burns to me sufficiently memorable. The one is—his noble protest for the independence and dignity of humanity, as expressed, for example, in that heroic song, "A man's a man for a' that." The other is—his intense nationality—a chivalrous sentiment, springing, like a plant deeply rooted for ages in the soil, and bearing fruit which nourishes the manliest virtues of a people. (Cheers.) Few men in this respect have done for any country what Burns has done for Scotland. He has made our Doric for ever poetical. He has saved for us the exquisite old melodies of Scotland. His lyrics gave their music life, and their music gave his lyrics wings. Everything in our land touched with the wand of his genius will for ever retain the new interest and beauty which he has imparted to it. Nobly has he redeemed his early poetic pledge to "gar our streams an' burnies shine." Never will the "banks and braes of bonnie Doon" cease to be "fresh and fair," nor the "birks of Aberfeldy" to hang their tresses in the bright atmosphere of his song. So possessed are even busy railway directors and rough mechanics by his presence and power that they send "Tam o' Shanter" and "Souter Johnie" as locomotives roaring and whistling through the land that is called by his name and immortalised by his genius! (Cheers.) How marvellously has he wielded the hearts of Scotchmen throughout the world! Without him, they would, no doubt, be united by the ordinary bonds of a common country that cannot anywhere be forgotten—a common tongue that cannot anywhere be easily mistaken—and by mercantile pursuits in which, we presume, Scotchmen cannot anywhere be wanted. But such ties alone would be like the cold hard cable that connects the Old and New World beneath the Atlantic. The songs of Burns are the electric sparks which flash along it; and "though seas between us may be cast," these unite heart to heart, so that as long as they exist Scotchmen can never forget "auld acquaintance," nor the "days o' langsyne." (Cheers.) And yet, Sir, how can a clergyman, of all men, forget or fail to express his deep sorrow on such an occasion as the present for things that Burns has written, and which deserve the uncompromising condemnation of those who love him best. I am not called upon to pass any judgment on him as a man, but only as a writer; and with reference to some of his poems, from my heart I say it—for his own sake, for the sake of my country, for the sake of righteousness more than all—would God they were never written, never printed, and never read! (Hisses, answered by loud cheers and renewed hisses, which were again silenced by cheering.) And I would rejoice to see, as the result of our festivals in honour of Burns, a centenary edition of his poems from which every thing would be excluded which a Christian father could not read aloud in his family circle, or the Christian cottar on his "Saturday night" to his sons and daughters!

(Hisses, which were again drowned in cheers.) Surely, Sir, thus righteously to condemn whatever is inconsistent with purity and piety, while it cannot lessen one ray of his genius, is the best proof we can afford of our regard for his memory, and the best sacrifice we can offer to his departed spirit. But whatever some of his admirers here may say, yet of one thing I feel assured, that the poet himself, if he heard my words, would now agree with me—(cheers)—for if he is cognizant of what is done upon earth, such a judgment must be in accordance with his most solemn convictions and most earnest wishes. (Loud applause.)

Mr. J. P. TROTTER, advocate, proposed "Colonel Burns and other existing Relatives of the Poet." In doing so, he said—I cannot help remarking that it is a matter of much congratulation to this assembly that, at a time so far removed from that in which the poet lived, we are still privileged to honour him in the person of his son. Two sons of Burns—one of whom sits at this table—still live, to witness to-night one of the most remarkable tributes that since the world began has ever yet been paid to genius—to listen to the simultaneous lifting up of the voice of a whole nation to proclaim the glory of one man, and that man their father. It has been said, and I think with much truth, that when we hold intercourse even with the remote descendants of great men, we are carried back through the links of a long chain of associations, until we almost seem to hold intercourse with themselves; but it is our privilege to-night to hold intercourse not with one of the remote descendants of the immortal bard, but with his own son, with one whom he has often folded in his own living arms, often gazed on with his own loving eyes. (Applause.) In proposing the health of Colonel Burns, it is not my purpose to dilate on his personal merits, though his honourable career throughout life affords ample materials for my doing so; but this at least I must be permitted to say, that much of that fine geniality of disposition, that kindly warmth of heart, that overflowing sympathy with all that concerns the interests of humanity, which so strongly characterised the father, have been reproduced in the son. (Applause.) And if there be one feeling which more than any other throughout life has marked the character of Colonel Burns it is his love for the virtues and his admiration for the genius of his glorious sire. To speak of his father's memory, to sing his father's songs, to listen to his father's praises, I know to be the greatest delight of his heart. It has been my privilege to visit our honoured guest and his no less honoured brother, at their delightful residence in Cheltenham,—an abode over whose portal might with much propriety be written the words "Let brotherly love continue"—and I have often thought how it would have gladdened the heart of their father if he had been permitted to see his sons, after lives honourably passed in the pursuit of an honourable profession, spending the evening of their days in the enjoyment of each other's society, living under the same roof, engaged in the same pursuits, and devoted to each other with an affection so warm as only to be transcended by that still stronger love which they mutually bear to the great name of their father. (Cheers.) Of the other existing relatives of the Poet I shall only say that they all bear about them that impress of worth and of talent with which the poet himself was so strongly stamped, and which marks and verifies their distinguished lineage. To use a familiar Scottish phrase, they are all come of a good kind; and there is much meaning in that phrase; there is much influence in what we commonly call blood; and that which characterises the blood of Burns is strong intellectual vigour and high moral integrity, or as he himself so well expresses it, "The pith o' sense and pride o' worth." This is the characteristic of the whole race. It was this that shone out so pre-eminently in that great pattern of a Scottish peasant, that bright exemplar of a high-minded Christian man—William Burns, the poet's father. It was this that marked before an admiring world the bright career of a man whose death in India some years ago a whole nation united to deplore, as a whole nation now unites to honour his illustrious relative—I mean, Sir Alexander Burns, the poet's cousin; and it is this which will continue to characterise all who have the honour to spring from the same illustrious root. (Cheers.)

Drunk with all the honours.

The COLONEL was again received with great applause. He said—I have to thank my friend Trotter very heartily for the way in which he has introduced the toast, and you for the hearty manner in which you have responded to the toast of "The Sons and Relatives of the Bard." I may as well here enumerate them, as far as my knowledge extends. There are my brother William Nichol and myself; my two daughters, Mrs. Hutchinson, with her two children, in Australia, and Annie Burns, now in Edinburgh; and my late brother Robert's daughter, Mrs. Everett, with her daughter, in Belfast. These are the direct descendants. My uncle Gilbert left a large family, of whom survives one daughter (Ann) and three sons (William, Thomas, and Gilbert). The three brothers have many olive branches. For the survivors of my late dear aunt, Mrs. Begg, I

leave my cousin Robert to thank you himself. (Applause.)

Mr. Robert Burns Begg, nephew of the poet, also responded to the toast, and said—I did not expect to be called upon to speak just now. I am unaccustomed to public speaking, and I cannot let my voice reach this immense assembly. All I can say is, that I have met with many kindnesses in the world, and I believe they are all owing to my connection with Burns. I owe the honour of being here as a guest to-night solely to that, and I believe to an acquaintance many years ago with the late Sheriff Steele. I may, however, be allowed to say that I should like very much to live another hundred years to see such a sight as this. (Applause.) I would like to see the same beauty assembled together, and the same learned men assembled here. I thank you kindly. (Cheers.)

The band then played "Duncan Gray," and Mr. Robson sang "Behind yon hills."

Mr. William Burns said,—The toast which I have the honour to propose—"The Centenary Celebrations all over the world"—is one that, standing by itself, and in the hands of an accomplished speaker, might well form a theme second only to the immortal memory itself. Under present circumstances, however, the duty imposed upon me is of a humble description, namely, to say a few words to you as to the origin and progress, and the present position of this movement for a general celebration of the centenary of the birth-day of our great national poet, and to call upon you to recognise, in the warmest possible manner, kindred meetings wherever these may be held, either at home or abroad. When, not long ago, a few humble admirers of the poet and lovers of the man, met together for the purpose of concerting a festival celebration in Glasgow on the occasion of the centenary of Burns, I must confess they had no conception of the result that was to follow from their labours. They were ignorant at that time of the deep fountain that was to be opened in the heart of the public. Their idea on the subject was that a great meeting might be held in Glasgow, as a convenient locality, as had been done some years before on the banks of the Doon, towards which the worshippers of the poet—men eminent in literature both in Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere, might congregate. Under that impression, they proposed to give the celebration in the City Hall, Glasgow, the designation of national, a designation which, it may be observed, it still retains. Probably that designation is not now absolutely correct. Still, it may not be thought altogether inappropriate, considering the magnitude of the meeting itself, and keeping in view that, whether national or not, it has been the mother of such a large project. Strange as it may appear now, when we see the dimensions to which this movement has attained, it was stated that the people of Edinburgh would look on the movement with a certain degree of disfavour. (Signs of impatience.) But these speculations were dissolved by a process over which no individuals or set of individuals had any control, because a chord had been struck in the heart of the people which very soon vibrated, not only throughout Scotland, but through England and Ireland, and far away over the ocean, wherever the name or songs of Burns were known. (Renewed interruption.) Very soon, in place of the people of Edinburgh meeting the movement with opposition, they entered into it with the utmost enthusiasm. (Continued signs of impatience.) Their example was followed by every town and village in the country. (Interruption and hisses.) I may mention one circumstance which has been made known to me since I entered the hall, and it is that the idea of a centenary celebration was first ventilated and brought under notice on the very spot where the poet himself was born. (Applause, and more signs of impatience.) I shall at once propose the toast, which I am glad to see you are all so anxious to drink. (Drunk with enthusiasm.)

Mr. Buchanan, M.P., then said—The toast which I have to propose is "Our guests," and I am sure those gentlemen who have honoured us with their presence to-night will not think that I am behaving in the least degree unhandsomely or disrespectfully to them, if I do not make any remarks in proposing the toast. I am warned of the lateness of the hour, and that it will be necessary to get on as quickly as possible; and, when it is considered that most of those gentlemen whose names I am about to mention, have already addressed you, it will be seen that it would be quite unnecessary for me to make any remarks. I will only say with what pleasure I see present here to-night the venerable Sir David Brewster. (Loud cheers.) His fame as a man of science stands so high, not only in Scotland, but throughout Europe, that I need say no more, but only beg that you will join with me in drinking the health of Sir David Brewster, Judge Haliburton, Mr. Moncton Milnes, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, Mr. James Lowe, the venerable Principal of the University, Dr. Macleod, and Mr. Peter Cunningham.

The toast was drunk amid loud applause.

Song—"The Rigs o' Barley"—Mr. Stembridge Ray.

Bailie Houldsworth said the toast he had to propose was, "The Festival Committee." He did not think it necessary at that late hour to say much on the subject. They had worked

hard to provide the audience with a most splendid banquet; and whenever a public demonstration was required in the city of Glasgow, to pay honour to any man of genius, whether poet, historian, man of letters, or man of science, warrior or statesman, they should only hope that they might find a good working committee to carry out the arrangements as successfully as on the present occasion.

Organ—"Here awa', there awa'."

Drunk with honours.

Mr. C. R. Brown, in reply, said—Mr. Chairman, were I to use the ordinary, stereotyped phraseology, and say that the committee of this —the Initiatory Festival—never expected such a pleasing recognition of their services, I would simply be committing great injustice. I have been connected with many committees, but never experienced such zealous and cordial co-operation. (Applause.) But Sir, even though the toast had been entirely overlooked in the programme, the glorious success which has crowned our efforts would, of itself, have been esteemed a fitting reward. Being the first centenary festival, the correspondence which ensued may truly be characterised as immense; yet, all throughout, we indeed felt that "the labour we delight in physics pain." (Loud cheers.) So far as I am personally concerned, I have been richly remunerated by being put in possession of quite a treasure-trove of valuable letters from some of the most distinguished men of the time. In conclusion, Sir, the committee, through me, would venture to express the hope that this great festival may not terminate in a mere ovation to the memory of the mighty dead, but that, sooner or later, the embodiment of some such monumental structure, as is shadowed forth in the tableaux to my right, may soon grace the metropolis of western Scotland—a structure really worthy of the Bard, of Glasgow, and of Scotland. (Prolonged cheering.)

Song—"Of a' the airts"—Mr. John Muir.

Dr. Rodgers, after some preliminary observations, said—To Britain the periodical and newspaper press has been very much what Robert Burns was to his native Scotland, it has exposed practices, degraded error, and upheld the truth. A grand popular educator—our national printing press has done more for the suppression of war and the promotion of peace, on the strict principles of justice, than have achieved all the standing armies in the world. The iron steam-press and the leaden type are more the emblems of Britain's greatness than are the same materials converted into artillery, or manufactured into rifle-balls. And if our printing-press is preserved intact, and its liberties unimpaired, then Britain and the world shall only perish together. The periodical and newspaper press of Britain has become a repository of the national talent, and national enterprise. As in the army—here every man finds his own level—the scribbler returns to his original insignificance, while the man of power is sure to obtain his proper place. Had Burns lived in these days of press ascendency, he too would have found better occupation than that of expending his energies in gauging casks at Dumfries, or wasting his burning words on those who knew not how to appreciate his greatness. Yet he has, with all his disadvantages and misfortunes, played his part right nobly, for while those things we would have withdrawn shall be forgotten, the rich treasury of virtuous patriotism and ennobling sentiment of his songs, and many of his poems, shall be put forth by the printing-press of every future age. Within a few days hence, every newspaper of the kingdom—ay and of Canada and the United States too—shall contain narratives of orations in honour of his memory, such as never before were rendered to any other man. Surely this is not infatuation nor idolatry, as it has been termed; but a tribute due to great genius and a thank-offering to Providence for the bestowal. I conclude by proposing "The Press," and in the closing words of our bard's dedication to his poems, I would add, "may tyranny in the ruler and licentiousness in the people ever find it, as heretofore, an inexorable foe." (Loud applause.)

Band—"Annie Laurie."

Mr. Lowe (Editor of the Critic), said, that an anecdote occurred to his memory as germane to the present business, which was true, and had the still greater advantage of having never been related publicly before. When Her Majesty first took up her abode in what Sir A. Alison has termed her "Hieland Home," the conductors of the London Morning papers deemed it to be consistent with their duty to send a reporter after her to report her goings out and her comings in. These gentlemen were one morning engaged in following her Majesty at a respectful and loyal distance, when they became conscious that the Queen was speaking about them to the factor of the Duke of Athol, who happened to be in attendance upon her. This person, a certain Captain Dalgliesh, was in the habit of meeting them of an evening at a convenient bothie, where, over a social tumbler, they were wont to solace the cares of life, and on this evening they were not a little curious to know what the Queen had said about them. For a long time, the old gentleman fenced the question; but, giving way at length to their importunity, he replied, "Weel, if ye maun ken, she was speering whilk was the

lurnd mon for the *Teems*." (Laughter.) And so it is, whatever is to be done. Whether our military friends are fighting a battle, or our clerical ones preaching a sermon; whether our parliamentary friends are meeting their constituents, or you are holding a Burns festival, one man is sure to be present, and that is "the lurnd mon for the *Teems*." He is an institution among you. He is the chiel among you taking notes—and faith he prents 'em. (Laughter.) Sometimes he is a very unwelcome guest, on account of his habit of speaking the truth, and sometimes, as to-night, he is a very welcome guest. With regard to the toast which they had drunk at that late hour of the evening, and after the eloquent speeches which had been delivered, he should, in offering his grateful thanks on behalf of himself and his brethren of the press, confine himself to one observation. It was impossible to pronounce absolutely as to what might or might not have been the case under a state of circumstances which had never existed; but, if the great man whose memory they were met to celebrate had lived in a time when a press flourished in any way analogous to that which now existed, it might not be too much to say that his lot in life would have been far different. (Cheers.) The press, and above all, the literary press, not only creates a taste for reading, but points out what is best to be read. (Applause.) To Scotland was undoubtedly due the credit of having created the modern book-trade—(hear, hear)—but England may justly claim the invention of the modern press. (Cheers.) Busy men have no time to judge for themselves, and are compelled to take their opinions from the critics; and yet, harshly as those critics are ofttimes spoken of, it is not to be denied that they have been instrumental in raising the social position of the writer. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) Where one copy of a book was sold fifty years ago, a hundred are now disposed of. Had journalism been in Burns' time as it is now, it would not have been to the "noblemen and gentlemen" of the Caledonian Hunt that he would have had to look for patronage. (Loud cheers.) Borne upon the wings of the press, his name would have gone forth to wherever the English language was known—(renewed cheering)—and it might have been that, with a better appreciation of his genius, his grateful country would have found some occupation for him more congenial than that of an exciseman. (Vehement cheering.) With regard to the toast to which he responded, it needed neither ghost from the grave, nor journalist from London, to vindicate the honour of the British press. The Scotch, and above all, the Glasgow section of this press, was second to none in the ability and intelligence with which it dealt with the topics which it handled—(cheers)—and he should have been better pleased had the duty which he was performing devolved upon one of his brethren in that city. It had, however, pleased the Committee to lay it upon him, and in all sincerity of spirit he thanked the company for the honour which they had paid to the profession to which he had the honour to belong. (Applause.)

Mr. Samuel Lover then said—At a very short notice I am called upon to propose a toast; but it is one that no man could possibly be asked to propose without feeling that a great compliment had been paid and a great privilege granted to him. That toast is "The Lasses." (Cheers.) Ladies and Gentlemen, it seems a sort of practical pun that the lasses should be proposed by a Lover. (Laughter.) But I hope the ladies that are here will believe that an Irish lover is never deficient in paying his homage to what has well been called the most beautiful half of the human race. (Cheers.) Ladies, in your smile exists the poet's inspiration, and in your smile exists the poet's reward. There never was a poet yet that didn't worship woman—(hear, hear)—and pre-eminently the bard whose name we have met this day to honour, worshipped "the lasses oh!" (Loud applause.) But the greatest poet in the world, whatever might be his power—and the power of making love was very great in Robert Burns; but no man can make love by himself. He must have a lady to help him—(laughter)—and, I must say, that from all my experience, very good helps they are. (Renewed laughter.) Shakspeare has comprised under one head the lunatic, the lover, and the poet; and when I first became a lover, I felt convinced that Shakspeare was right in saying that a lover was a lunatic—(laughter)—for I was perfectly mad. (Much laughter.) But that took place a long time ago—about half a century—but I began very young. (Roars of laughter.) And Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen—for I wish to call as many witnesses as I can to this fact—I found madness so delightful that I think I never have been right in my senses since—(great laughter)—but if ever I have had a lucid interval, it has only been to sigh for Bedlam again, and call upon Cupid for my keeper. (Cheers.) A very interesting document has been placed in my hand to read to you to-night. It is an additional verse to "Green grow the rashes, O," composed by Robert Burns, the son of the great Robert Burns. The lines were presented by Mr. Alexander Maclagan, author of 'Poems and Songs,' to be repeated. In reading it I shall give as much attention as I can to your Scottish dialect, and if I make mistakes pray forgive a

stranger. Mr. Lover then read the following verse, which was received with applause; the talented reader's manner in setting off the Scotch words creating considerable amusement:—

"Frae man's ain side God made his wark
That a' the lave surpasses, O;
The man but lo'es his ain heart's bluid
Wha dearly lo'es the lasses, O!"

Mr. Lover concluded by saying—After this, of course, it would be trespassing on you to say one word more than to give the toast, and I hope that my fair hearers will believe me when I say that never had they a truer, or a warmer, or a more faithful lover than the one that addresses them. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Robert Burns Begg said—The toast which I am to propose to you, is the health of our distinguished Chairman, Sir Archibald Alison. (Cheers.) You all know the Chairman well. As a historian his fame resounds throughout all Europe. He writes a history of heroes, and I understand he is the father of heroes. (Loud applause.) And though last, not least, he has been the excellent Chairman of this splendid meeting. "Health and happiness to Sir Archibald Alison." (Cheers.)

The band played "Scots wha hae."

The Chairman, in reply, said—At this late hour of the night the first merit of speaking will be brevity. I shall therefore only say that I deeply feel the more than kindness with which you have received the feeble efforts I have made to-night to do honour to our immortal bard; and the recollection of this night will never be erased from my mind. (Cheers.)

Mr. David M'Cubbin proposed "The Croupiers," which was drunk with enthusiasm.

The vocalists sang "Auld Langsyne," the chorus being given by the company standing, accompanied by the band and organ, which concluded the programme.

The proceedings, which commenced a few minutes past five o'clock, did not terminate till about half-past eleven, by which time many persons had left the hall, and many of those who remained had become rather confused in their jollity.

[We may mention that in the course of the evening there was handed round for inspection, the veritable silver-mounted snuffbox which belonged to the bard when he was in the Excise, the somewhat worn inscription being "Robert Burns, of the Excise." This interesting relic is now the property of Mr. Reid, of Port-Glasgow.]

THE MERCHANTS' HALL.

Tuesday evening—bringing the echoed cry, "*Ubique, et ab omnibus,*" of the great celebration of the birth of Scotland's noblest and immortal bard—was characterised by a grand festival got up under the auspices of the Ayrshire young men resident in Glasgow—who are "*jamais arriere,*" (never behind,) in any loyal or patriotic demonstration—in the Merchants' Hall, which was gaily decorated with flags and wreathes of evergreens, and presented to the eye a very animated aspect. The honest men (as the immortal bard hath called them) have, in a way worthy of all praise, celebrated the Burns festival. The company present numbered nearly 600, and were, during their assembling, welcomed with strains of music from the band of Mr. M'Cann.

The chair was ably occupied by John M'Gavin, Esq.; and amongst the gentlemen on the platform were Thomas Brown, Esq.; George Troup, Esq. (of the Daily Bulletin); Thomas Bishop, Esq. (great-grandson of the poet); Messrs. Robert Young, Wm. Roxburgh, Jas. Forrester, Wm. Lockhart, Thornhill, John M'Gregor, David M'Lure, James Young, John Craig, Wm. Walker, jun., John Walker, Thomas Arnot, Wm. Gilchrist, John M'Turk, William Smith, John R. Wylie, J. R. Pickering, Gavin Laurie, James Middleton, David Clure, jun., &c. &c.

Divine blessing having been implored by Mr. Gilchrist, the company partook of an excellent tea, and abundance of good creature comforts. Thanks having been returned by singing two verses of Burns' poetry appropriate for the occasion,

The Chairman read a letter of congratulation from the "Auld Langsyne Society of New York," and proceeded to address the meeting: Ladies and Gentlemen—Although I can boast some experience in presiding over social meetings, yet I wish some one else had occupied the chair this evening. I make this statement without any affected self-depreciation. On all ordinary occasions I might deem myself quite able to perform the requisite duties of a chairman; but to-night, met as we are to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Scotland's greatest poet, I feel that certain powers are required—powers to which I lay little claim. For the last half-century and more, some of the most eloquent tongues have discoursed of Burns, and some of the ablest writers have criticised his genius and his life; and for me, therefore, to attempt anything more than what may simply suggest itself to all of you, would be out of place. The first thought which occurs to me in connection with the present meeting is this—the impartiality with which the inheritance of genius falls to different classes of men. Not to the high and noble alone is the award, but out of all classes the sons of genius have been elected. The structure of the world's greatness is the combined contributions of every class, an arrange-

ment which only could give stability and compactness to the whole. The loves, the joys, the sorrows, and the wrongs of the humblest grades have found fervid utterance through the genius of their own fellows; and the utterance of these experiences have become in many instances the brightest pages in the national literature. The poorest amongst us, as well as the most exalted, can thus claim a share in the nation's glory, and find themselves affiliated by spiritual as well as by material ties to the true greatness of the land of their birth. Another thought that strikes me in connection with the meeting is—what a solemn possession is that of poetical genius! How wide and deep-reaching in its influence; how permanent in its duration! Allied to no material wealth nor civic dignity—its possessor, it may be, poor and despised—it yet breathes on the heart of a nation, and directs and controls, to a large extent, its social and political destinies. The poet himself may be weak and wandering, but the children of his brain are strong and immortal. Empires pass away, but the songs of the bards remain. We know little or nothing of old Troy, and the glories of the Cæsars have waned for long centuries, but the works of Homer, of Virgil, and of Horace are read in our schools, and have operated on every succeeding civilized people. And so will it be with our poets and their works; for whether our country continue to rise or to fall, the works of our British bards will be known in all ages. Our meeting this evening, and the countless assemblies that are being held throughout our own country, as well as in other lands, in honour of Burns' birthday, bespeak the powers of his genius—tell us how deeply his writings have moved the heart of his countrymen, and foreshadow their permanent influence. How changed, in many respects, is the state of Scotland since Burns was born; how changed in its material resources, its agriculture, its manufacturing and commercial industry; how altered even in its social habits and political status; and yet the writings of the poet are ever young and ever fresh. We listen to his songs with unwearied pleasure; we read his descriptions of Scottish life with the delighted feeling of their beauty and their truth; and though the interval has widened our sympathies as a nation, we yet enter with enthusiasm into his intense nationality. It seems to me as if Burns had been born to be the poetical historian, so to speak, of Scotland. (Applause.) The old forms of Scottish life had begun to fade, and a new dispensation of social and political life had begun to dawn. In the transition hour the ploughman of Ayrshire was endowed with the power to paint the passing figures, and make them live for ever. I question if now such a poem as Hallowe'en or Tam o' Shanter could have been written, and I doubt if Burns himself could now have penned Bruce's address on the field of Bannockburn. Our habits are altered to a great extent, our feelings of nationality are modified; like a dissolving view we only see the outlines of these old pictures, but Burns saw them in more clear light, felt them with poetic force, and has imaged them before us in the real shapes and colours of the very things themselves. There is a distinctness, an individuality in the creations of Burns, about which there can be no doubt; the characters stand out from the pages, full of life; you see them, you fancy you have been long familiar with them, you know their look, their walk, their dress; they are the "old familiar faces" of your boyhood, and they mingle themselves with your intellectual being—an unfading imagery. (Applause.) The beautiful episode in the history of the poet that procured for him the notice and friendship of Mrs. Dunlop, exhibits this very clearly. That lady, the lineal descendant of Wallace, was one of the first amongst the higher classes who recognised the merits of Burns, and it was his *naturalness* that attracted her attention, and secured for him one of the most valuable friendships which he ever enjoyed. I do not pretend to be a judge, but to me this power of writing, so that you can see the object clearly and distinctly before you, seems to be one of the highest; I confess that I cannot enjoy poetry of that mystic kind that requires a great effort to guess at its meaning, and which sometimes leaves you in doubt even after you have done your best to decipher it, whether you really understand it. With the perusal of the pages of Burns there mingles no such incertitude; whatever chord he strikes, it is with a bold steady hand, and the response is free and spontaneous. He breathed not a foreign atmosphere, but the air around him; he looked at the men and objects by which he was surrounded; and they were mirrored back from his own soul with all the realities of life, of form, and of figure. Besides, through his writings there runs a strong vein of common sense, evincing that the poet had in him capacities of the most valuable kind, that would have fitted him for the most important positions in the world. (Applause.) His conversational powers are known to have been of the highest order, and his prose writings are marvels of composition when looked at in the light of his opportunities of culture. That there are a few of the poet's writings which are objectionable, I suppose few are prepared to deny; I, for my own part, would cut off unsparingly his praises of drink and his drinking songs, and possibly one or two others; but we

can look at these now as reflecting, not the sober judgment of the man, but the colour of the times in which he lived; and as time moves on, these will be viewed more and more as historical illustrations of Scottish life in the eighteenth century, rather than incentives to imitation. I have ventured these few observations on the poet; I should wish your indulgence in making a remark or two about the man. Burns has been a subject of study to some of the highest intellects of the present century; the people have taken up their respective sides in the controversy, and still the fierce debate goes on. Whilst on one side the fire of his genius, it may be, has blinded the one party to his faults; on the other, the very same genius has tended to distort the vision so as to exaggerate his failings. I think that, in referring to the life of such a man as Burns, we ought never to overlook the singular constitution of the man, and the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed. Take, for instance, that weakness which is most frequently dwelt on, and which cost him so much—his jovial habits—and say how far he was the sinner, and how far he was sinned against. I daresay no one in this meeting will accuse me of leniency to the use or abuse of drink, but to me it seems no marvel at all that Burns should have sometimes fallen before such a temptation. Consider his impulsive spirit, and the occasional physical depression to which from boyhood he was more or less subject; take into account the customs of the times in which he lived, the imperiousness of those customs, remembering that drink was held to be the symbol of friendship, having mingled itself with the most pleasant experiences, as well as the most solemn occurrences of life, and say what was the likely result of such an ordeal operating on an organism such as that of our national poet. I do not know how you may conclude in your judgment, but to me it would have seemed more strange if Burns had escaped. I cannot resist the temptation of saying that at least the strong condemnation of Burns seems to me to come with a bad grace from any man who now, with clearer light and less temptation, supports those customs which proved so disastrous to the poet. (Applause.) Whilst we condemn any habit in others, I think we should as far as possible mingle with our reproof the spirit contained in Burns' own immortal lines:—

"Then gently scan your brither man,
Still gentler sister woman:
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it."

(Applause.) I sometimes speculate what Burns might have been if he had lived under better influences. Had he lived, for example, in our own times, when the facilities for physical and intellectual enjoyment are so largely increased compared with what they were sixty to one hundred years ago, when his great powers would have had more ample scope—flowing in channels more akin to his better nature. Had he had platforms from which to pour out the eloquence he possessed, or the field that the press now offers to talent, there can be little doubt that his life would have been a brighter and a happier one. We know his aspirations were after a higher order of enjoyment for his humble brethren—(applause)—and that in his best days he evinced this by his connection with that society in Tarbolton, of which he was the founder and the principal support, and by the use he made of the slender opportunities he had. But all such speculations are idle, except in so far as they may indicate our own duty. No Scotchman can look back to the closing years of our greatest national poet without feeling that his country might have done better for such a man—might have smoothed his rugged fortune, and brightened his closing days. The lesson speaks of the past, but it speaks also to ourselves. It has been said that it requires a century to produce such a man as Burns, and so even now there may be born such another in our native land; and the question may be put practically to us, how will you treat him? With the proud swell of independence in his heart, will he be left in his days of weakness to brood over the neglect of his countrymen; or will the kindly eye visit him, and the kindly hand assist him? If we have not so learned, then we have mistaken the lesson, and our present meetings are but hollow show. (Applause.)

Songs were then sung by Miss O'Connor, Mr. Locke, and Mr. Imrie.

Thomas N. Brown, Esq., next addressed the meeting, and said—When the clouds which hung lowering and portentous over the fortune and the fate of our national bard burst asunder in the blaze of his Edinburgh fame, we find Burns writing to Gavin Hamilton in these terms:—"I am in a fair way of becoming as eminent as Thomas à Kempis or John Bunyan, and you may expect henceforth to see my birthday inscribed among the wonderful events in the Poor Robin and Aberdeen almanacs along with the Black Monday and the battle of Bothwell Bridge." The poet's earliest patron must have been eminently gratified to learn the conquest Burns had made of the *élite* of Edinburgh society. What swift and sudden contrast of situation did that epistle disclose to the warm-hearted Mauchline writer! But a few

months ago and the name now on all lips, whether of the great, the learned, or the fair in the Scottish capital, seemed likely to become a name more intimately associated with a negro plantation than a nation's minstrelsy. Few better knew or better appreciated the powers of the bard than Gavin Hamilton, yet it is probable even Gavin Hamilton inly smiled at the half jest, half earnest association of his name with the world-famous names of a Kempis and Bunyan. Nor need we marvel that he should have done so. Friendship veils faults and exaggerates excellencies; but the most comprehensive and far-reaching sagacity is needed fully to appreciate genius;—only to anointed eyes does genius reveal itself. Over the methods by which it works the common understanding is unable to cast a plummet. To single out from among the mass of men all living for their generation, and all destined to die with their generation, the one man of whom it may be truthfully predicted this man is not for an age, but for all time, is a task to which few are equal. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and often genius alone knoweth its own greatness. In that seemingly random selection of names by which to illustrate his future celebrity, Burns very exactly foreshadowed the character of his renown. Thomas à Kempis and John Bunyan, the mystic of the middle ages and the marvellous dreamer of Elstow, are found alike in the mansion of the noble and the sheiling of the peasant, but as the people's prophets are they specially honoured. The songs of Burns resound in castle and in hall, but as the poet of the people the memory of the bard is encircled with a wreath that shall be green for ever. Since the day those three ragged and straggling volleys from the carbines of the gentlemen volunteers of Dumfries announced all that was mortal of Burns had been committed to its kindred dust, the fame of the bard has so grown and broadened on the poetical horizon, that all must feel how little such assemblies as this, or even such a day as this, is needed to diffuse or perpetuate his renown. (Cheers.) That voice which, a hundred years ago, rose in lowly cadence in yon auld clay biggin' by the banks o' bonny Doon, is heard on every wave and sounds on every sea. Fame so universal can receive but little expansion. Indeed all now left to even the most enthusiastic admirers of our national bard is simply to cast a few insignificant pebbles on the mighty cairn already towering to his glory from out the rock of humanity. (Applause.) But though the memory of the poet cannot possibly profit, we may profit much by this centenary. If the homage this night offered to his shade be not a hollow mockery, it is impossible it should fail to exert at once a potent and salutary influence upon modern society. The sincerity of that homage will be best discovered by interrogating ourselves whether it is simply a fashionable idol we follow the multitude to honour, or Robert Burns as he lived, laboured, loved, sung, and suffered, to whom the incense of our admiration spontaneously arises. On the honest answer to that question it depends whether it is a star among the stars of mortal night, or merely a will o' the wisp risen from out the fens of death, to which we have surrendered ourselves. I know there are those ready to tell us that in doing honour to Burns we lift our eyes rather to a baleful meteor than a light from heaven. But on a night such as this we have little taste for either quarrelling or arguing with these good people. If it affords them any gratification to think and speak as badly as possible of their brother man, then by all means let them cherish their antipathies. Only this caution we give them, and give them in the kindliest spirit—have a care not to confound envy, malice, and uncharitableness with holy zeal. (Cheers.) During the last few weeks some things have been said and some things have been written of our national bard which indicate that malice with its mask, and venom with its dart, are not yet wearied with assailing his reputation. The tirade of one of the most self-complacent of the clergy of the Scottish metropolis—a report of which I presume most of those I am now speaking to have seen in the newspapers—is worthy of no serious answer. It would be doing the Church of Scotland the grossest injustice to suppose that rev. gentleman any representative of her sentiments respecting this centenary. What motive prompted his outburst of impotent spleen, it would be difficult to determine. But in presence of such an ebullition of rage these words of the wise man flow to our lips, and commend themselves to our judgment—"Answer not a fool according to his folly." (Cheers.) I shall not disgust and outrage this audience by any recapitulation of that rev. gentleman's abuse. Even had the abuse been merited, we might have anticipated a preacher of that charity which covereth a multitude of sins, would not have so rudely violated

> "The spell by nature bound
> Around the voiceless dead—
> The spell that softens censure's sound,
> And guards the dreamless bed."

(Cheers.) But this, it appears, would have been expecting too much in such a quarter. Very well. Be it so. We are, after all, not greatly alarmed at the reverend man being so very irreverent as to lose his temper. The

city where, in other days, a Blair, a Blacklock, and a Dugald Stewart did homage to Coila's bard, and where, in our own day, a Wilson, a Miller, a Chambers, and an Aytoun, have been prompt to offer him the profoundest homage, whether of their genius or their toil, is not to be disgraced by the diatribes of a Nisbet. (Loud applause.) History tells how the temple of Ephesus was fired to render a fool famous. Has the Doctor of Divinity taken a hint from the ancient incendiary? (Laughter.) Pity it is we cannot congratulate him on his success. His utmost virulence is, after all, but a toothless satire. The Bard of Rydal Mount sung of Burns as him who walked in glory and in joy behind his plough upon the mountain side. "Nisbet's drunken ploughman" is but a poor companion picture to that noble image of the hierophant of Scottish song the genius of Wordsworth has enshrined in all hearts. And with your leave, friends, we shall turn the rev. gentleman's picture to the wall, more in pity than contempt for the bungling draftsman. (Loud cheers.) It is difficult for ordinary humanity to comprehend the pleasure certain splenetic natures find in depreciating the good and great by evoking on every occasion, whether in season or out of season, the foibles and the frailties with which that goodness or that greatness may have been associated. Once for all, we tell these people they may save themselves the trouble of setting the errors of Burns in array before us. Little, very little, of the evil he did was done in a corner. Quite as well as these candid friends can reckon it, we know the sum of his iniquity. But what then? Are we, therefore, because Burns was no "faultless monster," are we to refuse to mingle our voices in a nation's anthem to incomparable genius, or eye askance the spontaneous tribute of the children of our people to his transcendent worth? (Cheers.) Verily, verily, we envy not the men who offer us such counsel. And before bidding these cynics a long good night, we beg of them not to part company with us under any misapprehension. Let them not suppose, because we love and honour Burns that, therefore, we are ready to call good evil and evil good, put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. No, no! The distinction between right and wrong is still realizable by us. We can therefore distinguish between the merits and the shortcomings of the Bard so greatly beloved. In honouring genius we offer no tribute to vice. But while this is so, we have no notion in laying our votive wreath on the shrine of Burns that we are under any obligation to pause there to deliver a homily upon human frailty simply to keep some moody soul from becoming the victim of his own misanthropy. (Laughter and cheers.) The period has not very long since gone by—its echo rings through Scotland to this hour—when our Scottish forefathers were inspired with an all but universal passion for what they called "testimony bearing." Few things were then done or said that at all either ruffled their spirits, or jarred with their preconceptions, against which a testimony was not uplifted. To exonerate their consciences, they deemed it necessary to denounce nearly every shade of opinion not found in exactest harmony with their own—testimony not borne in most precise and specific phrase, duty had not been done. Not until the heresy had been raked fore and aft, with all the force and formality of a modern indictment, could the inward monitor rest in peace. The passion for testimony bearing has passed away. A man or a body of men is not now supposed to have homologated a heresy, simply because they have not been heard denouncing it from the housetops. Cannot the same rational rule of action and the same temperate mode of judging be extended to scenes and occasions such as this? The rule once fairly recognized, none would have the hardihood to assert that in honouring genius there was any indifference to virtue. Until the world is a much better world than it is now, there will always be a sufficiently numerous class to remember the errors of those whom fame has eternized in her long and lasting scroll. Small harm, therefore, as we think, can come of it, if to-night we agree to forget the spots in the splendour of the luminary on which we gaze. An age which seriously contemplated a statue to King Hudson will not be the worse but the better for having, on this 25th day of January, paused in the mad whirl of business and of pleasure to look for a little on a glory and a success altogether sequestered from the merely material glory and material success after which it wonders. In this stock-jobbing era, with the tone of the eternal melodies all but silenced in the din of the scramble for scrip, it is for our souls' health that we should occasionally look on other triumphs than the triumphs of upholstery. There are so many circles in which man is valued rather by what he has than what he is, that some people have a very great difficulty in recognizing any merit not found enjoying a fortune of something like a thousand a-year. (Laughter.) I hope I shall not be so misunderstood by any present as to have it supposed I either envied or was the enemy of any man enjoying that modest competency—quite the contrary. The assurance of our bread and butter, which a thousand a year brings with it, is not to be lightly esteemed. But it is one thing not to undervalue wealth,

and quite another thing to make of it the only passport to honour. (Cheers.) Much of the disquietude and unrest which the proud and sensitive soul of Burns endured sprung from the consciousness that to be poor was to be despised. His own stern independence did much to wipe away this reproach of the lot of the lowly. "A man's a man for a' that" taught the Scottish peasant to stand erect. That lay, in the hearts and on the lips of our countrymen, the spaniel-like spirit of abject submission to the behests of "their betters" which erewhile had characterized them, was clean gone for ever. (Cheers.) This revolution, methinks not unfit to compare with the labours of a Wallace and a Knox, was the work of Burns. (Cheers.) How utterly unworthy of him should we prove ourselves did we forget its worth. Certain good but timid folks have a fear lest this centenary should be found to foster a spirit of man worship, and, dreading any services that might even in the remotest degree be supposed to develop that inverted religion, shrink from offering to our national bard the homage they inly cherish. I dread not the result those timid friends contemplate with so much terror. Even were it demonstrated that their alarm was not wholly groundless there would remain for me this consolation—man worship is at least an improvement upon mammon worship. (Loud applause.) A too enthusiastic admiration of genius is not the sin that most easily besets a great commercial city. A very appropriate illustration of the fallacy of such a fear just occurs to me in connexion with an illustrious countryman, whose name has only to be mentioned to secure for it the warmest reception. I refer to Dr. Livingstone. (Great cheering.) When it was first proposed to honour the quondam cotton spinner—(laughter)—with our burgess ticket, official gentlemen looked grave, shrugged their shoulders, shook their heads, and went about during many days, living embodiments of how not to do it. Do you ask whence all this reluctance to confer honour where honour was due? Why, simply because though the greatness of Dr. Livingstone's discoveries could not be denied, the smallness of his salary was equally indisputable. (Loud laughter.) To give a burgess ticket to a man whose income, it could be proved, had been little more than £70 a-year, was to outrage the feelings of the snob people. (Renewed laughter.) We hope these gentlemen are not so ineffably disgusted with the Burns centenary as to be unable to forgive their countrymen and fellow-citizens for this day's fuss about a man whose salary, as an exciseman, never exceeded the salary of Glasgow's youngest honorary burgess. (Cheers.) Possibly even this centenary may do these gentlemen a service by enabling them to discover that sometimes the "pith o' sense" and "pride o' worth" are found with still less of the world's gear than is represented by either the gauger's income or the missionary's stipend. (Cheers.) The celebration at which, in common with our countrymen, we are this night assisting, is a grave and solemn rebuke to that merely material estimate of humanity, which forgets "the rank is but the guinea stamp," or fails to remember that in the eye of the veriest outcast there is a spark struck from His light, of whom the sun is but a beam. (Loud cheers.) Looked at from this point of view, this centenary becomes rather the propagandist of a forgotten truth than the herald of a baleful superstition. It is altogether foreign to my intention now either to attempt to analyze the character, or moralize over the fate of Burns. But, perhaps, you will pardon me one rapid glance at his brief and brilliant, if also somewhat sadly tragic, career. (Cheers.) Few lives in their every vicissitude, whether of glory or of gloom, are so transparent as is the life of Burns. His memoirs were written before the art of biography had been made subservient to the theory of the hero worshipper, and, in their perfect unreserve, seem a page torn from the primitive records of the race—a recovered echo of an earlier world. The child, the youth, the man, are there before us, and for all purposes, whether of guidance or of warning, we have, or at least may have, a perfect conception of the bard from the day the glee of childhood was first turned to tears by "a factor's snash," until the day when the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest. His biographers, thus spreading out before us in minutest detail, the most trivial equally with the most momentous incidents of his terrene pilgrimage, what wonder if the passions of time and of earth should be sometimes found staining the white radiance of eternity. (Cheers.) Given the heaven-piercing imagination, the penetrative intellectual glance, the heart a-glow with the most celestial, yet the most seductive of human passions—with a fatal weakness of will quite unequal to grapple with the titanic forces it had been its function to hold in check. If to these there is added a total lack of any pre-established harmony between circumstances and character, we shall have some faint conception of the secret of vicissitude, and the source of the many-coloured splendour and gloom which alternately irradiated and beclouded the brief day of Burns. The adverse fortune of his sire brought with it to the bard a heritage of woe. The severe depression of circumstances in which life's morning was passed, so disturbed the delicate sensibility of his spirit that he never afterwards recovered the

natural elasticity and serenity of soul, which, had fate been more propitious, would inevitably have been attained. As illustrating, better than any words of mine can illustrate, this gloomier phase of the poet's spirit, a letter written from Irvine to his father, some seven years before he was known to fame, may not be unacceptable to you:—

"To Mr. William Burness—Lochlea.

"Honoured Sir,—I have purposely delayed writing, in the hope that I should have the pleasure of seeing you on New-year's day; but work comes so hard upon us that I do not choose to be absent on that account, as well as for some other little reasons, which I shall tell you at meeting. My health is nearly the same as when you were here, only my sleep is a little sounder; and, on the whole, I am rather better than otherwise, though I mend by very slow degrees. The weakness of my nerves has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review past events, nor look forward into futurity; for the least anxiety or perturbation in my breast produces most unhappy effects on my whole frame. Sometimes, indeed, when for an hour or two my spirits are alightened, I *glimmer* a little into futurity; but my principal, and indeed my only pleasurable employment, is looking backwards and forwards in a moral and religious way. I am quite transported at the thought, that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid an eternal adieu to all the pains and uneasiness and disquietudes of this weary life; for I assure you I am heartily tired of it; and, if I do not very much deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it.

'The soul, uneasy, and confined at home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come."

"It is for this reason I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the 7th chapter of Revelation, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble enthusiasm with which they inspire me for all that this world has to offer. As for this world, I despair of ever making a figure in it. I am not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the flutter of the gay. I shall never again be capable of entering into such scenes. Indeed, I am altogether unconcerned at the thoughts of this life. I foresee that poverty and obscurity probably await me, and I am in some measure prepared, and daily preparing to meet them. I have but just time and paper to return you my grateful thanks for the lessons of virtue and piety you have given me, which were too much neglected at the time of giving them, but which I hope have been remembered ere it is yet too late. Present my dutiful respects to my mother, and my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Muir; and, with wishing you a merry New-year's day, I shall conclude.—I am, honoured Sir, your dutiful Son,

Robert Burns."

And yet in the very midst of this moody melancholy, beneath whose torpedo touch his most cherished aspirations withered, the master passion of his soul, like a great victorious summer's sun emerged from the deep shadows of the thunder cloud, bursts forth in supernal power and splendour. (Cheers.) No circumstances, however adverse, could quench the wish of which he so grandly sung—

"A wish,—I mind tis power,—
A wish that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast,
That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

(Loud cheers.) It may be, as has been remarked by one who has cast a profounder intellectual glance upon the works and the life of Burns, than any contemporary critic; it may be, the poems of Burns are but little rhymed fragments scattered here and there in the great unrhymed romance of his existence; for dear to us as are the poet's lays, it is impossible to deny that the man was greater than his works. (Loud cheers.) Yet who among us all can read or sing these incomparable lyrics without feeling their soul elate, their bosom's lord sit lightly on its throne, and a glory not of earth shed over this mortal scene. (Applause.) Whoever wishes to sound the depths of the Scottish heart must give their days and nights to Burns. A philosophy profounder than the philosophy of the schools, and a poetry with grace and beauty altogether beyond the reach of art, are his—or, rather, we should say, are the imperishable legacy he has left us his countrymen. We hope we shall not be accused of any desire to set class against class, when avowing that the works of this solitary peasant bard have done more for Scotland than all her coronated nobles put together. (Applause.) While teaching labour to forget its stoop, Burns knew better than any of labour's modern mentors how to rebuke the demagogue:—

"The wretch who would a tyrant own,
And the wretch, his true born brither,
Who would set the mob aboon the throne,

receive from him the same energetic denunciation. (Cheers.) Statesmen, we have sometimes thought, might do themselves a service by occasionally devoting a leisure hour to the productions of the Ayrshire Ploughman. Possibly, the Duke of Argyle and Lord Panmure had still been Cabinet Ministers, had they, in the critical hour their chief was yet undecided upon tinkering British law under Gallic inspiration, only whispered in the ear of Lord Palmerston—

"The kettle o' the kirk and state,
E'en though a clout should fail in't,
Deil a foreign tinkler loon
Shall ever ca' a nail in't."

If, while the British Cabinet was deliberating upon the answer to be given to that unlucky French despatch, Lord Palmerston had forwarded to the Foreign Office of France a copy of the patriotic stanza, the reputations of Statesmen on both sides the channel had probably been less tarnished to-day. It is not the first time the lays of Burns have startled European absolutism. A beautiful French translation of "Is there for honest poverty," in Saturday's Citizen, reminds us of the terror which seized the House of Hapsburg, when Ferdinand Friedligrath turned the soul-stirring lyric into the language of Luther. "A Man's a Man for a' that," done into German, was too much for the Austrian Kaiser, and accordingly a dungeon was the reward of the bard who had dared to give the sedition of the Scot a German tongue. Some theologians, from whom we had expected greater wisdom and better temper, have, it appears, been inquiring, on Sabbath last, what superlative fascination lay in Burns, that honours Milton, Dante, Gœthe had never received were so profusely lavished on his memory. A genial English litterateur shall answer. The philosophy of the universal love of Burns is thus beautifully expounded by Leigh Hunt in this week's Spectator. "What," he asks, "is the reason of this difference between the fond love of the memory of such a man as Burns and the no love at all for those other great men, Shakspeare himself not excepted? for personal regard mixes little with our astonishment at Shakspeare's genius—perhaps because of the very amount of the astonishment, and because we know little personally about him. The reason is, that Burns we do know; that we are astonished at him, but not enough to be oppressed with the astonishment; and that he fulfils all the other conditions necessary to universal regard. He is allied to the greatest minds by his genius, to the gravest by his grave thoughts, to the gayest by his gay ones, to the manliest by his independence, to the frail by his frailties, to the conscientious by his regrets, to the humblest ranks by his birth, to the poorest among them by his struggles with necessity; above all, to the social by his companionship, and to the whole world by his being emphatically a human creature, 'relishing all sharply, passioned as they.'"

Praise to the man!—a nation stood
Beside his coffin with wet eyes,
Her brave, her beautiful, her good,
As when a loved one dies.

And still, as on his funeral day,
Men stand his cold earth-couch around,
With the mute homage that we pay
To consecrated ground.

And consecrated ground it is—
The last, the hallowed home of one
Who lives upon all memories,
Though with the buried gone.

(Cheering, amid which Mr. Brown resumed his seat.)

George Troup, Esq., of the Daily Bulletin, afterwards addressed them, and rose amid much cheering. He said—Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen,—This meeting has been drawn together, I believe, under the auspices of the Ayrshire Society; and though, like others, I have seen "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and even "the streams around the Castle o' Montgomery," still I cannot make out any special claim to a connexion with Ayrshire; but when I was requested to take a part in your proceedings, it occurred to me that I might make some sort of plea for leaving the more gigantic, though I don't say more attractive meeting in the City Hall, for a part of the evening, on the ground that if I had not the first, I have at least the second geographical recommendation on this centenary of Robert Burns. (Cheers.) I quite admit all the charms of Ayrshire, but it cut one letter from the poet's name, which really was not Burns, but Burnes, and our eastern spelling is the better of the two. His father was one of the men of the Mearns, one of the many for whom the Mearns has not found a home, though I sometimes think that our craggy cliffs, Scotland's walls against the German ocean, from which, in a clear morning of summer, the sun seems to rise from a sea of silver covered by crimson and ruby tints, and shines down upon the thousand happy and pleasant homesteads in the fertile valley of Strathmore until he draws the purple curtains of the Grampians around him as day turns into evening—I think the Mearns might have formed a very fitting home for the infancy of a great poet, had not Ayrshire, by a mere accident of course, turned out to be the birthplace of Robert Burns. (Laughter and cheers.) The Burneses were long ago farmers in Kincardineshire, and some branches of the family continued till lately; perhaps they continue still to occupy large farms there. A vein of genius runs through some families; and although circumstances have led me to hear the greatest orators of our age in their happiest moods, yet I can remember none whose language was more marked by all the characteristics of genius, than the late provost Burnes of Montrose—a genial, kind, and warm-hearted, old gentleman when I knew him; but one whose age was full of fire, and whose conversation soon turned into eloquence. He was a cousin of Robert Burns, and one of his sons is now, I believe, presiding at the Montrose festival. We missed another in those dark

days when a fell revolt swept over India—for no more able diplomatist, no more gallant soldier, has been produced in the Indian service than Sir Alexander Burnes; alike an accomplished scholar, and a skilful warrior; brave, chivalrous, and daring, he fell the first in the Cabul massacre, the victim of that wreck which he had predicted, but could not prevent. (Loud cheers.) Another brother, who has been long in the Indian service, like Sir Alexander, has given us some works that will continue to be valued in Indian literature; and the fate of that gentleman's son formed one of the sad incidents in the horrors of this Indian mutiny. He carried with him for many weary miles through Oude, a little English girl, whose parents were both killed in their flight. They reached, as he thought, a place of safety, but they were given up to the rebels. The child died in Lucknow, and her guardian, the young officer, was murdered during the siege of the Residency at Lucknow, while Inglis was defending his desperate post, and Havelock, and Outram, and Campbell, and their men, were far away beyond the Ganges. (Loud applause.) There are remarkable circumstances in the celebration of this evening. Try to go back in thought a hundred years—back to the small cottage on the roadside beyond Ayr. The family then was very small, indeed, for Robert was the eldest son, and he was very young. It cannot be denied that the Mearns gave Ayrshire a good citizen in William Burnes—a splendid specimen of the farmer class in Scotland during the last century; or that Ayrshire gave William Burnes a good wife in Agnes Brown; and to these happy facts we are indebted for all that is good and noble in Burns' poetry. (Loud cheers.) But a hundred years ago when William Burnes was a gardener, and rented seven acres of land, that he thought to make a nursery, how vividly were the lines of one ballad verified—

> "Oh, little kenned my ain mother
> That day when she cradled me,
> The lands that I wad travel through,
> Or the death that I wad dee."

Agnes Brown could not dream a hundred years ago, this evening, that now, in all the parishes, and towns, and villages of Scotland—in the fairy temple more magnificent than the Cæsars ever owned, built for a home of art, and literature, and science in London—over the length and breadth of all the Anglo-Saxon land of America, in cities densely peopled now that then were nameless wilds—in the cities, and at the diggings, and on the pasture-walks of the then unknown Australia—on the farms of Southern Africa, and in its rapidly rising towns—above all we may now remember in the camps beside the watch-fires on the Nerbudda, the Jumna, the Gogra, and the Ganges—from Victoria on the island that forms the gate of China, to Victoria on the island that dominates the western coast of America—wherever our language is spoken, meetings without a parallel before in number would be assembled to honour the memory of the helpless infant to whom she fondly clung. (Loud applause.) Robert Burns has been represented as a ploughman—the peasant bard, and the poet of the agricultural labourer; but no man toiled through greater difficulties to keep his family around and with him than William Burnes. It is one of our Eastern customs; and he had learned it and more that was good and noble in his life on the farm of Clachnahill, where the poet's grandfather lived—a large farm, and now one of the best cultivated in Scotland. As his family grew up, William Burnes became rather a large than a small farmer, for it would seem that the smallest of the farms he held in succession contains nearly a hundred acres, although none of them were good, and he wanted capital to make them better. Robert Burns has been accused of intemperance. Well, it was not the crime of his youth: £7 a-year bounded his expenditure for clothes, and all else besides upon the farm of Lochlea. A man who has his bed and board free and confines all his other expenditure to £7 a-year, will not be often intemperate. It was not in Edinburgh, to an offensive extent, that he earned this character, for we have the testimony of Professor Dugald Stewart that he met him often, and heard nothing of that. He was fond of company—he was tortured by disappointments—he was weighed down by trials—he was weakened out, and he died soon perhaps from those years of weary toil on Lochlea; and he may have fallen a victim to the snares that society had set, and society is often pleased to retain yet, for the best and the most gifted of its sons. He was taken from following the plough to be the companion of divines and lawyers and judges, the nobles and the literati of Edinburgh, when that city was more brilliant than circumspect in its upper thousand. They kept him there for a time, and then, according to their own free and proffered testimony, when he was dead and gone, and could make no reply, according to their own volunteered testimony, they threw him an excisemanship, and tossed him into the midst of its temptations. I do not undervalue the class who are honoured by the dying years of the immortal bard being spent in the employment which they follow, but was an excisemanship the place for Robert Burns? (Cheers.) He was too independent—too outspoken—too much a Radical, though ever a constitutional

Radical—to win the favour of the great. (Cheers.) He could not bow and cringe and bend a supple knee to the guinea stamp, though he honoured the gold; so all that Scotland could offer to its noblest poet was an excise-manship—salary fifty pounds a-year, to keep a man and horse, with a deduction of fifteen pounds when the man grew sick. I do not adopt, defend, and vindicate the reckless satires of Burns. I ascribe them not to the teaching in the honoured home of William Burnes and Agnes Brown. (Cheers.) That produced the Cottar's Saturday Night, and much beside that the world will not let die. (Renewed cheers.) I ascribe them to the miserable opinions and practices then springing up in the Church of Scotland—notorious to us all—and let the Church take some part of the blame—if her teachers set to point the truth, pointed often to error's downward path. And while I will not adopt, and will not defend, all that Burns writes, I wish here to say that he was no hypocrite. (Cheers.) Old gentlemen should remember—old and very particular gentlemen, who have lived through life on four hundred a-year, without a will o' the wisp gleam of genius ever sparkling on their whitey-brown line of thought to lead them astray—they should remember, while knowing their need of the prayer—

> "Let not the errors of my youth,
> Nor sins remembered be,"

(Cheers)—that Burns had no old age,—scarcely a manhood—he died at 37. He left the world, but left behind him traces of genius so brilliant that they will never be forgot. The thousand gems of songs he gave the world will sparkle for ever, while language is needed on the earth. His songs of the affections—the better class of them—have never been excelled by the most classical lyrist in any tongue. There are others objectionable; but let me say scarce so objectionable as boys and young men read at high class schools, and at College, as part of their daily work. Surely we all know that "Green grow the rashes?" Nobody here—the most starched-up and proper bachelor in the world—could safely deny that "bonny are the lasses"—(laughter)—and I don't know that it could be generally proved, upon a rigid inquiry, that there may not have been periods, in many men's lives, so bewitched, and stupid, and unpractical, that

> "Warly cares, an' warly men,
> May a' gae tapsalteerie."

(Renewed laughter.) And I do not know that there be many in the world who could tell you well how truly he sung of smitten hearts when his own was wrung in sorrow; for we have not an uninspired composition that tells the mourner's tale, when the coffin of her he loved is on the tressel, like that which says—

> "Oh! pale, pale now those rosy lips,
> I aft hae kissed sae fondly;
> And closed for aye the sparkling glance
> That dwelt on me sae kindly.
> And mouldering now in silent dust,
> The heart that lo'ed me dearly;
> But still within my bosom's core
> Shall live my Highland Mary."

(Cheers.) I have said elsewhere that Robert Burns was an artist, and his pictures were songs—a generous, gentle-hearted, kindly artist, as all who read his poem with the lines—

> "The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft agee;"

his lines to the Mountain Daisy, his sorrow o'er the Wounded Hare, his verses of the heart, the weary heart tired of hope deferred,

> "When wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
> An' gentle peace returnin' "—

will testify. (Cheers.) His poëtry is often poetry because it is good-hearted and natural. I admire the noble politics of the farmer, sitting in the ben of Lochlea, whose penetrating eye saw clearly and thoroughly the line of politics that should actuate every British heart, if we would wish those who come after us to be the citizens of a great empire capable of saying to the world, by its power and its strength, be at peace, or capable of crushing the wrong-doer and his wrong.

> "Be Britain still to Britain true,
> Amang oursels united;
> For never but by British hands
> Maun British wrangs be righted."

(Cheers.) I admire his patriotism, and the noble war hymn that has pealed o'er many a red and well-fought, well-won field since then. Dibdin had a pension for his naval songs; Burns had an excisemanship for Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled. But its spirit and its words clung to bleeding men when this Roncesvalles field was won—inspired weary men in the marvellous charges of Waterloo; and when our 93d—the best regiment, morally and physically, in any service, dashed through a narrow window, man after man, into the fiery furnace of Secunderbagh, and after hours of struggling, took red retribution for the cruelties and the wrongs of Cawnpore, be sure that glorious war-song was like balm to the dying hearts whose closing eyes were never to look again on the hills they loved well. And I admire the proud independence of the man. He deemed the song

a trifle—a *vive la bagatelle*—that was to nerve millions of sinking hearts. He found many of his countrymen not like the rock from which the prophet struck crystal streams, but bowing, soft, and yielding, like the sand which the sea sweeps o'er. He touched the bank of mud with the wand of genius, and it was covered with the holly bushes and the evergreens of a sturdy independence. He taught his countrymen the art of being independent, though poor, when he sang—

> "Is there for honest poverty,
> Who hangs his head and a' that—
> The coward slave we pass him by,
> And dare be poor for a' that."

(Applause.) And, sir, I dare not pronounce the name, or breathe the word in this meeting, yet when he told us "the rank is but the guinea stamp," and added "the man's the gowd for a' that," he founded for us proceedings in other places and at other times—that was one well-spring of a movement that I should not name. I shall never speak again at a centenary of Robert Burns' birth. We can never meet more for the purpose we have met to-night. It will be celebrated next time by our grandchildren and our great-grandchildren, and we shall all be forgotten on the earth. But we can go out now again to our several duties in the world, with a warmer love to the land he loved dearly; and, in our hearts, a warmer wish for its prosperity and its social improvement and progress. On our different ways we can have no better guide than the poet's prayer:

> "Stranger, go, Heaven be thy guide,
> Quo' the bedesman of Nithside."

(Great applause.)

Mr. Robert Young then said—We have now come to the conclusion of a long programme, and, if I can judge aright, I am sure we have all spent a very happy evening—(cheers)—one, I am certain, we will all be delighted to designate as one of the most intellectual and truly great meetings ever we have had the pleasure of being at. All of us must feel under a deep debt of gratitude to those gentlemen who have addressed us. I have, therefore, much pleasure in proposing that we give them our warmest thanks for the very excellent display of talent with which we have been treated this evening. (Loud applause.) I am quite sure I express the sentiments of this meeting when I say we all wish that they may be long spared to occupy the very high position which their oratorical abilities entitle them to. It may be considered quite superfluous for me to utter any eulogium upon the character of our chairman; but I cannot refrain from congratulating this meeting upon their having secured to preside at this celebration of Burns' Centenary the services of what the Poet terms "the noblest work of God," an honest man; and I have not the slightest doubt that the chairman, whose whole life has shown disinterested effort to elevate the condition of his fellow-men, will feel as much gratification and pleasure in occupying his present position here to-night as if the company had numbered amongst them at least a dozen titles, and the tickets cost one guinea each. (Loud cheering.)

With the exception of Miss Aitken's renderings, the remaining part of the programme was musical—the vocalists being Miss O'Connor, Messrs. Locke, Muir, and Walker. The reading of the "Cottar's Saturday night" was much admired, and loudly applauded. "Auld Langsyne" brought the programme to a pleasant termination, after which the company separated, to meet again in the "mystic mazes of the dance"—festivities which were kept up to a suitable hour.

THE ROYAL HOTEL.

A select party of between forty and fifty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous Scotch dinner in Carrick's Royal Hotel, George-Square. James Hedderwick, Esq., Editor of the *Citizen*, and author of "Lays of Middle Age," occupied the chair, supported by Bailie Harvey, Daniel Macnee, Esq., R. S. A., Duncan Smith, Esq., of Messrs. Charles Tennant & Co's., Robert Somers, Esq., Editor of the *Morning Journal*, Thomas Davidson, Esq., Charles Griffin, Esq., Dr. Johnstone, &c., &c. James B. Gartley, Esq., officiated as croupier, supported by Councillor Allan, Alexander Smith, Esq., author of "A Life Drama," James Pagan, Esq., of the *Herald*, Patrick Alexander, Esq., James Beith, Esq., &c., &c. Among the company were Walter Alexander, Esq., William Cross, Esq., author of "The Disruption," &c., P. B. Junor, Esq., George E. Ewing, Esq., sculptor, David Kemp, Esq., &c., &c. The room was festooned with laurel, and otherwise tastefully decorated. A handsomely framed copy of the engraving from Mr. Macnee's admirable portrait of Burns, graced the wall; and in a niche, relieved on a background of crimson drapery, was a beautiful statuette of the poet, prepared for the occasion by Mr. Ewing. After the introductory toasts,

The Chairman (Mr. Hedderwick), who was received with great applause, said—I have now to ask you to do honour to the sentiment which has brought us together this night. To propose in adequate terms "The Memory of Robert Burns" would, even under ordinary circumstances, be a difficult task. On this, however,

his first centenary birthday, when so many are assembled in this and in other cities, and in this and in other countries, to commemorate his brief tragic life, and to do honour to his immortal name—and in the face of the solemn reflection, that not another centenary birthday of the poet can occur until all, or almost "all the breathers of this world are dead,"—I feel that the duty I have undertaken to discharge is greatly increased in magnitude. Burns was himself peculiarly sensitive to anniversary impressions. It was on the anniversary of their last parting on earth that he addressed, in strains so fervid and memorable, the image of his "Mary in Heaven." (Cheers.) This tendency to connect past events with certain periodic returns of time, has a deep foundation in human nature, and is especially a characteristic of Scotchmen. Indeed I do not recollect in the history of any other country or race so universal a poetic revival as that which is taking place at this moment throughout Scotland, and among Scotchmen throughout the world. For months past city has been calling unto city, and town answering unto town. The manner in which this Burns' movement has spread has reminded me of the time so vividly depicted by another illustrious Scotchman, Sir Walter Scott, when the "fiery cross" was borne from village to village, and when everywhere a cry was taken up, and a common enthusiasm kindled. (Applause.) And what, in this modern instance, has been the object? Why, the sole object of this remarkable patriotic rising has been to give expression to a memory and a sentiment! Surely, such a spectacle is not without significance, or rather, I should say, is not without some deep and beautiful meaning, occurring, as it does, in the midst of an intensely industrial age. To my mind it shows that, amid all the din of machinery, the ear of mankind is still exquisitely awake to every appeal of the affections. It shows that the fresh and tender spirit which dwells in the heart of the child never wholly dies within the bosom of the man. It shows that all of us, even the strongest—the most worldly—the most money-seeking—have yet, if we would but confess it, a certain soft warm something, not always guessed by the world, beating under our left waistcoat pockets. (Applause and laughter.) How else could it be, that he who has given the most delicate and earnest utterance to the gentler and nobler feelings of our nature, should have left behind him such a name to conjure with? (Cheers.) "Spirits are not thus finely touched but to fine issues;" and in the multitudinous meetings of this night, I believe that some little is being done to expedite the time

> "When man to man the warld o'er,
> Shall brithers be and a' that."

(Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, when I reflect that wherever any half-dozen Scotchmen are assembled, there this night must be a Burns' festival, I find myself haunted by a fear that, great as our national poet undoubtedly was, the language of eulogy may reach such a pitch as to defeat its end. Great reputations are at all times liable to be assailed by the intellects which they dwarf. (Hear.) Shakspeare himself has not escaped. Some of you may remember a lively sketch by John Leech, in which that celebrated humorist represented a "young hopeful"—one of those *gents* in peg-tops, who put a cigar into their mouths to conceal their lack of beard—(laughter)—exclaiming, with the air of a literary aspirant whose verses had appeared in a provincial newspaper, "Haw! it's my opinion that Shakspeare is a very much overrated man." (Much laughter.) Now, what if a reaction should ensue in connection with this Burns' centenary, the result of a too exuberant apotheosis? (Hear, hear.) To be confidential with you, I had some notion of trying to throw a little shade into the picture. I began to muse upon the weaknesses and the aberrations of genius. Like Wordsworth—but in a more critical mood—

> "I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride;
> Of him who walked in glory and in joy,
> Behind his plough upon the mountain side."

My purpose was to be calm, unimpassioned, and somewhat more censorious than the Poet of the Lakes; but, I may as well confess to you at once, that it melted before the fire of Burns' genius. (Cheers.) I found that an attempt had been made a long while ago to tone down what was conceived to be a "Burns mania." The example was not encouraging. It began and ended with an old woman. (Laughter.) Mrs. Dunlop, the early patroness of Burns, had a venerable housekeeper—a kind of female Caleb Balderstone, zealous for the honour of the family, who ventured to remonstrate with her mistress upon the impropriety of her cultivating an acquaintance with a person of so low a condition in life. In order to put her respected domestic into a more charitable frame of mind, Mrs. Dunlop handed her a manuscript copy of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," desiring that she should read it. This she of course did, and her answer was one which greatly delighted the author when it was reported to him:—"Aweel," said she, "that's verra weel, and I dinna wonder at folks o' quality being astonished; but as for me, I've

seen the same thing in my ain faither's house mony a time, and he couldna hae described it ony ither gate." (Laughter and cheers.) Like this worthy old Scotchwoman I completely failed in my scheme of moderating the enthusiasm for Burns. I had, in fact, no alternative but to blend what loyal voice I could in the universal chorus. (Applause.) To say truth, the time is past for attempting to lower the position of Burns among the immortals. (Hear.) At the outset I find myself confronted by a success which I cannot gainsay, and for which I dare only try to account. The enthusiasm which now prevails is not a thing of yesterday. It began during his life. It turned the heads of the "Tarbolton lasses," and the "belles of Mauchline." It shook the rafters of many a masonic lodge and jovial *howf* in various parts of Ayrshire. On the wings of the Kilmarnock press it spread over all Scotland, penetrated the high places of learning in classic Edinburgh "throned on crags," and broke in tears and penitence over the poet's grave at Dumfries. (Loud cheers.) I say penitence, not because I consider that the contemporaries of Burns were particularly to blame for his life of struggle, but because his countrymen, touched by his early death, thought bitterly on what he had suffered. It is not, I hold, the business of any age to seek out and elevate its men of genius. Such enterprise would be Quixotic, and liable to all the errors of caprice and fashion. Genius of the highest kind can never indeed be known until proved by its own immortalness. (Cheers.) But if, from inevitable causes, Burns found Scotland a poor enough land to live in, it at least proved for him a sufficiently glorious land to die in. (Hear.) Ten thousand people thronged to his funeral. Every scrap of his burly hand-writing became a treasure. The public sorrow took visible shape in stone and marble. Not a favourite haunt of his but became immediately and for ever classic. Why, the very stool on which he had sat while correcting his proof-sheets in Edinburgh was elevated into an object of respect! (Cheers.) I suppose it has long since been broken up into snuffboxes. (Laughter.) Thirty-eight years after his death—a longer period than his whole life had been—his mausoleum was opened to admit the remains of his "bonnie Jean," and forthwith the phrenologists were at his cranium, to ascertain whether genius like his were in any way measurable with callipers. (Laughter.) When, in the doom which overtakes all things human, his household goods came to be scattered, how marvellously had their value risen! An old fender on which he had been accustomed to toast his toes, while crooning, it might be, his immortal "Vision" in the flickering hearth-light, brought twentyfold its original cost. The top of a superannuated shower-bath, which had been employed to drench away a poetic rheumatism, was run up to a fabulous sum. A dilapidated coffee-pot, a pair of bellows sorely afflicted with asthma, and other such lumber, commanded prices which, had there only been more of them—and they might easily have been multiplied—might have supplied funds sufficient to pension all his relations for life. (Laughter and cheers.) But perhaps the piece of household furniture which excited most attention was an eight-day clock. As that article was neither made in London nor in Paris, I should not like myself to put a price upon it. It was the production of a Mauchline artist. I am not aware that Mauchline has been at any time famous for clocks. (Laughter.) Perhaps a liberal valuator might have been inclined to appraise it at—say thirty shillings. But that clock had been often wound up by the hand which penned "The Jolly Beggars," "Tam o' Shanter," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!" "My Nannie O," and "Auld Langsyne." (Cheers.) I will not say, too, that it had not many a queer story to tell about "The wee short hour ayont the twal!" (Laughter.) At all events, it was ultimately knocked down, not at thirty-shillings, but at thirty-five pounds, the purchaser considering himself fortunate, as the limit he had fixed was sixty! (Loud cheers.) From that time the Burns' *furore* has certainly not abated. Fifteen years ago it exploded in the vicinity of Ayr. On that occasion 80,000 of his countrymen assembled in commemorative festival. (Hear.) The object was to give a national welcome to his three sons—then all living, and in Scotland. At the head of that mighty gathering was Lord Eglinton, the noble representative of that house of Montgomerie, on which the great peasant-poet had conferred immortality in song. (Cheers.) There was the stately and fervid Professor Wilson, who so long occupied a brilliant place in the literature of Scotland; and who, had he been alive, would have been filling not the least conspicuous of the Burns' chairs this night. (Cheers.) There, too, although disabled by hoarseness, was that other John Wilson, who, through England and America, had sung the songs of Scotland, in all their uproarious humour and deep tearful pathos, as no other man could; and who, had he been spared, would have been enjoying, at this hour, not the least glorious of his "Nichts wi' Burns." (Great applause.) Vast, however, as was the enthusiasm then displayed, how incalculably is it at this moment eclipsed! What chance should I have in attempting any nice balance of the poet's merits, in the midst of such an out-

burst of hero-worship? With what face could I hint at failings prompted and palliated by the manners of the peasantry and people amongst whom his lot was cast? (Cheers.) How would his own tender pleading rise up against me, that, "to step aside is human?" (Hear, hear.) Above all, might I not be stunned and shamed with the argument that Burns is in his grave—that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well," and that the object of our meeting this night is not to discuss the frailties of the man, but to do honour to the genius of the bard? (Immense cheering.) The world, gentlemen, is not easily moved. Its plaudits are what many sigh for, and what not a few die for. (Hear.) As Sir Walter Scott says, "I love a hackneyed quotation." I may, therefore, be pardoned for quoting the familiar lines of Beattie:—

> "Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
> The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"

Yet one hundred years ago "there was a lad was born in Kyle," whose circumstances were humble—whose lot was one of hard labour—who had not even the advantage of length of life—and who yet, with matchless ease, and merely, as it were, by letting out his broad and massive nature upon the world, vaulted into fame, and whom a grateful nation is proud, at this day, to rank among its most illustrious dead. (Applause.) What spell did this man possess to exercise an influence so potent? Go into the fields, and observe any ploughman at his toilful and monotonous occupation, and ask what chances that man has of making his name ring through the world, and down through the "corridors of time?" Such was the position of Burns, and yet what a triumph has been his!—a triumph infinitely exceeding that of all the alumni of all the universities of his time! (Loud cheers.) The "auld clay bigging" in which he was born glows in the illumination of his childhood. His "priestlike father," his schoolmaster Murdoch, the Annies and Nannies of his early love, the "rough, rude, ready-witted Rankines" of his jovial hours, the country gentry who courted, and the few titled people who patronized him, live in the light of his genius. If he even paused to pity a poor horse, or hare, or mouse, or daisy, or to spare "the symbol dear" of auld Scotland by turning his weeder-clips aside, the thing became from that time immortal. (Cheers.) How poor now do the crowns of our dead kings, and the glory-wreaths of our departed conquerors, appear beside the holly with its "berries red" which Coila bound around his brows! (Cheers.) How are the images of our great ones fading—those who walked under triumphal arches, and passed between houses "peopled to the chimney-tops"—and how are the stalwart limbs, the rounded shoulders, and the great dark luminous eyes of the poor Ayrshire ploughman, and despised Nithsdale *gauger*, enlarging upon the canvas of the past! (Loud applause.) I cannot account for all this, except upon the principle that Burns was made of finer clay than falls to the ordinary lot of mortals. All of you, I daresay, remember how, in his youth, he picked the nettle-sting from the hand of a "bonnie sweet sonsie lass"—how that nettle-sting became a Cupid's dart in his fiery fancy—and how love and song had a simultaneous birth in his heart. The presence of my distinguished friend, Mr. Macnee, reminds me with what charming grace and felicity he many years ago transferred that romantic incident to the canvas. (Great applause.) That, gentlemen, was but the beginning of a susceptibility which rendered him sometimes the slave and sometimes the victim of all outward impressions. But with all this exquisite tenderness Burns was every inch a man. "He had misfortunes great and sma', but aye a heart abune them a'." What wonder that we should "a' be proud o' Robin!" (Cheers.) What wonder that we should love the scenes hallowed by his song! (Hear, hear.) Never shall I forget the first time I gazed upon the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon." It was when all Ayrshire was alive with the excitement and the splendours of a great medieval pageant. How beautiful to me was the quietude of that sylvan scene! The chivalrous procession is passed. The noble jousters have "folded their tents like the Arabs;" he who was the Lord of the Tournament occupies a vice-regal chair; and one who figured there in an humbler capacity is seated on an imperial throne. (Hear, hear.) What a change in the twenty years which have elapsed! Yet to this day that sweetly-wooded stream wears the same aspect of tender beauty which it did then, while its "little birds" chant forth the same melodies of almost unutterable sadness. So, too, will it be when those now high in worldly position shall be only dimly known in history, and when a new generation of Scotchmen shall assemble in grander halls, and with illustrations borrowed from a new race of poets, to celebrate the second centenary of Burns. (Cheers.) Let us not, however, on so joyous an occasion as this, wax melancholy. Our national poet was a man of divers moods; and when Professor Wilson tells us that he has heard "O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut" sung after a Presbytery dinner, with the deep bass of the moderator mingling in the chorus, shall we be greatly to blame if, for a brief space, we participate in the spirit of his more joyous moments? (Great merriment.) At the same

time, if any of you should shout to the waiter, "Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine," I trust it will only be that he may drink "a service to his bonny lassie;" or if, altogether, we should agree to "tak a cup o' kindness yet," I trust it will not be, any more than with Burns, for the vulgar love of the liquor, but only "for auld langsyne." (Cheers and laughter.) Gentlemen, had it been possible to assemble all the admirers of Burns under one roof, you would, I daresay, have been listening at this moment to higher eloquence than mine. There was, however, no help for it but to break the mass into sections. Here are we, then, as I said at the outset, but one of a multitude of gatherings, all animated by a kindred emotion. I have too lively a recollection of the fable of the Frog and the Ox to seek to measure this meeting with the colossal demonstrations taking place elsewhere. Nevertheless, when I look around this table, and see the select and choice spirits whom I have the honour to address, I do not, I confess, altogether despair of exciting just the least possible sensation of envy on the part of some of our friends who may perhaps have soared higher and fared worse. (Hear, hear, laughter, and cheers.) At the same time, let us not be uncharitable: let us rather rejoice that the unfortunates who could not by any possibility gain admission here, have overflowed until they have filled all our other public halls! (Great laughter and applause.) Nothing but the intense humanity of Robert Burns could have given such numbers to this movement. (Hear.) But what need that I should attempt to analyse his merits? What are words when overtopped by the majesty of circumstance? How can I presume to add one stone to a cairn already towering to the heavens? In the universality of this commemoration there is an eloquence which enfeebles all speech, and a glory which dims all display. (Cheers.) Suffice it that we, as Scotchmen, feel a debt of gratitude to him who was the first to popularize the sentiment of "daring to be poor," the first to cause the truth to be widely and proudly recognized among his countrymen that, apart from the accidents of fortune, "a man's a man for a' that." (Cheers.) As our own Campbell has said,

"His lines are mottoes of the heart."

Who, let me ask, has imparted such purity to love, such warmth to friendship, such dignity to labour, such courage to misfortune, such fire to patriotism, such sovereignty to moral worth? (Great applause.) Even, too, in his first great gush of poetry, when, at Mossgiel, he put forth those racy and brilliant epistles to his brother bards, and those scathing and merciless satires on the "unco guid" which we are apt to consider somewhat irreverent, we find him exclaiming—

"All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a Muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line,
Thus dares to name thee;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee!"

(Cheers.) Irrespectively of the floods of song on which Burns has floated into all hearts for ever, a certain halo of greatness surrounds his name. Wonderful as his poems are, they appear only as broken lights of the man. All who came in contact with him seem to have been profoundly impressed with the force and brilliancy of his intellect. The dashing Duchess of Gordon had never met with a man whose conversation "carried her so completely off her feet:" the clever Mrs. Riddell—herself an authoress—declared that "poetry was actually not his forte." (Hear.) Taking him, then, for all in all—taking the influence of his life, and the moral of his death—I believe that Scotland is infinitely the better for Burns having lived. (Cheers.) His ambition was to do something for his country, and, if he could do no better, to "sing a sang at least." The effect of what he actually achieved has been to make love sweeter, integrity bolder, hypocrisy more abashed. (Applause.) The effect has been to link the Ayr, the Lugar, and the Doon, with the Tweed and the Yarrow, as haunts of the Scottish muses through all time. (Cheers.) The effect has been to bind Scotchmen more to Scotland, and to make the Scotch abroad more intensely Scotch than even their countrymen at home. Our Scottish nationality—there is no use to deny it, or to struggle against it—is becoming year by year merged in the common nationality of England. (Hear.) As, however, the waters of the Ohio retain their distinctive colour for miles and miles after their junction with the Mississippi, so, in like manner, must the Scotch as a people continue to be tinctured with their picturesque and heroic past. (Applause.) Burns stands, as it were, proud in his peasant garb, at the confluence of the two nations as, in many essential characteristics, our noblest representative man. (Cheers.) Let but Scotchmen continue to be nurtured in the manly spirit of Burns—then, in his own lofty words—

"Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle."

(Loud applause.) Gentlemen, on this the hundredth anniversary of our poet's birthday, let

us rise up, and, with full hearts and full glasses, do honour to his genius. Here, within these walls, we are comparatively few in number, but let us be great in enthusiasm. If, indeed, at this moment the shade of the bard is hovering over his beloved Scotland, let not ours be the least audible of the myriad voices everywhere swelling with the same burden. Let us, in a word, drink as it deserves to be drunk—not with the silence of a recent bereavement, but with the enthusiasm due to a completed renown, and to a glory which is still ours—"The Immortal Memory of Burns." (The toast was drank amidst cheering again and again renewed.)

The CROUPIER proposed "The Lord Provost and Magistrates."

Bailie HARVEY replied in neat terms.

Mr. THOMAS DAVIDSON then gave, in a very able and eloquent address, "The Sister Arts of Painting and Sculpture," to which Mr. MACNEE gave a brilliant response, relieved by a variety of illustrative anecdotes which kept the company "in a roar."

Councillor ALLAN proposed, in an effective manner, "The members for the City." (Applause.)

Mr. JAMES B. GARTLY then rose and said—May I invite you now to extend somewhat the sphere of your thought and sympathy, and, in like manner as we are accustomed, in circles perhaps more strictly social than even this one—all comfortable and jolly as it is, and will be, I hope, for some considerable length of time—to drain a loving bumper to the well-known but always acceptable toast—"Absent Friends"—may I ask you now to send your thoughts abroad over earth—to gather, as it were, into the fold of your affections those who, though not with us in body, are assuredly so in spirit. (Cheers.) For, upon such a night as this, I can well imagine the existence of an electricity of the soul, needing no instruments whereby to disseminate its influence, asserting itself wherever Scottish hearts beat—one universal feeling, pulsing to a common centre—that centre, this day of all the days in this or any year; and this country, of all countries, placed, though it be, on the very confines of what was once "The World." In asking you to spare a thought at this time to our "Brother Scots," wherever they may be, I only ask you to show that your admiration of the great man whose praises have been so truly and so eloquently pronounced this evening, is a real, a sincere admiration, and that the teachings of his genius have had due effect upon your hearts. If ever man loved his kind, Burns was that man; but in a most special manner did his large true heart glow and yearn towards his own country and his countrymen. (Cheers.) And so is it, I am proud to say, with all true Scotchmen. Indeed, we are held rather notorious for our tendency to band together—to give the "all hail" with peculiar fervour to those of our own soil, whether met here or elsewhere—our "clanishness" as it is somewhat sarcastically called, stinks in the offended nostrils of some of those not within the favoured pale. Let the reproach continue—I hail it as a badge of honour! (Cheers.) I wonder what character the manifestation of an entirely opposite feeling would confer upon us—of that genteel and polished indifference, for instance, that allows no claim of country or of brotherhood ever to ruffle the insipid surface of its prized equanimity; or, perhaps, of that exceedingly energetic spirit of world-embracing humanity, to which mere home interests are as nothing and vanity. Those are, indeed, heart-thrilling lines of our bard, and most delightedly do I agree with the spirit of them, and with my whole heart

> "Pray that come it may,
> As come it will for a' that,
> That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
> May bear the gree an' a' that—
> When man to man, the warld o'er,
> Shall brothers be an' a' that."

—(Cheers)—but let us, like Burns, begin at the beginning—let us lay the foundation of this general brotherhood, by cultivating, sincerely and strenuously, the feelings of brotherhood for those among whom heaven has placed us, and to whom we are bound by a common pride in a beloved country. I confess I have no faith in that merely cosmopolitan spirit, that too often leads men to overlook equally the means of happiness lying in their immediate vicinity, and the misery clinging round their very knees, and with straining eye—"distance lending enchantment to the view"—to look afar for objects upon which to lavish their ostentatious cares. On the contrary, I believe that from that heart only, where the home affections burn most brightly, purifying and elevating all else within it, can the true spirit of an enlightened patriotism take its rise—and, in like manner, and in due gradation, only from a heart thus wisely patriotic, can there issue forth that genuine, self-sacrificing philanthropy, whose gracious office it is to shed gradual light upon the dark corners of the earth, and to substitute, by virtue of a kindly continuity of effort, the amenities and refinements of civilization for the atrocities of barbaric life. (Cheers.) Most right and natural do I therefore esteem it to be that every leal Scottish heart should hold peculiarly dear everything Scottish. Is the secret of this love difficult to discover or to explain?

Is it not to be found mainly in the fact of the glorious heritage to which we all so proudly lay claim—that heritage of grand, imperishable memories, gained for us by the unstinted sacrifice of so much noble blood? Those, surely, whose fathers, in days long past, foiled the world-famous legions of Rome, held the field a Bruce led them to, greatly died for their religion, when nought else would do, have some cause, so long as they themselves blur not the glowing scutcheon, to look proudly into each other's eyes, while hand is laid in hand for the strong grasp of manly affection. (Cheers.) But if the far past gives ample reason for that pride of country which so knits together Scottish hearts, more recent, as well as present times, give forth no contrary evidence. I need not to call up before you any array of celebrated names or celebrated deeds. I trust that, without incurring the hateful charge of being vainglorious, I may safely say that Scotchmen have never been behind when discoveries were to be made, difficulties to be overcome, or dangers to be dared. They have always been at least fairly abreast—"shoulder to shoulder"—in the generous rivalry of fame. That assertion leaves, I trust, untouched all other just claims. My toast has reference to our "Brother Scots" both at home and abroad. As to those "at home," the mere fact of their being so dwarfs considerably their claim upon our sympathy as compared with that of those who have

"Ta'en anither shore,
An' owre the sea."

Confessedly we are somewhat given to travel —nay, are often severely twitted with being unduly so. A love for the "sweet South" is said to be sadly prevalent among us, and on this score many a laborious joke has been cracked at our expense. I do not know that we should greatly grieve at this. I think that, wherever we go, we generally give at least as good as we get; and I do not find the North to be wholly unattractive to those born nearer the sun. One thing is certain, that, go we far or near, we never ignore or become forgetful of the country we have left. A Scotchman, unmindful of Scotland when in a foreign land, is a monster the world ne'er saw. Among whatever scenes he may find himself placed—however grand, however various in all the aspects which beauty or sublimity may assume—

"Still dearer to him yon lone glen o' green bracken,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom"—

and often the weary sigh is heaved at the thought that he may neither listen to the sweet lulling murmurs of the one, nor refresh his jaded spirit in the cool seclusion of the other. To such, how dear the poetry of Burns; and how has that poetry kept alive, in exiled Scottish hearts, Scottish loves and Scottish remembrances! (Cheers.) Think of the lorn groups who, on some such occasion as this—it may be in the wild Australian bush—on the sultry Indian plains—by the banks of a Zambesi, or 'mid the solemn hush of some great forest of the western world—sing, with broken voice and suffused eye, such strain as "Auld Langsyne," their affections all the while tremblingly returning to the land and the friends left behind, to whom they, too, for the time, feel as if they would fain return. (Great applause.) I feel very sure, therefore, that, in many a remote nook of earth, this day is being celebrated with a depth of feeling to which we cannot attain. Exile alone can confer it. But one thing we can and must do—we must now, in all respect, in all affection bear upon our very heart of hearts, a warm and loving thought of those of our countrymen who, in distant lands, maintain their country's renown, either by the example of useful, honourable lives, or by the sterner attestation of warlike deeds in hard-fought fields. If ever Scotland had reason to glory in her sons, and to know that they still keep their proud position in the van of enterprise, she has that reason now. We have a Livingstone — impersonation of heroic endurance and generous self-sacrifice!—at last unravelling the long mystery of the great African continent — (Cheers) — single-handed, doing more to achieve the elevation of the African race, and the final extinction of slavery, than all the proud squadrons we have ever sent to lie rotting off yon doleful coasts—an Elgin, opening up to us a new world—penetrating, laying bare, at last, all the secrets and the wonders of Zipangu and the "far Cathay;" and last, though far, far from least—a Colin Campbell—Baron Clyde—with iron grasp wresting an empire from the ruthless and bloody hands that had madly dared to seize it, and then, in the calm dignity of a noble success, giving to the again unruffled brow of a grateful sovereign the regained diadem! once more undimmed—lustrous with a new and priceless glory! (Loud cheers.) These three glorious Scotchmen are the foremost men of all their time—to them, and to their gallant companions, Scotland willingly confides the preservation of her fame. But it is for us now, while drinking the toast I have the honour to propose, and by no means forgetting those nearer to us, to think—and let us do it with swelling hearts—of those brave men away in the burning Eastern climes; and while we most willingly give to each and all their due meed of praise, let it not be thought shame, if, at this moment, we

specially and fervently remember our beloved countrymen, who, in this great warfare, have borne so distinguished a part. Surely, surely, you need no one to tell you their deeds—through it all,

> "Bold, soldier featured, undismayed,
> They strode along!"

In our own good Doric, then, let us drink with special reference to Lord Clyde and the army in India,

> "Brither Scots at hame an' far awa!"

The toast was drunk with every demonstration of enthusiasm.

Mr. Robert Somers rose amid applause, and said—I have the honour to propose a toast most congenial to the great object of this day's celebration, and sure to be received with rapture in any company of Scotchmen, "The Literature of Scotland." (Loud cheers.) To say that the literature of a country is the flower of its civilization would not be enough, for when

> "You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;"

while literature is that better and glorious part of national life which is immortal. (Cheers.) I will say of the literature of Scotland—not as an apology, for apology is unneeded, but as a fact of its history worthy to be noted—that it has had to contend against greater difficulties than the literature of almost any country in the world. Not only has it been cultivated for the most part on a little oatmeal, not only has it lacked the encouragement and facilities afforded to literary efforts in other lands, but it has had the double task to perform of developing itself in the language of a neighbouring kingdom, whilst embalming in enduring characters its native tongue. (Cheers.) Without the former the literature of Scotland would have been "bound in shallows;" without the latter it would have lost its distinctive character as a national literature. As a proof how the countrymen of Burns—"the Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—have fought this two-handed battle, I will merely mention two facts. The highest models of English composition, by the verdict of England herself, have been the writings of Scotchmen. (Hear, hear.) For more than half a century the works of Hume and Robertson were the standard classics of the English language, and in our own time "the well of English undefiled" has been found in the productions of a Macaulay and a Miller. (Cheers.) Whilst the sons of Caledonia have thus handled the English bow, how have they wielded their own claymore? The novel of Waverley, written for the most part in what was the Court language of Scotland in days when we had a king "at hame," and "Tam O' Shanter," carved in the Doric of our peasantry, will live as long as any production of the immortal genius of Shakspeare. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I have the best apology for being brief in the remarks with which I introduce to you the toast of "The Literature of Scotland." The subject is too extensive for exposition, and it speaks too eloquently to our hearts for praise. If he, "the Bard that's now awa'," and whose memory we have met to honour, had been here amongst us this evening, you can imagine the right good will with which he would have responded to this patriotic and inspiring toast. I will simply propose to you, therefore, "The Literature of Scotland," and permit me to connect with it the name of Mr. Alexander Smith—a poet who in our day worthily upholds the honour of the Scottish muse, and sheds a renown on his native city.

The toast was received with great cordiality, and Mr. Smith in a few words replied, and urged subscriptions to the funds for the Misses Begg and for Mrs. Thomson of Pollokshaws. The hint was adopted in so far as the latter was concerned, and upwards of £10 subscribed around the table.

Mr. Cross, in an able address, gave the "Other Demonstrations of the day." Mr. T. Anderson gave "The Sons of Burns;" Mr. Wemyss gave "The Ladies;" and "the nicht wi' Burns" at the 'Royal,' which had been enlivened by amateur vocalisation of the most exquisite kind, was brought to a happy and successful termination.

TONTINE READING ROOM.

About 150 members and friends dined in the Tontine Hall—Councillor Martin in the chair, supported by David Smith, Esq.; William Robertson, Esq., banker; George Fleming, Esq.; William Millar, Esq.; David Gilmour, Esq.; Thomas Ramsay, Esq.; David Walker, Esq.; Wm. M'Ewan, Esq.; and Thomas Robin, Esq. John Millar, Esq., croupier, supported by James Allan, Esq.; Wm. Peat, Esq.; Captain Mackay; J. King, Esq.; Alexander Osborne, Esq.; John O'Neil, Esq.; Wm. Millar, jun., Esq.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts,

The Chairman, in proposing "The memory of Burns," said—In introducing this toast, it is not necessary that I attempt anything like a biographical notice of the poet; neither is it necessary that I should stimulate the action of your memories, or please your mental sight with visions of the "Auld Clay Biggin'," near "Al-

loway's Haunted Kirk," of the Mossgiel farm, of the Dumfries dwelling-place; or of the poetic ploughman, farmer, or gauger chiel, in his wanderings to and fro in the land. (Applause.) For, thanks to the genius of the poet, and of some of the ablest biographers, the facts of his life, or at least the outlines of his history, are universally known, especially in the land of his birth. It needs not either that I tax your patience with any elaborate criticism on the genius or writings of Burns; for in so doing I might be guilty of the sin of presumption in seeking to cope with the Chairmen of other and greater centenary meetings than our humble gathering. Yet, still, in offering our tribute of respect and admiration, I must, in brief form, show cause why we should delight to honour our countryman after this manner. We delight to honour Burns, for he is the representative poet of Scotland. (Loud applause.) From the age of Thomas the Rhymer and Blind Harry the Minstrel, till these late days of James Hedderwick and Alex. Smith, no poet has occupied so prominent a place in the national mind as Robert Burns. (Hear, hear.) Pre-eminently has he displayed that highest attainment of poetry—the power of imparting a sense of reality to the scenes of imagination. Almost at the first glance of the man, or of his writings, you see broadly imprinted all the characteristics of the great poet. What breadth and massiveness are manifested in his writings! Indeed no quality of his mind compounded so much with the stalwart mould of his frame as the strength of his understanding. This quality coloured and affected all his movements. His most imaginative pieces have a breadth, a vigour, and an intensity that place them in marked contrast to the productions of, shall I say, all our poets? For these qualities, what poem will stand comparison with "Tam o' Shanter," whose characters, incidents, thoughts, sentiments, and imagery are all vigorous and real? (Hear, hear.) It is a poem, indeed, that bears the impress of a genius, which, with length of days and proper direction and development, might have rivalled the Bard of Avon. (Cheers.) Again, he has portrayed Scottish manners, habits, and customs with such marked individuality of character, and such intensely national feeling, that though you search the world over you shall find no poems or songs with such pure and distinctive national characteristics as are displayed in the writings of Burns. He is intensely Scotch; even what some call the barbarous Scotch dialect, he has immortalized. Indeed, in his hands the capabilities of the Scottish language seemed to increase and expand. It was known to be vigorous before, and neither destitute of melody nor pathos. But, with the master-touch of Burns, it assumed a power and expressiveness, yet, withal, a sweetness, tenderness, and beauty which it had never evinced before. How the racy vigour of his verses would be emasculated if the language were changed! Thus, then, for these reasons Burns is our representative poet, and as the representative poet of our country, shall we not honour his memory? Again, Burns deserves a nation's grateful homage, for, more than any man has he been instrumental in nurturing the love of country and maintaining the national spirit and honour. (Applause.) Thoroughly imbued with a patriotic and national spirit, and with a high appreciation of all those great and righteous qualities which exalt a nation, he eagerly and earnestly, by the power of his poetic might, sought to produce and maintain the like feelings in the breasts of his countrymen. There is diffused all over his poetry a yearning desire to influence for good the liberty, prosperity, and greatness of the nation—to associate with the name of Caledonia every sentiment and feeling of admiration, respect, and reverence—to give still deeper root to that deep-seated and holy feeling, the love of country—and to kindle into still brighter glow the sacred flame of patriotism, so that Scotland might command—if so it could be—still greater reverence and love, and at least maintain her proud position amongst the nations. He knew wherein consisted the glory and strength of kingdoms, when, musing on the Cottar's Saturday night, he ejaculates—

"Oh, Scotia! my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle!"

(Loud applause.) But not only in the solemn contemplation of such hallowed scenes as "The Cottar's Saturday Night," but also in his humorous sketches, is there a pith and power that faileth not to quicken patriotic zeal. This man, then, who has done so much to boil up the Scottish blood into a spring-tide flood of freedom and patriotism, deserves well of his country, and of the honours which are this day paid to his memory. But it is in his songs that the fame of Burns will chiefly rest, and in which he has exerted the greatest influence. He has embalmed in immortal verse the various traits of character and habits of the Scotch people, as also the remarkable events of their history, which are certainly suggestive of poetry and

song. What are those characteristics? There is an exalted spirit of freedom and independence —there is a native valour, which is oftentimes evoked and displayed in deeds of dauntless daring—there is a passion which young men and maidens fondly designate love, with the depth, the intensity, the sincerity, and the tenderness of its characteristics, as manifested in the nature of Scotchmen—there is a geniality and breadth of humour which cheers and gladdens the social circle—there is a love of truth and high integrity of character deep-seated in the Scottish heart—there is an earnest religious spirit, which has not only been productive of great events, but also renders sacred the hearths and homes of even the lowest of the people, and which brings contentment, and peace, and joy, even to honest poverty, by a confident trust in the kindness and wisdom of Providence; all these Burns has embalmed in his imperishable lyrics. What Scotsman's spirit is not roused by "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled?" Or what man of sense or sterling worth glows not with noble pride at the rehearsal of "A man's a man for a' that?" What sentimental or right-hearted youth is not uplifted when that glorious eulogy is sounded in his ears,—

"Green grow the rashes, O!
Green grow the rashes, O!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend
Are spent amang the lasses, O."

In geniality of spirit, also, and broad humour —characteristic of the lyrics of Scotland— what can surpass "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," or "Sic a wife as Willie had?" Oftentimes has he breathed a religious spirit and uttered forth sentiments of the purest and most elevating character, expressed with a dignity, a sweetness, and beauty that is unsurpassed. Doubtless we cannot say that in all things he was perfect, and that in all things he was pure. His noble nature had frailties and stains of sin; and sometimes also he has led the muses through scenes of an immoral and degrading character. But let us deal gently with the dead, for I make bold to say, that had Burns foreseen that these questionable productions of his that were thrown off in his thoughtless moods, would be fraught with much mischief to "Dear Auld Scotland," he would have sought to burn them, as well as the grey goose quill that penned them out. Nevertheless, with all his faults, he is chief among the lyric poets of Scotland, and has enabled Scotland pre-eminently among the nations to assume the title of the "Land of Song." Strange would it be, if, with all these claims, his country should have refused the tribute of her admiration and love; but it is not so. She loves him well. See her quote his sayings in the midst of listening senates, and crown him with unfading laurels in the halls of literature. See her maidens breathing their dearest, their warmest, their loftiest emotions in his sympathetic strains— and see her sons fanning the flames of independence and patriotism to a more intense and steadier ray by the inspiring tones of his immortal song; and see the innumerable gatherings which are this day being held throughout the land in honour of his memory! Let us then join, and reciprocate the feelings of "a brither poet," when he said—

"For warld's gear I dinna care,
My stock o' that is unco sma';
Come, friend, we'll pree the barley bree
To his braid fame that's noo awa'."

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

THOMAS ROBIN, ESQ., in an eloquent speech, proposed "The Poets of Scotland." DAVID SMITH, Esq., in a speech of considerable length, portrayed the beauties of English poetry in proposing "The Poets of England." JOHN O'NEIL, Esq., did ample justice to "The Poets of Ireland."

The following toasts were also proposed:— "The Tontine Reading Room, coupled with George Fleming, Esq., President," by Alexander Osborne, Esq.; "The City of Glasgow and its Civic Rulers, coupled with Councillor Martin," by James Allan, Esq.; "The Lassies," by P. Rennie, Esq.; "The Genius of Burns," by R. Roberton, Esq.; "The Relatives of Burns," by Wm. Peat, Esq.; "The Press," by William Millar, Esq.; "The Strangers," by T. Ramsay, Esq.; "The Charitable Institutions of our City," by William M'Ewan, Esq.; "The Chairman," by W. Millar, jun., Esq.; "The Croupier," by Captain Mackay.

Through the course of the evening many of Burns' finest songs were sung by James Smith, Esq., D. Walker, Esq., H. Morison, Esq., John Fulton, Esq., Adam Letham, and other members of the company.

TRADES' HALL.

A masonic banquet (under the auspices of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Glasgow) was held in the Trades' Hall — Brother Donald Campbell in the chair, ably supported on right and left. After partaking of a substantial repast,

The CHAIRMAN then said—Right Worshipful Warden and worthy Brethren—In rising to propose the toast of the evening, I feel the difficult and the arduous duty which devolves upon me; and I trust you will extend to me that fraternal indulgence which is so indicative

of our craft, when I claim your deepest sympathies for the peculiar position in which I am placed this evening. (Cheers.) Although, brethren, in the absence of Sir Archibald Alison, as Substitute Provincial Grand Master of Glasgow, I was requested to take the chair and preside on this great and auspicious occasion, still it was an understood arrangement that this toast—the toast of the evening—was to be given by some brother more distinguished in literature, poetry, and eloquence than I am. But it was not until the last day that I was made aware of the duty that was to devolve upon me this night, the more especially when I reflect that, at the present moment, the first orators of the day are engaged in paying a similar tribute to the genius of our departed brother. (Applause.) The song ("There was a lad was born in Kyle") which has just preceded my toast was, as you no doubt are well aware, one of the earliest effusions of our brother, and alludes to his birth, which took place on the 25th of January, 1759, exactly one hundred years ago. Born of poor, humble, but industrious and honest parents, on the banks of the Doon, closely adjacent to the "Auld Kirk of Alloway," both of which places have been rendered so famous by his poetical descriptions, as to give the whole district the hallowed appellation of the "Land of Burns." It will, my brethren, I am sure, be considered out of place were I to attempt any sketch of his life, the more especially so when that has been done so often, and by so many distinguished and able biographers. But, brethren, there is no biographer, however exalted be his position in literature, poetry, or eloquence, that I will yield the palm to in honouring the name of Brother Robert Burns, alike distinguished for the manliness of his sentiments, the richness and elegance of his language, the minuteness of his descriptions, and the glowing and exciting enthusiasm with which he depicts the beauty of the scenery of his native land. (Cheers.) What words so thrilling as the song

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn,
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!"

(Loud cheering.) Or the fine feeling and the deep pathos of his other song—

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary."

(Renewed cheering.) Although our brother was unfavoured by the fickle dame Fortune, and had a hard struggle through the world, and aware as he was that he could not boast of high ancestral blood, yet still he was possessed of a large share of honest and upright pride, combined with a modest and unassuming manner; but he could not brook the insolence of the haughty, as is displayed by the keen, the cutting, the caustic weapons with which he was armed, and which is so graphically illustrated in the song of

"A man's a man for a' that."

(Applause.) To the credulity and superstition of Jenny Wilson, an old woman who resided in the family, are we indebted for some of our brother's best pieces. Her mind teemed with stories of death-lights, spunkies, water-kelpies, warlocks, and witches, and by their revelation readily gave the turn to the youthful poet's mind; and our great regret is that he was prematurely snatched by the hand of death from amongst his admirers, for had he been spared, he would in all probability have greatly added to his present rich collection, one of which—"The Tale" of Tam o' Shanter—is most inimitable, and its recitation at the hour of midnight, in the precincts of the bridge, might conjure up scenes of horror in the reciter's mind. (Cheers.) Or, again, we find our brother pursuing other strains, for what Scotsman can hear the "address of Bruce" without feeling a glow of pride mount his cheeks, the words are so inspiring, and breathe so much liberty and independence—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;
Scots wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!"

(Cheering.) The theological controversies which raged so fiercely about 1787 tempted Burns to espouse the cause of his landlord, who was opposed to the minister of Mauchline, and so interested did he become that he brought his genius to bear upon the point in his satires the "Holy Fair," the "Ordination," and "Holy Willie's Prayer," pieces alike distinguished for their severity as for the bright genius which they display; but the publication of these raised him up many opponents, who have with unmerited perseverance held him up as "the most immoral and dissolute of men;" but although he was tempted to vent his wrath in these satires—his mind was still virtuous; for

who can read "The Cottar's Saturday Night" without being delighted at the beautiful picture there portrayed of the evening worship by the ingleside of the venerable man at the close of his week's labour and toil, surrounded by his family, pouring forth his adorations to the Most High. (Loud applause.) It is in vain, brethren, that I attempt to delineate the works of our departed brother; they nobly speak for themselves. It is not in this land, hallowed by his name, or even over Britain's wide fields alone, that his poems are respected and admired, and his songs warbled by the finest and the sweetest voices; nor over the scorching and the burning plains of India—the confines of the trackless forests of the Western World, but wherever civilization has taken root, there is re-echoed on the breeze the breathings of his muse. (Loud cheers.) His merits as a poet are universally acknowledged—his obedience as a son was exemplary, his affection to his family and those connected with him by the nearest and dearest of ties most endearing. And if, in the social circle, faults may be attributed to him, let us, in the knowledge of his undying fame, only remember that human nature is not infallible, and that mankind are liable to err. (Cheers.) And let us reflect how much the world has been indebted to him for the great and salutary influence which he exercised over the minds of all, and regenerated the poetry of our country by the high-souled genius which his writings displayed. (Renewed cheering.) Having, brethren, thus made some remarks on our departed brother, as a man and a poet, I have now to advert to him as a brother of the mystic tie. From the records of St. David's Lodge of Tarbolton, we learn that Brother Robert Burns first saw the light on the 4th July, 1781, and was passed and raised on the 1st October of the same year. He was initiated by Mr. Alexander Wood of Tarbolton; and, from the fact of his having been the means of enlightening the poet, the probability is that his name will live in the remembrance of the craft, while others, possessing far higher titles, honours, and distinctions in the neutral world, are alike forgotten and unremembered. (Loud cheers.) Brother Burns has always been associated in name with the St. James' Tarbolton Lodge, and I think it necessary to explain how it is. The Lodges St. James and St. David were both held in Tarbolton, and the members saw fit to make a junction of the two. Such was accordingly done under the appellation of the St. David's. Some years after Brother Burns' admittance some matters in connection with the internal government caused them to be disjoined, and Burns left it, and associated himself with those who resuscitated the St. James's, most probably from the circumstance that those who seceded were his own personal friends, and with whose opinions he coincided, and with which, while resident in that part of the country, he ever remained in close connection. He was, at the period of his initiation, 23 years of age, and took a warm interest in everything relating to the craft; he became expert and zealous in the ceremonials of the Lodge, and the first person brought by him from the darkness of the neutral world into masonic light, was Matthew Steel, a musician, who was wont to accompany a noted character, "James M'Lachlan," in his excursions over the country. Burns never appeared to have attained a higher rank in the Lodge than that of depute-master—it being seemingly the practice then, as it is now, of having one of the landed proprietors as the nominal head. During his sojourn at Edinburgh, while publishing his poems, he made repeated visits to the Lodges there, and was enthusiastically received; and in consequence of his rare attainments was made poet laureate of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge—(cheers)—of which honour he was very proud. Many of you must have seen engravings from the beautiful picture painted by Br. Stewart Watson, the present highly-esteemed Secretary of that Lodge—the scene of which is laid in the St. John's Chapel, and is familiar to every mason. Burns is seen standing on two of the steps in front of and leading up to the altar, with his right hand placed on his left breast, clothed with his apron, on the flap of which is his fellow-craft mark, the Master, at that time Br. Alex. Ferguson, of Craigdarroch, being about to encircle the wreath of laurel around his noble brow. (Cheers.) The figures in the picture are beautifully and chastely grouped, and it is the more prized as almost the whole of the figures are from warranted portraits. While lately at Eyemouth in the discharge of a duty for the Supreme Chapter of Scotland, I learned that Burns had been made a Royal Arch Mason, and communicated the same to that body in my report of the visit. Since then more ample information has been obtained by a zealous brother in Edinburgh, the facts of which he has now placed in the hands of the public. In his own Lodge he was the able acting head; and from his wit, his intelligence, his zeal, and his capability of expressing his ideas with elegance and propriety, he was universally beloved and admired by the craft. The chairman concluded by giving "The immortal memory of Robert Burns," which was pledged as only brethren can.

The remainder of the proceedings were spent very pleasantly in toast, song, and sentiment.

KING'S ARMS HALL.

A grand celebration, under the auspices of "The Literary and Artistic Club," was held in the King's Arms Hall, Trongate. Covers were laid for upwards of 200 gentlemen—the hall being taxed to the utmost extent of its capacity. The chair at the head of the table was one which was at one time in possession of the father of "Bonnie Jean," and many a time has the poet sat in it in his courting days. It folds up like a desk, and in it Burns is reported to have written the song of "Corn Rigs." It passed into possession of the poet's family, and was ultimately raffled for £7, and gained by the late Mr. Buchanan; and was courteously placed at the disposal of the committee by Mrs. Buchanan. After the chair was placed an emblematical painting, presented by Mr. David Haire, of Messrs. Hugh Bogle & Co., Gordon Street, consisting of a bust of Burns being crowned by Britannia with a laurel wreath. Behind is a figure emblematic of Time preventing the curtain of oblivion from falling over the Poet. In the foreground, the figure of Fame reclines, supported by Music, Agriculture, and Poetry—the latter dedicating an "ode" to the immortal genius of the Bard. Among the interesting relics in the room was a song in the poet's own handwriting, which he sung at the Kilmarnock Kilwinning Lodge in 1786, and presented by him to William Parker, R.W.M. of the lodge. It is the property of Mr. Gabriel Neil. There was also one of the original subscription sheets for the Kilmarnock edition of the poems, in which is written after one of the names the expressive remark, "the blockhead refused it." Mr. Hugh Macdonald, author of "Rambles Round Glasgow," supported right and left by Mr. Robert Burns Thomson, and Mr. James Thomson, grandsons of the poet, Councillor James Taylor, Mr. William Simpson, "the Crimean artist," Mr. John Mossman, sculptor, Mr. Robert Buchanan of the Sentinel, Mr. Henry Andrews of the Theatre Royal, Mr. David Howie of Messrs. Hugh Bogle & Co., Mr. James Waterson of the Renfrewshire Independent, Dr. M'Intyre, Mr. Duncan M'Alpine, Mr. James Easton, Mr. Andrew Rutherglen, and Dr. Robb. Mr. William W. Scott of the Daily Bulletin, officiated as croupier, supported by Mr. John Baird, architect, Mr. John Ballardie, Mr. Lloyd Jones, Mr. George Webster of the Theatre Royal; Mr. Thomas Gildard, architect; Mr. Dobie Macleod of the Morning Journal, Mr. James Chisholm, Mr. Thomas Brown, and Mr. James Murphy. In the body of the hall we observed Mr. Frederick Dietrickson of the Mail, Mr. James Sutherland of the Mail, Mr. William Syme of the Daily Bulletin, Mr. Milne Donald, Mr. William Wallace, Dr. E. Milner, Mr. William Skirving, Mr. James Eadie, photographic artist; Mr. William Cowan, Mr. Mungo C. Graham, Mr. Duncan M'Laurin, Mr. William Taylor, Mr. Gordon Smith, Mr. William Gentles, Mr. William Kyle, C.E.; Mr. Robert Hutchison, Mr. William Love, Mr. Wallace Russell, Mr. J. Pritchard, sewed muslin manufacturer; Mr. B. Massey, engraver; Mr. R. E. Westwood, Mr. John Edgar, sculptor; Mr. William M'Cormick, Mr. A. C. Hunter, A. L. Dowie, Mr. David Adam of the Guardian, Mr. Alexander M'Donald, jeweller; Mr. George Lawson, sculptor; Mr. J. W. Gatherall, Mr. William Swanston, Mr. S. Barr, jun., Mr. James Buchanan, Mr. Stephen E. Trought, Mr. Duncan Brown, Mr. William Stevenson, Mr. John M'Intyre, Mr. F. D. Duncan, Mr. William M'Lintock of Lochinch, &c., &c.

Grace having been said, an elegant and *recherche* dinner was provided by Mr. M'Rae, and after the removal of the cloth, the Chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were heartily responded to. Mr. Cahill replied for "The Army and Navy."

The CROUPIER gave the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council, coupled with the name of Councillor Taylor, who replied.

The CHAIRMAN then rose, amid loud applause, to give "The Memory of Burns." He said:—Mr. Croupier and Gentlemen—I must now crave a special bumper to the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," on this the hundredth return of his natal day. The celebration in which we are privileged this night to share is one of the most remarkable which the world has ever witnessed. Literary history has no parallel to our ovation. Never before was departed genius so enthusiastically, so universally honoured. There is something impressive, something positively sublime in the contemplation of the wide-spread and far-extending series of social groups which are at this moment doing homage to the memory of our poet. Scotland, in all her towns and villages, ay, and in her most solitary farms and shielings, is even now speaking with love and pride of the minstrel who is gone; while ten thousand roofs are ringing with the music of his matchless melodies. Nor is the homage confined to our "auld respeckit mither." England sends back a warm response, and from the sister isle there is an echo of kindred tone. The Atlantic cable is mute; but this night the eastern and the western worlds are united by the golden chain of fellow-feeling, and "though seas between us braid may roar," we can almost fancy we hear the voices of our brethren beyond the great deep re-echoing to our call the name

of Robert Burns. In the far land of gold, also, our countrymen will be gathered; and amidst the red fields of Ind the tartan'd heroes of old Scotia will this night be singing with tearful eyes the much-loved lays of Coila's bard, and dreaming with weary hearts of their far-away friends and the home they may never see again. It has been said that the sun never sets upon the dominions of our Queen, and if such be the case, then the name and fame of Robert Burns will this night roll in one continuous swell all round this vast globe which we inhabit.

Why, it has been asked, is Robert Burns thus popular—thus widely honoured above all our country's other poets? Why, for instance, has the myriad-minded Shakspeare, the greatest of all earthly poets, never received such popular demonstrations of homage as this which is now being rendered to Burns? Why has not similar, nay, infinitely higher, honours been paid to Milton, that old man eloquent, who has so gloriously bodied forth the forms of things unseen, and given to airy nothings a local habitation and a name? The reason, I think, is not far to seek. They win our highest admiration—an admiration not unmixed with awe—Burns commands our sympathy and love. Shakspeare and Milton seem to us as semi-deities, standing upon an eminence apart from ordinary mortals; Burns comes amongst us almost as a friend and companion—no matter how humble or how poor we may be, he would meet us over the table, or take our arm in a country walk, and open his heart to us, and tell us of his joys and his sorrows, his hopes and his fears. He would let us into the secret of his loves, and his very sins in his hours of remorse would not be concealed. Iago said "he would not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." Robert Burns was not an Iago. He dared to show his heart, and, despite a few specks or flaws, a noble, manly, and loving heart it was—we can see it swelling at times with passions wild and strong, again bursting with honest indignation, and anon, at sight of woe to man or beast, melting as with the tenderness of woman. Yes, Burns is the most loving of all poets, and therefore the most loveable. "Why is it," asked a father of his little daughter, "Why is it, Mary, that everybody loves you?" "Well, I do not know, father," was the reply, "unless it is because I love everybody." The child had caught the real philosophy of the matter. Love and sympathy begat kindred feelings. Love and sympathy pervade the writings of Burns in a larger measure than those of any other poet that I know—and hence, in my opinion, one main cause of his extreme popularity. To others we yield respect and admiration—to him our kindliest affections are surrendered. Nor are these feelings confined to his fellowman. They overflow even upon the flowers of the fields and the wild denizens of nature. He has a tear for the daisy which falls before his plough, a sigh for the poor little mouse whose wee bit housie he has unwillingly consigned to ruin. How beautiful and how pathetic are some of the passages in the poems which he composed while toiling upon the furrowed lea:—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stour
Thy slender stem;
To save thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neighbour meet,
The bonnie lark, companion sweet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breist,
While upward springing, blythe to greet
The purpling east."

But it is not the mere flower that the poet mourns. In his mind's eye he sees in the crushed daisy a type of the village maiden betrayed and lost, and also of his own sad destiny:—

"Even thou that mourn'st the daisy's fate—
That fate's thy own—no distant date—
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till thou beneath the furrow's weight
Sinks ti' the tomb."

The same human element pervades the lines to the mouse. It is not a mere mouse, but a "fellow-mortal" that he is sympathizing with:—

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies the ill opinion
That mak's thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion
And fellow-mortal."

And, again, a sort of prescient glimpse of his own sad fate is associated with the "wee, panting, timorous beastie," turned out to thole the cranreuch cauld:—

"Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
I doubt and fear."

A similar feeling of sympathy with the lower animals runs through many of his pieces, evincing, in the most striking manner, the subtle tendernesses which mingled with the sterner and more lofty emotions in the big burly bosom of the peasant-bard.

Robert Burns is peculiarly the poet of the people—the poet of the working-man. Born to a life of poverty and toil, he knew by sad

experience the many woes and hardships which are incident to a lowly condition of life. Other poets have written about the poor—written as from an elevation and down to them. His voice ascended from the depths of society, from the huts where poor men lie. He knew their feelings, and he gave them earnest utterance; he knew their virtues, and he boldly proclaimed them to the world; he knew their manners, their customs, and their various modes of thought, and he pictured them with a master pen. He taught the working-man to respect himself, and he compelled the worlds of rank and fashion to regard the children of toil with a more reverent and sympathizing spirit. There are passages in Burns which none but a poor man could have written—passages which none but the hewers of wood and the drawers of water can fully appreciate or comprehend. Such passages are to be found in the "Twa Dogs," "Man was made to Mourn," in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," in several of the "epistles," and, above all, in that noblest and best of songs, "A man's a man for a that"—a song which makes the peasant proud of his hodden grey, which lends him courage to look with a dauntless front upon the arrogance of mere rank and title—and which, even in the darkest hour of adversity, sends a thrill of ecstasy through his frame which makes the very bonnet rise upon his brow. Had Robert Burns never written another lay, he would have done much to ennoble, much to encourage, much to console the peasantry of his native land—ay, and of every land where its noble sentiments found fitting utterance. Well might Robert Nicol, a kindred spirit, exclaim in an address to Burns—

> "Before the proudest of the earth
> We walk with an uplifted brow;
> Like us thou wert a toilworn man,
> And we are noble now."

I have said that there are passages in Burns which only working-men can adequately comprehend, and which could only have sprung from a heart which had known the iron crush of adversity. Listen to the rich man's dog:—

> "I've noticed on our laird's court-day,
> And mony a time my heart's been wae;
> Poor tenant bodies scant o' cash,
> How they maun thole a factor's snash.
> He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
> He'll apprehend them, poind their gear,
> While they maun stand, wi' aspect humble,
> And hear it a', and fear and tremble."

Such scenes the poet must often have witnessed; and it is even said that his own noble-minded father was on more than one occasion subjected to the torture of such petty tyranny as is here depicted. It is in "Man was made to mourn," however, that the very gall of an insulted and sorrowing son of poverty and toil is poured forth. With how much of bitter emphasis have I not heard an "idle hand" reading that saddest of all Burns' poems:—

> "See yonder poor o'er-laboured wight,
> So abject, mean, and vile,
> Who begs a brother of the earth
> To give him leave to toil;
> And see his lordly fellow-worm
> The poor petition spurn;
> Unmindful though a weeping wife
> And helpless offspring mourn."

It is indeed a sorry sight, and one scarcely wonders that under such circumstances the unhappy wight may almost be tempted to question the decrees of Providence. Burns gives the sentiments which in such circumstances might be expected to burst from the over-strained heart, with a powerful emphasis:—

> "If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
> By nature's law design'd,
> Why was an independent wish
> E'er planted in my mind?
> If not, why am I subject to
> His cruelty and scorn?
> Or why has man the will and power
> To make his fellow mourn?"

Yes, Burns was indeed the poet of the poor. In his writings, their sentiments, their feelings, and it may be their prejudices, find the most earnest utterance; and therefore it is that his volume—always a well-thumbed one—is ever found in the poor man's scanty library. But Burns had another mission—a mission requiring the exercise of sterner qualities. In his days, even as in our own, hypocrisy and cant abounded in the land, while the genus 'quack' at the same time imposed as grossly upon the credulous and unsuspecting, and with as brazen an effrontery as in our own day and generation. Burns set himself earnestly to the unmasking of the pretenders, wherever they came in his way. Gifted with strong capacities for satire, and a broad side-shaking humour, he was peculiarly adapted for the task. He rent their robes of seeming truth asunder, and showed the rottenness within—the whited sepulchres collapsed under his well-aimed thrusts, and revealed the uncleanness which they contained. In "Holy Willie's Prayer," the "Address to the unco gude," the "Holy Fair," and "Dr. Hornbook," are embodied some of the most telling—some of the most effective—touches in modern satire. How he skinned the wretches! How he anatomised the contemptible creatures, is only to be learned from a perusal of his works. And yet there is a dash of kindness—a genial spirit of fun—throughout his most savage attacks. In "Hornbook" there is

even more of humour than satire. A more truthful description of an individual under the influence of the "malt" never was penned than that which is embodied in the introductory verses:—

"The clachan yill had made me canty,
I wasna fu', but just had plenty;
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches;
And hillocks, stanes, and bushes kent aye
Frae ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glower
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
To count her horns wi' a' my power,
I set mysel';
But whether she had three or four,
I couldna tell."

That Burns occasionally overstepped the bounds of good taste in these satirical effusions must be admitted. In satire, as in conversation, people are often tempted to go farther than they ought, or than they intended. That these satires did good service, however, there is no denying. The vices which he lashed—and they are of the most hateful—cant and bigotry and ignorant self-conceit, still exist amongst us, and ever will, I am afraid; but since his day they talk as it were with abated voice, and walk through society with a less presumptuous presence.

Burns was a thorough patriot. To the backbone he was a Scotsman. For Scotland and everything Scotch he entertained the deepest affection. He loved his native land; he revered her poets, and he gloried in her heroes. Her honest men and bonnie lasses were the favourite theme of his song; her banks and braes, her woods and lakes and streams, were the scenes which he best loved to paint. He waxes eloquent on "Scotch drink;" of the parritch, "Scotia's halesome food," he talks in kindliest terms; while he has thrown a halo around the haggis which can never grow dim. He has elevated it, indeed, almost to a regal dignity:—

"Fair fa' your honest sonsie face,
Great chieftain of the pudding race;
Abune them a' ye take your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm;
Weel are ye wordie o' a grace
As lang's my arm."

On the influence of the haggis, old Scotia's favourite dish, he is equally emphatic:—

"But mark the rustic, haggis fed,
The trembling earth resounds his tread;
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle;
And legs and arms and heads will sned
Like taps o' thrissle."

But Burns was more than a mere Scotsman. His love, it is true, began at home; but it embraced all mankind in its far-stretching sympathies. The cause of liberty all over the world was his motto, and to his own worldly disadvantage he feared not to give it expression. When a poor dependent gauger at Dumfries, he was even called to account for daring to give voice to the liberality of his sentiments. During the American war of independence, Burns was at a party where the health of the "heaven-born" minister, William Pitt, was proposed. The poet refused to taste the cup, and starting up, exclaimed, "I'll give you the health of a nobler and better man, that of George Washington, one of the noblest and best of freedom's champions." On the breaking out of the first French revolution, and when the friends of liberty all over the earth were turning their eyes to the French capital, as towards the dawn of a better day, Burns, in his capacity of exciseman, was engaged in the capture of a smuggling vessel. His portions of the prize were four brass carronades, and these with a letter of sympathy he transmitted to the patriots of France. That revolution, as we are all aware, went down in blood, but in its origin it was regarded as the herald of liberty to the Gallic people, and the poet of liberty lent it his aid accordingly. Afterwards, when the war broke out between this country and France, Burns had the boldness, I might even say the rashness, to propose as a toast, at a public dinner—"May our success in the war be equal to the justice of our cause." For these and other noble indiscretions Burns was called to account by his superiors in the Excise, and his hopes of promotion were for ever destroyed. I mention them merely to show, that although a warm lover of his country and his country's people, Robert Burns had a heart of sympathy for the patriots of every land, and that he was in solemn earnest when he prayed that—

"Man to man the warld o'er
Might brithers be and a' that."

We have heard much of the errors of Burns, and even in our own day he has been denounced from the pulpit as a curse rather than a blessing to his country. Now, I am prepared to maintain, that in his capacity as a song-writer he has done more to refine and ennoble the Scottish people than any reformer, lay or clerical, that ever existed. In the very year that Robert Burns was born, a collection of Scottish songs was published by an assiduous gleaner, called David Herd. Honest David gathered his songs among the people in farm houses, and smiddies, and taverns, and indeed wherever they were to be obtained. His book may therefore be regarded as a reflex of Scottish taste at the period

when our poet entered upon the stage. One-half of the contents are of the most impure, the most gross, and, in many instances, of the most silly and worthless description; while the other half is in a great measure composed of the merest doggerel and trash. What a change has been wrought by the lyre of Burns! Now, we have the noblest book of song which the world can boast. Every shade of feeling and sentiment—from the deepest pathos to the broadest humour—finds fit and musical expressions upon its glowing pages. The gross and unwholesome rubbish of other days has been superseded by effusions of the truest genius—lays that are calculated to refine and to elevate, and which have refined and elevated the hearts and the souls of the Scottish people to an extent which it is difficult to estimate. For this we are in a great measure indebted to the poor ploughman of Coila—the depressed and heart-broken gauger of Dumfries. In his lays the mother finds a lullaby for her child, the lover a winning lilt for the lassie of his heart; in them the poor man finds consolation and strength, the soldier fresh courage on the red field of death. When we are merry we can revel in the mirth and humour of Burns; when we are sad, his words of sorrow and of pathos are ever at our command. In every mood of mind, in every change of circumstance, the mighty master of the lyre affords us either a solace or an enjoyment.

Of the life of Burns—that brief but glorious span of smiles and tears—it needs not that I should speak. Every one knows of his early toils and struggles—of his early loves, and of his early wooings of the muse. Every one knows of his first bold venture into print—of his lionizing visit to Edinburgh, the plaything of a day to rank and fashion—and of his subsequent disappointment and neglect. The last sad scene of the tragedy—for every life is a tragedy—and that of Burns was emphatically so—is one of the most melancholy which it is possible to contemplate. Neglected and poor, and for his very independence of soul despised by the rich and great, the curtain fell. In the very noon of life, the sun of his genius was darkened; ere half his harvest was gathered, the reaper was called hence. The angel they entertained—so scurvily entertained—was not appreciated until he had for ever departed. It is now upwards of threescore years since all that was mortal of Robert Burns was consigned to the dust. Since then his fame has continued, and is continuing, to extend. With the gathering years his honours continue to gather. With the good and the true his name and his memory are now more dearly cherished than at any former period. So it is now, and so it will be a century hence, when the myriads who are this night doing honour to the poet are sleeping in the narrow house.

> "Time will the impression deeper make,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

The toast was drunk amid the greatest enthusiasm. Band, in masterly style, Burns' "Song of Death." Mr. Shiels then sung, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," which was followed by "A man's a man for a' that," from Mr. James Thomson, and "Tannahill's Lament for Burns," by Mr. Gordon.

Mr. Robert Buchanan having read original Lines on the Centenary of Burns, Mr. George Webster, of the Theatre Royal, read "Tam o' Shanter" in a capital and characteristic style, and was loudly and deservedly applauded.

Mr. John Baird gave "The Memory of the Poetical Predecessors of Burns," which was duly honoured. Band—"The flowers of the forest." Mr. S. Barr, jun., then sung "The Lass o' Patie's Mill," and Mr. James Caldwell, "Here awa, there awa."

The Croupier, in proposing "The Poetical followers of Burns," said—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I observe that a great many of the centenary programmes contain the general toast of "the Poets of Scotland," without the distinction which we have drawn between those who went before and those who have come after the era of Robert Burns. I think that, upon the whole, it is desirable that there should be considerable variety in the programmes; and I am glad that ours is singular in this respect, as I am inclined to believe that the division of the toast into two is at once natural and appropriate. A great many Scotch poets flourished before the birth of Burns, and a great many have come after him, though he has been dead for little more than sixty years. The older poets merged in his advent, and from him the recent ones have proceeded. (Applause.) Like an isthmus of land uniting two continents—or rather like a lake into which a river falls and from whence it flows—he is the connecting link between the toast given by Mr. Baird, and that which is to be proposed by me. He stands among the others a perfect giant, and Scotland can never have another Burns. Therefore I think that we acted wisely in drawing a line of distinction between the influence exerted on our national bard himself by his poetical predecessors, and the influence which he has exerted upon those who have followed in his wake. When Burns departed from this earthly scene, a portion of his poetic spirit seems, like the mantle of Elijah, to have fallen upon a few noble men, who have since distinguished themselves as sweet singers in the region of Scottish poesy. These men cannot be compared to their great prototype, but they drank deeply at the

inspiring well of his genius, and they walked in the same path that he did, at however remote a distance behind him. I do not refer to the hundreds of drivelling poetasters who have made the printing presses of Scotland groan with the sheerest doggerel which they sacrilegiously published in imitation of the glorious poems of Burns, but to those sons of song who possessed true genius, who were really and truly imbued with

> "The vision and the faculty divine,"

whose utterances were encircled by a halo of

> "The light that never was on sea or shore,
> The consecration and the poet's dream."

(Cheers.) The undying fame which Burns achieved stimulated hundreds to attempt to follow in his footsteps, whose names have already sunk into merited oblivion; but his works infused into others a portion of his spirit; and there have been a few really entitled, from the position they attained, to claim a special bumper on an occasion such as this. Even a man who has no music in his soul, can hardly read the songs of Robert Burns without attempting to sing them; how then could a man with a single spark of the poetic element in his composition peruse his poems without feeling his heart on fire as if ready to burst forth into the gushing cadence of poetry. Can it be wondered at that such men as Robert Tannahill, Hector M'Neil, Robert Nicoll, or Allan Cunningham, should have experienced the divine afflatus when they basked even in the reflected rays of such a brilliant orb as the Ayrshire Bard. All these men were native poets, and to the manner born, and might have written spontaneously as sweet effusions as they did even had Burns not preceded them, but it is undeniable that his works went far to foster their poetic tastes, and induce them to give expression to their thoughts and feeling in the sublime language of verse. Burns towers a mental giant above them all, but we must not overlook the modest little fern, because it grows beneath the wide-spreading branches of the stately oak. The songs of Robert Tannahill and Hector M'Neil, and the ballads of Allan Cunningham, are as undying as the language; and it is no exaggeration to assert that "Jessie, the flower o' Dunblane," and "My Boy Tammy," are fitted to be placed side by side, as they are likely to be co-eternal with "Bonnie Jean," and "John Anderson, my jo." While we can never forget the bard who composed his strains when following the plough in the fields of Ayrshire, or galloping in search of smugglers along the wild coasts of Galloway, neither can we forget the pensive bard of Paisley, who gave birth to so many tender lyrics at the loom, or when wandering with his flute at his lips on the "Braes o' Gleniffer," or "Amang the Broom Bushes by Stanley Green Shaw." (Cheers.) Alas! poor Tannahill! How bitter his life, and how melancholy his end! Scotland has been reproached for neglecting Burns and leaving him in poverty. Is Scotland not more culpable for her neglect of her next greatest lyrist, although the crime is seldomer laid to her charge? Burns possessed a manly, rollicking, independent spirit, and did not covet the pity or sympathy of his countrymen so long as he compelled their admiration; but Tannahill was a flower grown upon a more slender stem. His nature was soft and gentle, and he was ill able to buffet the blows of misfortune, or bear up against his country's ingratitude. Now, then, that he has passed away so sadly, let us affectionately cherish his memory, for of all our Scottish song writers, after Burns, Robert Tannahill is essentially and assuredly the sweetest, the purest, and the best. More prominent than he, however, among the group comprised in my toast, bulks the broad, burly form of the Ettrick Shepherd. (Applause.) With the exception of Burns and Sir Walter Scott—whose memory is to be specially drunk—I look upon James Hogg as the greatest literary Scotchman of any age, and certainly he was a more extraordinary and remarkable man than either of the two I have named. I certainly do not mean the shepherd of Professor Wilson's Noctes Ambrosianæ, but the veritable Shepherd of Ettrick, as he lived and as he wrote. His life forms one of the finest examples of the persevering, industrious, and energetic student on record. Till he attained the age of eighteen he had received no education, and when he died, in his sixty-fifth year, he left behind him almost a library of poems, tales, romances, ballads, songs, and miscellaneous writings. A pen so voluminous must have written some things unworthy of the writer, but his works contain many beautiful gems, and some of the finest sentiments ever breathed. Some of his compeers possessed more of the reasoning faculty than the Shepherd, but in the domain of fancy, or rather the imagination, he stands unrivalled—his "Bonny Kilmeny" being perhaps the finest thing of its kind in any language. As a song-writer, Hogg is also most superior. A genial freshness pervades his productions which is positively infectious. Where, for example, will you find heartier and healthier love songs than "The Kye comes hame" and "Auld Joe Nicholson's Bonny Nannie," a sweeter plaint than "Flora M'Donald's Farewell," or more inspiring war strains than "Donald M'Donald," "Cam' ye by Athol," or

"Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine wi' M'Lean." The writings of the Ettrick Shepherd are, I regret to say, a mine of undiscovered treasure to many, but I believe that Scotland will yet do greater justice to his genial and immortal memory. When he was alive he was a kind and an amiable man. Once he made a pilgrimage to Paisley expressly to visit Tannahill. We can fancy the pleasure of this meeting of the bards. It was an event in Tannahill's life—a green spot which he remembered with joy to the last. Had Robert Burns not previously mingled his strains with the life-blood of the people of Scotland, my conviction is that the creations of James Hogg would have occupied the vacant place in the heart-history of the nation, as the effusions of an inspired peasant who had been chosen the representative man of the literary genius of his country. And that shepherd lad who was born in the forest of Ettrick, and nursed amidst old legends and fading superstitions, who battled his own way, by the vigour of his genius, to fame and immortality, would, after all, have been no feeble substitute for the greater bard born on the banks of Doon—

"He who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side."

(Loud cheers.) Of the other successors of Burns, little need be said among so many of their admirers to secure for my toast an enthusiastic reception. It is not altogether to the memory of the departed that I ask you to drink, but also to the health of those who are still alive who may be embraced in my toast,—to such men as Thomas Aird, James Ballantine, Alexander Smith, and James M'Farlan, and our own Hugh Macdonald. (Tremendous applause.) However, it is great and comprehensive enough if it includes only the mighty dead—if the men may be said to be dead who in their writings still live and speak to us in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." (Cheers.) Like the blood of Abel, which, though he was dead, yet spoke—these intellectual athletæ hold daily converse with us when we sing their songs or pore over their pages. Their noble voices come ringing down the tide of time like a swell of music on the wind; and their grand and glorious thoughts commingle with the rough asperities of our everyday life, and smooth and enliven our journey through this lower world. Their welcome words are as those of an ever-true friend, whose familiar tones always induce joy, while their ideas, so far above ours, tend to elevate us nearer their place in spirit-land. (Cheers.) This world is bright and lovely—very lovely; and its beauties are soothing to the care-worn spirit of man. When the troubled and restless soul is confronted with the everlasting hills, man's stormy littleness is rebuked by their calm serenity. The loveliness of a summer landscape, with its trees and flowers, its rivulet and little cascade, tends to produce a holy calm in the human breast. These beauties, however, are material and transient, and their influence is unenduring, for

"This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given."

But in the works of the great spirits who have penned our national poetry, we find the revelation of a superior intelligence, and can hold communion with the country beyond the grave. In their intellectual society, the attractions of nature to our mental eye fade away, and we are lifted above the world to enjoy higher, holier feelings, which confer a truer bliss. Well may we meet to celebrate the memories of those who are so dear to us, because they have raised us above this earth, and well can we afford to despise the detracting voice of the canting hypocritical bigot. We care not though a few members of the clerical profession may preach against this centenary celebration, for we know that more benefit is to be derived from the sublime teachings of the poets than from the meagre and inane ideas of those clergymen now engaged in preaching against it, whose mental calibre is far below mediocrity, poets though some of them profess to be. (Great applause.) The names of Burns, Tannahill, and the Ettrick Shepherd, are immortal; but the only chance these men have of being remembered would be to have their virtues carved on their tombstones—(hear)—or their names ignominiously enshrined in such works as those of Burns—side by side with "The Calf," or "Daddy Auld." Members of churches though we be, we can in this instance treat the teachings of our spiritual advisers with supreme contempt, and we will not fail to place certain laymen in the same unenviable category. (Hear, hear.) Directors of temperance societies have declared, I understand, that they would be no parties to celebrating the centenary of a man whose "bacchanalian songs had sent more men to hell than his 'Cottar's Saturday night' had sent to heaven;" but we can well afford to hear the censure of spirits such as these poor contemptible worms of the dust—

"Whose worthless nievfu' of a sowl,
May in some future carcase howl,
The forests fricht;
Or in some day-detesting owl,
May shun the licht."

(Loud cheers.) Let us hope that many more poetic successors to Burns will arise to illustrate,

in melting melody, the manners and customs of our native land. It is unnecessary that we should wish for immortality to the writers included in my toast, for circling round the grand central sun found in the works of Burns, they will be lasting as this nether sphere, and their hallowed influence will, I am sure, be remembered with pleasure amid the bright glories of eternity. (Hear, hear.) I ask you then, while you cherish the name of Burns, to drink to the memory of his departed, and the health of his living, successors.

The toast was heartily drunk. Band—"Castles i' the Air." Mr. James Waterston sung "Gloomy Winter's noo awa';" and Mr. Young, "Lock the door, Lauriston."

Mr. R. E. WESTWOOD proposed "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," which was warmly received. Band—"Braw Lads o' Gala Water." Mr. Thomas Brown sung in fine style "Jock o' Hazeldean."

Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN gave "The General Literature of Scotland," which was duly drunk. Band—"The Kail Brose o' Auld Scotland;" after which Mr. Robert Burns Thomson, grandson of the Poet, sung "Scots wha hae."

Mr. LLOYD JONES gave "The Literature of England," which was warmly responded to. Band—"Black-eyed Susan." The Chairman then sung "The Flower Gatherers," and the glee party "Life's a Bumper."

The Rev. H. W. CROSSKEY proposed the next toast—"The Literature of Ireland"—and made a most eloquent speech in support of it; making special reference to the names of Oliver Goldsmith and Dean Swift. During the delivery of his speech, which was imbued with many noble and brilliant sentences, Mr. Crosskey was loudly and repeatedly applauded.

The toast was drunk amid hearty cheering. Band—"St. Patrick's Day." Mr. Wm. Henry then sung "The Irish Emigrant;" and Mr. Jones, "Widow Machree."

Mr. GORDON SMITH proposed "Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture," which, having been drunk, the band played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March;" after which, Mr. William Simpson and Mr. John Mossman replied. Mr. William Gentles then sung "Afton Water." "The Surviving Members of Burns' Family" was then given by the Croupier, and heartily responded to. Band—"Bide ye yet." Mr. Robert Burns Thomson replied.

The other toasts were:—"The Commercial Interests of Glasgow," by Mr. David Haire. Band—"The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow." Song—"I gaed a Waefu' Gate Yestreen," by Mr. Sheils. "The Agricultural Interest," by Councillor J. Taylor. Band—"Speed the Plough." "Corn Rigs," by Mr. T. Brown. "Music and the Drama," by Mr. J. Dobie Macleod, to which Mr. George Webster and Mr. S. Barr, jun., replied. Glee—"Willie brewed a peck o' maut." "The Press and Mr. James Waterston of Paisley," by Mr. Andrew Rutherglen. Band—"Up in the morning early." Song—"My tocher's the jewel," by Mr. Barr. "The Ladies," by Mr. Thomas Gildard. Band—"Here's a health to all good lasses." Song—"The kye come hame," by the croupier. "The Chairman," by Mr. James Easton. Band—"All good fellows." Song—"Last May a braw wooer," by Mr. Thomas Brown. "The Croupier," by Mr. Thomas Brown. Band—"Willie was a wanton wag." Song—"Duncan Gray," by Mr. William Pindon. The proceedings were concluded by "Auld langsyne," from the company. The services of the band, under the leadership of Mr. M'Lewee, were most efficient. Mr. Gleadhill presided at the pianoforte. The company separated at a suitable hour.

STUDENTS' MEETING.

The students of the University of Glasgow held a banquet to commemorate the Burns centenary. Upwards of sixty gentlemen were present; and so great was the demand for tickets, that three times that number could easily have been disposed of, had sufficient accommodation been found. W. F. Stevenson, Esq., M. A., divinity student, presided, and was supported right and left by Mr. Bruce B. Begg, nephew of the poet, Messrs. Cameron, Lang, John M'Leod, Norman M'Leod, and John Gillespie, divinity. J. S. G. Coghill, Esq., M.D., demonstrator of anatomy, officiated as croupier, and on his right and left sat Messrs. Taylor, Christie, Schmidle, Alston, J. Paul Allan, R. L. Allan, Lennox, Robertson, and Kerr, medical. Grace having been said, supper was served in first-rate style by Messrs. Ferguson & Forrester. After supper, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been disposed of, the Chairman proposed the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Burns." Burns had no education, and none of the advantages we now enjoy, and yet he had attained the very highest pinnacle of fame as a poet. (Cheers.) All honour to his memory! (Drunk in silence.) The Croupier, in giving "The Lord Rector, Sir E. B. Lytton," remarked that students of all political sections rejoiced that such a distinguished man as Sir Bulwer Lytton occupied the Rectorial chair. (Applause.) Mr. George Paterson, of the Liberal Association, replied. Mr. George Mather recited Burns' "Address to the Haggis" in an

animated manner, and the company joined in singing "Ye Banks and Braes." Mr. John Cameron gave the "University," and Mr. J. W. King read "Tam o' Shanter." Mr. James P. Allan proposed "The Clergy," to which Mr. H. M. M'Gill, who said that John Knox was an ancestor of his, replied; and Mr. George Mather, "The Sister Universities," to which Mr. Maximilian Schmidle replied for the Universities of the Continent, Mr. John Cheyne for the other Universities of Scotland, and Mr. James Bryce for the English Universities. The Croupier, in giving "The Surviving Representatives of Burns," said that the descendants of our national poet had done honour to their great progenitor. (Cheers.) Mr. B. B. Begg replied in appropriate terms. Mr. J. C. Bryce sang, "Blythe and Merry was she," and Mr. J. M'Leod gave "Poetry." "Literature, Art, and Science," was ably proposed by Mr. Ralph Abercromby; Mr. J. B. Russell responded. Mr. N. M'Leod gave "The Colonies," Mr. Simon M'Gregor responding, and Mr. R. L. Allan, medical, "The Legal Profession," Mr. Alison responding. Mr. James Christie, in giving "The Societies of the University," referred in complimentary terms to the political, literary, missionary, medical, and temperance societies. Mr. Gavin Lang, Secy. to the Conservative Club, replied. Mr. H. M. M'Gill gave "The Medical Profession." The Croupier, in responding, said all the three learned professions arose from the frailties of human nature—the lawyer from men's litigiousness, the doctor from their ailments, and the clergyman from their sins. (Laughter and applause.) Mr. John Hadden proposed "The Press," and paid a high compliment to Professors Allen and William Thomson. Mr. N. S. Kerr replied, and gave "The Ladies," or, as he preferred calling it, "The Lasses," with which he begged to couple the name of "Jean Armour Burns"—"Bonnie Jean." The toasts of the "Chairman" and "Croupier" having been given and warmly responded to, the assembly broke up at an early hour, after singing "Auld Langsyne."

VICTORIA ROOMS, BUCHANAN STREET.

The centenary of Burns was celebrated in the above rooms by the Committees of various Temperance Societies and their friends, Mr. Melvin presiding, supported by Mr. J. P. Burns, Mr. Morrier, Mr. Thomas Smith, Mr. M'Nab, and others. After a service of tea, the company enjoyed a rich treat from the following musical artistes, viz., Madml. Vaneri, Miss Smith, Miss Gilles, and Mrs. Alexander (who presided at the piano-forte), and by Mr. Kelly and Mr. M'Nab, who was exceedingly humorous. The enthusiasm of the meeting was kept up till about half-past ten. In the course of the evening Mr. Brown read an able paper on the genius and character of Burns, which was received with great applause. The meeting separated highly pleased with the entertainment, the company joining in chorus in "Auld Langsyne."

MECHANICS' HALL, CALTON.

The members of the Calton, Mile-end, and Bridgeton Mechanics' Institution, and their friends, celebrated the occasion by a dinner in the Mechanics' Hall. The chair was filled by the president of the institution, William Johnstone, Esq., and the hall was filled to overflowing. The usual loyal toasts over, the Chairman gave the toast of the evening. He dwelt in appropriate and succinct terms upon the genius of Burns, and the ray of glory he had thrown around his native country. The toast was drunk with all the honours. The following toasts were also given and warmly responded to:—"The Surviving Members of Burns' Family," by Mr. Fisher; "The Memory of Burns' Friends," by Mr. Lithgow; "The Peasantry of Scotland," by Mr. Noble; "The Poets of Scotland," by Mr. R. Houston, &c., &c. The meeting was highly successful, and most creditable to the institution.

THE CROW HOTEL.

The Crow Hotel had a grand device over the entrance, consisting of an illuminated arch, based on the letters "R. B." and surmounted by the figures "1759," with a colossal crow in the centre. In the background were a bust of Burns, Tam o' Shanter, Souter Johnny, and various other figures, beautifully grouped, and interspersed with variegated lamps, forming altogether a novel and brilliant spectacle. We understand there were nearly 100 gentlemen dined in the Crow, in different companies, where, amongst the other good things, the "great chieftain o' the pudding race," made in Mrs. Cranston's well-known style, was the most prominent dish.

ALBION HOTEL.

A party of gentlemen, numbering about 40, met in the Albion Hotel to celebrate the centenary of Robert Burns. The chair was ably filled by

Mr. Walker, and Mr. Russell, jun., officiated as croupier. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, served up in Mr. Ritchie's usual first-class manner, the cloth was removed, when the Chairman, in a few neat and appropriate remarks, gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were heartily responded to. The Chairman then, in an eloquent and spirit-stirring manner, gave "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was enthusiastically drunk. Song: "There was a lad was born in Kyle," by Mr. Cairns. The company were agreeably enlivened by appropriate music, which was sung by several of the gentlemen. The meeting separated at a seasonable hour, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

UNITED TRADES' FESTIVAL.

This festival, which took place in Mr. Bell's large hall, Trongate, under the auspices of the Council of United Trades, may be taken as the chief of those less aristocratic gatherings so numerous in every district of the city. At 8 o'clock, P. M., nearly 300 working people had assembled in the hall—one grand feature of the entertainment being, that the fair sex were admitted from the beginning. Mr. Adam Mitchell, president of Council, having been called to the chair, an excellent tea was served up. The Chairman addressed the meeting. Mr. Campbell next addressed the meeting, and read an original poem on the Burns' Centenary, which elicited the heartiest applause, when Miss Grant followed with a song, and Mr. Bennet with a recitation. After a service of fruit, Mr. Little rose to propose the toast of the evening, "The Memory of the Immortal Burns." Several songs were now sung in first-rate style, and Mr. J. Little recited "Tam o' Shanter," amid the loudest plaudits; when, as a finale, the whole company sang "Auld Langsyne," and then retired highly pleased with the night's proceedings.

THE FRANKLIN HOTEL.

A soiree was held in the above hotel in honour of Burns' Centenary, which was crowded to excess—Mr. W. C. Cameron in the chair. On the platform were Messrs. Faulds, Jeffrey, Graham, Paterson, Dow, Campbell, and others. After an excellent tea, the Chairman, in a suitable and eloquent speech, proposed "The Memory of Burns." An excellent staff of singers was in attendance, and kept the meeting in a high state of merriment and hilarity. Messrs. Faulds, Stout, Woodside, Jeffrey, Campbell, and Brown, addressed the meeting through the course of the evening. Mr. Pigot, professor of music, presided at the harmonium, and Master C. Pigot performed a variety of Scottish airs on the cornopean.—After three times three to the memory of Burns, Tannahill, and Fergusson, and a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, the meeting broke up at the "wee short hour ayont the twal."

ANN STREET, BRIDGETON.

A grand banquet took place in Mr. Laird's Hall, Ann Street, Bridgeton. George Miller, Esq., presided, and Charles Wright, Esq., officiated as croupier. About two hundred and fifty sat down to dinner, after which the Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, and "The Immortal Memory of Burns," which was warmly applauded. The following toasts were afterwards given:—"The Surviving Members of Burns' Family," "The Land of Burns," "The Poets of Scotland," "The Town and Trade of Glasgow," and "The Chairman." The proceedings, which were much enlivened by excellent song-singing, passed off very pleasantly.

MAIN STREET, BRIDGETON.

The Main Street Total Abstinence Society held their meeting in memory of the birth of "Scotland's Ploughman Bard" in the New Hall, John Street, Bridgeton. The hall was well filled. After tea, the Chairman, Mr. A. King, commenced the proceedings with a short address. The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. James Mitchell, of the United Kingdom Alliance, and Mr. George Mitchell, and Mr. Robert Court. The proceedings were varied by readings and songs. The speeches, recitations, and songs had all of them special reference to Burns.

BUCHANAN'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL.

A meeting of the members and friends of the Glasgow Dumfries-shire Mutual Improvement Society was held in Buchanan's Temperance Hotel, Clyde Place, to celebrate the Centenary of Burns. Mr. Brown, President of the Society, was in the chair. After partaking of that excellent beverage "which cheers but not inebriates," the chairman delivered a most excellent address, in which he showed how becoming it was in the natives of Dumfries-shire to celebrate the Centenary of

the birth of him who was so closely associated with Dumfries while in life, and whose dust lies in St. Michael's churchyard. In the course of the evening, Mr. Robert Pattie read an able paper on the Poetry of Scotland, dwelling more particularly on Burns. He was received with great applause. The evening was further enlivened by admirable songs, speeches, and recitations from Messrs. Glencross, Rogerson, Cameron, M'Kenzie, &c. Mr. Reid recited an original poem on Burns, composed expressly for the occasion. The enthusiasm of the meeting was kept up till half-past twelve, when the company joined hands in chorus in "Auld Langsyne," and then separated, highly pleased with the entertainment of the evening.

DRUMMOND'S HOTEL.

A select party of friends assembled in Drummond's Hotel, to celebrate the Centenary of Burns' birthday — Mr. Merry occupied the chair. A blessing having been asked, the company busied themselves in discussing the very substantial and excellent supper prepared by their host. Among more *recherche* viands, the national "haggis" had the foremost place; and on its "sonsie face" being presented the countenances of the audience wore the most happy aspect imaginable. The Chairman gave an address on the genius and writings of Burns, and Messrs. Stewart, Holmes, Paterson, and Ferguson, addressed the company on kindred topics throughout the evening. The vocal part of the proceedings was well sustained by Messrs. Phillips, J. Stewart, Howie, and Laing, while several of the ladies sung some of Burns' sweetest songs, in excellent style. After spending a most delightful evening, and singing "Auld Langsyne," the company separated, not without regret.

FLAX-DRESSERS AND ROPE-MAKERS.

Above sixty of the flax-dressers and rope-makers of Glasgow supped together in the Royal Albert Hotel. The chair was filled by Mr. Archibald Thomson, supported right and left by Messrs. James Lindsay and Mr. Henry Wales, jun. The duties of croupier were discharged by Mr. James Carrick, supported by Mr. Hugh M'Cormack and Mr. Peter Orr. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts the Chairman, in an eloquent speech, proposed the memory of Burns, craving him as one of the craft. Many excellent and appropriate toasts, songs, and sentiments were given, and the evening's enjoyments were brought to a close by the whole company singing "Auld Langsyne."

MODEL FARMERS' CLUB.

The Model Farmers' Club, determined not to be behind their numerous neighbours in devotion to the memory of Burns, celebrated his centenary birthday by dining together in the Tontine Hotel—Mr. William Crawford in the chair, and Mr. Robert Ramsay acted as croupier. About forty gentlemen sat down to an ample repast, which reflected credit on Mr. Logan's taste as a purveyor.

TINPLATE WORKERS.

A numerous party of the Glasgow Tinplate Workers' Society celebrated the Centenary of Scotland's Prince of Poets, Robert Burns, in the Thistle Hotel, 222 Buchanan Street. After a splendid supper, including a real Scotch "haggis," served up in grand style by mine host, Mr. Dunn, and after the usual and other toasts, song, sentiment, good feelings, and harmony, were the order of the evening. All were highly pleased with the evening's entertainment, and each man parted with the idea that "a man's a man for a' that."

WAVERLEY HOTEL.

A number of friends met at supper in the Waverley Hotel, George Square, to celebrate the Centenary of Burns. The duties of chairman and croupier were ably discharged by Messrs. Caldwell and Moffat. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the chairman proposed the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Burns." Appropriate addresses were also delivered by Messrs. Honeyman, Milne, and Harkness, and the evening was enlivened by songs from Messrs. Mackay, Spence, Millman, Campbell, and Clark. Other toasts followed.

ROYAL GALLERY.

A most enthusiastic meeting was held in the above place to celebrate the Centenary of Robert Burns. In the absence of Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Robert Ferguson was called to the chair, being supported right and left by the following gentlemen—J. Galt, Esq., James Law, Esq., J. Turnbull, Esq., J. Greenlees, Esq., T. Ferguson, Esq., W. Rankin, Esq., J. M'Glashan, Esq.,

with Messrs. Ewing and J. M'Adam, jun. The most favourite songs of Burns were tastefully executed by Messrs. Haddow, M'Adam, and Ewing, while readings of "Mary in Heaven" and "The Twa Dogs" were given in excellent style by Messrs. Rankin and M'Glashan. The usual good things of life were done justice to by the assembly, and song and sentiment flowed on till an early hour in the morning, the whole winding up with dancing by a select party, an excellent quadrille band being in attendance.

During the evening the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given, with "The Memory of Robert Burns," by Mr. Ferguson, chairman.

GORBALS TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY.

The hall of this Abstinence Society was most tastefully adorned,—no fewer than four counties—Dumfries, Ayr, Renfrew, and Lanark—contributing to its adornment with flowers, shrubs, and evergreens. Behind the chair was a large portrait of the Bard, wreathed with laurel; and the walls were covered with apt quotations from his works.

Archibald Livingston, Esq., President of the Society, occupied the chair, and was surrounded on the platform by the staff of office-bearers. The meeting was exceedingly select, and tickets of admission to the hall were obliged to be refused to hundreds. The chairman ably descanted on the occasion of the centenary meeting, whilst Mr. J. P. Crawford and Mr. James Nicholson gave addresses on the poetical genius and manly character of Burns, replete with feeling, poetic fire, and generous enthusiasm towards the peasant-prince and poet-king of Scotland. The great feature of the evening was the appearance of Miss Aitken, whose reception was most warm and enthusiastic, and great was the delight with which all seemed to enjoy her reading of "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

AYR.

The "Auld Toun" has seldom witnessed such a day as the twenty-fifth. From a very early hour of the morning flags were displayed on all the most prominent buildings in the town. From the Fort, from the Wallace Tower, from the harbour, and from many private residences, the bravery of bunting was not awanting; and the occasional booming of a cannon broke the stillness which pervaded the streets till about ten o'clock. After that the town began to waken up in earnest; an occasional band of music brought thousands out of doors, and sent hundreds to every available window in High Street, Sandgate Street, and Cathcart Street, where a view of the procession could be had. About twelve o'clock, the lodges—Royal Arch, Ayr Kilwinning, Ayr Operatives, and Ayr St. Paul's—proceeded to the rendezvous at the Academy, where they were met by a deputation from Mother Kilwinning, and representatives from some of the trades. The brethren present must have numbered from three to four hundred, their appearance being in every way worthy the occasion, and reflected credit on the masters and wardens of the several lodges. We do not remember ever seeing so much taste displayed on Freemasons' aprons, or so universal an adoption of masonic jewels—many of the former showing an elaboration of needlework in masonic emblems that would not have disgraced the fair artistes' "samplers." After being properly arranged, they proceeded by Cathcart Street, Sandgate Street, and High Street, to the Old Church. On reaching the Kirk Port the junior lodge halted and took open order, and the lodges entered the church according to seniority. Br. the Rev. Francis Rae, Assistant-Chaplain of Ayr St. Paul's, and Minister of Wallacetown Church, opened the proceedings of the day by public worship, thus most appropriately inaugurating the Centenary of Scotia's Poet. Br. Rae was accompanied to the pulpit by the Rev. Brs. Crawford of Crosshill, Buchanan of Ayr, and Thomson, Edinburgh,—and in conducting the devotions of the day employed language most eloquent and appropriate. Br. Nicol, of the Lodge Operative, officiated in the precentor's desk. The Brethren occupied the area of the church, the galleries being filled by the public, whose anxiety to get admission had to be checked, the concourse being so immense that no building could have contained a tolerable fraction of them. A considerable number, however, secured their seats; and after singing a few verses of the 90th Psalm, the whole congregation joined in a most solemn and appropriate prayer, which expressed in fervent, beautiful, and most apposite

language, the feelings suitable to the day, and the purpose for which they were assembled. The prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the Temple was then read from 1 Kings viii. 22, two verses of the 58th Paraphrase were sung, and the benediction closed the service. On leaving the church, the procession, accompanied by an immense concourse of people, proceeded, with bands playing and colours flying, along High Street, Alloway Street, and by the High Road to Burns' Monument, where it was met by the Provincial Grand Master for Ayrshire, Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran, Bart., who had only an hour before arrived from Edinburgh. On passing the Poet's birthplace the procession walked uncovered, and when they arrived at the Monument they defiled into the grounds. It was a matter of great regret that the arrangements did not admit of the many thousands outside being allowed to join the masons within the ground, or that there had not been a platform erected in the square before the Inn. Thousands who had assembled were thus prevented from hearing the address to the masonic body; but the unsettled condition of the weather previously, and the high wind at the time, rendered it impossible to accommodate the great crowd, whose presence was hardly to have been calculated upon.

On arriving at the Monument, the different lodges marched round it uncovered, headed by the Provincial Grand Master, Sir James Fergusson, Baronet. Having formed on the side of the Monument looking towards the Cottage, Brother the

Rev. William Buchanan, Chaplain of Ayr St. Paul's Lodge, ascended to one of the niches in the building, from which he spoke as follows: — Right Worshipful Sir, and Brother Masons,—I should have been much better pleased to have taken a silent part in your public proceedings to-day, and left it to some older and better known member of the brotherhood to address you; but as I have been desired by the united lodges of Ayr to speak a few words, it would ill manifest my good feeling, and be a poor example of the obedience which one of the youngest of the fraternity should pay to his seniors were I to decline. (Cheers.) I am sure I very much wish that I could say something at all worthy of this great occasion; that I could give expression in any degree to that profound enthusiasm which now holds you in subject silence—an enthusiasm which you this day share with countless thousands of our own and other lands—an enthusiasm which, borne on the wings of the wind from the far woods of Canada, from the distant mines of Australia, from the burning plains of India—from North, from South, from East and West—seems to concentrate around the spot where now we stand—a spot which for full fifty years has excited the interest and deeply moved the intensest feelings of some of the best and noblest of their species—and which for centuries to come shall continue to be a place of thoughtful pilgrimage to voyagers from every shore as the native seat and chosen shrine of Sentiment and Song. His would be an impassive heart indeed which did not kindle now with the glow of an honest and irrepressible emotion, which did not open up to all the inspiration of this place and time. For what is the spectacle which we see presented? Is it empty honour paid to a mere empty name? Or is it idolatrous homage given to a mortal like ourselves — the abject servility with which the degraded satellites of some intellectual despot worship the errors and the frailties, or, if you will, the follies and the crimes, which they dare not question, and may not whisper? I deny it. I believe that Robert Burns, if he himself were here, would be the first to reject such odious homage, even if it were offered. He who saw so clearly and sung so boldly was not the man to bend in ignoble sycophancy before any, and he too would be the last to exact from others the fulsome flattery which he never himself could have stooped to pay. (Applause.) But I deny that any such flattery is offered by the crowds of civilized men who meet everywhere this day to celebrate his birth. It is true we have no sympathy with those odious reptiles that delight to batten on the corruption of the sepulchre, and find pleasure only in raking the ashes of the dead. We love the memory of Burns, and do not think it necessary, or becoming, or profitable, or even good and wise, to drag from the kindly oblivion of the tomb what it is the regret of all men, and would not have been the least regret, I am sure, of himself, if he had been here to speak it, ever should have had a being. But never on that account the more do we presume to impugn the eternal and immutable principles of Righteousness and Truth, or pretend to say that his evil was good, or that any vice changed its nature and became a virtue merely because it happened to have belonged to him. (Applause.) God forbid it; and God forgive the men, if such there be, who thus unjustly and unwarrantably accuse us. I will not here question their motives or their courage; but I must take leave to tell them that their abounding zeal might find far fitter objects of attack than the unreturning tenants of the grave; and that if they wished to signalize their prowess, they could far more usefully work off a portion of their superfluous energy in assailing the cunning and deceit, the cruelty and wrong, whose living im-

personations desecrate now as they once did before, as, alas, they desecrate always, the very temples of the living God Himself! (Great cheers.) As to all the other unmeaning charges brought against us they are scarcely worth a reference. Impiety! Is admiration a crime? Is gratitude a sin? I look around me on this scene; I have gazed upon it at every season and in every mood—when spring was clothing it in budding beauty, when summer had arrayed it in flowery pride, when autumn threw over it its sober vestment, and when, as now, winter muffles it in weeds of sorrow! At every time my heart has throbbed with overmastering feelings as I thought on the wondrous wisdom of Him who made it as it is, and whose power and goodness it so declares. But must I, in deference to any dull or churlish materialist who may choose for the occasion to ape the airs of superior wisdom or assume the garb of superior sanctity, forget the noblest work of all—more evidence of wisdom and of power than rock, or hill, or wood, or river—the wonderful and subtle Thought of that single Man, which, going forth upon the landscape, can change of a sudden to my vision all these sights themselves—with a lay of sorrow suddenly fling the pensive sadness of decaying years over the brightest scenes of life's young spring, or anon by a note of love and ecstasy transform the very weird wilderness of Winter's desolation till it rejoices and blossoms like the rose? (Cheers.) Impiety!—No, no. If there be room for such a charge at all, it must lie against those who keep all their admiration and thanksgiving for the inanimate and insentient portion of the Creator's works, and studiously exclude from their contemplation and regard his last, and best, and most glorious production—the thinking, being, living spirit he has breathed in man. (Cheers.) It was that spirit, freer than those winds, fuller than those waters, more regal than those woods, ay, and grander than those hills, which we admire in Burns—that spirit which asserted its superiority to all the hindrances of accident and circumstance and time—which, beginning its course in yonder humble hamlet, continued it long enough to raise a memorial in this classic pile beside which we stand; ay, and which has achieved for itself in the hearts and affections of the Scottish nation—of the civilized world—a testimony and a title that shall continue long after yon hamlet and this mausoleum, true to the perishable materials which form them, shall have crumbled into ruins, and been swept away by Time's resistless tide. (Cheers.) God gives many wonderful blessings, but he confers none greater upon a people or an age than a man of genius, a true poet of nature—one whose light, shone in upon our inner being or diffusing over external nature of its own beauty and beneficence, awakens us to ecstasy or thrills us with delight, as we are told the ancient statue of Memnon was wont to become vocal and responsive when struck by the beams of the rising sun. (Cheers.) Such a man was given to the world this day one hundred years ago, and we rejoice gratefully in the boon. (Cheers.) He was no Godhead or Infallibility before whom we are to bow down and worship. He was no Prophet, flashing awful radiance on the secrets of the Eternal Mind, or holding up his fiery torch against the future's dark and troubled sky. He was no Apostle commissioned to guide us into unknown truth, and competent, therefore, to assert, and authorised to assert, a superiority to all human plans, and pursuits, and passions, and things. It was of the very essence of his mission that he should appeal to nature—to our nature—not that our nature should appeal to him. It was by profound submission to that nature, and entire sympathy with it in its every mood, and even whim, and frailty, too, that he acquired such power to sway it. (Cheers.) He had no special revelation, no extraordinary communing with the Almighty; but as a delineator of human passion—as an utterer of human sentiment—as a sharer of human vicissitudes—of hopes—of fears—of joys and sorrows—and as an accurate exponent of each varying phase—he may have had his equals, but, as far as he goes, I know no mere man that has ever surpassed him. (Cheers.) He spoke and wrote as he thought and felt himself; and because he thought and felt like a man, he is received as a true impersonation and representative of our erring but still noble nature. (Cheers.) He speaks its speech—he rejoices with it when it rejoices—and gives winged words to its gladness—he weeps with it when it weeps, and in sorrowful measures he bids its tears to flow. While one victim on earth shall have to sigh repentant over a villain's treachery, never can be forgotten that mournful cadence which these very banks and braes o' bonnie Doon have for long and for ever made their own. While old married love owns a happy fireside, "John Anderson, my jo" will be the chosen jubilee ditty of many an aged pair; or while young married ardour half repines at temporary absence, it shall soothe itself to patience with that croon which seems to breathe the very balmy softness of the zephyr which it celebrates:—

> "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
> I dearly lo'e the west."

While the fears of superstition live to be laughed at as they deserve, "Tam o' Shanter"

must continue a masterpiece of raillery and a mine of humour; and while devotion burns its holy fire upon that grandest, purest, and best of altars—the household hearth—men shall listen with bared head or on bended knee to the all but seraphic fervour of the Cottar's prayer, and drink in with a holy joy the all but angelic music of the Cottar's evening hymn. (Cheers.) Now, brothers, to conclude, it was this intensely human element in Burns which made him such an enthusiastic Mason. (Cheers.) For what after all *is* Masonry but a formal recognition of the great brotherhood that should unite mankind? (Cheers.) We carry out the idea as far as we can to all who will acknowledge such a bond—to them we feel peculiarly attached:—

"With secresy round for the mystical bound,
And brotherly love for the centre."

(Cheers.) Burns loved our Brotherhood, and shed on it immortal honour. We look back with pride to that year 1781 when he was made in the lodge St. David, Tarbolton, and this day we are proud to hail his as a noble name "to Masonry and Scotia dear." (Cheers.) May we all be enabled to learn the lessons which his life is so fitted to teach—to kindle with the same noble efforts and aims, which, amid all his errors, kept his heart unsophisticated, his purpose lofty, his integrity unsullied—to avoid those evils which, in his own repentant words, "laid him low and stained his name"—and here passing the sign of silent recognition and sympathy to every craftsman, join in those noble words of his which every true Mason and every right man may so cordially repeat:—

"That Freedom, Harmony, and Love,
Unite us in the Grand Design,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine.
That we may keep the unerring line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Should be the prayer—o' ane an a'!"

(Enthusiastic and prolonged cheering.)

P. G. M. Sir James Fergusson, in a few words, which were loudly cheered, then expressed his satisfaction at having had this opportunity of meeting that day with his Brethren of the Craft—an opportunity of which, along with Professor Aytoun, he hoped to avail himself more loyal at their festive celebration in the evening, when he intended joining them after the dinner in the County hall.

The Lodges then proceeded to their several halls, and the chaplains having been escorted home, this part of the day's proceedings terminated. We cannot but compliment the town's people on the perfect orderliness and cordial good humour which seemed to reign throughout. We never saw such harmony and glee, as well as such politeness and propriety everywhere. Drunkenness, swearing, or brawling were out of the question—there were no such things. And we may here add, that such continued to be the characteristics of the day up to the very last; the Captain of Police informing us, that he has usually twice the number of cases on an ordinary market day, which falls here on Tuesdays, which he had on Tuesday last. We rejoice to chronicle such a fact, which is not the least gratifying circumstance connected with our Poet's ovation, in the town and neighbourhood which are proud to claim him for their own.

THE COUNTY HALL.

The banquet in the County Hall commenced about half-past 4 o'clock, and came off with much *eclat*. The chair was taken by Sir James Fergusson, Bart., of Kilkerran, who was supported on his right by Rev. Mr. Wallace, Newton; Mr. Cathcart, of Auchendrane; Mr. Cooper, of Failford; Major Campbell, of Netherplace; Mr. A. Finnie, Newfield; Mr. Dalrymple, of New Hailes; Mr. Boswell, of Garallan; Mr. Gemmell, Frankville; and on the left by Sir Edward Hunter Blair, of Blairquhan, Bart.; Bailie Fullarton, Ayr; Mr. Somervell, of Sorn; Mr. Baird, of Cambusdoon; Mr. Shaw Kennedy, of Kirkmichael; Mr. Baird, of Rosemount; and Mr. Dixon, Belleisle.

Professor Aytoun, Croupier, was supported on the right by Professor Trail, of Edinburgh; Mr. Finnie, of Newfield; Mr. Begg, Dundyvan (grandson of the late Mrs. Begg); Dr. Graham, Girvan; Captain Graham, 9th Foot; Mr. Dunlop of Doonside; Captain Calvert, Ayr; Mr. Lade, Rozelle; and Mr. Brown, Glasgow; and on his left by Evan Allan Hunter, Esq., W.S., Sheriff Clerk of Ayrshire; Rev. Mr. Charteris of St. Evox; Sheriff Robison, Ayr; Mr. George Baird of Strichen; Bailie Paterson, Ayr; Dr. Hunter, Rector Ayr Academy; Rev. Dr. Hume, Incumbent of All Souls, Liverpool; and Dr. W. Rankine, of Glenlogan.

In the body of the room were a large proportion of our most influential townsmen; representatives from almost every district of the county; gentlemen from various parts of Scotland, and a few from across the Border. The accommodation being insufficient to admit of the entire company taking their places at the tables during dinner, the members of committee magnanimously gave up their seats to the

strangers and adjourned from the robing-room to the hall when the cloth was drawn. This, and indeed all the arrangements were highly creditable to those actively interested in the organisation of the festival, whose promoters are deeply indebted to Messrs. Bone and M'Neight the Secretaries, and Mr. Gavin Gemmell the Treasurer—three gentlemen who have devoted more time and expended more labour in maturing the details than can well be conceived by any but those who have had practical experience of the difficulties inseparable from the carrying out of such undertakings. Busts of Burns, Scott, Byron, and Mrs. Begg, were displayed in niches in the walls, but were too highly placed to be seen to advantage. Respecting the latter, fresh from Mr. D. Harvey's studio, a companion bust was sent for exhibition in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, on Tuesday, and in alluding to it, the *Liverpool Mercury* says—"It has been pronounced by the Misses Begg, and by all who knew the deceased, to be perfect, so far as likeness is concerned; and as a work of art it recommends itself favourably to the notice of all." A band of eight performers, under the efficient leadership of Mr. Adams, Glasgow, discoursed appropriate music in excellent style. The only vocalist present was Mr. Scotland, also from Glasgow. Although unknown here previously, we only echo the opinion of all who heard his spirited rendering of some of our standard national songs, when we say that he deserves a wider reputation. All his pieces were enthusiastically re-demanded. The appointments of the table did every credit to the renowned host of the Ayr King's Arms, who, notwithstanding the awkwardness of serving up dinner in a building so far from his own premises, succeeded to admiration in having everything in the best season and first style. The chair occupied by Sir James Fergusson, was recently manufactured by Messrs. Wilson & Co., from the remains of the old oak printing-press which gave the first edition of Burns' poems to the world, in Kilmarnock, and which has long been in the possession of Mr. T. M. Gemmell, who handsomely placed it at the disposal of the committee on this occasion.

The CHAIRMAN having proposed the loyal toasts, and the health of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which was drunk with all the honours, and one hearty cheer, in addition, for Lady Eglinton, and several letters of apology for non-attendance having been read,

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said:—It is my duty and my privilege to-day to occupy the foremost place, and to be in some sense the spokesman amongst those who have assembled in the County town of Ayrshire to commemorate on this its hundredth anniversary, the birth of ROBERT BURNS. (Cheers.) It may seem affectation on my part to say, although I do so in very truth, that I am oppressed by the sense of the importance of the occasion, by the consciousness that in this great central meeting here, hard by the place of his birth, to us it belongs to give words to the sentiments with which the heart of every Scotsman who loves his country at this hour is full, which are finding utterance in one great swelling voice throughout our country, from sea to sea, re-echoed and answered by our kindred from afar, even from the ends of the earth. (Cheering.) For it is no small thing that in our lifetime, within the scope of our opportunities, it has fallen to our lot to be intrusted with the celebration of him by whose voice spoke the soul of Scottish poetry, and whose name is enshrined everlastingly in that national love which his genius and pathos have awakened. But wholly unequal as I am to do justice to this occasion, I have felt that to shrink from the proud and enviable office that has been offered to me, would be to confess my inability to unite with my fellow-countrymen in their great unanimous rejoicing. (Cheers.) I know that I speak in the presence of the living poet of Scotland—(loud cheers)—whose glorious lines cause every cheek to glow with pride and pleasure—of him who has drunk deep at the fountain whence Burns derived his inspiration—who has restored to us so many of those noble old Scottish lays from the perusal of which Burns imbibed no little of his genius. I speak also to many upon whose ears must linger the burning words of the panegyrics of Eglinton, of Wilson, and of Aytoun, delivered on the banks of the Doon at the first great celebration in honour of the poet's memory, and whose hearts must have been struck in their tenderest chord by the written praises of Wilson, of Jeffrey, of Carlyle, of Wordsworth, and of Montgomery. I know, however, that the memory of Burns is not the property of poets or of men of literature alone,—his name is a heritage of all the natives of the country which gave him birth. (Cheers.) Uncultivated as I am in the study of poetry, and coming here simply as a country gentleman, to join in the celebration in which my countrymen take so much interest, I know that the few sentences, plain and prosaic perhaps, yet sincere and earnest, in which I shall mark our grateful task of to-day, will find a response which they have not excited, because it will be the offspring of that undying gratitude which is laid up for the name of Burns to all generations. (Cheers.) I think that this centenary celebration is greater than any which has taken place before. The meeting which I now address is not so large as that which assembled on the banks of the Doon.

It is not even graced by so many men who have rendered themselves famous by their success in science, in poetry, or in art. But it is the great central meeting of a vast number of meetings, held in every town, and village, and hamlet, throughout the country, and in different parts of the world. The demonstration of to-day makes me feel proud of being a Scotchman. (Cheers.) There are two ways in which love of country can be shown. One is productive of evil—that which leads us to look with envy and jealousy on our neighbours, and grudge to sister countries that honour and fame which justly belongs to them; which leads us to look only to Scotland, and to forget that Scotland is only one of a confederacy of nations, with common interests and common glories. This is not the sentiment which is foremost in the breasts of Scotchmen to-day. It is a love of country which would only show itself in a desire that Scotland should ever be foremost in the race of honour and glory; a sentiment which would lead Scotchmen to be proud of their native land; a sentiment which led Burns to breathe a wish—

"That I for puir auld Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

If we pay homage, then, as well we may, to his genius as our National Poet, it should be in no narrow-minded spirit; but with a feeling which, while leading us to recognise and celebrate his transcendent genius, should not make us blind to the merits of others. It is as the poet of Scotland that I call upon you to do honour to Burns this day; and let not our children's children, to whom Burns' songs will be as dear as to us, have cause to wonder at the littleness of the minds of those who, while regarding the shell in which the pearl was hidden, forgot the brightness of the jewel. (Cheers.) What, then, are the characteristics of Burns which are to be treasured and preserved? It is pre-eminently as the poet of Scotland that we have to celebrate him, as the man through whose native genius and minstrelsy the glories of her scenery—the brightest pages of her history—the resources of her language—but above all, the humble, lowly virtues that "bloom unseen," the massive, yet sterling qualities of her sons, have been chiefly known and appreciated. To him, from his earliest aspirations for fame to his last dying strain, love of his country was ever foremost:—

"Oh, Scotia! my dear, my native land,
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!"

That sentiment, from first to last, pervaded everything he wrote. Hence it is that he is loved above all Scottish poets—more than Scott, whose reputation is more world-wide than Scotch; and more than Campbell, who is more of a national poet. Burns is *the* poet of Scotland, leaving all competitors far behind in the noble race. (Cheers.) Why is it that he is so dear to us? Because there is no man in this country—be he high or low, be he simple or educated—to whom the words of Burns do not come home, and touch his heart in its inmost core. The place of his birth; the scenes of infancy he loves to dwell on; the associations of home, that strike a kindred chord in all our breasts;—these, which inspired his noblest lays, link our hearts to our country. (Cheers.) It is this tie to our soil that gave music, even voice, to Burns' muse—as it has nerved the arm and steeled the heart of many a Scotch soldier. I believe that in none is attachment to their native soil more deeply implanted than among Ayrshire men; and how much of this feeling do we owe to Burns? Many a Scotch soldier has been heard in his last moments crooning over some song of the national bard; and I have heard one Scottish soldier—whose name will not soon die in Ayrshire—breathe out his one sole sigh of regret almost in his parting hour—"I shall never see Ayrshire again." As the old Roman poet has described the dying Greek, even in death, looking back upon fair Argos, so has Campbell said:—

"Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In Burns' carol sweet recalls
The songs that blest him as a child,
And flows and gladdens at the charm
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls."

(Cheers.) It has been well said by a Scottish statesman that "to record the names and preserve the memory of those whose past achievements in science, in arts, and in arms, had conferred benefits and lustre upon our kind, has in all ages been regarded as a gratification and a duty by wise and reflecting men." And even in cases where matchless genius excludes the possibility of imitation, and we wonder while we admire, by the thought of what others have accomplished, the effort may be awakened through which, though in humbler measure, the path of success and honour may be trodden. If this be true in the profession of arts and arms, it is equally true in poetry. Burns by his touching strains has awakened a poetic chord in many humble bosoms. I have been much gratified to-day by having put into my hands some lines written by an humble working man in Ayrshire—lines which show how deeply he is imbued with the spirit which animated Burns. I will read a few stanzas in illustration:—

"We meet to consecrate that day,
Before it disappears,
To fill a niche within the aisle,
Where sleep the buried years.

"Auld Scotland rear'd him 'mong the homes
Of honest, toiling swains,
By sounding woods and winding streams,
And flower-enamelled plains.

"There Nature's hand first stirr'd the chords
Of music in his soul,
And taught him from his 'moorland harp'
To make that music roll.

"In life, his worth was little prized—
A thoughtless race forgive—
The man of genius had to *die*
That he might truly *live*.

"Like childless mothers crush'd with grief,
The muses droop'd their head,
When they beheld their noblest son,
The Prince of Song, was dead.

"In vain they look through all the years
To see if one returns:
The Fates declare they cannot give
A *second* Robert Burns.

"Then let us hail the hundredth time
That sacred day returns,
That gave to Scotland and to man
Their Hero Poet—BURNS."

(Cheers.) From such feelings as animate that man—from such feelings as animate us to-day—I contend that nought but good can spring; and thus the great movement to-day, and the desire to celebrate the memory of Burns, is not confined to the soil where he dwelt and was known, but is celebrated wherever Scotchmen cherish the tongue and the traditions of their race. (Cheers.) There is one thing which should not fail to be remembered, and that is what Burns owed to Scotland. Selfish political agitators have of late attempted to sow discontent between the various classes of our fellow-countrymen, and reference is often made to the neglect which Burns suffered in his lifetime. But it should be remembered that in no country could a man of Burns' humble position have been sure of that education, without which the fire of his genius would have burned in vain. Let it be remembered—what is too often forgotten—that in this country for three hundred years the means of education have been within the reach of the poorest of our fellow-countrymen. This is a boast which Scotland can fairly make; and although the task before us of suiting national education to the wants of the day is still attended with great difficulties, let the fact be known, that one who rose from the humblest position in the country to be the great poet of Scotland, owed his education to that system to which I have referred. (Cheers.) The great attraction which Burns has for his fellow-men—for all who can read and have souls to appreciate the spirit of true genius—is the manner in which he is enabled to draw from the humblest objects in nature strains of the highest poetry. The simplest rustic knows that from the mountain daisy Burns drew inspired strains; that in the meanest of animals he saw the marvellous hand of Providence; that he has celebrated in his noblest lines the humble, honest life of a Scotch countryman; and has sung in verses that can never be forgotten the praise of honesty and domestic worth. (Cheers.) And it is precisely because he has written in words that none can fail to understand, that he is so deservedly popular and so justly beloved. (Cheers.) Unlike Tennyson, the poet-laureate of England; unlike Shakspeare, whose pages are a well of English undefiled, and whom I do not seek, were it possible, to depreciate, for he is the classic of his country, to whom all men come for wisdom and information; but unlike the poet of any other country, who is intelligible only to the wise, and cultivated, and learned, Burns appeals to the simplest heart that beats in the breast of man. (Loud cheers.) While he writes in strains which may bear comparison with the noblest poets of other lands, his words strike a chord of music in the breast of the most simple and unlettered. I feel, then, that while all that is worthless or perhaps idle in his poems is fast forgotten, those glorious effusions of which no one can ever tire are only now becoming known and thoroughly appreciated. (Cheers.) I marvel much at the idle malignity of some who have set themselves against the feelings of the great mass of their fellow-countrymen on this auspicious occasion. I have read of sentiments as expressed by them which I am certain will find no audience here. I have read such remarks by ministers of the gospel, who of all men are those who should look upon their brethren's failings with charity—(hear, hear)—who would depreciate if it were possible the outburst of enthusiasm which has reached its climax this day. I saw in a newspaper only this morning the words of a minister in Edinburgh, spoken from his pulpit, in which he says he considers the homage about to be paid to Burns both foolish and wrong, and then he proceeds—"England would not do so for her Milton—Germany would not do so for her Goethe—Italy would not do so for Tasso or Dante; but Scotchmen are about to do this for a man who was far beneath any of these sons of genius. I cannot but regard this conduct, in every view of it, as both foolish and wicked." (Disapprobation.) I shall only say that I hope I know the clergy of Scotland too well to think that this sentiment can be held by many of

them. (Cheers.) The clergy are well represented among us to-day; and I know that others would be here were they not engaged to take the chairs at the dinners in their own parishes. (Renewed cheering.) Therefore, I do not fear to be misunderstood, when I say that I am ashamed that a Scotch clergyman should have so misunderstood the feelings of his countrymen; and merely to show the ignorance which has dictated these unfortunate words, I would only remind you that there have been celebrations like these before—that in the last century at Stratford-on-Avon there was a celebration, at which the wise and talented met to do honour to the memory of Shakspeare; and if the gentleman who spoke these words had read such a common book as "Boswell's Life of Johnson," he would have known what I have stated. He might have known, also, that all Germany assembled at Mayence to inaugurate a noble statue to the memory of Schiller. Had they not done so—had they not appreciated the genius of their countrymen, it would even then have remained for Scotland to show that she could better appreciate the genius of her sons—(cheers)—and had England and Germany been behind in honouring Shakspeare and Schiller, Scotland nevertheless must have shown that she would not be behind hand in paying her debt to Robert Burns. It is our peculiar right and privilege in Ayrshire to show how much we value the poet. What Stratford was to Shakspeare—what Weimar was to Schiller and to Goethe—that is Ayrshire to Burns. This is a spot dear to us, and beautiful indeed, yet, but for the genius of Burns it would have been comparatively unknown; but now it has gained world-wide fame. (Cheers.) It may be objected that this tribute has come too late. Late it has come, but it has come with heartiness and power. In our own time, extended education, increased facilities for circulation, and a more cultivated state of society, have offered to the author a wider field than writers of other days enjoyed, and hence many a poet and romancer has reaped the laurels of a world-wide fame, which came but as a posthumous honour to his predecessors. We have yet many instalments of honour to pay to our peasant-poet, little noticed and rewarded as he was by our grandsires; but now that his and their generation have passed away, and the exact position of Burns among our poets is recognised and defined, we may well remember how strong are his claims upon the admiration and gratitude of his countrymen. He holds the first place in popular favour—in the estimation of all who have a heart and a soul to value and appreciate him—of the scholar and the critic—of the simple and unlettered. His memory lives and shall live with us; and to-day we bring an offering to his shrine—a nation's gratitude and love. (Loud and long-continued cheering.)

The Croupier, who was most enthusiastically received, then said—'Twas a wild night like this, a hundred years ago, when the wind howled as it does now, and the sleet was beating as it has done this evening, on the casement of the cottage within which was heard the feeble cry of a babe just brought into the world wherein it was to find so much fame, and to suffer so much misfortune. (Cheers.) It is with unmingled satisfaction that I have joined the demonstrations that are being made, not only in this his native district, but all over Scotland, beyond the Border, in America, I know, and in Australia I believe, in honour of our greatest, of our self-reared, of our most popular poet. (Cheers.) The universality of these demonstrations is, in itself, quite sufficient justification for our being here this evening. It is the verdict—I cannot say the universal verdict of mankind—but still that of the immense majority, with comparatively few dissentients, that we ought to be here now—(hear, hear)—and I may say it is well that there is a common ground upon which men of all sorts, men of all shades of opinion, can come together to interchange kindly sentiments, and warm, mutual good feelings, if it were only over the grave of the illustrious dead. (Cheers.) I have heard it said—and you have alluded to it well, Sir—that in meeting together in this way we are perpetrating idolatry and man-worship, and that we are attempting to pass over, or rather to varnish, frailty in the person of an individual man. Sir, I am no idolater. I am no man-worshipper. I am not here to varnish over frailty. I am not here to defend it; but I say to those men who have made the accusation, that if they would judge him in a more kindly spirit they would act more in accordance with the dictates of Christianity. (Hear, hear.) Should they not remember that all of us, even the best, in the eyes of the Creator are but sinners—that "in the course of justice none of us should see salvation"—(hear, hear)—and have we not the highest authority for saying that he who breaks even the least of the commandments breaks the whole of them? If Burns was frail, and no one attempts to deny it, do we not know what penitence he showed before his death; and where penitence exists, who shall dare to say "that the evil he has done lives after him?" (Cheers.) We are here, Sir, to-night, specially to pay honour to the dead, thereby paying honour to ourselves and the country which has produced this illustrious man; and although it may be that speaking of

those who are no more, we might assume somewhat of a melancholy tone, yet we must remember that in their works these great men yet live and speak to us—

"Even in their ashes burn their wonted fires:"

therefore, we need not hesitate on this occasion, when we are all met here cordially and kindly, to cherish a feeling of gratification, nay even, I may say, of glory that our land has produced such men, without supposing that we are mingling the dark foliage of the yew and the cypress with the wreaths of the amaranthus and the rose. (Cheers.) And now, Sir, I must address myself to the more immediate subject of my toast. It is now, as nearly as I can remember, about seventy-five years ago that Burns, then in the zenith of his fame, when in Edinburgh, whither he had come from Ayr, was regarded as a phenomenon; for since the death of Allan Ramsay true poetry had perished, and his was the first breath that revived it. It was at a meeting in Edinburgh, at the house of an eminent and accomplished citizen, that Burns, attracted by some lines written at the foot of a picture, asked who was the author of them, when he was told by a boy who was then present that they were composed by Langhorne, a poet who is now nearly forgotten. The poet rewarded his youthful informant with a cordial smile; and this is the sole record of the only interview between Burns, then in his prime, and the youthful Walter Scott. (Cheers.) The anecdote has been told more than once, and it is to be found in some of the biographies of the poet; but I confess to you, Sir James, that it has for me a deeper interest than tradition, from the fact that it was told to me by one still living, who well remembers being present at that interview—one who was then very young, and was staying in the family of Scott, but is now far advanced down the vale of life, one near and dear to me,—I mean my own mother. (Cheers.) Well, Sir, Burns passed away; these things remind us of the rapid flow of years. For a time that boy who had so spoken with Burns was studying the ballads of his native country, and collecting the many traditions that were afloat at that period on the Border:—the same studies that had engrossed the mind of the youthful Burns. Scott was in a different station of life and had received more direct educational advantages than Burns; but a long period elapsed before he produced anything original of merit; for he was one of those great men, and possessed that attribute which the great alone possess—that they do not consider themselves from the very first as being prodigies of genius. It is late before that revelation dawns upon them; others perceive it before they themselves are aware of it. (Applause.) They are like Aladdin in the cave, who did not know that the fruit that was hanging on the fairy trees, and which he could pluck and handle at will, were the richest of jewels, but thought they were common glass; and so it was with Scott for a long time. His dreams, his aspirations, and all that burnt within him he thought common and plain. He was not aware for a long time of the inestimable value of the treasures that he bore within him. Master of a mine more rich than that of Golconda, he knew not of his precious heritage. At last he discovered the secret, and then, one by one, came forth those wonderful poems that for a long time entranced the public, and won for him such unrivalled fame. I need say nothing of these. I need not describe the headlong ride of William of Deloraine, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," or that magnificent picture of Melrose Abbey by night, or the opening of the Wizard's Tomb. Neither need I recall the celebrated scene in the magnificent romantic poem of Marmion, wherein he paints that most heroic, noble, and chivalrous period of Scottish history, when a favourite king led forth the assembled nobles to die for their country at Flodden. (Applause.) At a later period appeared that wonderful representation, "The Lady of the Lake," that has made that district of country a place of pilgrimage to strangers from afar, and has attracted them to the Highland hills even from the shores of the sunny Mediterranean. All these, and many more such works, he produced, and the world still wondered and still asked for more; until, all at once, he changed his note, and became the prose poet of the day, and in simple prose gave to us such a series of wonderful representations as the world never yet had seen. (Cheers.) Not Cornelius Agrippa, if he had the gift, could have shown in the magic mirror scenes more life-like or truthful than those which the great magician gave forth to the admiring world. Look at his characters; see how true they are—how truthful and faithful to nature, and how loveable in every feature. Look at those depictions of Edie Ochiltree, of Dandie Dinmont, of David Deans, and of his sweet, patient, kind, loveable Jeanie. (Cheers.) Saw you ever such characters, unless perhaps in the pages of the immortal Shakspeare? And further, throwing back the clouds which hang between us and centuries that have long gone by, he brought up before us phantoms as realities from ages long gone by—pictures from under an Eastern sun—the palm-tree, the fountain in the desert, and the generous Saladin resting at noonday by the side of the Scottish Crusader, the valiant

Knight of the Leopard. Or he took us, most willing spectators, to the lists of Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and gave to our vision, in his swart panoply of mail, the gigantic form of Richard of the Lion-heart. (Cheers.) But I will not detain you longer with these remarks. I must apologise, for I find that the subject has almost carried me away. (No, no.) Well, we had this great man among us, very faintly in my own recollection; for I had but once the honour of speaking with him, and of feeling the pressure of his hand. But he became the darling of the nation, not only the honour of Scotland, but the glory of all Great Britain. A princely fortune appeared to be his. Everything went well with him. He reared a splendid mansion on the banks of the Tweed, which he loved so well. When his Sovereign came down to Edinburgh, the first of his dynasty who had visited Scotland, Sir Walter Scott was the chosen representative man of the nation to welcome and receive him. That was, perhaps, the culmination of his fortune; and then came reverse. At once, as if by some tremendous blow—by a commercial disaster as great and as fatal as any of those we have had the misfortune lately to witness, and which passed like a hurricane across the land—Sir Walter Scott was hurled from the proud worldly position he occupied. He became a bankrupt. Then disease and ill-health came; and his wife, the long partner of his cares and joys, died. His family were dispersed—his sons were parted from his side,—and his best-beloved daughter had left the land of her birth; and he, the great man, now becoming an old man, was left in solitude and in sorrow. Yet did his heart not break. What had been his delight in the days of his prosperity, became his duty in the days of his adversity. Nobly he faced misfortune,—nobly he set himself down to the work, resolved that he would do his duty to the last, and maintain unstained that honour which had been transmitted to him through so many ancestors. He worked on to the last—overworked that noble brain—yet, with such success, that before he laid his head down on his death pillow he knew that his debts would all be paid; and then he turned his face to the wall and died—as great if not as happy in his death as ever he was in his life. (Hear, hear.) And so they laid him in Dryburgh Abbey, by the banks of that Tweed, the murmur of whose waters was ever so delightful to his ear. There we have a new place of pilgrimage, which, as soon as the turf was grown over his head, has attracted the feet of many pilgrims from all parts of the world, and which will attract the feet of many thousands more. (Cheers.) So lived and died the great man of whom I have spoken—the man whose name will rank the highest among the many who have created the literature of this our century. Transcendant as a poet—unrivalled in the field of romance—a patriot with as warm a heart as ever beat for its country—honourable, true, upright, sympathetic enduring—is it any wonder that the Scottish people should revere and cherish his memory? He needed no monument, for he has raised for himself a monument of glory and renown beyond the power of architecture to counterfeit—a monument which can only fall into ruin when the British language has disappeared—nay, not even then, for although we undoubtedly have the best right to congratulate ourselves that such a man was reared and moved among us, his works are the property of the whole world, for they have been translated into every European speech; and the memory of Scott is as safe from decay and oblivion as is that of Homer or Shakspeare, which will last till language is no more. (The accomplished Professor sat down amid plaudits again and again renewed.)

The Chairman, in the absence of Mr. Stirling, M.P., gave "The Memory of Professor Wilson."

Sheriff Robison, in proposing "The Peasantry of Scotland, from whom Burns sprung," said—Gentlemen, the three last toasts have had reference to the memory of three individuals who were all great in their time, and whose names their literary productions have crowned with immortal fame. (Cheers.) The toast which I have now to propose relates both to the past and to the present, to a bygone as well as to a living generation, and comprehends a not insignificant portion of the people of Scotland, even if mere numbers are only considered; but far more, when regard is had to those qualities or traits of character which have ever eminently distinguished it as a class—a staid and solid cast of thought, uprightness of personal deportment, an honest industry in the pursuits of life, and, pervading all, a deep-seated sense of religion—(cheers)—which, if it has sometimes merged into severity, and darkened as it were with a cloud, although only in detached patches, the fair landscape of the social picture, has nevertheless, on the whole, and in its grand results, been favourable to virtue, and to the maturation of those principles and feelings which have conduced to a quiet, peaceful, contented, and happy life, thrifty and frugal habits, the desire of independence, a submissive obedience to civil rule withal, but not incompatible also, when circumstances have required, with a vigorous resistance to oppression, and the exhibition of heroism in the defence of civil and religious liberty. (Long and continued cheering.)

Burns, the son of a peasant, Scott, born of more gentle blood, were thus so much distanced in respect of their social condition, that apparently, except for the link of literary brotherhood, they could never have been brought together, and must have remained for ever apart as they were born, the peasant and the gentleman still. But how beautiful is the picture of their union, and how impressively does it enforce the truth of the moral aphorism, that literature dissolves all the coveted distinctions of rank and wealth, and confers a distinction nobler far than either—which neither the one can purchase nor the other bestow. (Cheers.) So that these our countrymen, Burns and Scott, the peasant's son and the well-born gentleman, although separated widely in the social distinctions of the world, by reason of their literary eminence, stand shoulder to shoulder on the pedestal of fame—the object of their country's admiration and pride; and, like twin stars, seem destined to shine for ever clear, bright, and dazzling in the firmament of literary glory. (Continued cheering.) Gentlemen, the reflective mind is disposed to pause awhile for contemplation beneath the blaze of such refulgent light, and the sentiment inspired even by the briefest meditation is an exalted sense of the worth and value of our Peasantry and Gentry, whose ranks have contributed to literature two such immortal names as those of Burns and Scott. The toast I have to propose is "The Peasantry of Scotland." (The toast was received with loud and enthusiastic cheering.)

Songs—"A man's a man for a' that," followed by "Tam Glen"—Mr. Scotland.

Professor TRAILL, in proposing "Alfred Tennyson and the Poets of England," spoke as follows:—This large assembly of the admirers of the genius of Burns will, I trust, pardon me for calling their attention to this small manuscript—the *original* of his admirable song "Wilt thou be my dearie." It was given by the Poet's own hand, on the morning after its composition, to his intimate friend, Mr. James Watson, then a mercantile man at Dumfries, from whom it came into my possession. It is not merely as an autograph of our great National Bard that I now produce it; but because it contains a variation from the printed song, that appears very creditable to the muse of Burns; as it proves that after years of connubial life, our Poet's "ain Jeanie" inspired one of the most impassioned and exquisite of his love songs. The stanza to which I allude stands thus in the manuscript:—

"Lassie, say thou lo'es me;
Or if thou wilt na be my ain;
Say na thou'lt refuse me:
If it winna, canna be,
Thou for thine may chuse me,
Let me, JEANIE, quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me,—
JEANIE let me quickly die,
Trusting that thou lo'es me."

I, for one, shall ever regret that this allusion, which gives a fine individuality to the song, appears not in the printed copies.

As to the toast—Where Scotland's sons meet this day to celebrate the Hundredth birthday of our immortal Bard, the poetic genius of England will not I am sure be forgotten. It is but justice to own the high intellectual luxury we have derived from the splendid creations of a Chaucer, a Shakspeare, a Spencer, a Milton, a Dryden, and a Pope; and although we do not presume to state that any living Poet rivals those mighty masters of English verse, yet there exist Poets in England who have delighted the present generation, and who will please generations yet unborn. In the toast committed to me, the name of one of the most popular of them is prefixed to the general tribute to his contemporaries. We therefore dedicate this bumper to "Alfred Tennyson and the living Poets of England." (Loud cheers.)

Dr. HUME, in proposing "The Poets of Scotland," said—I feel extreme gratification at being present with you on this great occasion. To-day is the day of a hundred years; and of all those present, not one will see this anniversary again;—but no matter—we have done our duty. (Cheers.) If any other place in the world had held this commemoration, and Ayr had not done so, the part of Hamlet would have been omitted, and your town would have been disgraced for ever. (Laughter and cheers.) The Poet, whose fertile muse has immortalised your hills and streams, your castles and your cottages, is remembered with great propriety in the scenes which he has made classic; yet, I am one of those who think there is a frequent and very needless narrowing of Burns' fame, by calling him merely an "Ayrshire Poet." In England, we distinguish between "Kentish men," and "men of Kent;" and in like manner every poet of Scotland is not necessarily a Scottish poet. Burns was both; and the universal appreciation of his ability warns us that we should not to a county "give up what was meant for mankind." (Cheers.) The committee have paid me a high compliment in intrusting to me a subject so interesting and so important as that announced on your list, either part of which,—the sentiment or the associated name—stirs me, as Sir Philip Sidney would have said, "like the sound of a trumpet." (Laughter.) Professor Traill, a Scotchman by birth and residence, has proposed to you the Poets of England. And he is well fitted to do

so; for he resided long on our side of the Border, and, as the Irish say, has left many a hearty welcome behind him. (Cheers and laughter.) I, from England, have to speak of your Scottish poets; and I first determined to say little or nothing on the Shakspearian principle—that "good wine needs no bush." But I beg to assure you that I am not unacquainted with the literature and poetry of "the North Countrie." (Cheers.) I am Scottish in name and lineage, and early associations; and I knew, literally, hundreds of Scottish poems before I had numbered eight years. (Applause.) It is not a little remarkable that while no men are more matter-of-fact than the natives of Scotland —I dare hardly say prosaic—(Laughter)—no corner of the British Empire possesses a larger selection of popular poetry. Only a portion of it has been gathered, though there have been many industrious gleaners in the field: yet, such as it is, it challenges a comparison with the rich stores of Germany and Spain. Of the writers of some of the most popular pieces nothing is known. They expressed the ideas and emotions of a whole community rather than their own; and while the verses were handed down by oral recitation, the minstrels themselves were forgotten. (Hear, hear.) But there are Scottish poets, not a few, who have left names, and these imperishable ones, behind them. The ancient Wyntoun, and Barbour, and Blind Harry, made poetry the vehicle of history; and it is a pity that their quaint and suggestive lines are not more extensively known. Dunbar, who wrote more than three centuries and a-half ago, claims a very high place; and so does another, a century later, the elegant and accomplished Drummond of Hawthornden. The beauty and interest of many of their writings are concealed from the multitude by the nature of their language. Much of it is wholly obsolete; and it has been thought necessary to translate some of the older Scottish poems into Latin, which is a fixed language, that we might not altogether forget the former condition of our own language. (Hear, hear.) For about a century a cloud enveloped the Scottish muse; but she emerged from it, leading the humorous Allan Ramsay, with his "Evergreen" in the one hand, and his "Gentle Shepherd" in the other. His writings were current during the infancy of Burns, and those of Fergusson during his boyhood and youth, and upon models like these his taste was formed. It is the privilege of kings to create dignities, but none of them can create a man of genius. The Latins are right —*poeta nascitur non fit.* But royalty in Scotland has more than that to boast of. More than one who occupied the throne of this ancient kingdom has written respectable verses; and James I. has recorded in detail his impressions of an English noble lady who afterwards shared his throne. The *King's Quhair* is a monument more durable than brass or marble, and contrasts favourably with the acts of those of whom we can only say—

> "Their bones are dust,
> Their swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints—we trust."

(Laughter.) The dialect in which the Scottish poets of last century wrote is not so forbidding as some of our southern friends imagine. It is substantially the English language in an older form. It carries us back one or two stages towards the primitive Saxon forms; for in the eleventh century Scotland was Saxonised by fugitives, as England was Normanised by conquerors. But it presents a great similarity to the language of the northern shires of England; and here, as well as in parts of the United States and the north of Ireland, Scottish verses are written almost as readily as in this country. (Cheers.) It is sometimes said, both with truth and delicacy, that the elder Scottish muse "wears her kilt too high;"—(laughter)—but the generous critic remembers that she learned the fashions of a less fastidious time than ours; and, like the postdiluvian fathers of mankind, he casts the mantle of charity and oblivion over her defects. (Cheers.) We are occasionally told, too, in high places, that the whole of a man's writings must be repudiated, because he or they sometimes fall short of the standard of high morality. I need not strike, Sir James, where your own trenchant blade has demolished the enemy. (Applause.) I would merely say that this is confounding of the general and the special; it is the establishment of a Draconic code in literary criticism. Shall we reject the wheat because it is found only in connection with chaff? Shall we refuse to gather the golden ore because it is mingled with dross and alloy? No! no! During the last three centuries we have learned the important lesson that 'destruction' is not quite synonymous with 'reformation.' It was the business of the poets, or 'makers' as they were called, to produce; let it be ours not only to appreciate but to winnow and to purify. (Cheers.) But, in speaking of the poets of Scotland, I am impelled this day to make a claim, and to offer an explanation. The claim is that the men of England were among the first to appreciate the bard whom you are delighted to honour; that the first collected edition of his works was edited in what is jocularly called "Our Village" on the banks of the Mersey;—(laughter)—and that several of our local

Liverpool poets sung his requiem. It is true that

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that:"

yet it is something that, though you in Scotland knew the ring of the genuine metal, we in England assisted in placing the mint mark upon it, and sending it current throughout the civilized world. (Cheers.) And my explanation is, that a prophecy, like a great many other prophecies, has failed in fulfilment. In Roscoe's beautiful lament, which was published with Currie's memoir, the following is the closing stanza:—

> "Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
> Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread,
> And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills,
> And wave thy heath with blossoms red;
> But, never more shall poet tread
> Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
> Since he, the sweetest bard is fled,
> That ever breathed the Scottish strain."

(Cheers.) What! no poet in Scotland after 1796! Even in the presence of the *genius loci*, and almost under the poet's paternal roof-tree, we cancel the sentiment. Of all such finality articles of faith we read our recantation. In saying that for the last sixty years the Scottish muse has never been silent, and that seldom has she sung more sweetly, "I tell you that which you yourselves do know." Instead of a single star, however brilliant, we can point to a glorious constellation, to a perfect galaxy, in presence of which the light even of Burns is paled but not extinguished. In lyrical composition, and in the painting of popular customs and popular feelings in common language, he stands foremost still; but in other departments which he cultivated little, he has been passed by. (Cheers.) Since Burns passed from the scene, the mighty wizard has given forth his enchantments both in poetry and prose;—Campbell has nourished and described the "Pleasures of Hope;" Wilson has sung of the "Isle of Palms;" and the Ettrick Shepherd has tuned his reed. But time would fail me to tell of all the poets, minor only by contrast with major ones; like the lesser prophets, they are not inferior in quality—the only objection is that they have not written enough. (Cheers.) Let me, however, come nearer to you still. It has been said that *the* poet of Scotland is present; and there is a volume of panegyric contained in that short sentence. I have never seen him before; but I am delighted to find that, like the Jewish lawgiver, "his eye is not dim, nor is his natural force abated." In short, he looks like a man who has work in him yet. (Cheers and laughter.) He is a delightful companion, either in prose or in verse; but on his shoulders the mantle of poesy sits with peculiar grace. Like old Timotheus, he has touched the lyre in every mood, and has carried his hearers, with bounding pulse, along with him. He has sung the beautiful lays of your own heroic ages, and has stereotyped the glories of your Scottish cavaliers. (Cheers.) He has told once more the sorrowful tale of Flodden: and has shown the mother city of your nation covered with glory by her greatness of soul under unparalleled disaster. He has had the manliness, the bold honesty, to brave popular prejudice, and to tell it to tread lightly on the ashes of the illustrious dead. He has rescued from the embers of party feeling the memory of two of "the gallant Grahams," the chivalrous Montrose and "Bonny Dundee," and he has demonstrated to Scotland that she is richer in valour and virtue than even she herself believed. Who, I ask, has done all this, and far more than this? Your own Aytoun! (Cheers.) No! the lyre is not yet silent either in city or in field. The poetic vein is not yet worked out. No man can affirm with truth that in this respect

> "The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

(Loud cheers.) And as we are here to-day to show that a prophet is not always without honour even on his natal soil, and also to lament, if not remedy, the errors of the past, I call upon you to crown the goblet once more. Let us unite with enthusiasm the memory of the dead and the merits of the living. In one word, let our pledge be "The Poets of Scotland, and Professor Aytoun." (Loud cheering.)

The CROUPIER replied in a felicitous manner.

Mr. BAIRD of Cambusdoon then proposed "The Convener of the County"—Col. Ferrier Hamilton—whose gentlemanly deportment and urbanity of manners well qualified him for the honourable office which he held. (Cheers.)

Mr. SOMERVELL of Sorn proposed "The Clergy," coupled with the name of the Rev. Mr. Charteris. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. CHARTERIS returned thanks. He said—I thank you, in name of the clerical profession, for this expression of your regard. That it devolves upon me to return thanks for "The Clergy," is due, I presume, to respect for the old adage—the Latin of which I need not quote—"Honour to the old, and work to the young!" With many obvious disadvantages, the application of this adage in the present instance has at least one good effect, for it gives to a young member of the body an opportunity of thanking you for honours which older and abler men have won. (Cheers.) As I can

claim no share in the good deeds of which Mr. Somervell has spoken, I may therefore be permitted, without breach of modesty, to accept as deserved your tribute to my profession. The toast has been said by its proposer to include "all denominations;" and I believe that all Protestant clergymen are actuated by sincere desire of doing good; and are as willing to stand by the bed of the afflicted poor, as to sit at the tables of the rich and titled. (Cheers.) With reference to Mr. Somervell's last remark on my presence here this evening, I would only say one word. I do not soil my admiration of the genius with approval of the erring man; but as it is the work of our profession to note the weaknesses of humanity in ourselves and others, we need not live long to learn that if all of us had his sometimes fatal facility of expression, there would be many words not less reckless than those we condemn in Burns; and that it would go hard with the character of the best, if all the changing impulses, the light and shade of our human heart, were daguerreotyped like his! (Long and continued cheering.)

Mr. ELIAS CATHCART proposed "The health of the Chairman," which was very enthusiastically pledged, to which Sir James, in eloquent terms, replied.

After other additional toasts had been given, the meeting separated.

THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

In the evening a Centenary Soiree took place in the Town Buildings. Long before the hour of meeting the rooms were crowded with a large assemblage, among whom were some of the most influential townsmen. The Ayr Musical Association (led by their old conductor, Mr. William Shaw), had volunteered their services, and a musical programme—thanks to the zealous diligence of Mr. Harvey, painter, whose exertions, and those of his brother amateurs, deserve all praise—was announced of a highly inviting description, which, it is but justice to say, was executed in a manner superior even to the high expectations that were formed. Altogether, the various musical performances were of a very superior description, and most appropriate to the occasion. The services consisted only of confectionaries—of the best kind, however—provided by Mr. Girdwood, and fruit, but a more jolly and boisterously good-humoured company never "met and never parted" within the walls of the Town Assembly Rooms, or any other.

The Rev. William Buchanan took the chair at half-past seven o'clock, and was accompanied to the platform by the Rev. Robert Pollok, Kingston Church, Glasgow; Rev. Mr. Markland, Gratmore; and the Rev. Mr. Barker. The Rev. Mr. Crawford of Crosshill joined them in the course of the evening in full Masonic costume, having left for a little the Masonic dinner in the Corn Exchange Hall, and an apology was read from Rev. Mr. Wallace, Newton-on-Ayr, regretting that a sudden illness which had prevented his officiating on the preceding Sunday did not admit of his being present to address them. The Band having played the "Old Hundred" while the company stood, the Rev. Mr. Barker opened the proceedings with a brief and most appropriate prayer.

The CHAIRMAN, on rising to give a brief introductory address, was loudly cheered. He said—Any man might be proud of presiding on such an occasion over such a company. I should, indeed, have been glad that some other of your townsmen, better known, had occupied the chair, and left me to take only a subordinate part in your proceedings, but if I have no other qualification I have this at least, that I give place to no man living in sincere and hearty admiration of the many noble qualities, and the transcendent genius of the gifted being who was ushered into life this day one hundred years ago. (Great cheering.) My honourable friend, Sir James Fergusson, said to-day at the Monument, that a man should be careful how he appeared in print on the same subject twice in the same day. I have, already, appeared to-day in print upon the centenary in the newspaper leader; and I will appear a second time, in connection with the Masonic demonstration: were I to speak at great length now, therefore, I should incur even a worse danger than the popular young Baronet was afraid of, for I should have to run the gauntlet of criticism a third time. (Laughter and cheers.) If I decline to do so, it is from no great apprehension of being betrayed into sameness and self-repetition, for the subject is one susceptible of great variety of treatment, and almost endless diversity of view. (Cheers.) But previous public exertions to-day already, and previous exertions which are not so public, have considerably taxed my strength, and you do not need to be told that though my spirit is very willing, my flesh is rather weak. (Hear and cheers.) I mean at a later stage of the evening to read a metrical eloge upon the Bard, which comprises what I have to say respecting his poetry, in language more terse, and in a style more appropriate to the occasion and the theme, than any prose I could use would be. (Cheers.) I may, however, just in a sentence, say how wonderful has been the sight most of us have recently come from witnessing—a sight

remarkable, indeed, in itself, as being an ovation to the memory of a poet, such as the memory of a poet never before received; but a sight scarcely less remarkable for the absence of all those drawbacks which too often, unfortunately, accompany great gatherings of the people. (Cheers.) Not only was there an absence among the thousands through whom, with my brother-Masons, I processed to-day, of all that could offend the ear of the most delicate, or the sight of the most fastidious, but there was the presence of such cordial good humour, such frank, manly, agreeable openness among men of every class of life, that, upon my honour, I never, among all the gatherings I have seen, witnessed anything to resemble it. (Great cheering.) And you, to-night, my friends, are only reflecting in your own pleased looks and happy demeanour, the same unanimity and fervour, and friendly feeling which marked the larger and more miscellaneous concourse elsewhere. (Cheers.) Most delightedly do I state the fact; most delightedly do I declare that it would not, in my belief, have been the least pleasing part of the day's ceremonial to the Bard himself, if he could but have seen it—the Bard whose ardent wish it was to promote good-will and kindness amongst mankind, whose lays have done so much to knit more closely the ties of friendship, of country, and of kindred, and whose sentiment points to a happy future, which we all most fervently hope to see daily more and more realized—

> "When man to man, the warld o'er,
> Shall brithers be, and a' that."

(Loud cheering.)

The Rev. Mr. Pollok said—You are all aware that this is a very great night in the course of the growing fame of the departed, yet living, Bard of Ayrshire. This is truly the most interesting of all the nights, for a hundred years past, which have been enjoyed by thousands of his ardent and devoted admirers, who have so often met to revere his memory and celebrate his praises. It is also the greatest night in the whole history of old Ayr herself, a town which shall ever form the bright and renowned centre of the vast undefinable circle of countless friends now everywhere assembled, on land, and even on sea, over all the regions of civilized humanity, to do justice and homage to true departed worth. (Cheers.) What mental eyes are now turned to Ayr and its environs! The eyes of thousands who would fondly be here and enjoy the charms and feelings of our present associations! What thousands of tongues now quote the immortal stanzas in which Auld Alloway, the banks of the Doon, the Stinchar, the Girvan, the Ayr, and the Lugar, occupy the first place? (Cheers.) We therefore occupy this night a most honourable and enviable position; and cold, insensible and unfeeling must his dull heart be who can pass through Ayr and its environs and never feel the awakening and tender emotions of poetic fire, even though a poesy-inspired infant had never cried at Auld Alloway on the morning of the 25th of January, 1759, or the lad born in Kyle had never sung the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," for here nature herself has given so much richness and variety to her works that every rightly formed heart must feel her charms. (Cheers.) It has been my privilege and delight to visit and revisit these spots for forty years past, and if every time recalls old embalmed associations, fancy, ever playful and inventive, awakens some new and enchanting reflections. What visitant can pass over the old time-worn brig, which under the fostering care of future admirers may yet see another centenary, but Burns and his "Twa Brigs" rush not into his memory? I never pass the head of the High Street but the parting of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny is delineated before my fancy, even though there were no interested sign-board there recalling the scene. (Cheers and laughter.) Every sacred place here forms its own images and puts forth its acts of homage, and though your eyes cannot see the man who has immortalized it, you see the spot where he moved and spoke, laughed and wept, toiled and half-starved, and at other times rejoiced in nature's blessings—in a word, they realize, as far as possible, him whom from our hearts we would fondly wish to see. (Cheers.) How highly privileged, therefore, are you folk of Ayr, ever dwelling amidst such associated scenes! And yet, my friends, there is a spot still more dear to me—a verdant, fair, and poetic region embalmed in the pure and early recollections of my childhood and youth, which also lies within the Land of Burns. There first my mind and heart studied and felt the simple attractions of the unadorned beauties of nature, whose impressions can never leave me to the latest period of my life. I spent the days of my childhood and youth on the banks of the Ayr, whose lofty rocks, dark shadowy woods, rapid meandering streams, and deep banks, none can surpass for a combination of the wild and the beautiful, the romantic and the sublime. If nature has given you an eye to scan the beautiful, go there and gaze on her fair unaffected features. You will find her simple and alluring, pure and perfect—true to herself and true to you; and there often the Bard of old Coila sat enchanted and enthralled under the power of her charms; and, therefore, he says in his letter to the Bonnie Lass o' Ballochmyle:—"I had roved out, as chance di-

rected, in the favourite haunts of my muse on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year: not a breath stirred the opening crimson blossom or the verdant spreading leaf; it was a golden moment for a poetic heart;" and in his Mary in heaven:—

> "That sacred hour can I forget?
> Can I forget the sacred grove,
> Where by the winding Ayr we met
> To live one day of parting love?" (Cheers.)

I have seen and conversed with Mrs. Burns, formerly Jane Armour, when on a visit to her relations in Mauchline. I have talked and "blethered" with the noisy polemic Jamie Humphrey, I have discussed religion and politics and joked with Adam Armour, Jean's brother, and I have seen the man reputed to be holy Willie, and I attached no importance to these incidents at the time. (Cheers.) They were merely the passing events of my thoughtless youth; but now, when every scrap of an old letter that has any connexion with Burns or his posterity is printed and circulated through the wide world, I am beginning to feel myself a man of some importance; important to you and important in the eyes of a kind Providence who has connected such events with my early history. (Cheers.) Of holy Willie I can tell you very little, for very few were at that time disposed to wear the solemn but unenvied title; but my young fancy pictured him as a tallish, lank, reserved man. (Cheers.) Jamie Humphrey I knew better as the keeper of a small toll above Failford, which I often passed. He was at this time an old worn-down man, but kindly and affable, ready to speak and be spoken to by a passing traveller, to give and to get the news of the day, very much corresponding to Burns' epitaph:—

> "Under these stanes
> Lie Jamie's banes;
> O death, it's my opinion,
> Thou ne'er took such a bletherin'"—

I add no more. (Laughter and cheers.) I think as far as my memory serves me it would be in the summer of the year 1817, Mrs. Burns was on a visit to Mauchline and called at Haughholm, where I was residing then. She was then a stoutish, *gausie* woman, of darkish complexion, affable and easy in manners, and although Burns' fertile and enamoured fancy has arrayed her in all the charms of the singular beauties of the West, it did not appear that she would ever have had such charms for me. (Laughter and cheering.) Her visit was, however, most interesting to me, as I was then reading Burns and other poetical works with very great avidity. I viewed her as a most singular being, whose history and close relation was entwined with the development of a man of true and singular genius. I knew much more of Adam Armour than of any of these. He was Jean's brother. They had a striking family likeness, as all the Armours had. He was rather a little man, at least not above middle size, a flush of red sat on his cheeks, his eyes and complexion were dark, what we usually call a "black-aviced" man. As he had occasion to call sometimes on Mr. Ingram at Haughholm, I got acquainted with him, for he was then the builder of an extension of Barskimming house. I found him very fond of discussion on knotty points of Calvinism, the politics of the day, and Burns himself was a favourite theme. There was one point on which he felt not a little, and I once teazed him on it. The Cumnock boxes came at this time into great reputation, and those made of the wood of Alloway Kirk were most popular, and brought the highest price, and every effort was made to get that wood, which was soon exhausted. It was supposed by some wiseacres about Mauchline that the wood of a certain piece of furniture in their own auld Kirk might be equally popular, associated as it had been with a solemn event in the history of the Poet; that if any one could get it, it might turn out a very profitable *spec.* (Laughter.) It was reported at the time that Adam had put himself, by some means, in possession of the repenting-stool; but, alas! he had soon cause to repent that he had ever built his hopes on that foundation, for he found that his brother-in-law had told the truth in his poetic strains when he says, "The best laid schemes of men and mice gang aft agee." The stool was all worm-eaten, and good for nothing; and I told him he might have foreseen that, since so much corruption had sat on it. (Great laughter.) I am happy to say his contract at Barskimming turned out better. It was an excellent paying job, with which he was highly pleased, and he used to say jocularly to Mrs. Ingram that by the time it was finished he would be ready to die. And it was rather remarkable that he did die suddenly and unexpectedly about that time. Adam was a most devoted admirer of the Poet. I shall add only one other contemporary and friend of Burns, which I do for a particular reason. Your worthy and talented chairman has introduced me as the bosom friend of the author of the "Course of Time," which leads me to express an opinion of Burns and his works. I have spent many nights at Moorhouse, slept with Robert Pollok, and at times talked the half of the night away, and I knew well his opinion of Burns. I may mention that when students there were six of us formed a society for criticising authors, reading essays,

and engaging in literary discussions. We could not at first agree what should be the name of this society, when it was agreed to take a letter from the name of each of the six members—three Polloks, and Williamson, Marr, and Wright—and of these was formed Polwat, and we called ourselves "The Polwat Society." I recollect the opinion that was then formed of Burns. That Shakspeare, the prince of Nature's poets, draws a perfect picture, which he never sullies by one single touch of his own finger. He can be a witch or a monarch, an Iago or a Moor, a Desdemona or a Shrew, and you never see the man himself. Byron must ever be the hero of his piece. He is Childe Harold, Don Juan, and his loves and domestic adversity must mingle their sombre features in almost every portion of his works. Burns possesses the power of telling a transaction as if he saw it. His descriptions are true to life, clothed in words familiar to all, which secures his works universal esteem. Take the description of Cæsar with his braw brass-lettered collar, or Luath with his honest, sonsie, baws'nt face, his white breast, his black glossy back, and his gausie tail swirled o'er his hurdies, and you think you see them. About twelve years ago, a very severe stricture was made on Burns and his works by an old friend of mine, the Rev. George Gilfillan of Dundee, and in that philippic he drew a horrific picture of the closing scene of the last days of Burns, in which he did, as I then supposed, great injustice to departed worth. The whole matter appeared to me to be a most reckless, heartless, unfeeling, and unmanly attack on moral character, quite uncalled for even though it had been substantiated; and it was so far met and repelled at the time by the friends and admirers of the poet. I do hold that the works of Burns are public property: a man may speak of them and him as he pleases, responsible, however, to the tribunal of public opinion. Every human production has its blemishes, but an unsubstantiated attack on moral character none can justify. I am happy to find, however, that Mr. Gilfillan has lately announced a change of opinion. (Hear, and cheers.) It was the misfortune of Burns to live in an age and among society who spoke with pleasantry and levity of solemn things, perhaps in some cases with no ill intention, as when he said to a lady whom he visited, when very unwell, toward the end of his days—"Madam, have you any commands for the other world?" On that occasion he spoke also seriously in the prospect of his death. I mention in connexion with these things that about five years ago, when preaching in Dumfries, I met with a lady who was a contemporary and intimate friend in Burns' family. She was a hearer of mine on that occasion. I was introduced to her on retiring from church, and called on her after. The following reference is made to her by Burns, recently before his death, in one of his last letters to Mrs. Burns:—"I am happy to hear by Miss Jess Lewars that you are well. My very best and kindest compliments to her and all the children. I will see you on Sunday. Your affectionate husband, ROBERT BURNS." Jess Lewars was at this time about eighteen years of age. When I saw her she was a fine-looking old woman, in the perfect use of all her faculties, and of active, lively mind, the widow of a respectable lawyer, surrounded by a daughter, and a son following the same profession. Her name was then Mrs. Thomson. She showed me some interesting manuscripts which she had had in her possession from before the time of Burns' death. They were written on herself. She was often in the family, and was present at his death. I embraced this opportunity to ascertain, so far as possible, from this eye-witness, who was well educated, intelligent, and had moved in a very respectable circle of society, what was her opinion of Burns' views and feelings on the prospect of death, and in his last moments; and I found that though Burns was grievously tortured by rheumatism, pale and emaciated by indigestion, and agitated by palpitation of the heart, though he was deeply concerned about leaving his wife, with five young children, in poverty, and about to add a sixth to the number,—though all these and other cares pressed hard on the peace of his last moments—yet she maintained that he was calm and resigned; and that it was her own ardent wish to die with the like fortitude and triumph. In a word, he seems to have died in the character and spirit of these beautiful lines, which he has embodied in one of his last epistles to Mrs. Dunlop, his earliest patroness:—

"When pleasure fascinates the mental sight,
Affliction purifies the visual ray,
Religion hails the drear, the untried night
That shuts, for ever shuts, life's doubtful day."

When I look, Sir, to the Rev. Dr. Lawrie, the Rev. Mr. Skinner, Dr. Moore, Dr. Blacklock, Professor Dugald Stewart, and others, the early friends and patrons of Burns, I certainly do not think myself out of place this night, but I esteem it an honour and privilege to support your worthy chairman in conducting this large and respectable meeting. (The Reverend Gentleman sat down amidst great applause.)

The Rev. Mr. MARKLAND said:—I do not rise up to make a formal speech,—I had a speech ready had it been needed, but your

programme has been so well filled up as not to admit of the insertion of my name, so you must accept of the will for the deed. Three points have been adverted to to-night in relation to the poet Burns, on each of which I would make one remark. In the first place, whilst his poems only brought to himself £900, large sums have been realized from them since. In the second place, Shakspeare is unrivalled in tragedy—perhaps Burns would not have equalled him in that walk—but it is hardly fair to institute a comparison between them, as Burns was not spared to write a tragedy. In the third place, the expression, "Madam, have you any commands for the other world," addressed by the poet to a lady—an invalid, like himself, seeking health—upon entering her room, was, in my opinion, a beautiful sally of wit, uttered in all seriousness at the time, with a mind conscious that it was approaching the portals of the other world. (Cheers.) Having read a few verses composed for the occasion, the Rev. gentleman concluded by saying,—I now proceed to discharge the duty which has devolved upon me—that of proposing a vote of thanks to our Chairman for his worthy conduct in the chair. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

The CHAIRMAN briefly thanked Mr. Markland and the audience. His friend had spoken very kindly, and they had received their Chairman's name very cordially. Whatever some might think of his (the chairman's) politics, and whatever he (the chairman) might think of theirs, he could say very sincerely to them all —Whigs, Radicals, and Tories—that if they were half as well as their Chairman wished, God knows, they would not be ill off. (Renewed cheering.)

Mr. CLARKE then proposed a vote of thanks to the Strangers, which was briefly acknowledged by Rev. Mr. Pollok, who expressed the high delight which he had enjoyed that evening.

The CHAIRMAN, in the course of the evening, read an Ode, which was much applauded during recital, and followed by prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.

Mr. WIGHT, in neat and appropriate terms, expressed the delight of the company for the great pleasure they received from the efforts of the Ayr Musical Association, and called for a vote of thanks, which was given in repeated rounds of applause. The Association played their acknowledgments in a fine selection of Scotch airs. The Chairman then called for the gentlemen of the meeting to give three cheers for the Ladies who had honoured them with their company—a duty which they performed in such a truly enthusiastic style, as showed that they were tremendously in earnest; and after singing "Auld Langsyne," one of the merriest companies broke up shortly after eleven o'clock, the band playing "God save the Queen."

MASONIC DINNER.

The Freemasons dined together in the Corn Exchange at 5 o'clock. The Hall was decorated with large and tastefully-arranged arches of evergreens, banners, &c. Br. the Rev. Robert Thomson, Edinburgh, officiated as chairman; and Brs. the Rev. Francis Rae, Ayr, and the Rev. James Crawford, Crosshill, officiated as croupiers. The company was honoured for a time with the presence of Brs. Sir James Fergusson, Bart., and Professor W. E. Aytoun, who were received with full masonic honours, and cordially harmonised with the brethren.

The CHAIRMAN having given "The Queen;" "The Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland;" the "Army and Navy;" the Croupier (Rae) proposed "The British Legislature" in a very neat speech.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and proposed the toast of the evening, in a long and eloquent speech, in which he referred to the important subject in language at once poetical and philosophical. When in yonder lonely, homely cot, there was born a peasant's son, little did his mother or the fond father think, as they saw the young stranger for the first time, when the gossip keekit in his loof, and said—

> "This waly boy will prove nae coof,
> I think we'll ca' him Robin"—

little did his parents think what honours were in store for their son Robin—little did they think what would be done that day one hundred years after, in honour of the illustrious memory of their infant son, whose genius was to become the boast and renown of not only his beloved native land, but of all lands whose freedom had not found a grave, and even there the liberty-inspiring sentiments of his patriotic songs would cause again liberty, though dead, to spring to life and vigour, as strong as his own native instincts and impassioned soul. (Cheers.) At the singing of his sublime and bold national hymn, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," do we ever think that there could be found men who would not feel as if inspired by some spirit of resistless power, which would make them, in the cause of their country, rights, and liberties, as strong as the resistless tides of the raging sea, in defence of all that is held holy, sacred, good, and great in Britain. (Loud cheers.) Though the prince of Scottish poets, we offer him neither incense, flattery, nor sacrifice; that is only the work of the heathen philosophical world, of the poor selfish wor-

shippers of the Goddess of Reason. But our proceedings here this day, as we believe it is the same everywhere else, is to pay a debt of honour, a tribute of respect and gratitude, to the memory of the greatest of our Scottish poets, and in doing so we above all give God all the thanks and praise, that he gave us not only freedom, but it was doubly given, when, in language which will last as long as any literature was written in characters of fire, the scintillations of a bright and burning patriotism which has given us the fame of great patriots, Wallace and Bruce, to be a theme of admiration and imitation to all the noble youth, of not only Scotland but of the world, who are the base, because they are the strength of the land as bold peasantry, and as Xenophon said, that he was worthy of as much honour as those whose great deeds and battles he recorded—for if the hero had none to record his feats of arms, what would it signify to posterity, for they would be all in a state of ignorance if they were left, unnoticed and unknown, to "waste their fragrance on the desert air." Not only did Burns immortalise by his verse the glorious memory of our greatest patriots, but he has attained in his simple but sublime Muse the true tone and feeling of a great and free people; and if the remark of a certain philosopher is to be held as worth anything, we must see him in a yet stronger and more enduring light. If the power to make the songs of a country be declared to be equal, if not superior, to the power to make that country's laws, then see what a power Robert Burns has had, and still has, and will have, on each and every system of legislation in this country. And wherever his songs are known they will be admired, as they are most deservedly in the wide dominions of Britain, and in many other lands whose greatest minds are, with us, united in paying a tribute to the renown and memory of a poor but honest poet, who held the plough with the one hand while he held the pen of poetic inspiration with the other. While he wrought on the earth he was led by a power seldom given to mortal man. Burns was no hypocrite. He was a really honest man. He gave the true photograph of his soul in his poems. He hid nothing. He told fearlessly his hopes, his fears, his griefs, his joys, his loves and hatreds, his faith and his follies. But if he had been a crafty, ambitious, worldly man, he would have adopted more closely his own advice in one of his poems, to

> "Keep something to yersel'
> Ye wadna tell to ony."

This he did not. He gave, because he was both able and willing, the workings and the waywardness of his heart; yet, in doing so, it was more from the result of unhappy circumstances than of designed mischief or intended evil. But it is the fact of his inborn independence of character that is the key to that complexion of poetry which alike gives the tone to the good and the bad of his poetry. We need not enter into any string of quotations of the sentiments from the poems and letters of Burns. They are no doubt better known to you than myself, and I will conclude by calling on you to drink a flowing bumper to the honoured memory of our greatest National Bard, Robert Burns.

Br. D. ANDERSON proposed the health of the Clergy, to which the Croupier replied.

Br. J. DAVIDSON gave "The Provincial Grand Master for Ayrshire, Br. Sir James Fergusson."

Air, "Will ye no come back again?" Song by Br. Livingston.

Sir JAMES FERGUSSON acknowledged the compliment.

Br. WILLIAM PRAIN gave "The Living Poets," which was repiled to by Professor Aytoun.

The Rev. Br. RAE proposed the Ladies.

Air, "Ayrshire Lasses." Song, "Duncan Gray."—Br. Dunlop fittingly replied.

Other toasts followed; and having proposed the Chairman, that gentleman replied, giving the health of Brs. Rae and Crawford.

Br. Watson, R.W.M., of the Ayr Royal Arch Lodge, in the course of the evening read an Original Ode to the memory of Burns.

"THE COTTAGE" DEMONSTRATION

Was a great success, and must have been highly gratifying to those members of the Burns Club who agreed to hold a commemorative festival in the "auld clay biggin." The Hall (which was beautifully decorated with evergreens, and quotations from Burns' works, painted on calico) was crowded in every part, but such was the enthusiasm of the company, numbering upwards of eighty, that the too limited accommodation was forgotten in the feelings of pride with which all were animated in having had the privilege of participating in the Centenary celebration on the spot of the Poet's birth. Let men say what they will, there *is* such a thing as the spirit of the spot. Where the memories and associations of a hundred years thicken and cluster, there *must* be additional vitality. By this very circumstance, unquestionably, must the celebration at Alloway have been rendered peculiarly sacred and absorbing. The Rev. P. H. Waddell, Girvan, presided, supported on either side by

Messrs. George Gilfillan, George Morton, John Struthers, H. Girvan, D. Campbell, Walter Stewart, C. B. Rowan, T. Gray, Dr. Burns, &c. Robert Story, Esq., of the Audit office, Somerset House, London, "the Northumberland Poet," discharged the duties of croupier, supported by Messrs. R. Goudie, sen., Geo. Tod, Wm. Brown, A. Weir, Wm. Ibbetson, Sheffield; —— Little, Edinburgh; T. Duncan, Glasgow; Dr. Wield, &c. &c.

Apologies for non-attendance were read from Dr. Chas. M'Kay, Illustrated London News; Dr. Waller, Dublin; Kenny Meadows, Esq., artist; Wm. Maccall, Esq., of the London Critic; and Mr. Carruthers, editor of the Inverness Courier.

The orchestra was ably occupied by Mr. Harvey's band. The company, at six o'clock, Greenwich time, pledged a bumper to the memory of Burns—a similar mark of respect having been paid at the same hour in the London Tavern, and other festive meetings throughout the country.

On the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal toasts were given.

The Chairman, who was greeted with immense applause, then rose and said:—Mr. Croupier and Gentlemen—In other circumstances some apology would have been required for the brevity with which the preceding toasts of this evening have been proposed: but not a man nor gentleman, I am sure, in her Majesty's service; not a lord, nor an earl, nor a prince of whatsoever degree in the empire, but will excuse that brevity; her Majesty herself, if she were present, would understand it, for she is too much a woman, and too much a Queen, not to know that the royalty of genius cannot be kept too long waiting. The truth is, gentlemen, that in the company and presence of men like Shakspeare and Burns, all ranks, all distinctions, all orders whatsoever vanish. For my own part, I see nor hear for the moment any earthly conventional intrusion. The bodies of men themselves seem to disappear, and be absorbed in that universal, peerless, pervading sovereignty of the human soul! Before that alone I stand; with that alone I hold communion. Yet for the very recognition of that sovereignty, bodies themselves are required. It is now one hundred years ago since the wife of a peasant, on this very spot, was made happy in the birth of a son, blessed beyond many a mother in Israel, triumphed at the behest of nature, and remembered no more the anguish for joy that a man was born into the world—with clouds of glory, of inspiration, and of poetry wrapped thick about his head, unconsciously to her—who was destined to be known thereafter to his country, to the world, and to mankind, as Robert Burns. (Cheers.) To commemorate that birth, gentlemen, and on the very spot where it was accomplished, in storm and uproar, with pain and difficulty, are we this night, in grateful wonder and with fraternal sympathy, assembled. To myself it seems the wonderful event in my own life, wonderful and gratifying, as the birth of a first-born, that I should have the honour of presiding among you; but the fact that I believe in a gospel which teaches the revelation of the Deity—which teaches myself, at least, to recognise and venerate the likeness of the Deity in all His rational creatures—to recognise, ay almost to adore it in a man like Robert Burns, with whatever imperfections may adhere to the tabernacle of clay; and the fact that I have been honestly preaching that, both in Ayrshire and elsewhere, may have something to do with it; certainly, gentlemen, in the faith of such a gospel I live, and the faith of such a gospel I preach, and the honour of such a gospel, transforming and inspiring, I believe to be as safe this night in your hands, and under the shadow of this roof, as in the hands of the most solemn assembly of divines, or in any pulpit in Christendom—(cheers)—here, where we have met, with brotherly accord, by the very threshold where he came into existence, to make the night for ever sacred to ourselves, and to thank the Everlasting Father, for having made such a man. (Cheers.) I have been charged of late with being out of my senses about Robert Burns, and of exceeding the limits of propriety and truth in my eulogies of him. Be it so. I am not more out of my senses than all Ayrshire—than all Scotland—than the world; and, as for eulogies, gentlemen, what eulogy could I pronounce—could you, or I, or all of us pronounce, that would have half the eloquence of that ecstatic homage which a whole nation is now paying, with reverently bared brow and deferential attitude, to the outline of his spirit in the clouds? Scotland, gentlemen, was never more in her senses than at this moment: after a slumberous dream of fifty years, incredulous admiration has awoke this day to realise the fact of her own divinity. Eulogy, my friends! the uttermost of eulogy that we could speak would be but as the voices of children in a chorus of the winds. The universe of our nationality—the intensest nationality that ever existed—is now full of him. Every man now breathes, every man now sees and hears him; and we are all but the individual pipes that send up the harmonious acclaim of love and admiration of his genius to the stars. It is not to pronounce eulogy, gentlemen, nor to do any other idle or merely gratuitous work, that I am before you to-night—no! but to look into

the very face of Burns, and tell you how I love him; to ask you to look into his face, and lovingly and truly understand him; to look gratefully and affectionately in his face, and thank God for having made him. (Cheers.) Yes, gentlemen, I say to thank God for having made him! (Cheers.) It is said of Linnæus, the great high-priest of the floral world, that when he first saw a field of British whins in bloom, he fell fast upon his knees to thank God for having made anything so beautiful: and well he might, for, common as it is, it is the most perfect combination of fragrance, of gold, and of verdure in the world, and for ever in season. "Love," they say, "and the whin, are never out of season; winter and summer they are always true!" (Cheers.) And when or where is Burns out of season? From California to Japan, from Australia to the wilds of Canada, wherever Scotchmen are—that is everywhere—and to-night, on the 25th of January, 1859, he is as much in season, nay, a thousand times more, than he ever was since his name was known. To himself belongs the perpetual green, to him the perennial gold; to himself the pervading sweetness—a sweetness richer than whin or the blossom'd rose can boast; to him the bonnet-load, the headful of golden melodies—where the bee may sit and suck, which the humming-bird with burnished plumage may toy and kiss, and the butterfly with quaking wings and luxurious eyes may settle on and inhale; under whose strong hand the woodlark and the linnet, the blackbird and thrush, may sing, safe and melodious, till the whole land seems musically bewitched; to him, also, belong the lances and the thorns, of which let all fools and intermeddling dunces beware! (Cheers.) Yes, gentlemen, he is for ever in season, for ever fresh, for ever golden, for ever true and strong. Thank God, will you not; or let me thank him for having made such a man! (Cheers.) But how, in reality, my friends, does God make such men—men like Moses, like Homer, like Shakspeare, like Burns? Of common dust? Yes! but of the concentrated essence of common dust, sublimed and purified for five hundred or a thousand years. These are not stray births, nor mere accidental creations. (Cheers.) They are grand, because they represent the grandeur of generations—they are great, because the vital element of a whole people is concentrated in their veins. Hebrew, Greek, or Anglo-Saxon, they were great first as the representatives of their own people, before they were great as types of mankind. All the most characteristic elements of national greatness are accumulated in them, heaped upon their heads, or intensified in their constitutions; and so they become wonders to the world as the incarnate spiritual essence of immortal millions. Of the adamant and crystal of the Jewish mind God made Moses with that eye of his, where was the very body of heaven in its clearness; of the lustrous marbles of the Archipelago he fashioned the head of Homer; the fictile clay of England, the finest, the best, the most impressible and retentive, he set upon his potter's wheel, and off came the mask of the myriad-minded Shakspeare; and from the unmolten iron of the northern hemisphere, full of heat and fire, full of rage and love, full of music and electricity, he selected the most precious portion, and cast into the furnace of human passion seven times heated, ay, with the concentrated heat of five hundred years, and out came Robert Burns—(cheers)—glowing, flashing, blazing hot—(cheers)—ringing, echoing, reverberating with song, glancing and coruscating with wit and humour—(cheers)—as musical as the bells of Moscow, as clear as a jubilee trumpet, as divinely authoritative as the horns of the priests at the downfall of Jericho! (Great cheering.) Yet there are mortals, in other respects reasonable enough, and entitled to respect from qualities in themselves that constitute respectability, who cavil at this workmanship of the Deity; who are not satisfied with his performance—who would like to operate on the eye of Moses, to remodel the bust of Homer, to cancel the mask of Shakspeare, to touch the heart of Robert Burns! What, sir, would these insatiable intermeddlers have? No Moses, no Homer, no Shakspeare, and no Burns at all! That would be the practical result of their intrusive labours. For Moses, Homer, and Shakspeare we have less concern to-night. They hitherto have spoken, and will for ever speak for themselves. But how of Burns? In what respect would such intermeddlers with the divine workmanship improve him? The sum of their objections and their regret seems to be that he was not a Covenanter or a Puritan; and this they would have rectified by some addition to his constitution which the Almighty Maker himself did not see necessary. We may grant this, and do grant it. He was not a Covenanter, had not the element of religious zeal, self-sacrificing, in his constitution; but he had another element, equally valuable in its own place, for whose divine excess he was no more responsible than a Leyden jar is for an overcharge of electricity. (Cheers.) All honour to our covenanting forefathers—men of whom the world was not worthy—heroes of liberty and martyrs of the faith, who knew both how to live and die. (Loud cheers.) But, with all the elements of heroism and self-sacrifice which were in them, and by which they became world-famous as

types of their race, they were not precisely what we call poets—prophets and martyrs they might be—but poets they were not. Now, you cannot have everything at once; God, I perceive, does not accord that, either to men or angels, in life or history. Nay, in the creation of a man like Burns, he does not even consult our wishes or listen to our prayers at all. To the elements of genius, intellect, intelligence, imagination in him, God added the vehemence of passion and the distraction of desire, and the man became a Poet—*not* a Covenanter, *not* a Puritan; no! but an impassioned psalmist, headlong, almost ungovernable—snatching up the affections of a whole nation, and hurrying on with them to immortality. (Cheers.) And such a man was needed, I say; as much needed in the Divine economy of the universe as any hero, any prophet, any martyr, any Puritan that ever lived—and specially needed at the very crisis when God was pleased to call him into existence. Scotchmen before that were known to be patriots and covenanters, self-devoters, self-sacrificers for liberty and conscience; Wallace, Bruce, Knox, and Cameron had already lived; and such a band of heroes the world had never seen spring from the soil of any one country before,—Judea alone excepted. But they were never known to be the depositories of a passion that was almost self-destroying, as reckless and vehement, as musical and profound as a tornado, till Burns appeared—nay, the world itself was not supposed to be capable of producing a phenomenon of intensity and power like him. Till he was born, no such man was known; and since his disappearance, no other such for a thousand years need be expected; and do you wonder that he should have shot like a meteor through our hemisphere? or do you quarrel with the trifling aberrations or fiery coruscations of his path? Understand, then, that such things are attendant on the passage of the Deity among mortals! The nations must look for electric shocks when God makes his way amongst them! (Repeated cheering.) On the same small field of criticism, regrets are often heard that he did not employ his gifts to some sacred purpose, such as writing prose poems, elegies, and hymns—like Montgomery, Watts, or Hemans.—All honour to them in their places. But on the same principle men may wonder and complain that the boiling springs of Iceland are not tile drains—(cheers)—or that the sea of Galilee is not a fish pond—(cheers)—or that the river Jordan is not a canal. (Cheers.) You cannot have both in the same personality. God made the Geysers, Smith of Deanston made the tile drains; God made Galilee, Solomon made Heshbon; God made the Jordan, the Earl of Bridgewater made the canals! That is the difference! (Cheers.) You cannot alter it, and you would not exchange it. Even if you would, God will not permit you. In his divine liberality he gives you the Geysers, gives you Galilee, gives you the Jordan; which you must gratefully accept at his own hands, and be silent. The song-writer and the psalmist are equally divine; and your cavilling or objecting on that score is only a proof of ignorance or inexperience. (Loud cheers.) But what, after all, it is exclaimed, is this Burns in reality? A song-writer! Yes, a song-writer! as if that were nothing. Why, gentlemen, what is a song? 'Tis the very coining of the heart in love or rage, in joy or sorrow, into links of golden melody, to reach and bind all other souls of men together—such and no less—the breathing of ecstatic ether on the world,—handicraft for a god! (Cheers.) The man that has written one good song is immortal—has contributed an inheritance to the world. Sappho lives in virtue of a single song—has made herself immortal by one such outpouring. What then shall we say of him who, besides all other glorious doings, bequeathed some 260 of these imperishable breathings to his country and the world without fee, without reward; who coined himself away in melody, and died of song? Why, gentlemen, he swallows up poor Sappho, lyre and all—(cheers)—like the amorous sea; and having dedicated this immortal gift to the honour of his country—I may say to the very redemption of his country—he is just as much entitled to the gratitude, to the love, and to the worship of his country, as any martyr, any prophet, any lawgiver, or philosopher, that ever existed. (Cheers.) But, gentlemen, he was more than a song-writer—great as such distinction is; he was the philosopher, the prophet, and the martyr too. The philosopher he was, in the highest sense, of humanity itself with all its passions; the prophet he was of a higher faith and a truer life for his countrymen and for mankind, than any they had hitherto known; and a martyr he was to the independence of intellect and the lofty prerogatives of genius, sacrificing himself for the great truth of man's inherent nobility—(cheers)—and in these respects, gentlemen, he was as much entitled to our veneration and our gratitude as Knox, Cameron, or Chalmers. (Cheers.) As a minister of the gospel, when on this topic, I have yet another word to say:—Robert Burns was not a clergyman. No, Sirs; but he was the reformer of the clergy—(cheers)—the sternest rebuker of their ignorance and profligacy; for this, I, at least, will always thank and honour him. (Cheers.) But it was in a still higher sense that I regard him as the pro-

phet of his generation. At the time of his appearance what was the moral condition of Europe? Our religious friends forget this. Why, all Europe was sunk in atheism, flooded with the shallow and abominable irreligion of Voltaire, or shaken with the profounder and more potent scepticism of Hume. Against this flood, by God's all-wise inscrutable appointment, a standard was unconsciously, almost heedlessly lifted by a peasant lad. Drawing his inspiration from the trees, and the rocks, and the rivers, and the lakes, and mountains of his native land, but chiefly from the heart itself that was burning and yearning for utterance like a volcano within him, and fashioning such inspiration into musical words, he rolled back the deluge of unbelief with songs and fables such as men had never before heard, saying, in the name of God, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther!" (Cheers.) Why, gentlemen, as believers in Christianity, and as ministers of the gospel, we owe infinite obligations to him. (Cheers.) And now for his personality—What was he? What like was he? How did he live? And how did he die? God is no respecter of persons, gentlemen, and I have no right to be; neither do I speak it as in the spirit of senseless or illiberal boasting against any class; but I confess honestly that a thrill of gratitude to God pervades me when I remember he was a son of the common people, and of no exclusive rank—(cheers)—that he was in fact born a peasant; that God took him with all the elements of his existence out of the bosom of the people—(cheers)—that he was theirs, and drew the very inspiration that glorified him from the soil on which he trod and laboured. (Cheers.) Yes, gentlemen, he was one of ourselves; but, like the fabled demigod of old, when he touched his mother earth again, he became instinct with vitality and strength. (Cheers.) The fire of poetry in him shot upwards from his very feet out of the ground; and from head to foot he was full of it! As for his look, his noble brow, his deep, dark, eloquent eye, and sweet melodious lips—these were his own inalienable characteristics; but in other matters he was like the rest of us—a brother man and mortal. (Cheers.) "In a licht blue coat o' his mither's making and dyeing, ay, and o' his mither's sewing in thae days; and his bonnie black hair hinging doon and curling o'er the neck o't; a buik in his han'—ay, a buik in his han' an whiles his bonnet aneath his tither ockster, and didna ken that he was bare-headed; gaun about the dykesides and hedges; an idler, ye ken—an idler just, that did little but read; and even on the hairst-rig, it was soup and soup, and then the buik—(cheers)—soup and soup and then the buik! (Prolonged cheers.) He wasna to ca' a very bonnie man; dark and strong; but uncommon invitin' in his speech, uncommon. (Cheers.) Ye couldna hae cracked wi' him for ae minute, but ye wad hae stooden' four or five!" (Cheers.) So have I heard him described by an aged eye-witness—(now no more)—of the first reading of his "Holy Fair," across a chair-back at Mauchline, when he was in 'great glee'—and I doubt not it is as true as any photograph. (Cheers.) And how did he live, gentlemen? On this most delicate, painful, and sadly controverted topic, if you consult his enemies, those who hated or did not understand him, whom he had chastised and who smarted under his inflictions, you will be told that he was a reprobate and dangerous man; and eavesdroppers about Dumfries and elsewhere will strive to corroborate this, for miserable notoriety—perhaps for gain—that he was a slave to drink, a slave to passion, and a slave to profanity. If you consult those on the other hand who did know, and did love, and did understand him, they will not deny some errors; for the beloved of their recollections was a man; but they will assure you at the same time, perhaps with tears of affection, that he was a second father to his father's orphan family, that he taught younger brothers and sisters to read and write, that he prayed night and morning for them with a devotion and fervency they never elsewhere heard; that he was a kind master, a true friend, a compassionate man, a loving husband, and most indulgent father. (Cheers.) This you will hear on the other side, and can judge for yourselves between them: both accounts cannot be true; and I know to which account my own faith unhesitatingly, instinctively inclines; and for the other, let it go down, as it deserves, into perpetual oblivion! (Cheers.) And now, gentlemen—How did he die? Ah, sirs, there lies the question and the mystery! He did *not* die—he is not dead—he scarcely sleepeth—he is at this moment as much, and perhaps more, a vital essence and living power, than when he was with us in the flesh! (Cheers.) No, gentlemen, he is not dead, and cannot die. The ague fit that freed him from the bonds of clay, let loose his spirit on the world, and gave it wings of fire that will bear it triumphant wherever there are sympathetic souls in the universe. (Cheers.) Not dead is he, but only disembodied and diffused; and the gift of life that was then concentrated in himself has since become the inheritance of mankind! (Cheers.) To the great and good, my friends, there is no death; for them that love, and for them that think, there is only immortality, and perpetual, honoured remem-

brance. Nor is this an apotheosis, or mere heathen deification of some deceased brother mortal, and the raising of his image for idolatrous worship to the clouds: no, sirs, it is a spiritual resurrection, a rising again from the dead of a soul as deathless as our own, and the breathing again of its own undying life among the men that remain and wonder. (Cheers.) To your feet, gentlemen,—to your feet; and observe the toast we pledge. To Burns, to Robert Burns, the illustrious, the immortal! (The delivery of this speech was received with a vehemence of appreciatory enthusiasm, and the toast itself pledged with a sort of rapture that cannot be described. The cheering was lusty and long continued, and the toast was drunk with all the honours.)

Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle"—Mr. Girvan.

The CROUPIER here recited with great effect and amid loud cheering, some Commemorative Stanzas, especially written for the occasion.

Mr. GILFILLAN gave "The Poets of England," in connection with the health and prosperity of Mr. Story.

Song—"Ever of Thee I'm fondly dreaming"—Mr. Stafford, teacher, Alloway.

Mr. STORY returned thanks.

Mr. GEORGE MORTON proposed "The Memory of Professor Wilson."—About fourteen or fifteen years ago, on the banks of yon classic river, and within a stone-cast or two of the place where they were assembled, a great and glorious demonstration had taken place in honour of him, the centenary of whose birth they were met to celebrate. Up to that day Scotland had remained indifferent to the claims of her poetic genius. But at length she had nobly roused herself to wipe away the stinging sarcasm that she was hardly just to the merits of her bard. Upon that occasion men of all ranks, classes, and distinctions had congregated in one great living mass to worship at the shrine of genius. (Cheers.) In a pavilion suitably erected for the purpose, a great meeting had been held which was presided over by a nobleman who was an honour to their county, as well as country—who was foremost in every patriotic work, and was now reaping the reward of his labour and philanthropy in being chosen to rule over thousands. He (Mr. Morton) was not present upon that occasion, but he could well conceive the enthusiastic burst of applause which greeted the announcement from the chair—"Christopher himself is here." So, Sir, Christopher *was* there in all the dignity of his person—in all the nobility of his soul—in all the warmth of his feeling—in all the beauty of expression which ever characterised him, and hundreds that day had the delightful privilege of listening with rapture to the noble sentiments to which he gave utterance.

> "How like a lion in quiescent might
> The noble-souled old Christopher appears;
> The martial glory of internal light
> Smiles beautiful amid his ripening years."

(Cheers.) He is not here now, however, neither does his presence grace the festive board on this day of general rejoicing over the land. He has passed away. But all of him is not gone. We have still left behind the essence of his mighty mind. Although his noble lion-like form has been cut down, and we shall see him no more, *he lives*, ay, lives. He lives in the grateful recollection of his country—he lives in his contributions, many and varied, to the pages of *Blackwood*—he lives as a Poet—he was great as a critic,—he excelled as a Professor of Ethics;—he lives, as one has facetiously said, as a rollicking writer of chastened fun and frolick,—he lives, especially in his Noctes his fame is imperishable.

> "Thou art a monument without a tomb,
> And art alive still while thy book doth live,
> And we have wits to read and praise to give."

(Great cheering.)

Song—"The Flowers of the Forest"—Mr. Gilfillan.

The CROUPIER gave "The Poets of Scotland." (Rapturous applause.)

Song—"Gae, bring my gude auld harp ance mair"—Mr. Girvan. (Admirably sung.)

Other toasts, prefaced by excellent speeches, followed, and the proceedings terminated by singing "Auld Langsyne."

REFORM MEETING.

The soiree of the Ayr Working Men's Reform Association came off in the Theatre, with Colonel Shaw, of the Queen's Indian Army, in the chair. In beginning his address, the Chairman requested the audience to note the fact that his name appeared upon the bills as the "President of the Ayr Reform Association." This circumstance, said the speaker, gives you the point and pith of this commemorative effort: it is as the Reformers of Ayr that we have met together to-night. We have not come together for the purpose of doing homage to Burns' private character, no, nor even to his genius: we have assembled for the purpose of doing justice to the reformer who, more than seventy years ago, went for "manhood suffrage"—singing "a man's a man for a' that." Permit me, at the hazard of seeming somewhat tedious, yet, in justice to myself and to the noble-minded, virtuous, and honourable work-

ing men with whom I stand associated, to be distinctly clear and very unmistakable upon this point. I say, was Burns a Mormon, or was he an angel of purity? We have nothing to do with these questions. Was he a sybarite of intemperance, or was he a model of sobriety? We have nothing to do with these questions. Did he abase—not to say profane—his God-given genius, or were his poems, every one of them, the effusions of a seraph? I repeat it, we have nothing earthly to do with these questions; we are commemorating the great Reformer who, more than seventy years ago, went for "manhood suffrage"—singing "a man's a man for a' that." In Burns' day the times were dismally dark. Socially, politically, and morally speaking, our country was at that time in a low and very melancholy condition. Why, it was then thought the only real and right hospitality to make a guest dead-drunk; and no one with the least pretension to the name of gentleman ever went to bed sober. The song of the poet—inexpressibly sweet and beautiful when, like the bird in the morning, it soared towards heaven—became steeped in the predominant rage. But we may not enter on this topic; I repeat it once more; we are assembled to do justice to the mighty genius who, in so dark an age, sang the glorious song, "A man's a man for a' that;" and as it will now be sung.—The chairman sat down amidst a burst of applause, and the song indicated by him was then sung. A glee party and a pianist were in attendance. No fewer than thirty songs were sung; and, these being contributed by both male and female reformers gratuitously, were highly calculated to evince the possibility of the working-classes deriving enjoyment from chaste, refined and elevated poetry, when married to music by a high style of vocal proficiency.—A working man of Ayr (indeed the Secretary of the Reform Association) delivered an address upon Scotland's sons, in which Livingstone, Hugh Miller, and Watt were happily and effectively mentioned.—The whole of the proceedings were of a character to show that, if others are offering an idolatrous homage to the shade of departed genius, the sons of toil are able to enter upon the subject in a spirit of high moral discrimination. There is no danger to any country wherein such is the case.

DUMFRIES.

The centenary of Burns was celebrated in Dumfries with demonstrations of the most imposing character, and with an enthusiasm which, for extent and intensity, is quite unexampled in the history of the town.

The Burns Club had taken the initiative by resolving to hold a public dinner on the centenary of the poet, and to make such arrangements suitable to the character of the festival as would ensure its complete success. The general public speedily followed the movement. The Mechanics' Institution agreed to lay the foundation-stone of their new hall on the 25th of January. A most imposing and majestic series of triumphal arches, twelve in number, were designed by a townsman, Mr. Mein, joiner, and well executed. The day was universally observed as a holiday in the town and neighbourhood, large numbers being present from the country.

At twelve o'clock the procession, which was of extraordinary extent, and presented an exceedingly brilliant and imposing appearance, left the Academy grounds, where it had been marshalled four abreast, and, accompanied by seven bands of music, passed through the principal streets of Dumfries and Maxwelltown. It was headed by the Magistrates and Town Council of Dumfries, followed by the Magistrates and Town Council of Maxwelltown, the water commissioners, the merchants and traders, the various incorporated and other trades, the Celtic Society in Highland costume, the operatives in Nithsdale and Kingholm Mills, railway labourers, drapers' assistants, Early Closing Association, members of Mechanics' Institute, and Freemasons—the whole being brought up by a body of carters on horseback. Almost all the bands played Scotch music; and all along the route the windows were crowded with interested and enthusiastic spectators. All the trades carried their appropriate emblems and insignia, and the "siller gun," gifted to the Seven Incorporated Trades by James VI., was borne by their oldest freeman. In passing the house in Bank Street, where Burns once resided, and the house in Burns Street where he died, solemn and appropriate music was played. The foundation-stone of the new hall was laid with all due masonic honours by R. W. G. M. Stewart, Provincial Grand Master; and an appropriate address was afterwards de-

livered by Dr. W. A. F. Browne, President of the Institute. The procession then returned to the Academy grounds, where an address on Burns was delivered by Mr. Washington Wilks, of the Carlisle Examiner.

THE ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

At four o'clock on Tuesday, fully 220 gentlemen dined together under the auspices of the Burns Club, in the large hall of the Assembly Rooms, which was very neatly decorated with wreaths of evergreens, the large windows being hung with pink curtains. At the upper end of the hall were placed the two fine club portraits of Burns and his Bonny Jean. The hall has undergone a marked improvement by the introduction of gas. The three large crystal chandeliers have been removed, and beautiful gilt branches placed at each end of the room; and all round are handsome gilt brackets, with gas jets. Below the orchestra a row of ten gas lights has been placed, which has a good effect. The tables for the dinner were laid out by Mr. Clark of the Commercial Hotel with great taste.

The chair was occupied, in the unavoidable absence of Sheriff Napier from the sudden death of his son, by Dr. W. A. F. Browne, one of Her Majesty's Commissioners in Lunacy for Scotland. J. M. Leny, Esq. of Dalswinton, James Mackie, Esq. of Bargaly, M.P., Thomas Aird, Esq., of the Dumfries Herald, and W. Bell Macdonald, Esq. of Rammerscales, discharged the duties of croupiers. The Chairman had on his right hand Colonel Burns, the eldest surviving son of the poet; Colonel M'Murdo of Mavisgrove; Dr. Ramage of Wallacehall; Mr. William Gordon of Castlehill; Mr. Robert Scott of Castledykes; Mr. Walter Scott of Manchester; and on his left Provost Leighton, Dumfries; Rev. David Hogg of Kirkmahoe; Mr. A. Barrie, Dumfries; Mr. John Thorburn, Dumfries; Mr. H. Fuller, Editor of the New York Mirror; M. George Francis Train, New York; Col. Hyslop of Lotus. Supporting the croupiers were—Captain Noake, Dumfries; Dr. Adam, late of Dumfries, now of Boston, Lincolnshire; Mr. Strachan of the National Bank, Dumfries; Mr. Jeffray, Braehead; Mr. Smith, junior, Dalfibble; Mr. Dudgeon of Cargen; Mr. Johnston, Bank of Scotland; Sir Wm. Broun; Dr. Grieve, Dumfries. The Rev. Mr. Hogg acted as Chaplain.

The cloth having been withdrawn, the punch bowl and jugs of the Club were placed before the Chairman, who mellowed the national beverage into a perfect whole.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said:—I think before proceeding to the ordinary business of the evening, it is incumbent upon me to explain why I am here—why so humble an individual should attempt to act as a substitute for our respected Sheriff,—for one whose name in historical literature as well as his hereditary name recommends him to you. (Cheers.) He has been visited by severe affliction—so severe as to render it impossible that he should attend here on this occasion, or think of any such duty. I heard this with consternation, and I did not consent to the proposal so kindly made to me by the Burns Club, that I should take the chair here, until all other resources had failed, and until the other three gentlemen who had been appointed croupiers had been appealed to, and in the hour of need were, I am sorry to say, found wanting. I believe Mr. Leny will have some explanation to offer on the subject of Sheriff Napier's absence; and for myself, I trust that, under the circumstances, you will extend to me such support and forbearance as you can. (Loud cheers).

The CHAIRMAN, after a brief pause, then rose and said:—Gentlemen, I have to propose the Queen. Three sovereigns chiefly occupy my mind at the present moment. One is James I. of Scotland, the captive of Windsor, the author of the *King's Quair*, one of our first poets in point of time, though in some respects also first in merit. The second is James IV. of Scotland, the patron of poets, and minstrels, and luters, and of whom it was said that he was a sore patron to the crown, like his predecessor David, who was a sore saint to the crown. An anecdote of some local interest has lately come to light regarding this prince. Professor Aytoun, in illustration of James IV.'s musical propensities, has made known that on the 7th September, 1503, the crooked vicar of Dumfries sang before this gracious monarch at Lochmaben. (Laughter.) The third sovereign at once suggests itself to you—I mean our gracious Queen—(loud cheers)—one who has shown her love for Scotland by preferring it as a place of peace, repose, and relaxation, and who is said to love its music and its scenery. (Cheers.) She is not only the sovereign of a dominion on which the sun never sets, but of a realm in which the sound of song and minstrelsy never ceases—the sovereign of the most loyal and contented people that ever the sun shone upon—not only the mother of princes, but may we not also say the mother of poets? The toast was received with loud cheers, and all the honours.—Band—"The National Anthem."

The CHAIRMAN then gave the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family. All the honours.—Band—"Rule Britannia."

The CHAIRMAN then proposed the Army and Navy, and said: — There was a time when every army had not only its harper —that they have yet—but its bard, whose function it was to sing their high achievements. Then there came a time when even bards and harpers thought it incumbent on them to wear the sword and shoulder the musket, and tradition says that when our poet (Burns) walked up the High Street of Dumfries, wearing the grey kerseymere breeches, the coat of blue turned up with red, and the great bear-skin cap of that celebrated corps, the Dumfries Volunteers, he looked very unlike a poet, and even very unsoldier-like. (Great laughter and cheers.) There has now come a period when our bards are more disposed to turn the sword into the reaping-hook, or into the strings of the lyre. I think this is to be regretted. There is no time at which the poet should despise our brave defenders by sea and by land, and certainly not at the present time. (Loud cheers.) At all times, let us be assured, the best way to enjoy the blessings of peace is to be ready, aye ready for war. I beg to associate with this toast the name of Colonel M'Murdo, a name that is dear in the annals of Burns. The toast was drunk with all the honours.

Colonel M'MURDO :—I rise on behalf of the united services, to respond to the toast which has been just now given. (Cheers.) The affairs of Europe are at present in an unsettled state, and there is no knowing, from time to time, what may arise. The smallest collision between the great European Powers at present may lead to a war the termination of which no one can foresee. It is becoming a received opinion in some quarters that we should abstain from all hostilities, and have no connection with the quarrels of continental nations, that, in fact, we must maintain peace at all hazards. That, gentlemen, may or may not be correct, but for my own part, I do not think it is possible, that, standing as we do a nation the first in Europe, we can abstain from entering into war should circumstances arise to demand it. I think it is simply impossible, and I hope that the Government of this country will keep our army and navy in a most efficient state, prepared for all emergencies, and should we be drawn into the vortex and obliged to mix in the quarrels of Europe, then, with a clear conscience, and trusting in God for the result, we may go at it, and look forward to the result with confidence. (Cheers.) With respect to our army I have no doubt at all that it will continue to maintain the high character that it has done on other occasions, and particularly in the war so successfully brought to a close in India, where the British character has stood out in bright relief to the admiration of the whole world. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Lee sung here with great beauty of expression, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." The effect on the audience was quite electrifying, and the song was unanimously redemanded.

The CHAIRMAN then said:—The meeting would notice the presence on this occasion of a number of gentlemen whom they must all rejoice to see. He would speedily speak to them of the aspirations of the poet, of his being raised to a heaven of his own creation, of his living in an ideal state of existence. Let them recollect, however, that there was a higher and holier state than any represented in the dream of the poet,—that there was a real heaven,—that there were laws and conditions upon which it was to be reached,—and that the pointing out of those laws was intrusted to a class of men who were set for that dignified office. There were ministers he rejoiced to say of various denominations who, in the case of Burns, could see glory through a cloud—(cheers)—and could see those qualities that dignified the man, even though he were a fallible man. (Cheers.) The presence of clergymen on that occasion showed how much they sympathised in a national celebration like this, and though, so far as he could see, those clergymen now present chiefly belonged to the Established Church, homage to Burns, he was glad to say, was not confined to any particular sect or form of faith. In proof of this he would mention an incident of recent occurrence, which showed that the spirit now abroad had penetrated even to the altar. Last Sunday week in the town of Dundee a clergyman had spoken to his congregation to the following effect: "They were about to celebrate the anniversary of a great and illustrious man, to pay respect to those qualities which raised him above the rank of ordinary men and endowed him with powers that were certainly intended for the benefit of mankind, and he thought they were right in so doing." The individual so speaking was said to be the Rev. G. Gilfillan—(cheers)—a name intimately connected with the literature of Scotland, and who was now engaged in an enterprise which would have done credit to Samuel Johnson, and which in extent exceeded all Samuel Johnson's works, —he referred to his publication in a form accessible to all classes of an edition of the poets of Great Britain. (Cheers.) He begged now to give "The Clergy," coupled with the name of the Rev. Mr. Hogg. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. HOGG :—I was not aware till this moment that the toast now proposed was to be given, and I frankly state that I am not at all prepared to reply to it. If, however, you will accept the will for the deed, I beg to

return you my sincere thanks for the honour you have conferred upon us. And if you will permit me to say a single word in reference to our meeting to-day, I would here observe that the time has, in a great measure, gone past when prejudice was manifested with regard to our great national bard. (Cheers.) I firmly believe that, with reference to many ministers in the Church of Scotland, and indeed the clergy of Scotland of all denominations, there at one time existed much prejudice, much misrepresentation, and much misunderstanding in regard to Burns. (Loud cheers.) I think that we of the present day have great cause to rejoice that that prejudice is being removed, although at the time to which I refer it would have been considered anything but a subject of rejoicing. Many have accused the national bard of want of religion. I do not think he was an irreligious man at heart; but we must remember the character of the times in which he lived, and the style of Scottish poetry which immediately preceded him. (Loud cheers.) And I rejoiced to see the other day in a newspaper a letter from one who had been an old servant with Burns at Mossgiel, in which he says that the much maligned Poet had family worship morning and evening while he was there. (Cheers.) Now, Sir, I will venture to say that is more than can be said of many who have accused Burns of a want of religion. (Loud cheers and laughter.) There is one point to which I will refer for which the clergy are much indebted to Burns, and it will be in the minds of every one present. It has reference to matters connected with the most sacred solemnities of our church. There is a certain weed which amateur gardeners find very troublesome; it is no sooner eradicated than it almost reappears to laugh in your face again. It is called the bishop-weed. (Laughter.) Burns found a bishop-weed in the church: he found it in such scenes as those which are described in his Holy Fair—(cheers)—and in that poem he levelled a shaft against it—the shaft of satire—which put an end for ever to scenes that were a disgrace to humanity—a shaft which, though then levelled at a particular quarter, has been pointed throughout the whole world, and has produced such an effect that I may say nothing even analogous to the same scenes can now be found in this country. For this, I, for one, hereby acknowledge my obligation to Burns. (Loud cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN:—We have been honoured with the presence of the Chief Magistrate of Dumfries, and I have now the honour to propose his health. I have also to congratulate him, as I have already done to-day, on the splendid spectacle which the town over which he presides has this day presented, and, so far as I could see, the orderly, happy, and contented aspect of all the people. (Loud cheers.)

The PROVOST returned thanks, alluding briefly to the pleasure he felt in having taken part in the inauguration of the Mechanics' Institute Hall and the drinking fountains, and remarking that it would be his proudest ambition, as he was sure it was that of his brother magistrates, to do everything in the future, as they had endeavoured to do in the past, that would tend to maintain the prosperity of Dumfries.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said—May I now request your calm and serious attention for a moment. I have to draw your attention to what may be called—not the toast—but the commemoration of the evening. There have been in Great Britain three great anniversary meetings or celebrations such as this. One thousand years after the good and great Alfred died—the "truth-teller" as he was called—who founded schools and universities that still remain,—who commenced the translation of the scriptures,—who established trial by jury,—who gave a principality for a book,—who bemoaned the ignorance of his people,—and gave honours and place and power to those of them only who could read (the anticipation or foreshadowing, you will observe, of our own competitive examinations)—and who, lastly, spent much of his time in the composition of works of history and poesy, which have descended to us, and were intended to ameliorate the condition of the people—in regard to this man a few of the descendants of the race he had endeavoured to enlighten testified their acknowledgment and their gratitude in a jubilee. They cared little that he was a king, and had fought and conquered in fifty battles; they remembered chiefly that he was a poet and philosopher, who had spent and been spent and did the utmost he could do for the good of his people. And they had their stately processions, they met in festivity, and they founded a noble school in the town of his birth. Two hundred years after William Shakspeare went "with shining morning face," I doubt not "unwillingly," to the grammar-school of Stratford-upon-Avon, after he had raised our language to the rank of a classic tongue, partly by developing its powers, but chiefly by making it the vehicle of the noblest thoughts man's mind ever conceived, after he had given poetry the dignity of history and ethics, and spoken to all men in all time through the highest and holiest sympathies of our nature, some of his countrymen renewed the expression of their admiration in pageants and song, and banquets, and ultimately in the purchase of the house in

which he was born, as a museum for relics of his life, as a national monument of his genius. (Cheers.) And now, a hundred years after the birth of the greatest poet, the most manly nature that Scotland ever bore, whose genial and fervid utterance has embalmed our land's language—not as a vulgar idiom, but as a copious tongue—who has given expression to all that is earnest and impassioned, hearty and homelike and social in our lives and customs—whose fame, tried by time and criticism, remains a boast and a glory in our history—to him now we offer homage. (Cheers.) You will observe the resemblance which subsists between these events. Three men love and labour for and elevate their fellow-men. Long ages after they have fallen asleep, when the mist of prejudice has cleared away, and we stand in the sunshine of truth, their work is acknowledged; atonement, perhaps, is made for neglect and injustice, edifices arise as monuments, the homage of grateful hearts is recorded. (Cheers.) But you will remark the difference in these events. While the royal poet's requiem was sung in his native village only, while, alas, the commemoration of William Shakspeare was left in the hands of his brethren of the buskin, antiquarians, and literary men, the Centenary of Robert Burns is national—(cheers)—it is universal—(renewed cheering)—for in every land where his native tongue is spoken, his lyrics sung, his genius appreciated, from Indus to the Pole, there is this day expressed in various fashion, but I verily believe earnestly and cordially, honour to his immortal name. (Enthusiastic cheering.) Why, gentlemen, do we do this? Why is it that an excitement prevails unheard of, almost inexplicable—that our halls will not contain those who press forward to offer homage, that not only Scotsmen, but all, wherever they may be, who have Scottish hearts, or understand Scottish feelings, who sympathize with the best feelings common to mankind, participate in this impulse?

It is not that he was perfect, that he was a man of vigorous unbending will, of high-toned prudence, or that he was exempt from the failings of our race, that we do this, but, in our appreciation of human character, we understand best, and approach nearest, and we love most those natures that are most like our own. (Loud cheers.) There is, and there ought to be, the sympathies and relations of weakness as well as of strength. (Renewed cheering.) Upon one side of his character, Burns was the reflection of the manners and habits of the time, of those with whom he associated, of those whom he naturally imitated; but upon the other side we find bold and gentle and generous aspirations, deep feeling, and intense susceptibility, and that broad humour which so often accompanies these qualities. Burns' range of poetic vision was around him, it was essentially humane, it might be called practical, it concerned itself with the doings, the joys, the sorrows, the sins, and the destinies of man, but it penetrated into the deepest recesses of the soul, "the native feelings strong, the guileless ways." (Cheers.)

It is not because this man was a peasant that we regard him as a great poet: had he been of that royal and poetic line which so long ruled this mountain land, and which he loved so well —had he been nurtured in academic groves, and imbued with science and philosophy—had his genius awoke and seen the Vision amid the glories of art, the fairest scenes, the brightest skies, instead of at the plough and in the "auld clay bigging," as it did, he would still have been what he was—a master. (Loud cheers.) Whoever examines his correspondence with Thomson, will be astonished at the prolificness of his mind; but beyond this, there is evidence in his letters, in his correspondence, in his Tam o' Shanter, of an unexhausted capacity, not the result of taste and criticism, but of powers of which he was evidently conscious, greater than any he ever manifested, and which, had his life been spared, would have asserted supremacy. (Loud cheers.) Had he produced nothing but the "Cottar's Saturday Night," which I trust is not a picture of the past, he would have taken place in the same rank with Chaucer and Spencer, and his fame would have rested upon a narrower, although as elevated a basis. (Loud cheering.)

It is because this peasant-poet—I love to dwell upon the name, though he belongs to all classes—rose up amid great difficulties, yet I think in circumstances favourable to elevation of sentiment—not as a parish wonder, not as seeking fame in a limited and unlettered circle, but towering above his companions in the grandeur of innate strength and of self-culture, suddenly becoming the compeer of the wise, and the learned, and the polished; and, as suddenly, by that marvellous adaptation which he possessed, assuming their habits of thought as well as their manners—displaying with great sensitiveness, perfect simplicity and naturalness, and deep originality of thought—teaching in the high places, and among the noble and the mighty, the rights and privileges as well as the powers of genius, the brotherhood of man, and the virtues and the beauty of lowly things. (Cheers.) He was not merely the guest—he was, and was felt to be, the equal of Erskine, Blair, Home, and Gregory. (Cheers.)

And again, we do this homage to Burns because he was a man who stood forth in bold

outline, in diversity of gifts, in nobleness of purpose, the representative of the most characteristic and best qualities of the national mind. He gave expression in our common language, and in exquisite beauty, to sentiments which every man feels burning within him, crying for utterance, and moulding his whole nature. He has given us words in which to woo our brides, to vindicate our patriotism, to cheer the social hour, to cement our friendships—hymns to proclaim the love, and peace, and beauty of our homes. (Prolonged cheering.) Burns' songs are the speech of the human heart. We think his thoughts, we speak his words, in our sternest as well as in our tenderest moods, and these now household words elevate and sanctify what would otherwise be rude and common. Songs live longer than history, are mightier than wisdom; and we believe this grand recognition of Burns' power is attributable chiefly to his lyrics. (Cheers.)

Lastly, we do this because this man, bold, independent in a critical time, at painful sacrifices, was the defender of rights, perhaps too zealously, then little understood—of that freedom of thought and opinion which was dreaded and discouraged—sometimes punished—and of that universal participation in the blessings of knowledge, which was regarded, but is no longer regarded, and will never again be regarded, as subversive of the peace and order of society. As poet—patriot—as one of the worthiest sons that Scotland ever produced—I propose the Immortal Memory of Burns. (The toast was drunk in solemn silence.)

The Band played "Farewell, thou Fair Day," and Mr. Stewart sung with much expression and feeling, "There was a Lad was born in Kyle."

Colonel BURNS, who, on rising to reply, was received with deafening cheers, and spoke under much emotion, returned thanks for the very gratifying manner in which the name of his father had been received, and in particular to their Chairman for the most eloquent eulogium he had made on his character. When the poet once told his wife in a state of despondency that he would be more thought of a hundred years hence than then, little could he have thought that such a celebration should have taken place as Scotland had that day witnessed. Even before the lapse of fifty years after that saying, a festival was held at Ayr in commemoration of his memory, but that demonstration was limited in its nature, while this, as their Chairman had truly said, was universal. (Loud cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN rose to propose The Memory of the Widow and of the eldest Son of Burns. In doing so he said:—Let us picture a quiet comfortable parlour in a modest house in Dumfries; let the time be the gloamin' of a pensive autumn night; there is a cheerful fireside; a stalwart, massive man is balancing himself upon the hind legs of his chair at a folding-desk between the fire and the window; and there flits a matronly figure, not so busied in domestic matters but that she can pause amid the ministrations which made that home so happy and cheerful, and sing sweetly, artlessly, the fervid or pathetic words fresh from the mint of fancy, and pronounce whether the words were "rough" or pleasing to her sense of melody. Beside the rapt dreamer who rocks to and fro, there is a boy of keen and intelligent aspect, who is proud to grasp the hand of his companion in walks of business or hours of inspiration, on the Dock or at far off Lincluden, and who questions his sire about lessons in Cæsar. That boy of promise ripened into manhood and displayed great mental power. His voice is but now silent. This is the wife and eldest son of the poet—"the lass that he lo'ed best"—that "bonnie Jean," who loved and venerated her noble partner, who never saw fault nor foible in him; who, when he died, gathered her children around her, refused aggrandisement that they might grow up amid home memories and under the shadow and shelter of her influence—who preserved his room and small library—oh, beautiful superstition of love!—as he left them—who during the evening of a calm and happy and creditable life "never changed nor wished to change her place." (Loud cheers.) Poets love and marry abstractions. They endow fair forms with all the grace of virtue and excellence, and worship their own creations. It is certain, however, that they often secure as suitable companions as those who are no poets. Wordsworth's "phantom of delight" proved to be a prudent, plain housewife; and she who was "seen in the dewy flower and heard in tuneful birds," proved a gentle and considerate helpmeet, who shared the burdens, worshipped the genius, and wept the fate of Burns. (Great applause—Duly honoured.)

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," by Mr. Wilson—sung with exquisite feeling.

Colonel BURNS briefly returned thanks.

The CHAIRMAN thereafter gave The Health of the Sons of Burns. He said: Let us turn to those whom this banquet has brought from those it could not bring. We have with us one who bears the name of Burns, whose veins are filled with the same noble blood, whose heart throbs with hereditary geniality of feeling, who has heard him, seen him, lain in his bosom, and who, though he may retain no vivid recollection of his sire, must have felt the magic and mystery of that light-giving eye which seems to have sunk once and for ever into the memory of

Walter Scott, giving him, in the words of one of the biographers of Burns, "his ordination." We have William Nicol Burns with us. James Glencairn Burns has consented, as was naturally his duty, to appear elsewhere, at another demonstration. (Cheers.) These, I may call them, twin sons of the poet, stimulated, it may be, by the fame of their father, but in the strength of their own integrity and talent, have successfully fought the battle of life, cheered in distant lands by the songs of their father, meeting everywhere his fame, his friends; have acquired rank and position in the service of their country; have added honour, if possible, to the name of Burns. (Cheers.) Let us recollect the solicitude of Burns as to his family —and what father has not felt it?—let us remark that, in writing as to the illustration of one of his songs, he says, "There's a wee, ill-deedie, rumble-gairie urchin of mine now making a felonious attack upon the cat's tail, whom I have named Willie Nicol,"—(great laughter and cheers)—and let us remark that the "wee ill-deedie laddie" is beside me—(cheers)—has lived to see a whole people rise this day with a unanimity never before witnessed, to proclaim his father their national poet, their greatest countryman; and you may understand, ay, and envy the feelings of exultation which are now his. I know you will drink with me to his and his brother's long life and happiness! (Cheers.) May they live—I was about to quote Shakspeare, but I will quote myself—to see another centenary! (Great laughter and prolonged applause, in the midst of which the toast was received with all the honours.)—The Chairman added to the amusement by observing: A kind friend of mine, I suppose in gratitude for something I have done to-night, has proposed that I should be chairman at next centenary. (Renewed laughter and cheers.) I can only say, gentlemen, that I shall be so with less reluctance than on the present occasion, and I shall then come, I faithfully promise, perfectly prepared. (Laughter and cheers.)

The band—"Wandering Willie."

Colonel BURNS said—I beg to thank you very sincerely for the honour you have done us in drinking so cordially my brother's health and mine. We were brought up in humble life, but we have attained in our profession the rank of field officers. (Cheers.) I would ask what is the cause of this? I do not hesitate to reply, the genius of Robert Burns. (Cheers.) Two distinguished Scotsmen, Sir James Shaw, London, and Sir John Reid, one of the directors of the East India Company, and at one time governor of the Bank of England, gave my brother and myself our cadetships in the Indian army. We went out to India, and the fame of our father pursued us in good fortune. (Loud cheers.) While I was only an ensign the adjutancy of my regiment became vacant, and the Highland Society of Madras asked of the commander-in-chief the appointment for me. His Excellency could not then accede to the request, and the appointment was given to an officer much my senior. On the appointment, however, of the army of the Deccan at the time of the Pindaree war, Sir Thomas Hyslop conferred on me the temporary appointment of Field-assistant-quartermaster-general. The fame of Burns did still more for us. I was afterwards placed on the general staff in the commissariat, to which my brother had been appointed some time previously by the Marquis of Hastings. After a long residence in India we have been spared in the providence of God to come to spend the evening of our days in our native land. (Tremendous cheers.) And I can say this, that wherever the sons of Burns have appeared—even at this late period—whether in England, in Scotland, or in Ireland, they have always been received with the most affectionate enthusiasm as the sons of Burns; and even Americans, wherever we have met them, have exhibited almost as much enthusiasm in responding to the names of the sons of Burns as our own countrymen. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Lee sung "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," which was warmly applauded.

At this stage of the proceedings, the Chairman intimated that a deputation had been appointed to proceed to the great meeting in the Nithsdale Mills to show that meeting that, though separated by place, they were one in sentiment, and to express the best wishes for their enjoyment. The deputation, consisting of Colonel Burns, and Messrs. William Gordon, Robert Scott, and W. R. M'Diarmid, thereupon left amid loud applause.

Dr. ADAM then proposed "The Literature of Scotland." He felt much difficulty, he said, in rising to propose the toast, inasmuch as it was only that afternoon, after a journey of nearly four hundred miles, undertaken on purpose that he might be present at this meeting, that he was asked to propose the toast. At a large meeting like this, intended to do honour to the memory and genius of Scotland's national Bard, it seemed to him that, as Scotchmen, we should all feel proud of our nationality. The lapse of time, the rise and fall of kings, the wars of factions, the clashing of rival sects of religionists, and even the Treaty of Union itself,—all had failed to deprive Scotland of her distinctive nationality. And why was this? It was because our nationality was not a myth, it was

no mere idle whim, or passing fancy. It was stamped on the aspect of our soil; it was interwoven with our manners and customs; it lent a tinge to our superstitions and traditions; it gave a character to our music; and was based on all the tenderest emotions and deepest affections of the human heart. Possessing such elements of undying vitality, it was indestructible and imperishable. But we should, on the present occasion, feel specially proud and grateful that we possessed a National Literature, and also a language of our own in which its masterpieces were written. Our dear Doric was no provincial *patois*, no vulgar corruption of the English tongue; but it was a distinct language by itself—made up of several of the great dialects of Europe—for in it the Celtic and Teutonic had blended their rugged force and picturesque charm with the softer sounds of the Norman. Ramsay, Tannahill, and Ferguson had elevated it by their lyrics; but among the creators of our national literature, there were two names which shone pre-eminent far above all other names—those of Robert Burns and Walter Scott. (Applause.) Burns came, in his burly peasant strength, like a prophet of old, with a message to deliver, and with a heart longing to give utterance to its thoughts. From the fulness of his inspiration he sang his "wood-notes wild," and the tones thrilled a chord in every breast where our language is spoken, and have made his fame world-wide—as is testified by the great assemblages which have met this evening in all parts of Britain and America. He sang, in that dear mother-tongue of ours, of friendship, love, and war, giving a voice to all the subtle emotions of the heart, which had never before found vent in speech. Thus he ennobled our Doric, and embalmed it against decay—

> "First the banks of Doon beheld it;
> Then his own land formed its span;
> Now the wide world was its empire,
> And its home, the heart of man."

(Applause.) The streets of this town, which he trod so often, and the lovely scenes around us where he loved to wander, have been rendered classic by his genius; and prouder far should you be of that little nook of ground in St. Michael's churchyard, wherein rest his revered ashes, than of all the wealth of your town and all the beauties of your shire. (Great cheering.) It was unnecessary to speak at length of Scottish literature, or to run over the long and brilliant bead-roll of the philosophers, metaphysicians, theologians, and poets who had helped to create it. The lyrical and heroic poetry of Scotland was unequalled for its tenderness and force. Scotland had still bards; and this evening there was present one of the greatest of her living poets—one in whose works the deepest pathos was found united to the loftiest imagination and the sublimest imagery. He alluded to Mr. Thomas Aird,—a gentleman whose high standing and character rendered him a fitting representative of Scottish Literature. He begged to propose "Scottish Literature, coupled with the name of Mr. Thomas Aird." (Great cheering. Drunk with all the honours.)

Mr. Aird—I may well say, gentlemen, that you have done me too high an honour, but since it is your pleasure to be generous, it would ill become me to bandy words with you. I appreciate your kind compliment, and accept it most gratefully. (Cheers.)

Mr. Wilson sung with touching pathos "My Nannie's awa'."

Dr. Ramage of Wallace-hall proposed the "Biographers of Burns." He said—It is only right on an occasion such as this, when we are met to do honour to the memory of Burns, that his biographers should not be forgotten; for, however imperfectly we may consider them to have performed the important task they undertook, still I think that you will agree with me when I say that we owe them a debt of gratitude for the zealous efforts they have made to place before us a fair and honest representation of Burns as a poet and as a man. We must recollect that it is no easy matter to write the life of such an individual, and to bring him before us in his unity or individuality. To do so successfully, it is not merely necessary that we should have a narrative of those leading events in his history which are patent to the whole world—even though they may have exercised an important influence in the formation and development of his character—nor yet must we have merely a dry catalogue of his virtues and of his vices drawn up in regular order, and as in the *per contra* of a ledger. All this may be done with care, with accuracy, nay, even with perfect truthfulness, and yet I venture to affirm that, as it was once proposed in the play of Hamlet, Hamlet might be left out. Something very different from this is required in writing the life of an individual. Every one here present is conscious to himself that there is an inner life within him, hidden deep within the recesses of his breast, covered over carefully with the crust of the world, jealously guarded from the pryings of the curious; and till this inner life is laid bare, thoroughly understood and explained, it is impossible that the life of any individual can be truthfully delineated. It is only occasionally that you can catch a glimpse of the true lineaments of character. The wind does not always enable even

the straw to point the direction that it is setting. The fire may smoulder in dull and languid embers; it is only when the passing breeze sweeps across them that they begin to glow, to sparkle, and to indicate the vital elements within. So it is with the life of man; and the difficulty with which the biographer has to contend is to catch and interpret rightly, the passing glimpses which reveal the real character and the real workings of the human mind. He must photograph or daguerreotype the ever-changing phases of character as they appeared in the individual while he lived, and moved, and had his being among us. When this is done successfully, it is then, and not till then, that we have a true representation of the man as he strutted and fretted his little hour upon the stage of life. It is his success in this life-like drawing of character that makes us forget whatever of mannerism or affectation may be found to mar the beauties of our great countryman Carlyle. Tacitus and Thucydides paint to the life, by one or two characteristic strokes, the individual whom they wish to place before the mind's eye. To what then may we liken a biographer? He is like to a skilful artist, who places a picture in such a light as brings out all its beauties, some of which may never have been observed before; or he may be compared to a diamond-cutter, who cuts and sets a diamond with such artistic skill that, when the sun shines upon it, new beauties flash upon the eye—beauties which were equally there in its crude and unpolished state, but which the cunning hand of the artist alone has enabled us to see. Am I then speaking paradoxically when I affirm that every new biographer may place Burns in some new light, every commentator and every illustrator may point out new beauties in his poems, and discover new traits of character which never caught the eye before? (Cheers.) Why, even since we entered these walls, have we not had a beautiful example of the correctness of the views which I have been attempting thus imperfectly to bring before you in the happy, nay, brilliant illustrations which our Chairman has given us of Burns and his poems? (Loud cheers.) How many new points has he hit upon which never caught our attention before! What striking views of the Poet's character! What graphic pictures has he held up before our eyes! But so it ever will be when a man of genius and of talent—he will forgive me for so characterizing him in his presence; but I know that I am only giving expression to the feelings that pervaded the breast of every one who listened to his eloquent and heart-stirring address—when a man of talent turns his attention to any subject, however hackneyed, and however much the world may think it exhausted. There is nothing which he touches that he does not adorn. But, in continuance, I beg you to consider how much has been done for Shakspeare in this respect. How many new beauties and how many new points have been hit upon, in these latter times, which escaped the notice of those who first directed their attention to his works. Even at the present moment a noble Lord—whom Scotland is proud to recognise as one of her sons, who, like Lord Clyde and the Lord Bishop of London, has raised himself by his talents and by his industry from a comparatively humble position to rank with the noblest of the land, I mean Lord Chief-Justice Campbell,—is now employed in bringing out a small work to prove, from the numerous allusions to legal customs in Shakspeare's works, that he must have in his early years belonged to the legal profession. Here is then an apt example of the truthfulness of the views which I have been attempting to press upon your attention. Some of the more ardent admirers here of that great poet may smile that I should venture to even (if you will allow me to use a Scotch word) Burns to Shakspeare. Nay, I do Shakspeare no wrong; they are twin-brothers—alike, but not the same. Are they not both of them what Thucydides calls a κτῆμα ες αει—a possession, not for *one* age, but for *all* time. Burns, however, labours under disadvantages, from which others are free. Burns was cut off ere he had almost reached his prime. He died before he had time given him to correct and to make a selection of such portions of his works as his mature judgment and his more serious thoughts might have led him to consider worthy of being handed down to perpetuate his name. His works, without the last finish, must now remain for ever as they are. They are imperfect, but the imperfection which attaches to them is the same that attaches to some mighty masterpiece of ancient sculpture—the Torso of Hercules for instance. Maimed, mutilated, imperfect, but matchless, it has been the wonder of past ages, and will continue to be an object of admiration for ages to come. (Loud cheers.) For any one to think that he could improve such a piece of work, would be the same as

> "To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
> To throw a perfume on the violet,
> To smooth the ice, or add another hue
> Unto the rainbow."

(Cheers.) Such is the nature of the imperfection that attaches to the works of Burns. No one would dare to add to, or to take away from, the words which are known to be the genuine expression of the mind of Burns. After your

indulgent patience, I should consider myself unpardonable if I did more than indicate, in the most general terms, one or two of the principal biographers who have written the life of Burns. All of you have read, I doubt not, more than one life of Burns. Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling, was the first to set the stone a-rolling, by a paper in the *Lounger*, written with great feeling and truth. It struck the right note, and with prophetic vision claimed the title for Burns of 'National Poet,' an honour which his country has since fully ratified. Dr. Currie writes his life with great simplicity, and with a kindly feeling which wins every heart. Though he may not have penetrated much beneath the surface, he, as well as Walker, has collected ample materials to enable us to form our own judgment respecting the character of the poet. I confess that I am old-fashioned enough to like the simple, unaffected style of Currie, who makes no pretensions, but who loves the Poet as a man, and who touches with tender hand upon his failings. Allan Cunningham's life is more pretentious, enters more minutely into his history; but I do not know that he has been more successful than Currie in giving us an insight into the true character of Burns. It is, however, very pleasantly written. But of all his biographers, I consider Lockhart to have been the most successful. He has aimed at reaching the inner man by catching characteristic features, sayings, actions, and habits. Without these, biography is a mere abstraction of qualities and results, not a picture of the individual man. I cannot close this short statement respecting the biographers of Burns without alluding to the papers of Wilson and Carlyle, which, it is needless to say, will amply repay your perusal. Chambers has written a popular work, which is very pleasant reading, and he has gathered up a considerable quantity of gleanings which had been omitted by previous writers. (Cheers.)

Song—"My Nannie, O,"—Mr. Thomson.

Mr. CARRUTHERS of Inverness then gave the next toast, "English Literature,"—a subject, he said, so vast and comprehensive, that he was not only startled when he saw that the committee had assigned it to him, but he felt, as they all must do, that on an occasion of that kind, it could only be dealt with in a very vague and desultory manner. Dr. Adam appeared to feel restrained in treating even of Scottish literature; but if they crossed the Border, and called up the long file of immortals from Geoffrey Chaucer to Alfred Tennyson,—if they attempted to separate them into classes,—the poets, the historians, the divines, the philosophers—those who deal in truth, and those who deal in fiction—it would be obvious that the slightest effort at a critical estimate or analysis would that evening be utterly impossible. They could, however, make known their reverence and affection for them all! (Cheers.) He remembered that at one of those morning parties which the late Mr. Samuel Rogers so bountifully and gracefully threw open to the humblest lovers of literature and art, some discussion arose on the subject of English literature. Colonel James Burns was present; and he would recollect, as he (Mr. C.) did, the alacrity with which the old poet hastened up stairs to his library, and bringing down a volume of Hume's history, read aloud words like these, "Such a superiority do the pursuits of literature possess over every other occupation, that he who attains but a mediocrity in them, merits the pre-eminence above those that excel the most in the common professions." The enthusiasm of the retired student and devoted man of letters was seen in this declaration; and it was made by Hume at a time when the literary character stood low, when patronage had been withdrawn, or only extended to political partisans and pamphleteers, and when there was not a public numerous and enlightened enough to compensate or reward authors. Hume might have carried the parallel farther: he might have ascended from the "common professions" to the heights of science, and contrasted these with the heights of literary genius. "Shakspeare is wonderful," said Dr. Chalmers, "greater even than Newton." And why? Because, as he (Mr. C.) conceived, science was rather the careful induction of facts than the display of individual creative power. (Cheers.) One man builds upon the discoveries of others, carries them a step higher,—and perhaps, as in the cases of Galileo and Newton, achieves some great result. Literary genius of the first order is creative, self-operating. All that Newton discovered we should probably have known ere this had he never existed. The grand theory of gravitation had been indicated by Halley, though it required the higher geometrical knowledge of Newton to demonstrate the great truth. But if Shakspeare had not existed, there would have been no Hamlet, no Lear, Othello, or Macbeth; all that teeming world of his creation, with which they were so familiar, would have been lost for ever. The intuitive wisdom, the weighty truths, the felicitous phrases which had come to be part of the daily speech of almost all people, could have been produced by no other brain. We can take up, continue, and improve upon the fruits of Newton's genius, as had been done by Sir David Brewster and others in optics; but who could take up, continue, or improve upon the genius of Shakspeare or Milton?

(Cheers.) Mr. C. then gave a brief survey of the progress of English literature, from the brilliant Elizabethan period to the present day. It was generally found, he said, that any great course of public events—any commotion or excitement which lifts the hearts of a whole people, stirs the national genius and permeates its literature. In the reign of Elizabeth there was a combination of such causes. There was the Reformation awakening all minds. Truth propagates truth: puts light to light. The mantle of mystery was removed not only from religion, but from literature. The classics were diligently studied. Italian literature was imported, and translated. The sentiments of chivalry still lingered in the country—"high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy," as defined by Sir Philip Sidney, himself the beau-ideal of courtesy and chivalrous honour. There was also the spirit of mercantile enterprise and curiosity, excited by the discovery in the previous century of America and the West Indies. Our seamen had ceased to feel alarm for what the poet called "the stormy spirit of the Cape." Drake and Cavendish had circumnavigated the globe, the English flag was seen on all seas, the Spanish Armada was scattered. The whole rose up before the imagination like a brilliant panorama; and from the middle of the reign of Elizabeth to the close of the Protectorate, we had the masters of literature and philosophy—Shakspeare, Bacon, Spenser, Raleigh, Hooker, and Milton. Having shortly characterised these, Mr. C. traced the declension of imaginative literature after the period of the restoration. The drama became inextricably associated with sensuality and profanity, partly caused by the reaction from the gloomy austerity of the Protectorate, and partly by the character and tastes of the Court. This license and disorder did not, however, affect Milton in his retirement, irradiated by visions of Paradise; it did not deprive England of divines like Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and Tillotson, or historians like Clarendon or Burnet; it did not check the physical science of Newton, or the speculative philosophy of Locke. There was no lack of wit, with something higher, in Cowley and Butler; there was little original invention, but old patriotic Daniel De Foe, having tried innumerable schemes—a true-born Englishman, never giving in—embodied that happy conception of the shipwrecked Crusoe and his solitary island, and made his name immortal. Bishop Butler propounded his ethical system, still one of our best barriers against infidelity, and Steele and Addison by their charming essays corrected the grossness and follies of society. Careless, happy Dick Steele, whom Mr. Thackeray has drawn so admirably!—he with his light touch and airy grace charmed all readers. He drew outlines and suggested plans—such as the Spectator Club—and told pathetic and romantic little stories; and Addison followed with his inimitable pencil, filling up Steele's outlines, adding serious reflection, sentiment and criticism—now a hymn and now an Eastern apologue—and thus insensibly, as it were, reforming the public taste and morals. But the greatest name of the age was that of Swift. While Pope was condensing and polishing his couplets, Swift flung himself into the stream of public affairs, buffeting about on all sides. The character and writings of the famous Dean had been made the subject of much controversy of late. Mr. Thackeray had passed a severe judgment on him, while their townsman, Mr. James Hannay, an able scholastic critic, had taken the other side. Having dwelt on the striking peculiarities of Swift's character and genius, Mr. C. pointed to the sceptical but profound David Hume, who threw out dogmas for the learned, while rough, imperious, kindly old Samuel Johnson sat as literary dictator, and James Boswell penned notes for his marvellous biography. Johnson was greater, as Burke said, in the pages of Boswell than in his own works. The dwarf, according to Bacon, can see farther than the giant when mounted on the giant's shoulders, but here we have the giant on the shoulders of the dwarf, and, when let down appearing no bigger than some of his contemporaries—nay less, in the eyes of the present generation, than even Goldsmith, who looked up to Johnson as a schoolboy on the fourth or fifth form looked up to his master. But Boswell merited the gratitude of them all. What a gallery of living portraits he had drawn!—each presented not only in his habit as he lived, but as he spoke and acted, loved or hated. And Johnson was great also in his own strong sense, and his manly, noble nature. In his sonorous sentences are bursts of fine feeling and imagination, and sound principles of criticism which, though occasionally narrow in spirit, are clearly and forcibly enunciated. He (Mr. C.) dare not venture on the quaternion of novelists—Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. They have not been surpassed, but they have been superseded in popularity by the glorious fictions of Scott and other works of a pure character and tendency. The poetry of that period illustrated the fact that true genius is never imitative. Notwithstanding the influence of the Pope school, Thomson, Young, Akenside, and Gray, struck out paths of their own, and there were other names. Travellers entering Italy by the Pass of the Simplon, with all their admiration of the magnificent Alpine scenery, confessed to a secret pleasure in de-

scending to the sunny plains, the regions of the vine and fig-tree; and most readers had felt a similar sensation on exchanging the epic majesty of Milton, the higher dramas of Shakspeare, or the page of the philosophical historian for the gentle description, the quiet pathos, and moral beauty of the poetry of Goldsmith, Collins, and Beattie. The American war, with the eloquence of Chatham and Burke, gave a new impulse to the public mind, and then came Cowper and Burns—the true regenerators of the public taste, the poets of nature and feeling. While Cowper and Burns triumphed, enthroned at the firesides of the people of England and Scotland, we had the shock of the French Revolution. All wrongs were to be redressed, all factitious distinctions were to cease, virtue and talent were to be omnipotent. How that dream ended they all knew—but it was not all a dream. That heart must have been cold indeed which did not throb with exultation when the blood-cemented towers of the Bastile fell. And before the bright vision faded it had sunk deep into many ardent and generous minds. Burns kindled at the glory—Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge were fascinated by it, and in the national tumult and excitement, the old conventional and artificial style of our imaginative literature disappeared. A few eminent men—as Crabbe, Rogers, and Campbell—still, however, adhered to its external form. Crabbe, as one of his friends wittily said, was "Pope in worsted stockings." But it was Pope grown old, and, as if tired with lashing Whig Ministers and Grub-street authors, he had taken to parish business. As to Rogers and Campbell, the small classic temples of Memory and Hope will always remain in the land and always find admirers. But Campbell, like Burns, had the true poetic energy. His refinement, bordering upon fastidiousness, was adventitious: it was but the flame that played round the altar; the sacred fire burned within. And, speaking in Dumfries, it might appropriately be mentioned, that Campbell's steady friend and affectionate biographer, Dr. Beattie, was a native of that neighbourhood. Having dwelt on the rich abundance that characterized the literature of the nineteenth century—unprecedented since the Elizabethan period—Mr. C. said that, though the great lights of the last generation were now all gone, English literature in the present day held a commanding and distinguished position. There was vast activity in all departments of intellect,—unwearied research in physical science, a revival of speculative philosophy which seemed to be laid asleep with Dugald Stewart, and a spirit of inquiry and investigation that had no parallel in our literary annals. He instanced Tennyson, as our representative living poet; the great historians Macaulay, Hallam, Grote, and Carlyle; the ascendency which the department of fiction had gained by the works of Thackeray, Bulwer Lytton, and Dickens, and by several lady authors, the worthy descendants of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen. There never was a period when our authors were animated by higher or purer motives; they had discarded that badge of servitude, patronage, and he hoped they would soon gain the only protection they desired—an international law of copyright. A deep responsibility rested with our popular writers. Their influence had been multiplied to an almost inconceivable extent by the increase of readers, and the issue of cheap editions. The humblest student can now enjoy the rich inheritance of the past, as well as the novelties constantly poured forth by the press. Some person had said of Porson, the eminent scholar, that with all his Greek he did not know so much as an Athenian cobbler. But a British cobbler of the present day could, for a few pence, sit down to an intellectual banquet such as no Athenian philosopher or opulent citizen could, in the proudest days of Attica, command at any price. Into all those foreign lands and distant regions where the songs of Burns were sung with such enthusiasm, English literature had penetrated. We had become the moral pioneers of the world. This was a noble destiny, and he would echo Milton's simple but majestic words, "Let not England forget her ancient precedence in teaching nations how to live." (Loud cheers.)

Tune—"There was a lass and she was fair."

At this point of the evening's proceedings a deputation from the Nithsdale Mills dinner was introduced. Mr. Dykes, as spokesman of the deputation, said he was proud to be able to report that the party in the Nithsdale Mills had enjoyed themselves very much. It gave them great pleasure as working men to see a meeting of what might be called the aristocracy of the town doing homage to one who belonged to the class of working men. And this ought to induce working men to endeavour to accomplish whatever of good was possible to them in their own sphere, for every one could do something to acquire an honourable reputation among his fellowmen. (Cheers.) The deputation, after remaining for a short time, retired amidst applause.

Captain NOAKE then rose and proposed "A happy meeting to all celebrating the Centenary of Burns this evening, the world over." He said: Before asking you to join with me in the toast, permit me to offer a few words on the cause of this universal gathering, in which we see embodied the very heart of Scotland—in

which England joins—in which we see thousands and tens of thousands in Canada, the United States, and Australia; and twos and threes on shipboard, in the bush, the barrack-room, and the bivouac. What is the influence that makes

> "Man and man, the warld o'er,
> As brithers be, and a' that?"

(Cheers.) Let us look back a century, and mark the tone and tastes of society, and the social and moral condition of the great body of the people. And then look in, as on this night, on that tender plant at Alloway, on which the cold, and chilly, Janwar' wind is blowing in all the bleakness of unsheltered poverty. Then mark its growth. How vigorously it strikes its roots downwards! How it grows upwards, and waxes strong above its fellows! How the very rain-drops, from its wide-spreading branches, are drunk in by a thirsty and admiring nation! Then let us gradually shorten our view, and we shall see the falling, but living, leaves, of that stately tree, giving light, and strength, and a healthy vigour, to the mind of its country; implanting in its heart a feeling of self-respect and independence; exalting its patriotism; refining its love; giving a higher and purer tone to its song; and raising its language in the estimation of the nations. (Cheers.) And now, its lofty towering top shines, as a glorious beacon, to bind the wandering, pioneering Briton, to the hills, the homes, the hearths of his father-land. (Loud cheers.) The scholar may award to Milton the topmost niche in Fame's golden temple, but, with bated breath, we traverse with him those awful regions which he explores. He may place Shakspeare on its very pinnacle, and we admire and wonder as he lays bare to our view the deep, mysterious workings of the human heart. Still, the people pass them by, and hoist on the shoulders of the heart and the affections "the sweet songster of Scotland" who binds, with silken bands, to his triumphal car, the fond, endearing associations of home. (Cheers.) And he sings his hymn of victory, in the gush of the purest feeling, and in the tender, simple, language of our childhood. This is that mighty influence; felt as deeply as it is enduring. And its sphere extends with each succeeding generation, and like the ripple on the water, it rolls on, and onward, on the crest of time, till the very centre—where now rests that noble heart which gave it birth—shall be, like ancient Sparta, known but in name. (Tremendous applause.) We do not love Burns for the sweetness of his song alone, but, also, for the wisdom of his teachings; and for having conveyed his instructions and reproofs in the most simple, and, at the same time, the most powerful language that man commands: the language of "native poetry." He saw the degradation of his own class, and he taught, and is ever teaching them the dignity of honest labour; and for which so many manly, generous, happy hearts, this night the world over, have met to pay their homage. (Cheers.) He also saw iniquity in high places, and as the great prophetic teacher of his age, he lifted up his voice against the lordly oppressor, against the fiery controversialist, the bigot, the self-righteous, the superstitious, and against the cant and follies of the day—(cheers)—sometimes with sage-like gravity, sometimes with unsparing severity, often with playful irony, but never with bitter poison on his tongue. (Cheers.) In what nobleness, and manly beauty, he appears when contrasted with the modern critic and satirist,—the hireling,—who bears about with him the reputation of the dead—that he might exhibit them to an audience at a price,—and there, like a Purgatorial gladiator, probe,—and stab,—and murder them; then lift them up all bleeding; spurn them with a kick of hate, or, with a demoniac smile, gather them beneath his sooty wing for future torment at his hand. (Laughter and cheers.)

> For pelf,
> The mighty mind, that doth all knowledge grasp,
> And hold the reading world in wonderment,
> The brightest intellect hath stoop'd so low
> As with the sponging drunkard to be match'd.

What a delightful contrast! Burns, though poor, was too honest, too manly, to be an hireling, to pander to our follies and our vices; Burns was an honourable man, and well may you as Scotchmen be proud of him.

> The lofty mind, with honour for its hedge,
> Will never stoop, how low its poverty.

(Cheers.) In how many public meetings, but, more especially, in how many family circles, will Woman pay her grateful homage to the memory of Burns this evening, who, as her champion, is chief among ten thousand. He did not go forth to fight in her cause, armed and accoutred, like the knight-errant of old, with lance and buckler; but he attacked man's rugged nature with the sharp, two-edged sword of poesy and song; he fearlessly stormed the outworks of his usurped superiority; he skilfully sapped the foundations of the ramparts of his pride; he stormed and won the breaches made in the affections; and he planted the flag of love in the very citadel of the heart. (Loud cheers.) It is true that woman emerged from her domestic thraldom at the dawn of the Reformation and of Letters in the sixteenth century, and she has been gradually rising to her

present position. But no man from that day to this has advocated her cause so earnestly, or battled for her so successfully, as Burns. She is now not only loved by her lord, as being the mother of his children, but she is intrusted to teach and to educate them, and she is esteemed and revered as man's chief companion and his dearest friend. (Cheers.) How many, this evening, the world over, have felt a pride, and have been happy in that pride, as we have been, in singing that prince of patriotic songs, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Why, the very gentlest of Scotland's daughters in her teens cannot read that song without feeling her heart kindle with a patriotic flame—a flame that death only can extinguish—and though her sex prevents her from vindicating the liberties of her country, still her ardent wish and prayer is, that her future first-born may be a son, that from her glowing breast he may drink in the milk of living freedom, and grow up to be a man, such as I see now before me,—independent, bold, and free; bearing to the utmost confines of our globe that tone of manly thought, and that liberty to which Burns has contributed so much to mature. (Cheers.) Nothing shows the sterling beauty, the holy fire of that song so clearly as that, while it was written for Scotland alone, it is now sung from the Lizzard to the Tweed by the very people it was intended to disparage; and it will be sung while ever liberty shall hold her reign in Britain; and in ages hence, should her shrine be trodden down by the oppressor, that song will rouse our sons to burst their chains, and to dare such deeds that even the spirits of the men of Bannockburn will hover on trembling wing to gaze upon them. It is the gem in the casket of our heroic lyrics, and time but adds brightness to its lustre, for wherever our hardy race shall wend their way, there will they teach their sons that noble, that ennobling precept—

"To stand as freemen,
Or as freemen fa'."

(Cheers.) Permit me to name one other poem as exercising an influence on this universal, this happy gathering, and which is enshrined in every feeling heart, it is "The Cottar's Saturday Night," that universal sermon, hymn, and prayer. It requires no sophistry or laboured oratory, no priest in sacerdotal stole or broidered vestment, to give it a seeming sanctity, to impress the humble mind with awe. No,—it stands forth grand in its simplicity, and beautiful in its truthfulness, that those who run may read.

"The Sire turns o'er with patriarchal grace
The big ha' Bible,
Waling its pages with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air."

(Cheers.) The poet well knew the home recollections, the fond associations, linked with the family Bible. Those who gathered round it, where are they? And to many of us, he who waled its pages for our instruction lives but in memory. There are volumes contained in those heart-searching words, "the big ha' Bible."

"Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays,
That thus they all may meet in future days
Together hymning their Creator's praise."

Who can read this without emotion? Can the young, and not feel an ardent desire that they, too, at some future day, may follow that bright example? Can the good man read, and not feel his hand strengthened in his work? And can the unthinking read, and not heave the sigh of regret as the still small voice whispers to his conscience, "dost thou do likewise?" Who can tell how many family altars have been raised and sustained by the influence of "The Cottar's Saturday Night?" (Loud applause.) It is a living picture of a holy family, traced by the finger of inspiration on the tablets of the human heart; it is a scene photographed on every hearth, from the home of the peasant to the palace of the peer; it is a hymn sung on every hill, and we hear its echoes in every valley; it is a truthful tale of Scottish life and virtue, translated into every European language and spoken in every tongue; and by the brightness of its example, it may, haply, carry light to the darkened home, into which the Word of Life dares not enter. (Continued cheering.) As a spring emanating from the ardent breast of a lowly Scottish ploughman, it has spread its accumulated waters from shore to shore. And now—like a mighty river—it rolls on through other lands, bearing truth upon its crested wave, and in the deep bosom of its waters, the most noble, the most sublime, aspirations of the patriot and the man. Each succeeding verse comes surging in upon us, until we are lost,—absorbed,—overwhelmed,—and we stand subdued in the presence of the great source of the inspiration of song, from whence a ray of patriotic fire kindles in the breast, and in awe we say:—

"Oh, Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh! never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!"

What gives to Burns the mighty power?
His song—the charm, that in one hour,
A world lifts its glad voice to say,—
"*This* is the poet's natal day!"

What but the language of his lay,
The same in which we learned to pray,
And lisp our morning hymn of praise;
The language of our childhood's days.

Our mothers soothed us when we wept,
And, in it, blessed us ere we slept;
And lovers, when they meet and part,
Speak in this language of the heart.

And when we feel affliction's rod,
In simple strains we plead with God;
In simple strains the hoary head
In death's last hour is comforted.

The gallant Captain sat down amidst enthusiastic applause.

Mr. Wilson sung with great taste "O let me in this ae night," and "I winna let ye in, Jo."

Mr. MACKIE, M.P., proposed "The Peasantry of Scotland." The honourable gentleman, in doing so, said:—The toast which I have the honour to propose is intimately connected with our earliest reminiscences of the life of the Poet Burns, and carries us back to the days when he whistled o'er the lea, and when, doubtless, even while holding the plough, he composed some of those heart-stirring songs which are familiar to us all as household words; which are dear equally to the fireside of the Peer, the Commoner, and the Peasant; and which, by the very vigour of their native manliness, bring the whole world together, as it were face to face, and man to man, pointing and proving the never-to-be-forgotten moral, that whatever our rank or station in life may be, be it high or be it low, an honest man's the noblest work of God, "a man's a man for a' that." (Cheers.) And verily among the peasantry of Scotland are to be found the names of many who have done life's work with an energy, with an honesty, and a nobility of purpose which might well put to the blush those who can boast of longer pedigrees and longer purses. I see him now, in my mind's eye, the herd laddie in the wilds of Minnigaff, poring over his one sole treasure, a rudely carved alphabet, pursuing knowledge under circumstances of extreme difficulty, yet still pursuing it, self-taught—and again I see him honoured amongst the honourable, translating the letter which the native Indian Prince sent to King George the Third, the translation of which had puzzled and baffled all the Oriental scholars of the day—a monument perpetuates his memory and his name, and tells the passing traveller on the Galloway road that the herd laddie from the wilds of Minnigaff, the self-taught in infancy, was none other than Dr. Alexander Murray, Professor of Oriental Languages in the university of Edinburgh. (Loud cheers.) Need I name Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd? I do so but to say that he has immortalized the scenery around St. Mary's Loch, the banks and braes of Yarrow, the peasant class to which he belongs, and himself, and the most ardent of his admirers might safely rest his reputation upon the simple, natural, true-ringing, heart-reaching, words of the song which begins,—

"Come all ye jolly shepherds who whistle thro' the glen,
I'll tell ye o' a secret that courtiers dinna ken,
What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame."

(Laughter and great applause.) Is there a peasant in Dumfries-shire but feels the glow of pleasure, the blush of honest pride mantle from cheek to brow, when he hears the name of the sweet singer, the blind poet, Thos. Blacklock, and claims him for his own. And the time would fail me to tell of Beattie and Ferguson, and Leyden, and Lowe (what Gallovidian is there who has not heard of Mary's Dream?) and Hugh Miller, and Allan Ramsay, and Tannahill, and Telford, all born in the peasant rank of life, all men who have approved themselves nature's noblemen, and have thereby ennobled the class to which they belong. And generally, I think that it may be predicated truly and fairly of the peasantry of Scotland collectively, that they do their duty cheerfully, honestly, and faithfully by their employers; that they do their duty, the highest boast of man, in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call them. (Applause.) Then, Sir, when I look around and see the many evidences of the material prosperity which has been recently developed in the agricultural world; when I think how much of this is the creation of the peasantry, I ask myself the question, have the employers of that labour done all they could to make the social condition of the peasantry keep pace with the prosperity thus developed in the country side? (Cheers.) And I am afraid the answer must be given against us, that we have left undone much which we might have done to supply the wants, physical, moral, and social, of the peasantry within our own spheres. For instance, might we not long ere this have tried to find a substitute for those hiring fairs—fairs which have their counterpart only in the "Mops" and "Roasts" of which our friends in England are beginning to be ashamed? But why do I say this? Not to provoke discussion, not to start a debateable subject upon such an evening as this, but to pave the way for the suggestion, that, if those gentlemen in this room, who like myself are more immediately connected

with the agricultural interest, leave it with the intention of trying to do something in the future to ameliorate the social condition of the peasantry within our home sphere and circle, then we shall be paying the most graceful, the most handsome, the most practical compliment to the memory of the Peasant Poet, the "lad who was born in Kyle." Then the Centenary of the birth of Burns will not have been celebrated this day in Dumfries fruitlessly and in vain. (Loud and continued cheering.)

At the request of the Chairman the Secretary of the Club here read the poem for which the prize was awarded by the directors of the Crystal Palace at their celebration of Burns' Centenary.

Mr. AIRD then proposed "The Fine Arts." They were now, he said, met to pay a special tribute to poetry, and he was sure they would extend their loyal good wishes to the whole of the charming sisterhood. Each of them had their own distinctive features, but Beauty based upon Utility was the common soul of all of them, and if any man loved poetry, he was compelled, by the constitution of his nature, more or less to love all the arts. By the consent of critics, he might say of mankind, poetry had been placed foremost of the band. The reason was obvious. From the flexibility and infinite variety of her medium of words, poetry could embody in a moment the subtlest and most complex emotions of the human mind, and could express flux and reflux, transition and progress. After an illustration of this, drawn from one of the ancient poets, Mr. Aird apologized for travelling out of Kyle on such a night. Very well: Burns in his "Twa Dogs," alluding to the fashionable follies of the young buck of his day, says:—

> "Or by Madrid he takes the route,
> To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowte."

Let them mark the power of the word "nowte." Had the poet said that our young fellow went to Spain to fight with bulls, there would have been some dignity in the thing; but think of him going all that way to "fecht wi' nowte." (Laughter.) It was felt at once to be ridiculous. Such was the power of the single word "nowte," as chosen by Burns. It conveyed at once a statement of the folly and a sarcastic rebuke of the folly. Such were those single decisive strokes, as from a sledge-hammer, which sent the Burns broad arrow deep and for ever into the very heart of the matter. Such a feat as the word "nowte" had thus achieved was beyond the reach of any other of the fine arts. (Cheers.) But again: take that extraordinary picture in "Tam o' Shanter:"—

> "Even Satan glower'd and fidg'd fu' fain,
> And hotch'd an' blew wi' might an' main."

Now their own David Wilkie could have made a funny picture of that. He could have done the "glowerin" very well; but he could not have done the "fidgin' fain," far less could he have managed the "hotchin'." (Cheers and laughter.) And here by the way he (Mr. Aird) might ask any English friend present to try to translate "hotchin'" to himself: a queer circumlocution he would make of it. (Cheers and laughter.) Such was the peculiar power of poetry beyond that of the other fine arts. It would have been very pleasant to himself to say a few words about Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture; but he must not detain them at such an hour. With regard to Music, he need not remind such a meeting that it was an art as well as a science. How powerful it was, and how popular it was, their fine orchestra had given proof sufficient. In all other essential respects, Burns was a great poet; but it was mainly by his marvellous faculty of marrying his songs to the divine old music of Scotland that he had won his unparalleled sovereignty over the human heart; and he (Mr. Aird) might be permitted to add that it was this irresistible marriage of the two immortals that had mainly caused such a demonstration in placing the stone of consummation on the monumental century of their poet's fame. (Cheers.) The Fine Arts were the natural handmaids of Virtue; and the man who respected and cultivated them aright, was thereby respecting and cultivating his own intellectual, moral, and religious nature. (Cheers.)

Mr. BELL MACDONALD of Rammerscales gave "The Nameless Song and Ballad Writers of Scotland." He pointed out the peculiar construction and influence of the song, observing that though it was perhaps a simpler piece of composition than the melody, it required a great deal more polish. He eulogised our national ballads as conveying a more accurate and truthful picture of the customs and feelings of the times in which they were written, than any history could do—alluding particularly to those of 1715 and 1745—though it was true that now and then a song or ballad might have strayed into our collections which were in reality not worthy of a place in this department of national literature. He said that the spirit for producing as fine compositions in the ballad-style as had ever been written, had not yet disappeared from amongst us, and mentioned especially the beautiful though unacknowledged words by the Rev. Dr. Park of St. Andrews, to the old burden of "O an' I were whar Gadie rins, at the back o' Bennochie," and a very su-

perior composition of this class which not long ago had appeared in *Punch*, entitled "Kinreen o' the Dee," a pibroch heard wailing down Glentanner on the exile of three generations, the subject being "The Clearances in the Highlands." In allusion to the occasion of their meeting, he expressed the great gratification that he felt in being present, and said he could never forget the high honour which Colonel Burns had conferred on him on the anniversary of his father's birth last year, on which occasion, in common with many other guests, he had the pleasure of enjoying his splendid hospitality. Colonel Burns brought out his father's punch-bowl and glasses, and though there were guests present of much higher rank than himself, the Colonel paid him the compliment of asking him to make the punch and the speech of the evening. (Cheers.) Mr. Macdonald concluded an able speech by giving the toast, which was duly honoured.

Mr. M'Morine, Dumfries, sang with much taste "Up in the morning early," which was re-demanded with loud applause.

Mr. STRACHAN then, in an able speech, gave "American Literature." He said he thought it well that on this occasion the labours of those of the same race as ourselves who, across the Atlantic, are doing so much for the cultivation of literature, should not be forgotten. After an allusion to the early American writers and authors, such as Benjamin Franklin, Jonathan Edwards, and others of a later period, whom he characterised as rather belonging to our own literature than that of America, he went on to observe that recently, perhaps beginning with Washington Irving, the literature of America had assumed a distinctive character as separate from that of our own—characteristics, indeed, not very easily defined in so many words, but not less marked or more readily recognisable than an American himself among any number of our own countrymen; and among such writers he alluded to Channing, Cooper, and particularly, as more markedly American, to Emerson, as well as to Hawthorne, Haliburton, Herman, Melville; and among poets to Bryant, Willis, Reade, Poe, and Longfellow—the last of whose books was probably more read in this country than those of any of our own living poets. With much admiration for many of these authors he could not but notice in the works of fiction which America produced, an exaggeration of tone and unreality of character, together with a wildness of imagination which seemed to indicate a peculiar development of mind that delighted itself with prying into the secret sources and inner workings of the dark or night side of human nature, and which possibly too indicated in some cases a peculiarity of physical temperament. He referred to the "Scarlet Letter" of Nathaniel Hawthorne, which was perhaps rather to be considered as a psychological study, than a story of common life, and particularly to the works of Poe, whose powerful delineations and love of ideal beauty had a sort of fascination over many minds, in illustration of this. The speaker concluded by saying—The Americans are heirs with us of a glorious inheritance, for they speak the language in which Shakspeare and Milton wrote and our own Burns sang—in which Burke and Pitt, Fox and Sheridan, and Brougham have spoken. And we know already that they can use it well. And who can doubt that in the future a literature shall be developed worthy of the language which they inherit, destined to make our mother tongue the speech of a great and powerful people who shall bear westward still the torch that was lighted at our own firesides, and to whom British literature will be a fountain unsealed, to soften the asperities of an advancing, and perhaps more material civilization by the amenities of a more ancient literature that embodies the noble thoughts and heroic deeds of the race from whence they sprang. (Cheers.) And, Sir, sure I am that even now from across the broad Atlantic there are many hearts sympathising with us in the tribute which we this day offer to the memory of our own great bard; and not a few are, one cannot doubt, celebrating the day as heartily as ourselves, and recalling more joyously than perhaps even we can do, those glorious words of his that picture forth so beautifully the pleasant memories of their fathers' land. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Strachan coupled the toast with the name of Mr. Fuller of New York. The toast was received with prolonged cheering.

Mr. FULLER rose to return thanks and was very warmly received. He said: Mr. Chairman and brother Scots—

> "If there's a hole in a' your coats,
> I rede you tent it,
> A chield's amang you takin' notes,
> And, faith, he'll prent it.

(Laughter and cheers.) I came not here to make a speech, but rather to report the speeches which you make here to-night. The instrument with which I am accustomed to speak is the quill, and I shall probably astonish you by saying that my account of this day's proceedings will reach nearly five millions of readers, for in our country we don't publish editions of newspapers by the ten thousand, but by the five hundred or six hundred thousand. I am here, gentlemen, a stranger in a strange land, and yet, strange as it may seem to you, I feel quite at home. (Cheers.) I have come 3,500

miles across the broad Atlantic, a pilgrim to the tomb of Robert Burns. (Cheers.) I do not come here to represent America, although I am a member of a Burns Club in the city of New York; but I come here from my own volition—from a spontaneous anxiety to bring, as it were, a wild-flower from the far West to lay upon the shrine of the Immortal. (Loud cheers.) I slept last night in a city which they told me was founded a thousand years before Christ was born,—the city of Carlisle,—and before retiring to my bed, with the spirit of antiquity upon me, I read in the book of Job, and I thought as I read—What is a hundred years? What is the life-time of my own young republic, compared with the duration of the temples, the castles, and the cathedrals that I see around me? What is the generation of man? or in the sublime language of the Hebrew bard, What is man that God should be mindful of him? Everything seemed, so far as human existence was concerned, brief, transitory, feverish, flitting away. Yet in my own land this day, there is everywhere commemorated, from the snow-clad hills of Maine to the golden streams of California, from the fir-fringed heights of Oregon to the orange groves of Florida, the name of a poet whose fame is immortal—the name of Robert Burns. (Cheers.) There is a Burns Club in every city and town of the Union, and though you are five hours in advance of them in point of time in your celebration to-day, we can imagine that about this hour hundreds and thousands of people are convening in the far west around the festive board to commemorate the memory, and honour the genius of Robert Burns. (Cheers.) Your poet was born in Scotland: he lived and died almost within the horizon that lies around us. He scarcely visited England. He never went out of the island; yet to-day he is one of the best known men that ever lived—(cheers)—and taught, as I was, to love and revere his memory in childhood,—for the songs of Burns were the cradle hymns that my mother used to sing to me,—studying him as I have from my youth up, I do not hesitate to say that I consider him the greatest poet that ever lived, and I tell you that your little city of Dumfries stands this night upon the very top of the world. (Cheers.) Though invited to attend the celebrations in London and Edinburgh, and though having personal reasons to be in Glasgow, or remain in Liverpool to-night, I felt that this was the place where every true lover and admirer of Burns should assemble. It was here that that glowing eye took its last farewell look of the sun, and here that his dust reposes, and may it repose till the resurrection morn. You have a sacred trust, gentlemen, and many a pilgrim from the New World will yet come to pay his homage at that shrine. (Cheers.) I have been interested, excited, delighted by all that I have seen and heard to-night. If I were to say briefly to you what the people of America think of Burns, I would say they think and feel precisely as your eloquent Chairman has expressed it. We look upon him as immeasurably above the lesser race of English, Scotch, American, or European poets, and far be that day from us when the theological telescope shall be used to descry spots on the sunshine of his genius. (Cheers.) I believe that Robert Burns was one of the most religious as well as patriotic of poets. (Loud cheers.) He hated and despised cant,—he hated the god of the priest, who is a mere tyrant,—but the Divine, the All-loving Father of the Universe he adored. He hated and despised the religion of the fanatic, but the religion of Christ, the grand religion of nature, was in him. In proof that he was a religious man, let me quote one verse from his epistle to a young friend:

> "When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
> Religion may be blinded,
> Or if she gie a random sting,
> It may be little minded;
> But when on life we're tempest driven,
> A conscience but a canker;
> A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
> Is sure a noble anchor."

(Loud cheers.) The poetry and songs of Burns have nerved the soldier in the day of battle; they have bid the heavenward flame of devotion arise in the house of God; and where is the young man who, in the blissful rapture of "love's young dream," does not borrow the golden chalice of Burns to carry the libation of his heart to his mistress's lips? Everything he touches he has immortalized. Even old Nance Tinnock, who is not mentioned in his works more than once, has been embalmed and preserved like a fly in amber. (Great laughter, and cheers.) Burns was a lover, and that made him a poet: he worshipped at the shrine of woman:—woman

> "Whom God created with a smile of grace,
> And left the smile that made her on her face."

The lowly maid to whom was addressed "Mary in heaven," will shine for ever as an aeriol of his genius. Where is the queen that will outlive in story the loves of Burns, commemorated in such lines as these:—

> "Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
> And England triumphant display her proud rose;
> A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
> Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows."

(Cheers.) After relating an anecdote of our

soldiers in the Crimea singing Annie Laurie in chorus on the eve of an engagement in illustration of the power of song, Mr. Fuller quoted a saying of his friend C. Mackay the poet, that before we can estimate the effect which that simple but noble song, "A man's a man for a' that," has produced in raising the dignity, and patriotism, and loyalty of Britons, and indeed all throughout the world wherever it was known, we must try and estimate the value of one day's sunshine in ripening the corn. In conclusion, said Mr. Fuller, I will simply express my gratitude to the gentleman who did me the honour of mentioning my name in connection with this toast, and I thank you all for the cordiality with which it was received. Though I do not take the compliment to myself, yet I accept it for my country. I can assure you that Scotsmen are in that country found to be a very intelligent, industrious, enterprising, thrifty people. I had the good fortune to be born a New Englander, my ancestors, two brothers, having gone over in the 'Mayflower,' and we have always considered it a great compliment as New Englanders to be called the Scotsmen of America. Mr. Fuller sat down amidst much applause.

Mr. Thos. Lindsay of Liverpool sang: "Saw ye Johnnie comin'?"

Mr. LENY rose amidst enthusiastic cheering, and said that in proposing their Chairman he had a double duty to perform—a double, not a divided duty. Reference had been made to the absence of Sheriff Napier, originally selected, as they knew, to be their chairman, and who would have been proud and happy to preside over this meeting, where so much of heart and feeling had been exhibited, for he was prepared to enter into all their feelings, and make this, as it had been, a very happy occasion. He (Mr. Leny) was certain they would all sympathise in the deep distress arising from the melancholy event by which Sheriff Napier had been prevented from taking the chair. His excellent friend Dr. Browne had generously come forward at a critical moment, and had admirably discharged the duties of the chair. (Cheers.) He (Mr. Leny) had known Dr. Browne for twenty years: he had found him to be a scholar and a gentleman, a kind-hearted man, and unceasing in his work of humanity; and it was gratifying to see that his eminent merits had been recognised and demanded for the service of his country in the highest capacity that could have been selected. (Loud cheers.)

Dr. BROWNE briefly acknowledged the toast, and proposed "The Croupiers"—to which Mr. Leny simply bowed and waved thanks.

The CHAIRMAN could not allow the meeting to break up without calling their special notice to the way in which Mr. M'Diarmid, Secretary of the Burns Club, had got all the arrangements of that successful meeting carried out. After an affectionate reference to the memory of the late Mr. M'Diarmid, who had been the life and soul of so many of their Burns meetings, Dr. Browne called for a special token of thanks to Mr. Wm. M'Diarmid. (Heartily responded to.)

Mr. M'DIARMID replied, and proposed the Committee, and Mr. Sinclair, bookseller, especially, as entitled to the best share of their gratitude for the success of the arrangements.

Mr. SINCLAIR briefly acknowledged the compliment.

The meeting was breaking up (about 10 o'clock), when a young American gentleman, Mr. George Francis Train, a friend of Mr. Fuller, detained a good many of them, and gave them an energetic address in praise of Burns.

The demonstration in the Assembly Rooms was in every respect a great success. The dinner was supplied by Mr. Wm. Clark of the Commercial Hotel, and was served in a style of elegance. The homely dishes of Scotch fare—cock-o'-leekie, haggis, sheep's head, &c.—were duly represented on the festive board. The musical arrangements were under the charge of Mr. Harkness, who had engaged a small but effective stringed band, conducted by Mr. Allwood of London, a violinist of great ability. The vocalists were Messrs. Wilson of Dalkeith, Lee of Irvine, Thomson and M'Morine of Dumfries, and Lindsay of Liverpool. Mr. Thomas Cooke of Edinburgh acted as accompanist on the piano.

Extracts from the speech of SHERIFF NAPIER, who was prevented by indisposition from being present at this meeting.

Scotland, throughout the length and breadth of the land, has declared it to be a *national* duty, and the nation's pleasure and delight, to commemorate the great and glorious fact of the birth of Burns, to proclaim with exultation throughout the whole land, that this day, one hundred years ago, Robert Burns was born:

"And *Criffel* answers, from his misty shroud,
Back to the *Ailsa Craig*, that calls to him aloud."

But it is not only from the banks of the Doon to the banks of the Nith, and the shores of the Solway, that this voice has gone forth. It has been heard, from the Spey to the Tweed: ay, and from the Tweed to the Thames. The sister kingdom, England, the land of Shakspeare, is at this moment re-echoing the feeling,

and has indorsed the sentiment. Nor is this all, gentlemen. I quote from an English newspaper:—"It is pleasant (writes the London correspondent of the 'Manchester Guardian'), to listen to the note of peaceful preparation for such brotherly celebrations as the hundredth anniversary of Robert Burns' birthday, on the 25th, promises to call forth. Not alone in the poet's own town of Dumfries, nor in Scotland, nor in England, only, but in the United States (at New York and Boston); in Canada (at Montreal); in Malta, in Australia, in New Zealand; nay, even in Paris, I hear of banquets in contemplation for the great day." Now, gentlemen, I do say, that this universal sympathy of feeling; this wild-fire spread of enthusiasm, is the best possible proof—proof not to be gainsaid—that the object thereof deserves that it should be so; is the best possible proof that this Scottish ploughman is indeed one of Nature's marvels; and that to resist the unfading influence of his genius, which has even crossed the Atlantic, would be to resist one of the finest impulses that can affect our human nature.

It seems to me, gentlemen, that even in the midst of what we are well entitled to call the unanimous feeling of Scotland, an erroneous idea has gone forth,—a querulous note has arisen. I have heard it asked, what is all this about? Why this frantic joy? Is the poetic temperament so great a virtue, so rare a gift in Scotland, that we must fall down and worship it? Have we not many great poets? Campbell and Scott, are not they too among the prophets? And as for poetry in general, have we not most excellent poetry,—most musical, most melancholy, ay, and most mirthful, growing on the very hedges? Why are we summoned to bend the knee, not *indeed* to Baal, but to Burns?

Now, gentlemen, there is a great fallacy here. This is not a fervour or fever of *poetry*. We are not here assembled to admire and wonder that a ploughman should have been endowed with a gift of poesy, vouchsafed to very few men, and to no other ploughman; that in the thousand moods of this *ploughboy's whistle*, we find displayed the fire of Pindar, the glee and gaiety of Horace, the elegiac tenderness of Tibullus, the epigrammatic point and power, without the grossness, of Martial, the lash of Juvenal, and, to come nearer home, the philosophy of Shakspeare. No. It is because all this *vast power* of the poetic temperament has been concentrated by Burns upon his native country; and that he is the first great poet who ever did so; if, indeed, he be not also the last. The *passion*, then, which the land of Burns is now displaying, is the *patriotic* passion; not merely poetic; it is the love of our country, and of our homes; and the birth of Burns is that horn of the moon upon which we Scotchmen are now hanging our bonnets.

Nor in this, gentlemen, are we overreaching ourselves. We have the verdict in our favour of the sympathy of the civilized world. When the brown eyes of Burns first marvelled at the light of day, a great boon was conferred upon Scotland by Providence. God created the lyre of Burns, as he created all things in heaven above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth; and he did so, beneficently and in his infinite wisdom, for the good of Scotland.

Gentlemen, we have of late years heard something about those grievances of Scotland, which consist in the fanciful danger of her *national individuality* becoming merged and lost. Do not Burns and Scott guard it for ever? Are they not better than two unicorns? Some crude comment upon an old charter seal, not very long since, did, for a moment, frighten some of the nobility and gentry of Scotland out of their propriety. The unicorn was on the wrong side of the heraldic shield! He had no crown on his head! A fig for the armorial monster. For the eternal preservation of the national individuality of Scotland, I say we have Burns and Scott; and so, not only may the heraldic lion chase the heraldic unicorn round about the town, but he may dine upon his haunches, and pick his teeth with his horn, —so far as Scotland either cares or need care.

The muse of Burns, is, *par excellence*, the *muse of Scotland*. A hundred years have passed since his birth—more than half-a-century since his death—and that muse is not dethroned. Every leaf of his chaplet, every berry of his holly wreath, is peculiarly his own. He knew his own destiny, and he has recorded it, personifying his muse:

> "All hail! my own inspired bard!
> In me thy native muse regard!
> Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
> Thus poorly low;
> I come to give thee such reward
> As we bestow!
>
> *And wear thou this!* she solemn said,
> And bound the holly round my head:
> The polished leaves, and berries red
> Did rustling play;
> And like a passing thought she fled
> In light away."

And let us glory in the recollection that this is the favoured locality to which more especially belongs that irresistible burst of patriotism which the genius of Burns gave out, ringing through the agitated land like the trumpet of victory, — ay, and at that

fearful crisis too, when the bravest perchance amongst us trembled as he armed. A reassuring battle-cry, heard even above the patriotic eloquence of the senate, and the clang of arms in the camp, then went forth from the Scottish peasant Burns, from out this very locality, and borrowing its poetic fire from the surrounding scenery so familiar to us all,—a bugle note that is resounding yet; that is as valuable to the independence and salvation of our country now, that she is gazing at Cherbourg, as in the days when she watched Toulon,—a deathless lyric of patriotic devotion, cheering as a warrior's voice, and terrible as an army with banners.

"*Does* haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then, let the loons beware, Sir:
There's *wooden walls* upon our seas,
And *volunteers* on shore, Sir!
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!

O let us not, like snarling tykes,
In wrangling be divided;
Till slap come in an unco loon,
And wi' a rung decide it.
Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourscls united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted."

And now, gentlemen, let me touch upon a topic which some, perhaps, would be inclined to avoid, but which I deem it a positive duty to face. Even in that ancient national paper, the Caledonian Mercury, there recently appeared a letter, from an anonymous correspondent, casting, or attempting to cast, a sad wet-blanket upon this national commemoration. It was by way of a warning to all Scotland, to change our hand and check our pride, and abstain from this public demonstration. The burden of his homily really just came to this, 'Burns sinned, —forget his worth.—Burns suffered,—forget his birth.' There, we have put it into poetry for him. And who is this freezing censor? The man in the iron mask? The wandering Jew? No, gentlemen, I'll tell you who it is. It is the man who travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and cried, All is barren! I pity that man. Would *he* reject a golden nugget because some soil adhered? I pity the man who, because Burns partook of the common lot of sinning mortality, would stand, even for an instant, between the immortality of Burns and the gratitude of his country. There is one sin which never beset Burns. The sin of hypocrisy. The failings of no mortal man have ever been made more patent to the world by himself than the failings of Burns; and consequently they have been grossly exaggerated by others. Over and over again has he peached upon himself. He carried them on his sleeve for daws to peck at. But it was in no vaunting or vicious mood that he did so. Let such ungrateful censors read Burns' own paraphrase of the sad and truthful text,—*humanum est errare*, and take it home to themselves:

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.

One point must still be greatly dark,—
The *reason why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord,—its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias:

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's *done*, we partly may *compute*,
But *know not what's resisted.*"

What a reproof is here, gentlemen, to that querulous voice in the Caledonian Mercury. If it were true—and most emphatically I say it is *not* true—that such and so great were the failings of Burns, that his country must not exult in his fame, and dare not rejoice in his birth,—sad would be the story, great would be the loss to Scotland. The best of her household gods would be shivered; and in her Temple of Fame a niche would be empty, there is none else to fill. Ay, gentlemen, I say, let Scotland go into the deepest mourning, if she dare not sing Io Pæan over the birth of Burns. If it be true, that while England is for ever rejoicing in the birth of her Shakspeare, Scotland must stand sour and silent by the cradle of Burns,—if that indeed be true which Nature never told,—

"Oh tell it, then, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars *her* from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for a good man's sin,
Blush to record, and weep to give it in."

But once more, I say, gentlemen, it is *not true*. No sin that ever beset Scotland—and she has her share—no evil that ever sprang in her soil, —no crime that ever darkened her annals, can be traced to, can be imputed to, either the precept or the example of her immortal bard. The belief in the crime of witchcraft,—a belief which not many years before the birth of Burns at once maddened and debased both the clerical and the judicial mind in this country,—a belief which has left a dark stain of blood upon the land which the sponge of Time cannot wipe out,—that *infernal* belief was neither created, nor promoted, nor prolonged by the scene in

Alloway kirk. But under the genial, gentle, holy influence of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," the germs of Faith, Hope, and Charity, have burst into unfading flowers, mellowed into eternal fruit, in the bosom of many a thoughtless benighted being, in the heart of many a reckless rustic,—ay, gentlemen, in many a heart that, haply, might not have been moved nor awakened by the persuasive tears of a Ramsay's pleading, or the rousing terrors of a Guthrie's tornado.

NITHSDALE MILLS.

The town's dinner took place in the sheds of large mills, the property of Messrs. Scott, manufacturers. These sheds were very well adapted for the occasion. Upwards of 1,000 here sat down to dinner, and when dinner was over, ladies were admitted to reserved seats, and the passages became crowded. The scene at this dinner-party was certainly worth going a long journey to have seen. The place was illuminated with many lights. The people were enthusiastic beyond all control, and the interest was heightened by the fact that the mausoleum and the remains of Burns were contiguous to the place of meeting.

Mr. John Hamilton, F.R.A.S., Editor of the *Morning Star*, having been called upon to deliver the sentiment of the evening, "To the Memory of Burns," said:—Mr. Chairman, and I may say fellow-townsmen, I think I ought to be a little concerned at my own presumption. I have been requested, and I rise to perform a task which a gentleman of distinguished ability had consented to have undertaken; and if he, as we may imagine, naturally availed himself of professional engagements to evade a too serious responsibility, far more should I, for that task is no other than to propose that those who are here, and who belong to this town, and who are therefore more deeply interested than others in the matter, should reverence the memory of that wonderful man, the centenary of whose birth we this day celebrate. But by some one must the effort be made, and the chief consolation I have in endeavouring to do so, is the assurance that it will be done in another assembly of your neighbours in a way that will make amends for every defect of mine. And yet I may as well confess that if I am to do duty on this occasion, I am glad that my voice should be raised, to use a Parliamentary expression, in this rather than in another place—in your House of Commons, so to speak, rather than in your House of Lords. I prefer the more popular to the more aristocratic assembly; and why? Because the topic is Burns, and Burns belonged to the people. From the people did he spring—among the people did he live—with the people did he die; and here are the people come together to perpetuate his fame. And not alone in Dumfries are the people doing so, but all over Scotland, and in many places in other parts of the United Kingdom, is there a celebration at this time in remembrance of the People's Poet; yet it is peculiarly in Dumfries where the celebration may be kept sacred and festive to his name, for, if in this town he was not born, we know that in this town he spent the last days of his life. If we who are Dumfriesians cannot exhibit the cottage which held his cradle, we can point to yonder churchyard that contains his tomb. To what object, indeed, is the eye of the stranger most directed when he takes up his abode among the hospitable habitations of the Queen of the South? Why, not to that placid river, however refreshing, which has just been overflowing its banks, nor to that gentle vale, however rich, that encircles our ancient boundaries. Dumfries has its rising institutions, it has its old history, it has its peculiar character, and there is no doubt that it is now distinguished for its many improvements; but the sojourner from other towns and other countries asks not after these until he has inquired for that which is more deeply interesting to human feeling, that is to say, for the grave of Robert Burns. And with pride and pleasure you conduct the footsteps of the traveller to that mausoleum where the inspiring Coila is seen casting her holy mantle over the Ayrshire peasant at the plough. With what result? Why, the name of Burns has become the same as the name of his country. Does not the name of Greece suggest the name of Homer?—the name of Switzerland that of Tell?—the name of England that of Shakspeare?—the name of the American Republic that of Washington? Well, go mix with the educated people of every nation in the world, utter the word Scotland in their hearing, and they will understand that you mean the land of Burns. While Dumfries, then, is the inheritor of his ashes, Scotland is no less the inheritor of his fame, and of mankind we may truly say that it is the inheritor of his inspiration. But how is this? Here is a striking and an extraordinary occurrence in the world of mind. Last year a small speck of light was seen in the far-distant region of our solar system; soon afterwards it was discovered to be a comet; and as the days passed on and the nights became shorter, the comet grew in size and brilliance until it made itself the most prominent object in the nightly heavens, and almost surpassed anything of the kind that

ever had been seen before. Do we call it a miracle? Do we say it was a marvellous phenomenon? It was not more so than that a young south-country ploughman, undisciplined by scholastic education, and having no personal intercourse with the most cultivated intellects of his time, and unacquainted with the vast resources of private or public libraries,—I say the appearance of the comet, which excited the wonder of the world, was not more remarkable than that this young ploughman should, within a few years, and almost unconsciously to himself, have become the author or the creator of what we may call a new classic literature, and of writings destined to secure for him a name which the great schoolmen of all ages might have sacrificed their lives or have exchanged a world to possess. Of his great fame there can be no doubt, but how has it come about? Why have the reading public of every clime as much knowledge of the man as they have of his country? It must be because the language of the peasant poet finds a cheering response in every human heart. It must be because his writings have a character which makes them as endurable as the rocky coasts or the everlasting hills of the land in which they were written. But how happens it that the words of Burns are endurable? How happens it that they are immortal words and never can perish from human recollection? We need not travel to Moscow or Athens for a reply. Is not Nature everything but eternal? Well, then, the words of Burns are the words of Nature. Such is the explanation. It is with poetry as it is with painting and sculpture, and with all the other fine arts—that is, we must write and we must model from Nature if we mean to attain success. Does any man want to understand the genius and influence of the Scottish Poet? Or is there any one anxious to become his imitator? Then to such writers I say take your draft from Nature, never go beyond it; never seek to improve upon it; don't refine upon Nature, don't dress it up, don't daub it over with Dutch pink or Prussian blue; and by all means think not to make the altar of Nature more sacred by your religious toys, or its living soul more attractive by your emblems of party spirit, or its beautiful form more graceful by your waving skirts of crinoline,—I say if you want to know how Robert Burns has become universally influential, and how it is he was so much greater than other men, or if you want to make some approach to his genius, then open wide your hearts, receive ye the Holy Spirit of Nature, and make the best use of it you can. And there is another question. If Nature be the all-pervading element in the writings of our poet, in what way do we see Nature exhibiting herself and asserting her supremacy in these writings? This is, indeed, the same question as to ask how the teacher of the people should endeavour to teach—in what way and by what methods, so that it may be a teaching that is altogether natural and perfect. Why, in the first place, it is a great point for the teacher of the people to speak in the language that can best be understood by that people—in the language that is their own, that is peculiar to themselves, that is more forcible and emphatic, as far as they are concerned, than any other language. Well, Burns not only wrote for us in our simple and homely South-country dialect, but he seems to have done what Shakspeare effected for the English language—he refined and perfected our mother Scotch—he gave it a more commanding and a literary existence—he probably saved it from decay, and at all events he made its sounds sweeter than the sweetest notes ever struck from harp or heard in public hall. Next, the teacher of the people should write the songs of the people, and get them adapted to the music of the people, for it has often been said, as we all know, that he who makes the ballads which a nation shall accept, does more to influence that nation and act upon its character and history, than all its statesmen and all its parliaments. Now, in some countries that I could mention, the people have really no songs they can call their own; but in Scotland the songs of the people have been written—they are sung in every home and every hall, in every cottage that rises on mountain or plain, and in every concert that brings any assembly of our fellow-citizens together. They have been written, I say, and I do from my heart thank God that they were written by Robert Burns, because, in the third place, the teacher of the people should have no selfish thought, no pandering principles, no mean, cowardly, beggarly, or grovelling inclinations. No, no; our darling poet had none of these. He could not have them: they were not in his nature. Heaven only suffered him to be tempted by what may be called manly vices; and as such was the character of Burns, it therefore happens that to sing his songs is to sing of independence and courage, of love and contentment, of friendship, of kindness, of home, and of country. And his poems, in other respects, display the noblest and most religious emotions, with scathing and scalping attacks upon hypocrisy, and a courageous way of opposing the works of darkness, that is to say, by turning the devil into ridicule and contempt. Burns, then, had all the qualifications of a national teacher and an immortal bard. His voice, as I have said, was simply the voice of Nature itself, and the only serious fault of some of his

productions is that to Nature's truth he was but too true. Yet it is a fault we must forgive, for it has even been imputed to the sacred writings themselves. But I may be reminded that the teacher of the people should have a fourth qualification, that is to say, that he should have an entirely spotless reputation. But who are they that say so? Not those, I imagine, who have the wisdom to perceive that when it became necessary to have a teacher who should be entirely free from blame, it was equally necessary that a miracle should be performed, and that the divine and human natures should be joined together. No; we are told so by those whose own eyes, I suppose, have nothing in the shape of a mote in them, and which are so clear that they can even discern the spots that are said to have been discovered on the glorious luminary of day. Why, since coming down here, I have been told by an old lady acquaintance that Burns was far from being unco guid. "My dear old friend," said I, "don't you go to the kirk and confess you are a great sinner?" She answered, "Aweel, I hae dune that mair than ance." "Then tell me," I asked, "If you are unco guid yourself?" Now the truth seems to me to be, as far as I can understand this matter, that there is not a man of us, here or elsewhere, who has received any sort of commission at all to cast one stone at the coffin of a deceased fellow-mortal, far less at the dust and ashes of him to whom a town, and a nation, and a world have to pay an eternal debt of gratitude. Oh yes, Burns, I suppose, had his faults. He who described to us the saintly father of the cottage home,—he who told us of the countless thousands that have to mourn by reason of man's inhumanity to man,—he who fixed it a settled point for ever that a man is a man in spite of everything,—he who made Auld Langsyne deathlessly and inexpressibly charming,—and he whose groans tore and rent his breast at the grave of his Mary who had gone to Heaven,—yes, even he, we are obliged to confess, had his faults, and I fear there are yet in existence a few miserable beings who wont forgive or forget them. Oh yes, he had his faults; and though one can have no wish slightly to regard any form of evil, yet it seems to have been good for ourselves that our Poet proves the truth of the generally received doctrine that all mankind have fallen from their first estate, for if he had altogether been free from human weakness, and as a consequence had, like Elijah, ascended to the clouds in a chariot of flame, we frail mortals who remained below might have rendered to him something like divine honours. Of a brilliant young English poet it has been said, that he only wanted the faith of the Christian to have induced the people to have recognised him as more than man; but with greater truth may we say that a faultless Burns would have been mistaken for an incarnate Deity. But Burns, with all thy faults, we love thee still! Alas that in the order of Nature he should die! But the skill of art has preserved to us the features of that countenance which was destined to moulder in the clay. See what it is like! [The speaker pointed to a beautifully executed painting of the Poet behind the Chairman's seat.] Look at that earnest and brotherly face when it was young and healthy, when the brow was unoppressed, when the eyes were penetrating, when it was altogether manly, and meditative, and guileless! Oh Heavens! how we can gaze upon it all day and grieve to think that it is gone. Have we not heard of the over-affectionate Queen who embalmed the body of her deceased Prince, that it might not be taken to the churchyard, but kept in her room, where she could always look upon those features that were once warm with life? She thought her husband was not dead,—she thought he could not die. But Burns is dead. We know full well that the greatest son of our mild and stern mother, Caledonia, was, many years ago, taken away from us and entombed; and now the thistle blooms over his grave. And long, long may Dumfries fulfil the mission that has been assigned to her, to preserve his ashes in peace. As was said over the dead body of Patroclus, so may I say to you in Dumfries—

"Oh, guard these relics to your charge consigned,
And bear the merits of the dead in mind!
How skilled was he in each obliging art,
The mildest manners, and the greatest heart."

(Cheers.) Yes, friends, townsmen, fellow-countrymen, let us preserve the remains and do justice to the genius of him whose writings will exist till time shall be no more! And rise, now, from your seats, for I have the great honour of asking you to stand up and drink in solemn silence to the memory of Robert Burns, the Bard of Scotland. (At this call the vast assembly rose and presented a silent, but imposing spectacle.)

Many other toasts were given in the course of the night, the most conspicuous of which was, "Our National Poets," by Mr. Washington Wilks, who delivered a brilliant oration, which was heard in every part of the temporary building.

But the most interesting part of the whole proceedings was the appearance of Colonel Burns, the son of the poet, who presented himself at the meeting. He was received with most rapturous demonstrations, and his health, as well as that of his brother, was the occasion of these demonstrations being renewed.

Colonel Burns, in rising to respond, was full of emotion. He only uttered a few words of thanks, his heart being too full to permit him to say anything more. His appearance was venerable, and his countenance very like the countenance of a Burns.

The Chairman, it may be added, sat in the arm-chair in which Burns himself had so often reclined when full of care and oppressed with sorrow.

BAKERS' DINNER.

The journeymen bakers of Dumfries and Maxwelltown were unable to join the other trades at the Nithsdale Mills banquet on account of its occurring on the evening of the market-day, but they had a snug little dinner of their own in the Hammermen's Arms Inn on the evening of Saturday, the 29th ult. The company numbered 36, and included several of the employers. Mr. Rae occupied the chair, and Mr. Herries was croupier. After enjoying a capital dinner, creditable in every respect to Mrs. Fallas's establishment, toasts suited to the great occasion were given, and diversified by numerous songs. The utmost harmony prevailed, and the chorus of the song (we need not say what that song was) died away as 'the auld *Mid* hammer struck eleven.'

CRICHTON INSTITUTION.

On the evening of the Burns Centenary Festival, a large portion of the inmates of the Crichton Institution assembled together in the Drawing-room, and celebrated the occasion by a banquet. After the usual loyal toasts, one of the patients gave the toast of the evening—The Immortal Memory—in appropriate and pleasing terms. The following toasts, interspersed with songs and recitations, were also given: The Sons of Burns; The Lyric Poets of Scotland, coupled with the health of H. S. Riddell; The Peasantry of Scotland. An extempore concert and a few dances wound up the evening's enjoyment. A prize having been offered for the best poem on the Memory of Burns, some pieces of merit were produced on the occasion, and read during the proceedings.

CONCERT IN THE THEATRE.

In all the rejoicings of the day the ladies of Dumfries had played no very prominent part, save as spectators, and to them undoubtedly one of the most interesting and attractive features in the day's proceedings was the Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music which took place in the Theatre in the evening. The programme embraced Sir Henry Bishop's beautiful opera of Burns' "Jolly Beggars," many songs of the national bard's composition, reels and strathspeys by a band of amateurs, and a choice selection of concerted music. About 700 persons were present. The boxes presented a brilliant appearance, being filled with a splendid array of beauty and fashion, all the ladies being in full dress. The Concert was under the auspices of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Mechanics' Institution, and under the management of Mr. C. Harkness. It began at nine o'clock, by which hour the various festive reunions in town had been nearly brought to a close. The concert closed at twelve o'clock, with the appropriate song and chorus of "Auld Langsyne."

BALLS, &c.

At night a masonic ball took place in the Masons' Hall. Over the door in Queensberry Square were three large arches in evergreens, with a lamp and splendid gilt crown in the centre. The inside of the hall was also beautifully decorated. At the upper end above the R.W.M.'s seat, was the word "Wisdom," done in green leaves, and above that the full masonic emblems. At the lower the "Royal Arch" was also done in green leaves. Along the wall on the left, within wreaths, were the words "To the Memory of Burns," neatly done in leaf-work. On the opposite side, under the Senior Warden's seat, was the word "Strength," with the level; and under the J. W.'s seat the word "Beauty," with the plumb, all nicely done with leaves. The roof was also tastefully festooned. On the panes of the centre and end windows were prettily painted all the masonic emblems. These decorations were all made by the masons themselves, under the superintendence of Mr. James Payne. On the outside of the hall, facing the Council Chamber, were two very fine transparencies, lighted up with gas at night, and running the whole length of the building. On the upper were the words "Burns as a Mason;" and on the lower the "Compass and Square, Love, Moon and Seven Stars, Hope, the All-seeing Eye, Fraternity, and the Sun." The festivities began about nine in the evening, and were prolonged until an early hour.—The Carters also had a ball in Mr. Martin's Academy in the evening.

The youthful part of the population amused themselves after dark with the discharge of squibs, Roman candles, and other pyrotechnic

displays, and there was a bonfire in Queensberry Square.

One of the most gratifying features of the day's proceedings was the general sobriety and good order that pervaded the town. Of course there was a good deal of merrymaking at night, but it was not of a noisy kind; and we are informed by the superintendent of police for the burgh that next day there was not a single case of drunk and disorderly for trial before the magistrates—a particularly creditable fact, considering the crowded, not to say excited, state of the town.

ABDIE.—A public supper took place in connexion with the Burns centenary on Tuesday evening in the parish school-room of Grange (which was kindly granted by the Heritors for the occasion,) when, owing to the arrangements of the committee, an audience of nearly two hundred assembled to do honour to the memory of their immortal ploughman bard. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Kellock, Lindores; Mr. David Dunn, Grange, acting as croupier. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been heartily responded to, the Chairman in his usual masterly and felicitous manner introduced the toast of the evening, in which he characterised Burns as the poet of all nations, creeds, and classes. And in the course of his address, by an apt simile, he divided literary men into four classes —first, those possessed of creative power, genius and energy; second, those possessed of debating qualities and logical accuracy; thirdly, that class who, though not possessed of high intellectual powers, yet can make themselves useful in any sphere; and, fourthly, that class who speak and write merely to please, who, like the ladies' lap-dog, amuse others that they may eat the crumbs that fall from their table. But the gigantic intellect of Burns could act the part of each or all combined; by the spirit of genius he entered into the deepest recesses of the human breast, and there he laid one hand, and with the other pointed to the object that he wished us to contemplate till we are lost in ecstacy and admiration; for who ever painted nature in truer or more feeling colours than the Ayrshire bard! And when that independent and tender sympathising spirit of his felt aggrieved or trampled on, who was his rival in satire? as some of his poems abundantly show. But his follies and failings are not what we are met here this evening to harrow up, but rather, in the words of the poet,

> "O give his errors to the dust,
> And be to peerless genius just."

Who has seen his equal? and where is his rival at writing poetry which is adapted and suited to all grades and classes of society, from the monarch on the throne and the nobleman in the palace, down to the peasant, the mechanic, and the ploughman? Who like him hath clothed their ideas in such natural, beautiful, and captivating language as to attract and fascinate every one who reads them? Whose songs is it that are sung in every public hall, in every gilded drawing-room, in every parlour, in every thatch-roofed cottage, and in every bothy throughout the land; ay! throughout the world? It is the lays of the great, the powerful, the noble, the gentle, the loving, the tender-hearted, the never to be forgotten, but ever to be admired Ayrshire bard, Robert Burns, to whose memory I now call upon you all to rise to your feet and devote a bumper with all the honours.

The toast was received with the highest enthusiasm, and responded to by Mr. Pringle.

The harmony and good feeling of the evening was greatly enlivened and enhanced by the lays of Burns as sung by Mr. Spence, Newburgh, and Mr. Morris, Lindores, and others.

Taken altogether, we have never spent an evening with more pleasure or satisfaction, both in regard to the object which brought us together, and the order, harmony, and decorum which characterised the entire proceedings.

ABERCHIRDER.—The Centenary was celebrated here by a social meeting convened under the auspices of the Marnoch Vocal Music Association. The invitations extended to upwards of two hundred, while the choir itself numbered fully fifty, and the accommodation afforded by the Free Church School-room was found to be comfortable and sufficient for this goodly company. The proceedings commenced shortly after six o'clock by a service of excellent tea, with substantial accessaries, *ad libitum*, the treat being enhanced by the pleasant and efficient manner in which the assistants, male and female, discharged their voluntarily undertaken duties. The Minister of the parish was called to the chair, said grace, and the Rev. Mr. Moir returned thanks. At intervals during the evening, basketfuls of enticing fruit were liberally supplied. Charming as all this was to those who love to look on smiling faces, and join in agreeable conversation, the crowning triumph of the occasion consisted in the efforts of Mr. Christie, the parochial school-

master, and his attached band of well-trained singers. Never in our village, we can truly say, has so much justice been done to the songs of Burns and others, as was done on this memorable twenty-fifth of January. Sixteen favourite songs, beginning with "Auld Langsyne,"—"a glorious fragment," as the great bard himself termed it before he improved it to its present shape, were vocalized in full harmony, amidst the sustained delight and surprise of the entranced listeners.

It is worthy to be recorded that the meeting was also the means of gladdening the hearts of the poor; for the old wives were summoned, next day, to receive each a service of the good tea that remained, together with an allowance of bread, liberally furnished by our local bakers, Messrs. Grant and Kilty.

ABERDEEN.—Here, although the demonstrations may not have been of so "loud" a character, nor the tone of speech so highly pitched as in the sister cities, yet the celebrations and meetings were not, on that account, the less hearty and earnest. Not a few of the merchants kept half-holiday, several of the schools extending the same privilege to their pupils.

The St. Andrew's Society.—The most important meeting of the night was that under the auspices of the St. Andrew's Society, held in the Royal Hotel. The elegant room was finely decorated with the flags of different nations; and the dinner was served, under Mr. Robertson's superintendence, with much splendour and taste: the meeting, indeed, combined the advantages of a private party with that of a considerable number of guests. Covers were laid for eighty, and the places were filled. The chair was occupied by Lachlan M'Kinnon, Sen., Esq., Advocate, President of the above Society; William Jopp, Esq., and George Thomson, Esq., Dean of Guild, being the croupiers.

Among the gentlemen present were—The Lord Provost; Professor Geddes; Councillors Nicol, G. Jamieson, and J. Jamieson; Mr. A. Davidson of Desswood; Major Forbes, C.B. of Inverernan; Mr. Westland, banker; Captain Duff, paymaster; Mr. Adamson, sharebroker; Mr. Carnegie of Redhall; Messrs. Chivas, Milne, and Manson, bankers; Mr. R. Catto and W. Reid, shipowners; Mr. B. Moir, merchant; Messrs. L. M'Kinnon, Jun., P. Cooper, Ruxton, Kennedy, Barron, Jopp, C. Duncan, Cattanach, Leask, Rutherford, R. Ligertwood, and Duguid, Advocates; Mr. M'Aulay, Inland Revenue; Mr. Ross, shipbuilder, from Hongkong; Mr. J. F. White, grain merchant; Mr. Griffith, Scottish Provincial Assurance Co.; Mr. Willet, C. E.; Mr. Mathews, architect; Mr. W. B. Ferguson, Deeside Railway; Mr. J. Keith, merchant; Mr. Fletcher, accountant; Mr. W. L. Thomson, merchant; Mr. J. Aiken, Jun., shipowner; Dr. Sutherland; Mr. Adam; Mr. M'Combie; Mr. W. S. Fisher, and Mr. W. Anderson, local poets, &c.

After partaking of a sumptuous repast, including a number of the favourite Scotch dishes—not forgetting the veritable haggis—the loyal and national toasts were given in succession from the chair, and warmly responded to.

With the toast of the Army was coupled the name of Major Forbes, the hero of Kooshab, who returned thanks amid loud cheers.

The toast of the "Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Council" was given from the chair. In doing so, the Chairman said—In proposing this toast, I can only repeat what I said in this place some weeks ago, that Provost Webster is a man of so great and varied attainments, and such exuberant eloquence, that whether in the reception of Royalty, or in hospitality to distinguished strangers, or in activity in getting up Music Halls and Music Bells, he is equally at home and equally happy. (Cheers.) When he comes to vacate the Chair, it will be a very difficult matter, indeed, to fill it after him; but I trust he will take a leaf out of the book of some of his distinguished predecessors, and not be in a hurry doing so. (Drunk with cheers.)

The Provost (who on rising was warmly received), said—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I have to thank you for a very great kindness. This is the evening on which Scotland is to celebrate the festival, to testify the profound gratitude and reverence with which it cherishes the memory of Robert Burns. It appears to me that it is the duty of every one who represents the public of Scotland, by holding office, especially when conferred by the choice of the community, to add any weight and influence they possess to the value of that testimony. Gentlemen, among the pre-eminent claims which Burns has to the gratitude and to the reverence of his country, this is, with reference to the object of our present meeting, the greatest—that not merely is he the most manly and tender of poets that ever lived, but also the most national and patriotic. (Cheers.) We know he gloried in the name of Scotsman. We know from himself that, from the moment the genius of his country found him at the plough, it was his greatest wish to sing of the loves, the rural scenes, the joys and pleasures of his native land, in his native tongue. The same wish thrilled his heart to the latest hour of his life. It colours every page of his various works, and finds vent in such sublime lyrics as our national ode of "Scots wha hae." (Cheers.)

Well, then, gentlemen, may Scotland repay that life-long love of Burns for her, by the profound affection in which she holds him. This evening has been chosen by our countrymen in Scotland, and all over the world, to demonstrate these feelings towards him; and I hold that I and the municipality of Aberdeen were indebted to the Society with which you are connected for allowing us to be associated and take part with you to-night, and to show that Aberdeen is sensible of the debt of gratitude which all Scotland owes to the memory of Robert Burns. (Applause.) I have again to thank you for what I feel at this fitting opportunity, which should be welcome to all occupying any place of weight in Scotland, for testifying the profound reverence, gratitude, and affection which Scotland owes to the memory of Burns, for having for ever associated her name with his own deathless fame. (Loud cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN then rose to propose the toast of the evening, and said—Notwithstanding a determination in my own mind to throw to the winds all modesty and speak up—(laughter and applause)—I feel that my courage is fast departing from me—(applause and a laugh)—and I come to the toast, the sentiment of the evening, with fear and trembling; but it must be so—and I now call upon you uprising to drink to the immortal memory, the undying genius of Robert Burns. (Cheers.) Wherever Scotchmen do congregate this day—and in what part of the world are not Scotchmen to be found?—their talk will be of Robert Burns; and in Scotland itself—ay, and England, too—in all our towns and villages are our countrymen assembled this evening, much in the same way as we are assembled just now, to do loud homage to his name, to protest, as it were, against our fathers' ungenerous treatment of him, and to proclaim with one accord that we have faith in the genius, admiration of the poetry, and respect for the character of the Great Peasant. (Loud cheers.) The genius of Burns is well seen in this, that he was able to overcome the want of education, or at any rate great defects of education, and the rude habits of the peasant's life. He was able to rise superior to the depressing influences of incessant bodily toil and sordid poverty which beset him all his days, and to write and speak on all subjects which he touched upon with a natural ease and humour, a spirit and independence, a power and pathos, which have never been surpassed, and in a way to excite the admiration of the highest and lowest of his countrymen—nay, rather, to challenge the admiration of the whole world; and a true test of his excellence is found in this, that his fame is increasing day by day, and year by year, continually. (Loud applause.) Burns, so to speak, emerged from deep obscurity by natural intuition into the broad light of day, and played his part, up to a certain time at any rate, equally well with the lads of Tarbolton, the belles of Mauchline, the peasantry, the dominies, the writers of Ayr, the literati and the ladies of Edinburgh, the lairds, the farmers, and the excise authorities of Dumfries, and all the eminent men—ay, and women, too—with whom he came in contact in course of his life. (Applause.) But it is principally since Burns' death that a right appreciation of his talents has been entertained; and most of the eminent men of our day seem fond of analysing the genius, and descanting upon the writings, the poetical writings of this young and unlearned man. (Applause.) And some of them conclude that he got little beyond the threshold of his powers—that he rather misspent his time and his powers in writing his numerous lyrics, however sweet and beautiful they are—and that, if he had been properly cared for, and his life preserved, his muse was capable of winging a higher and nobler flight than ever she attempted or attained. Of course, as we now know Burns, we cannot place him in the temple of fame on the same pedestal with Shakspeare or Dante, Goethe or Scott. These were greater poets than he—or at least they lived and accomplished greater things; and, as I understand, the lyric must ever yield precedence to the tragic or epic muse. But even as it is, I have heard Burns' "Elegy on Matthew Henderson" well compared with the "Lycidas" of Milton; his "Address to the Deil" not unfavourably contrasted with the idea and description of Satan in "Paradise Lost;" his Cantata of the "Jolly Beggars" is said to be superior in force and fire to the great camp scene in Schiller's "Wallenstein;" his "Tam o' Shanter" has never been equalled for wild humour and imagination. I hold it to be inimitable. No proper parallel can be drawn between it and Dryden's celebrated "Ode on Alexander's Feast," as some have attempted. His "Cottar's Saturday Night," bating some redundancies, is one of the most perfect poems in the English language. We could less easily spare the "Cottar's Saturday Night" from Burns' poems than any of his other productions. It and "Tam o' Shanter" alone would make the fame of any poet. His "Vision" is the most eloquent, perhaps, of all his writings. I like it exceedingly; and, indeed, the poetry is very fine in all his epistles and satires. (Applause.) But it is as a lyric poet that Burns possesses such distinguished merit. In that field he never had a superior nor a rival. Ferguson before him, and Tannahill and Hogg, and

some others since his time, have written some beautiful songs; but it is universally allowed that none of them have approached to Burns in the number and perfection of his songs. It is, certainly, as a lyric poet that he is most popular with Scotchmen. (Applause.) The Chairman, after apologizing for the imperfect manner in which he had proposed the toast, concluded by reciting, amid applause, the "Bard's Epitaph." (The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.)

The following toasts were also given:—"The Poets of Scotland," by Professor Geddes; "The Poets of England and Ireland," by the Dean of Guild; "The Immortal Memory of that truly great and good man, Sir Walter Scott," by Mr. Cooper; "The Sons of Burns," by the Chairman; "The Peasantry of Scotland," by Mr. Adam; "Our Local Poets," by Mr. Jopp; "The Press," by Councillor J. Jamieson; "The Biographers of Burns," by Dr. Jamieson; "The Health of Professor Geddes," by Mr. Adam.

The Band of the Royal Aberdeenshire Highlanders contributed their share to a most pleasant and enthusiastic meeting.

We may mention that the dinner ticket was very tastefully got up. Besides indicating, in the usual way, the object of the meeting, it embraced a neat likeness of the poet, with representations of Tam o' Shanter, the Twa Dogs, the Doon Monument, &c., executed by Messrs. Keith & Gibb, Lithographers; and Mr. Robertson, much to the satisfaction of the company, allowed them to retain this appropriate memento of the festival.

THE SPECULATIVE SOCIETY.—The members of this literary society, chiefly young tradesmen in the city—with commendable tact and foresight, devoted the tenth of their series of lectures, which fell due on Tuesday night, to "The Life and Writings of Burns," and were fortunate enough to secure Mr. William Cadenhead, author of "Flights of Fancy," &c., to discourse from this theme. The lecture was delivered in Rev. Mr. Arthur's Church, George Street, to a numerous and respectable audience, who testified their approbation of its merits by frequent applause.

At half-past nine, the members and friends, including ladies, assembled in the Music Hall Buildings, and there held a festival in honour of our National Bard. Mr. W. H. Martin efficiently presided, supported by Mr. J. Nicol and Mr. A. Fletcher as croupiers. The Chairman ably gave the toast of the evening, and amongst the other speakers were the Croupiers, and Messrs. Brodie and Brander, &c. There were plentiful services of cake and wine, a number of the poet's choicest songs were sung by Messrs. Copland, Anderson, &c., and a choir, and about twelve a ball commenced, which was carried on with much spirit till morning,—Mr. Duprey, leader of the Theatre-Royal, conducting the music.

TRADESMEN'S SUPPER.—A party of Tradesmen, to the number of fifty, met in Mr. Smith's Salmon Hotel, 13 Exchequer Row, on Tuesday night, for the purpose of celebrating Robert Burns' centenary by a supper, which was served by the host in a very neat and efficient manner. After the cloth was removed, the usual loyal toasts were given from the chair, which was occupied by Mr. James Fyfe; Messrs. David Milne and John Wood acting as croupiers. During the evening a number of other toasts were given and responded to, and the company were enlivened with a good many of Burns' best songs; altogether the evening was spent most harmoniously.

OPERATIVE SHOEMAKERS.—The Operative Shoemakers held a Soiree and Ball in Dr. Bell's Schoolroom, Frederick Street, when upwards of three hundred assembled to add their mite of honour to the name and genius of Burns. At half-past eight o'clock, P.M., Mr. Adam Low was called to the chair, and after intimating the object of the meeting, the programme, &c., the stewards, a number of very active young men, served the company with bread and tea in abundance. Then followed appropriate speeches, music (vocal and instrumental), from members of the body and visitors. To add to the pleasure and harmony, Mr. H. Nimmo, from the Mechanics' Hall, along with an amateur young lady of the company, sung a duet with excellent effect and delight to the audience. At twelve o'clock the stewards again added to their former abundance by serving a large quantity of first-class oranges. During a short interval preparations were made for the ball, when about sixty couple entered the dance, which was kept up with spirit until a late hour in the morning, when all separated in the highest of glee in a very becoming manner. We may state that, by careful management, there is a surplus of £3 on the meeting, which is to be given to the following:—£1 to the descendants of Burns; £1 to the Infirmary; £1 to the scholars in Dr. Bell's Schools as prizes.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT, constituting a spirited interpretation of Burns, was given in Sinclair's Hall, by Mr. Francis Beattie and assistants.

At the Bon-Accord Temperance Society's Festival, the hall was crammed in every part. Mr. Fordyce, President of the Society, occupied the chair. Addresses on the life and character of Burns were given by Mr. Buchanan (who exhibited a much-admired model of Burns' house), Mr. Dickie, and Mr. C. Wisely. A selection of the poet's songs was also sung, and the meeting was an excellent one.

THE MASONS.—The Mason Lodges in the city met in their Hall to celebrate the Centenary of Burns' birth-day, when a party of upwards of eighty sat down to supper, under the presidency of Br. J. Rettie, Prov. G. S. Warden. Enlivened by the singing of a number of the choicest of Burns' songs, the Brethren spent a very pleasant evening; made all the more agreeable by the reflection that Burns himself was a keen and zealous Mason, and one who thoroughly understood and appreciated the principles that should actuate all "Brethren of the mystic tie." The hall was tastefully decorated.

THE JURIDICAL SOCIETY.—The members of this Society, to the number of forty, supped together in Mr. Machray's, St. Nicholas Lane —Mr. J. F. Lumsden in the chair, and Messrs. Davidson and Brown acting as croupiers. The usual loyal and other toasts having been duly honoured, "The Memory of Burns" was given, and responded to with strong feeling. "The Legal Profession," &c., followed, and a number of excellent songs were sung by Messrs. Machray, Milne, Allan, and others. Altogether the evening passed off most pleasantly.

LOYAL ROBERT BURNS LODGE OF ODD-FELLOWS.—The Brethren of the above Lodge sat down to an excellent supper, in their Hall, 41 Queen Street, to celebrate the centenary of the "Peasant Bard," from whom it takes its name. P. P. G. M. John Logie (a warm admirer of the poet) occupied the chair, the duties of which he discharged with great tact and ability. Prov. G. M. James Reid, of the Star of the North Lodge, acted as croupier; and the proceedings were much enlivened by P. P. G. M. William Gellan and others singing, in first-rate style, a number of Burns' most popular songs. Altogether, a pleasanter evening could scarcely have been spent. The mellowing influence of the Poet's writings fell kindly on the whole company, who, for the occasion at least, seemed to anticipate the "good time coming," when

> "Man to man the warld o'er,
> Shall brithers be, an' a' that."

NEPTUNE LODGE.—The Brethren of the Neptune Lodge assembled in the Queen's Hotel in the evening. Col. Gordon very kindly favoured them with two pipers, who played before them from the Hotel to the Lodge, 115 Union Street—blue lights being displayed before the procession. On entering the Hall they found a number of the Brethren assembled from other Lodges, with whom they spent a very pleasant evening.

THE ABERDEEN JOINERS' MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION.—The members of this body, with a few of their friends, met in the Lemon Tree Hotel, and partook of an excellent supper, provided by Mrs. Ronald. Mr. Andrew Valentine occupied the chair; and Mr. George Adam acted as croupier. After supper, the usual loyal toasts were drunk; and the chairman, in a speech which drew forth rounds of applause, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns." After which, a number of the Bard's pieces were recited, and several of his songs sung with good taste and feeling. Votes of thanks having been proposed to the chairman and croupier for the efficient manner in which they had discharged the duties of their respective offices, the party separated at eleven o'clock, highly pleased with the evening's entertainment, and gratified with the opportunity thus afforded them of publicly expressing their admiration of the genius of Scotland's greatest bard.

The Upholsterers and females in the employment of Messrs. J. Allan & Sons, met on the Burns' night to tea and supper in Mrs. Sheriff's Hotel, and under the genial presidency of Mr. A. Allan—Mr. Cattanach, the oldest upholsterer in Aberdeen, acting as croupier—spent a very pleasant evening. The toast list included the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. "The Memory of Burns," also the health of the respected firm—"J. Allan & Sons"—and of "Mrs. and Miss Allan"—were drank with enthusiasm. During the evening several neat speeches were delivered, and verses composed for the occasion recited. The viands supplied by Mrs. S. were excellent.

THE BROADFORD OPERATIVES.—Upwards of a hundred of the mechanics and operatives employed at Richards & Co.'s Works, Broadford, met in the Odd-fellows' Arms Inn, Queen Street, to celebrate our bard's centenary. Mr. John Smith, engineer, was called to the chair, and Mr. George Anderson, painter, acted as croupier. The chairman, in a very able speech, illustrated Burns' worth, who, although dead, yet liveth. The health of "The Queen and Royal Family" was drunk amidst great applause, and the apprentices belonging to the work, who had formed themselves into "The Broadford Choral Society," sung the National Anthem. The toast of the "Immortal Burns" was drunk in solemn silence, when the band struck up "A man's a man for a' that." With each toast of the evening there was a song from the Choral band, whose training does them great credit. There were also several recitations from Burns' works, by Messrs. Anderson, Joss, Ross, and M'Intosh, &c. The meeting was throughout a most harmonious one.

A number of the Overseers and Flax-dressers in the employment of Richards & Co., Broadford Works, celebrated the centenary of

Burns with an excellent supper, prepared by Mrs. Phinn, Upperkirkgate. The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens surrounding the portrait of the bard. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Craig, who gave a graphic sketch of the poet's life, and was supported by Mr. Youngson, croupier. After supper the chairman gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Robert Burns," which was drunk with all the honours. The company were enlivened with a selection of the poet's finest songs, sung in excellent style by Messrs. M'Leod, M'Donald, Thain, N. Anderson, and others; and the spirit of the meeting was maintained with great glee beyond the "wee short hour ayont the twal."

Fifty gentlemen's coachmen and livery stablemen in this quarter celebrated Burns' centenary in the Hall, 14 Castle Street—Mr. J. Taylor, chairman, supported by Messrs. Miller and Marshall, croupiers. Everything was in the best style, and the hours flitted away fast and pleasantly.

Footdee did itself the honour of celebrating the centenary by a social meeting and ball. The meeting was held in the large premises belonging to the Messrs. Hall, which were tastefully decorated for the occasion with flags and appropriate mottoes, and was presided over by these gentlemen. The party, amounting to 500, met at half-past seven, and the duties of the evening commenced with the whole assembly joining in singing the Hundredth Psalm, after which refreshments were served. With a few pertinent remarks, the Chairman proposed "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was pledged in whisky-punch by the company, while standing, in solemn silence. Before resuming their seats, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot" was sung, the chorus being reiterated till the rafters rang. Enlivened by songs and recitations from the poet's works, which were admirably given by amateurs, the evening passed rapidly away. At eleven o'clock the fiddlers struck up "Hearts of oak," and the dancing, which then commenced, was carried on with unabated vigour until half-past four o'clock, and finished with three cheers for their entertainers, when that ill-natured loon necessity put an end to pleasure, in order to prepare for the coming day's work. The whole arrangements were under the direction of a committee of young ship carpenters, and did great credit to their taste and judgment, leaving nothing to be wished done that was not, and certainly nothing to be wished undone which was done.

On the evening of Burns' centenary, Mr. Campbell, Bellfield; Mr. Brown, Megray; Mr. Connon, Elf Hill, and other gentlemen, entertained at dinner, in the Stonehaven Hotel, about twenty aged and retired farmers and crofters of the town and neighbourhood. Mr. Campbell occupied the chair, and Messrs. Brown and Connon, croupiers. Many a battle was fought over again that evening; many a "drouthy simmer" and stormy winter long ago was recalled to mind when the jolly old rustics were young and in their prime. Conclusion—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot," and parting "richt merrilie."

In honour of the centenary a number of Messrs. Stewart, Rowel, Stewart, & Co.'s workmen met at supper in Gilbert's St. Nicholas Hotel. Mr. Chalmers presided, and Mr. L. Savage was croupier. An address in memory of Burns was delivered by the chairman, and the after speeches were interspersed with songs, glees, and recitations from the works of the bard. The evening was a happy one, Mr. Gilbert's good things giving every satisfaction.

The workers in the employment of Mr. Edmond, bookbinder, were entertained at supper by that gentleman, when the memory of Burns was done due honour to, and a fine spirit of kindred feeling was displayed between master and servants. Many of Robin's songs were sung, and a dance concluded a pleasant meeting.

Bon-Accord Literary Association.—The above Association held their Festival in honour of the Burns Centenary in the large Hall of the Union Row Academy, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens, pleasingly interspersed with banners, bearing the following inscriptions:—"Scots wha hae," "A man's a man for a' that," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "Tam o' Shanter," "Success to the Bon-Accord." The chair having been taken by Mr. William Bruce, at half-past eight o'clock, that gentleman, in a neat speech, introduced the business of the meeting, which consisted of readings from Burns, varied with recitations, and songs from an efficient choir, under the conductorship of Mr. Melvin. A vote of thanks having been given to the Chairman for his services, at half-past eleven o'clock the room was cleared for dancing, and the mirth and fun kept up till about four o'clock, when the meeting separated, highly delighted with their evening's enjoyments. At suitable intervals the company were served with fruit, wine, and cake, &c.

We may notice, that the city bells were rung at intervals in the afternoon and evening, and the vessels in the harbour displayed their colours. A humble but very popular and hearty mode of celebration may also be mentioned. Mr. Fidler had two silver jugs attached to his fountain at the top of the Quay, and this being pretty generally known, it is calculated that,

between nine A. M., and six P. M., about ten thousand partook of a cooling draught from the jugs—in many cases drinking to auld Scotland's favourite bard. We are informed the tankards suffered no injury, although the well was "mobbed" the whole day, and used at the rate of fifteen persons and four horses per minute! The day was bright, sharp, and sunny throughout.

ABERDEEN (Old).—The Centenary was celebrated in this place by a select ball in the Town-house, got up under the auspices of the Convener Court of the Incorporated Trades, and of the various Friendly Societies in connexion with the town, and conducted by Provost Gordon and Convener Stables, assisted by a committee of stewards. The national and civic flags belonging to the town were displayed in the Hall along with *fac-similes* of poems in Burns' handwriting. The motto, "The Land o' Burns," was also prominently exhibited. These, in connection with the new appearance of the Hall, which has just undergone a thorough repair and decoration—being beautifully painted in the walls and roof in panelled oak, with tasteful scroll-work—had a very imposing effect. Immediately after the hour of assembling, the Hall was completely filled with the youth and beauty of the city, along with several parties from the neighbouring district, who had been invited to be present. The dancing was kept up with great spirit and vigour till long after

"The wee short hour ayont the twal."

During the evening, several of the poet's most choice songs were sung by the ladies and gentlemen present, and were received with great applause and enthusiasm. The party were honoured by an address from Mr. Adam of the *Herald*, in which, after various happy illustrations taken from the life of the poet, he expressed his opinion that, if departed spirits were gifted with the power of knowing what was going on in this nether world—the idea by which Burns was inspired when he wrote his poem, "To Mary in Heaven"—he doubted not but he would look with as much satisfaction and pleasure on the gay assembly then before him as he would do on other demonstrations of a more extensive nature. He concluded by introducing Mr. Morrison, of the Scottish North-Eastern Railway, and requesting him to favour the company with a recital of some piece relative to the occasion. Mr. Morrison then gave, with great feeling, the beautiful verses to the memory of Burns by Fitzgreen Halleck, of New York, on viewing the remains of a rose brought from Alloway Kirk in autumn, 1822.

Woodside.—The centenary of Burns, our national bard, was celebrated at Woodside by a soiree held in the Free Church Schoolroom, under the management of a joint committee of the Newhills and Woodside Mutual Improvement Societies. The room presented a lively appearance, being decorated with evergreens and national colours, amongst which were interspersed several appropriate mottoes and quotations from the works of the Bard, two portraits of whom occupied conspicuous places on the walls. On account of accommodation the committee were compelled to limit the number of tickets to three hundred, but had they issued twice the number we believe they would have been disposed of, so great was the demand for them. The chair was taken at half-past seven by Mr. A. Troup, who happens to be a member of both societies. A blessing having been asked, tea was served up by the young ladies of both localities, which service, we are happy to observe, included the oaten cakes of old Scotia. After tea, the chairman opened the proceedings with an appropriate speech, after which the following gentlemen spoke in their turns:—Messrs. A. Wilson, jun., A. J. Hodge, A. Duguid, W. M'Kechnie, W. Murray, jun., and J. Troup; the first three of whom were from Newhills, the remainder being from Woodside. Five pieces of original poetry were read, two of which were anonymous contributions from the Newhills Society. The other three were read by their authors, Messrs. Fullarton, G. Philip, and Fisher, one of our local poets, and who also delivered an excellent speech. The speeches and poems had all special reference to Burns. The following songs were sung throughout the evening:—"Mary, dear departed shade;" "Scots wha hae;" "A man's a man for a' that;" "Willie brewed a peck o' maut;" "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie;" the first two of which were sung by a choir. An instrumental band was in attendance, including Mr. Cheyne, who performed some excellent solo Scottish airs on the flute. The company seemed to enter into the spirit of the evening's proceedings, keeping it up till considerably past "the wee short hour ayont the twal," when they separated after singing "Auld Langsyne" and the National Anthem.

ABERDOUR.—Burns' centenary was celebrated in the Aberdour Hotel by a goodly company of the young and middle-aged, male and female, with abundance of tea, cake, wine, and toddy. All went merry as a marriage-bell, with song and sentiment, and many a chorus, vocal and instrumental; and while in the act

of tasting wine to the memory of "Scotland's Patriotic Ploughman Poet," not a heart present but beat with a purer and more exalted sympathy, while the sparkling eye denoted a clearer vision of the sublime and beautiful. Such a meeting of Scotland's true sons and daughters was never witnessed heretofore in the ancient barony of Aberdour. The chair was filled by Mr Goodsir, merchant—Mr Rattray, croupier.

ABERLADY.—The Centenary of our great National Poet was celebrated here by a public dinner in Aberlady Inn. The Chairman (Mr. Tait), in giving the toast of the evening, dwelt at considerable length on the peculiar qualities and characteristics of our great Poet's writings, particularly his songs, which, being united to our beautiful national melodies, were, he said, especially destined to carry down the Poet's fame to remote generations. Many appropriate toasts were given, and songs sung, and the evening was passed with great enthusiasm, harmony, and decorum.

ABERLOUR.—Here there were a supper and ball in the Hall of the Aberlour Hotel. By eight o'clock, an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, to the number of about sixty, convened, and shortly after sat down to a sumptuous and elegantly arranged supper, consisting of all the delicacies of the season.

The chair was occupied by Dr. Gerrard, and Mr. Grant, Schoolhouse, officiated as croupier, both having lady patronesses and young ladies as supporters.

After ample justice had been done to the good things on the board, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of, the Chairman called for a special bumper to the toast of the evening—The memory of our National Bard. In his remarks in connection with the toast, he especially referred to the fact of our country having perhaps never witnessed a demonstration so generally entered into, or more enthusiastically carried out—a demonstration not confined to Scotland, but held wherever Scotchmen are to be met with, or Scottish poetry is understood. He characterised the demonstration as a debt, too long due, as an eloquent and powerful protest, if not against the obloquy cast upon Burns, at least against the neglect with which he had, during his lifetime, been treated. He wished to view the Poet apart from the man, and, while upholding the singular merits of the former, he denied our right to constitute ourselves strict judges of the latter. He believed that many of those who are apt to censure Burns' works, are induced to do so from the opinions of others, without reading for themselves. While he could not pretend to justify much in Burns' poems, more especially in his satires, he held that in this species of writing great freedom of language is allowed, and that Burns' strong spirit of independence led him to leave upon record what a more polished or less fearless author would have modified. So full and so truthfully did Burns enter into and honour the affections of his countrymen in describing their manners and customs, rejoicing in their enjoyments and sympathizing with their cares and sufferings, that his name was a household word in both hall and cottage; many have acknowledged that, until they began to read Burns, poetry had no charms for them, but that a taste for poetry had been acquired, and a source of intellectual pleasure opened up by them. He briefly touched on the poet as a patriot, as "A man's a man for a' that," as an admirer of nature, as an unrivalled portrayer of domestic life, and as a satirist, giving a few quotations of his style in each. He concluded by requesting all to join in the manifestation of love and gratitude which had this night been taken up, and echoed "frae Maiden Kirk to John o' Groats," to the imperishable memory of Scotland's Poet—Robert Burns. (The toast was drunk with every manifestation of feeling and respect.)

After supper the ladies were beginning to get impatient to take a more active part in the proceedings, and, having decorated the gentlemen with handsome rosettes, appended to each being choice and appropriate references to some of Burns' verses, the hall was cleared for dancing, which was kept up with unabated spirit till "three short hours ayont the twal." The music, supplied by Signor Bernaschina and his talented son Andrea, a youthful prodigy in music, was of great excellence, and gave the utmost satisfaction. Appropriate tunes were played after the several toasts, and some of Burns' best songs were sung.

ABERUTHVEN.—The Aberuthven Musical Society dined together in the Aberuthven Inn on the 20th, in celebration of the birthday of Robert Burns—Mr. J. Sinclair in the chair. The dinner was got up in excellent style, and included all the rarities of the season.

The cloth being removed, the Chairman gave the usual routine toasts, and Mr. G. Robertson then gave "Our Forefathers;" after which Mr. J. M'Kenzie gave the toast of the evening. No apology, he said, was needed for him whose centenary we are met to celebrate. One hundred years have gone since he was ushered into existence in the "auld clay biggin'" on the "Banks o' the Doon," and for upwards of 60 of those years he has been in the land of the

departed. It is not the errors of Burns that bring us here to-night. No; it is the mighty genius of the man, joined to the truthfulness of his character. Burns would have condemned any man who would have sought to gloss over his faults, and set him down as a hypocrite, unworthy of his confidence or friendship. After briefly reviewing the career of Burns, and quoting from many of his lyrics, he said—But, after all, it is to the democratic sentiment which pervaded Burns, and which gives to him his greatest renown, that we owe the noblest and the greatest of all his effusions. The thoughts that arose in his mind when traversing the place where "Bruce shook his Carrick spear," was but a prelude to that burst of heroic poetry that issued from the wilds of Galloway, and which makes us think and feel that we too could bleed in the cause of our country. But the complete embodiment of his democratic sentiments appears in that magnificent song, "A man's a man for a' that." There was no lack of music, either vocal or instrumental, every man being a musician. Songs, duets, trios, glees, followed each other, till Forbes appeared, when adjournment became necessary.

ABINGTON.—In honour of the Burns Centenary, a public supper was held here, attended by a large number of the inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood. The chair was occupied by Mr. Loudon M'Queen, builder, Abington, and Mr. Macrosty, teacher, acted as croupier. The Chairman, in giving the "Immortal Memory of Burns," referred to the prominent features of Burns' poems and writings, and gave a very graphic account of the early struggles and difficulties of the great bard on his road to eminence, and the great effect his writings have had on his countrymen. Other toasts and appropriate songs and recitations from Burns were given during the evening. A song, composed for the occasion by Mr. Robert Hastie, was sung with great enthusiasm by the company. At the conclusion of the supper a grand ball was held, which was numerously attended, and all present gave indications of being highly pleased.

ABOYNE.—The inhabitants of this parish and surrounding district joined the rest of their brethren in commemorating the natal day of Scotia's Immortal Bard. A festive meeting was held in the large Hall of the Huntly Arms, Aboyne, when between seventy and eighty gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared in Mrs. Cook's best style. The end of the Hall was decorated with a beautiful wreath of evergreens surrounding the name of the great Bard. Dr. Gerard, the Provost of Charleston of Aboyne, ably discharged the duties of the chair. Mr. Ogg, banker; Mr. Neil, farmer, Wreaton; and Mr. Hurry, Aboyne Gardens, acted as croupiers. Amongst the parties present we observed—The Rev. Alex. Young, Aboyne; the Rev. Andrew Christie, Glentanner; Mr. Gray, parochial schoolmaster; Mr. Macintosh of the Excise; the Members of our Town Council; also, a deputation from the Charleston of Aboyne Lodge of Freemasons, headed by their Depute-Master, Mr. Middleton, graced the occasion. The brethren appeared in their sashes and other Masonic insignia, paying a tribute to their great departed Brother. After dinner, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given, as also better health to the most noble the Marquis of Huntly, the Lord of the manor. The Chairman gave the toast of the evening in eloquent and glowing terms, paying a just tribute to the genius of Scotia's dearest Bard. A number of other toasts were given and responded to, and several original pieces of poetry were recited during the evening. The whole proceedings passed off in a most harmonious manner. A ball was held in the Mason Hall, where the young folks showed their appreciation of Burns in their own way. Original pieces of poetry by Messrs. Niel, Ogg, and Hurry, were read to the meeting.

AIRDRIE.—The Centenary of our National Bard was celebrated in the Town Hall by a grand public dinner, at which upwards of 60 gentlemen were assembled, including a number of the most influential inhabitants of Airdrie. An excellent quadrille band was in attendance, and performed several national airs during the evening with great merit. After the dinner a number of ladies were admitted. The chair was occupied by Sheriff Strathern, and James Kidd, Esq., acted as croupier. The chair was supported, among other gentlemen, by the Rev. B. C. Brown, Airdrie; John M'Kenzie, Esq., Dundyvan; J. Dalzeil, Esq.; Bailie Hendry; J. M'Donald, Esq., Procurator-fiscal for the county; Dr. Robertson; and on the right and left of the croupier were Bailies Eddie and Taylor, Councillor Forester, Treasurer Aitken, &c.

In addition to this demonstration, there were a number of masonic and other festivals held in the town.

AIRTH.—The centennial celebration of the birth of our national poet was observed here by a public dinner in the Crown Inn. The meeting was most successful, upwards of 30 sitting down to dinner, and the whole affair passed off with *eclat* and enthusiasm. The viands, &c., under which the table groaned, re-

flected the utmost credit on Mrs. Walker, the venerable and excellent hostess, and a magnificent "haggis" displayed its "honest sonsie face" in honour of the occasion, and occupied a distinguished position. Mr. Tosh of Newok ably filled the chair, and Mr. Armstrong of Airth no less efficiently discharged the duties of croupier. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman claimed a bumper to the "Immortal memory of Scotia's bard," which was responded to with the utmost enthusiasm, honour, and respect. Many other toasts were proposed and duly honoured in the course of the evening, among which were "The Relations of Burns," by Mr. Walker; "Burns' contemporaries;" "Tannahill, and the other songwriters of Scotland;" "The Scottish vocalists," by Mr. Murdoch; "Glencairn, and the other patrons of Burns;" "The minor poets of Scotland;" "The poets of the present day;" "Progress of agriculture;" "Education and its accessories;" "The Chairman," &c. Several recitations were given from the writings of the poet, and many excellent songs, glees, &c., sung; and, what with the interchange of sentiment and song, joke and repartee, the "hours flew by on angel wings" till warned by the approach of Forbes Mackenzie, "the hour appointed Tam maun ride," the happy party broke up, after singing in chorus, with tremendous enthusiasm, "Auld Langsyne."

Several other private social parties were held throughout the district in honour of the interesting event.

ALEXANDRIA.—Perhaps the most formal centenary celebration was that held in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Alexandria, by the engravers of the Dalmonach Printing Company, at which Mr. Adam Burns presided, and Mr. Henry Parkinson discharged the duties of croupier. The evening's proceedings there were commenced by the company doing ample justice to a most substantial supper, after which, on the cloth being removed, the Chairman rose and proposed the usual loyal toasts, which having been duly responded to, he called upon the audience to fill their glasses up to the very brim, as the toast which he was now to have the honour of proposing was one of no ordinary kind. He was convinced that if Burns had not been imbued with a deep religious feeling, he never could have written "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and they had good reason for supposing that his repentance for his errors was inspired by the same divine sincerity that formed the leading characteristic of his great genius. He begged, therefore, to propose "The Poetical Greatness of Burns." The toast was most enthusiastically drunk.

Mr. T. Brown sung "Rantin' Rovin' Robin," after which Mr. John M'Lean rose, and in a neat speech, full of feeling and most appropriate sentiment, proposed "The health of Burns' surviving relatives," to which Mr. T. Brown replied. Mr. Peter Strachan proposed "The memory of Burns," in a few words expressing the mingled feelings of pride and pleasure he felt at being in any way instrumental in handing down from "sire to son" the memory of Scotia's darling child of song. Mr. Henry Parkinson proposed "The Scotch Poets," in an able speech. Mr. Robert Bell made an appropriate reply, and the party separated at a seasonable hour.

ALFORD (Vale of).—Amongst the many meetings held on the 25th, in honour of the memory of him who sang Scotland as a nation of "honest men and bonnie lasses," the January wind did not blow a more happy, more singular, or more honourable company together to any host than Mr. Milne, New Inn, had at his house, where Burns' birthday has been kept for upwards of thirty years. A subscription dinner was proposed; Mr. Milne's reply was—Bring as many as you please; I maintain my prerogative; the expense shall be mine alone. The guests assembled by four o'clock, sat down to a sumptuous and well-prepared dinner (for which Mrs. Milne is famed), enjoying themselves until an early hour in the morning, almost exhausting Burns' songs, &c., and still "The landlord's laugh was ready chorus," without the motive which is said to call it forth.

ALLAN (Bridge of).—The hundredth anniversary of the birthday of the national poet was celebrated here by the Curling Club and their friends. Sixty gentlemen sat down to dinner in the large hall of the Westerton Arms, which was beautifully and appropriately decorated with evergreens for the occasion. The chair was occupied by Mr. James Hogg of the Stirling Journal and Advertiser, and Mr. John Halliday, author of the "Rustic Bard," performed the duties of croupier. The chairman was supported on the right by Dr. Dade, Mr. Greenhorn, Mr. Lyall, and Mr. Alexander, and on the left by Mr. Somers, Mr. Archibald, Mr. William M'Laren, Mr. Miller and Mr. Mitchell. The croupier was supported right and left by Mr. Niven, Mr. M'Laren, Mr. Simpson, Mr. Gillies, &c.

After the cloth had been removed, the Chairman gave in succession "The Queen," "The Prince Consort, &c." "The army and navy."

A bumper having been called for, the Chairman rose and said:—Gentlemen—Let us

now join with all those leal and true-hearted Scotchmen, who are met this day, in draining a bumper to the immortal memory of Robert Burns. Were I to consult my own feelings I should have preferred that the toast be drunk without preface and without honours. On this occasion, so tragic in many respects are the associations called up, that solemn silence—deep, thoughtful, awe-inspiring silence—would have been, in my opinion, the right tribute to the poet's memory. But it has been ruled otherwise by those who have a right to be heard and obeyed in these matters. And after all it is perhaps better. It is a birth and not a death we are met to commemorate. It is the occasion on which that ever to be remembered "blast o' Januar wind" greeted the infant Burns, and not that more melancholy occasion when "the awkward squad" fired their straggling volleys over his grave. At present we have to deal more with the banks of the Ayr than the banks of the Nith; with what is living than with what is dead of Robert Burns. (Cheers.) I do not wish to anticipate what may be said by my friend the Rustic Bard on the "mission and influence" of the poet whose hundredth birthday we are this day met to celebrate; but I cannot refrain from embracing the opportunity of saying a few words, since something must be said, not indeed in justification of our assembling here to-day—I do not need to do so to such an assembly—but to show that the homage which we pay to the memory of Burns is both intelligent and deserved. We are not here to-day to pay any blind homage to genius. We raise no altar, we make no sacrifice, we give no worship to intellect alone. (Applause.) No, it is not only that Burns was an intellectual giant, towering far above any of his compeers in that dreary, drinking, dicing, godless eighteenth century, but that he used his great powers, like a genuine honest Scotchman as he was, in the first place for the good of "Scotland, his auld respected mither," and in the last place for the good of mankind at large. (Cheers.) The maker of a country's songs has been placed by a quaint old thinker on a higher platform than the maker of a country's laws. If, then, there be any truth in the aphorism at all, Burns is the greatest Scotchman that ever lived. In him, and when I say in him, I mean in that noble legacy of song he has left us, we see all that is noblest, purest, and best in ourselves. There we see accurately mirrored all the joys and woes of our existence; there we find expression for all our feelings. The thoughts we breathe are clothed for us by our national poet in words that burn. No poet of any age or country was ever so intensely national as Burns. It was for Scotland, though not for Scotland alone, that he laboured and sang. And look what he has done for us. He purified the stream of Scottish song that before his time was coarse and indelicate to a degree only known now to the students of that branch of literature; in his own original writings he fanned the "lowe o' weel-placed love" till it burned with a pure and holy flame;—(cheers)—he stirred to a brighter glow the altar fires of domestic devotion; he shed a glory round the struggles of honest poverty, and by showing that true nobility of soul belonged to no special rank, but that it was shared in by the lowly peasant as well as by the high-born peer, he has done more than any other British man to improve the condition, the moral and intellectual condition, of the working classes of this country. Were it for nothing else than this, Burns is worthy of our highest admiration. It matters not what his detractors may say—(prolonged cheering)—we are still living under the moral influence of Burns. Go forth into the world, mingle with your fellow-men as I myself have often done. See them at the plough, in the workshop, by the desk, or in the studio; there while they lift up their head and wipe, as I have seen them do, and as I have often myself done along with them, the sweat of honest labour from their brow, there, in all its childlike simplicity, and dove-like tenderness, and lion-like courage, will you find the spirit of Robert Burns. (Cheers.) But this is not all, nor nearly all. Go back with me in thought to days anterior to those of our national poet; see the character of the popular literature at that time; examine especially the literature most read by the peasantry of our country then, and you will be able fully to appreciate the great good which Burns achieved for Scotland. Before the purifying fire of his genius, the licentious muse of his country cowered her wings and shrunk abashed, and such productions as "A cock-caird fu' cadgie," "Loudon Tam" and "Leper the Tailor," gave way to "Bruce's Address," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Mary in Heaven." The souls who had drunk at these pure fountains could not go back again to wallow in the mire. For once old Adam retired before young Melancthon; the new poetry was too much for the old ribaldry—(cheers)—and the peasantry of the country,—though not the peasantry alone—drank of the purifying waters and thanked the poet whose rod had caused them to flow. It is to do honour to the memory of the man who has done all this for us that we are met here this day. But we are called upon on this occasion to do something more than honour the memory of Burns. It must be remembered that Burns appeared at a critical time in our history. I have already re-

ferred to the condition of our popular literature when Burns arose. This was bad enough in all conscience, but the moral condition of the country was still worse, and still worse than either was the religion of the time. Many of the ministers of the gospel were professed atheists, and it is still on record that some of them were found drinking themselves drunk, not in the temple of Nisroch their god, but in the temples set apart for the worship of the ever living Jehovah. Hypocrisy was deemed then—as, alas, it is too often now!—a virtue. Burns set himself resolutely against this. With courage in his heart, and scorn flashing from his deep dark eye, he approached the temple where these vices, these counterfeits of true religion were enshrined, and tearing aside the veil which concealed them, showed the people of this country the real character of the idols whom they worshipped. (Cheers.) In doing this he did a service to the cause of genuine Christianity; he fulfilled the mission he was sent to accomplish, and we therefore meet here to-day to acknowledge with gratitude the goodness of the All-bountiful for bestowing upon us in our hour of need the gift of such a man. (Great cheering.) Burns stands before us now, the Representative Scotchman. One who like David of old was a godsent hero—not free from faults certainly any more than the men by whom they were surrounded, but full of high thought, fine feelings, and having souls attuned to the harmony of those eternal melodies a part of which they themselves sang so sweetly. I do not know, gentlemen, that I need say any more. I know that to commend the toast to you I did not require to say so much. It was my intention once to have said something of the detractors of Burns—detractors did I say? calumniators were the better word. (Immense applause.) It is better, however, on this occasion, to pass these by with that contempt which their narrow-mindedness—their ignorant and culpable narrow-mindedness—deserves. Nineteen hundred years ago, there were scribes and Pharisees who assailed with their calumny a greater than Burns. They have got their reward, and there can be no doubt that to the scribes and Pharisees of our own day a similar reward will be meted out. (Cheers.) In the meantime all that I would say to them is this; "What are ye that judge another? If you yourselves be without sin, then cast a stone at Burns." (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, Burns had a noble soul, he scorned all hypocrisy. Let us imitate him in this as in all his other virtues. If we be not tempted like him, let us be thankful for the mercy, but do not let us exaggerate and dwell upon the faults of a brother beloved. As he himself has told us, and the teaching is that of a higher even than he:—

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
For though we gang a kenning wrang,
To step aside is human.

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

(Cheers.) But such thoughts as these are foreign to the occasion. We are not met to talk the scandal of the tea-table, but to celebrate the birthday of the poet who loved us so well, and whom we have all taken to our hearts. Let no unworthy thoughts then intrude while we pay honour to this king of men. Were it otherwise, we were unworthy of the gift which Heaven so bounteously bestowed on us, and which was, alas! withdrawn from us all too soon. Could the wheels of time be rolled back how would we run to administer comfort, consolation, healing to the wounded, weary soul that animated the frame of Robert Burns!

"It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its every string who knew,
And from profaning touch His heavenly gift withdrew."

(Cheers.) Peace to the dead! Joy and gladness to the living! Burns has passed away, but his works still remain. They are ours, they are the legacy of the race wherever the English language is spoken; and we, now a hundred years after his birth, are assembled to do honour to one who shed a lustre upon our country, whose name has become a household word among us, and who has done more to raise the humbler classes in the social scale than any other man of our time. Let us then, as I said at first, along with all our leal-hearted countrymen everywhere, pledge with all the honours, a bumper to the memory of the poet who has done so much for us, and whom all honest, upright, independent Scotchmen love so well. (Prolonged cheering.)

The toast was drunk amid great cheering.

Song by Mr. Kennedy, "There was a lad was born in Kyle."

Numerous toasts were then given and duly responded to.

The company then sung "Auld Langsyne," and thus terminated one of the most successful meetings ever held in Bridge of Allan.

ALLOA.—Banquet in the Assembly Room.—The banquet given in the Assembly

Room, under the auspices of the Masonic body, was a great success, and the room was completely filled by a most happy and enthusiastic company, numbering upwards of 150. It had been tastefully and beautifully decorated for the occasion with evergreens and artificial flowers, while round the walls were hung paintings, engravings, flags, and a number of ancient relics. The meeting was held under the presidency of W. Downing Bruce, Esq., F.S.A., of Garlet and Kilbagie, and of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, who was supported right and left by R. O. Arnot, Esq., writer; the Rev. P. Stewart, M.A., Carnock; Charles Penney, Esq., jun., Bellvale Chemical Works, Glasgow; Mr. James Fairlie; Mr. John Younger, brewer, &c. The croupiers were Mr. Watson, writer, Mr. W. M'Queen, and Mr. S. N. Morison. Behind the Chairman, and within a floral arch composed of evergreens and flowers, was suspended the sword of King Robert the Bruce, kindly forwarded by Lady Elgin from Broomhall. On the right of the sword was displayed a full-length portrait of the Earl of Elgin, and on the left a portrait of Sir Edward Bruce, his Lordship's ancestor, who was a second son of Sir David Bruce, laird of Clackmannan, and through which descent his Lordship is Chief of the family of Bruce in Scotland. Above was placed a portrait of the poet, and on either side a portrait of James the Sixth of Scotland, and Charles the First of England. In the niches around the room were placed various suits of armour, consisting of helmets, breast-plates, gauntlets, &c., sent for the occasion by Mr. Bruce of Kilbagie. At the east end of the room was placed a cast from the skull of King Robert Bruce, for whom Burns entertained a more than common veneration. The room was also decorated with various banners, belonging to Alloa St John's Lodge. The floral decoration of the Assembly Room was highly creditable. By a few minutes past four o'clock the company occupied their seats around the table, the number who sat down being about 130 to 140. A blessing having been asked by the Rev. P. Stewart, A.M., of Carnock, the company partook of an excellent and substantial dinner, the Scotch haggis occupying a prominent place on the tables. Dinner having been concluded, thanks were returned by the same Rev. gentleman.

After the usual loyal toasts, the CHAIRMAN rose and said:—Gentlemen, in rising to call your attention to the events we are assembled to commemorate, I feel oppressed with a sense of my own unworthiness to fill so exalted a position as you have called upon me to occupy to-night. I am aware that no language I can find can be adequate to set forth the merits of that unrivalled poet, of that real true-hearted Scotsman who, one hundred years ago to-day, first opened his eyes upon a world which should henceforth cherish his name among its choicest recollections. If I could catch one spark of that heavenly fire with which he was so prodigally endowed, if I could borrow some of his charm of language, some of his grace and power of expression, I might then set forth, in language worthy of the theme, the immense obligation that Scotland, that the whole civilised world are under to Robert Burns. Nor am I less impressed with the responsibility of my position when I consider the importance and solemnity of the present celebration, and the world-wide magnitude it has assumed. Those who, like myself, have been summoned to preside over the mighty gatherings that are this night taking place stand in a most responsible position. We have not to give expression to our own feelings merely, we are the spokesmen of a nation's love and admiration, appointed to stand, as it were, between the living and the dead, and to give utterance to the sentiments that are stirring in every honest Scotsman's heart, towards the most illustrious of Scotland's departed sons; and, gentlemen, does it not kindle in us a glow of sublime enthusiasm when we consider the universality of this magnificent demonstration? How grandly it shows the unity of Scotland's sons, the innate affinities which bind them into one great brotherhood. There is scarcely a village in the land which is not, on this remarkable evening, holding high revel with the Poet, singing his songs, and listening to the praises of his genius, and not alone throughout Scotland, but everywhere where Scotchmen are located—and where, I ask, throughout the wide world, where dangers are to be dared or glory is to be won, are they not to be found first among the foremost? Everywhere is this day being kept as a day of festivity, held sacred to joyful though chastened recollections. In the metropolis of the south there is a celebration on a scale befitting the dignity of that city; and on the continent of Europe, in Ireland, in Canada, in the United States, in far-off New Zealand, in Australia, men are keeping the Burns centenary with a fervour equal to that which is distinguishing the anniversary at home. Nay, even under the burning sun of India our gallant fellow-countrymen, who have been cheered by the matchless melodies of the bard when in the bivouac, or inspired by them with fresh courage when on the battle-field, seek an evening's relaxation from the toil of war to think of home and Robert Burns; and in the distant threshold of that teeming empire, which has at length in this our time been opened to the ingress of Western

civilization by the masterly address, patient daring, and superior statesmanship of a worthy representative of Scotland's most illustrious King—I mean the Earl of Elgin—the Burns centenary is being celebrated with true Scottish warmth and generality. It is hardly possible to help pausing to inquire into the nature of a fame which has inspired so wide-spread and unprecedented a demonstration. Is it that Burns is so sweet and fascinating a poet that this ovation is offered to his memory? Not entirely. His amazing popularity is mainly to be attributed to his broad, deep, all-embracing, and profound nationality. While in his life we witness prominently exemplified the best characteristics and the most common failings of his countrymen, in his works their solid good qualities, their higher tendencies, and their brightest and purest aspirations are reproduced. Every single characteristic of the Scottish mind may be best described in words selected from the works of Burns, its tenderness, its sociability, its fondness for humour, its play of fancy, its depth of imagination, its directness of purpose, its scorn of hypocrisy, its warm devotional feeling, and its stern irrepressible spirit of independence. Passages of his poems will readily rise to the mind of every one here present, illustrative of these several moods, and perhaps most vividly delineated of all is that spirit of stubborn independence which may be regarded as the groundwork of all that is best in our character as a national protest against tyranny of every kind. I believe the immortal

> "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
> Scots wham Bruce has often led,"

to be the most powerful and spirit-stirring lyric ever penned, while the very soul of individual independence breathes in every syllable of that immortal strain which, setting the tinsel of rank and the accident of wealth in their true light, preaches the kingship of man as man—

> "Is there for honest poverty
> Wha hangs his head and a' that?
> The coward-slave, we pass him by—
> We dare be poor for a' that.
> For a' that, and a' that,
> Our toils obscure, and a' that,
> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the goud for a' that."

Burns, who made it his boast that he was bred to the plough, and was independent, lifted the very peasantry of Scotland to an equality with the kings of the earth elsewhere, and the sentiments which were before vaguely stirring the minds of his brethren, he first seized on with intuitive power, gave them a voice and a language, and revivified within them the hearts of his toiling fellow-countrymen. While the love of Burns resides in the souls of the people, this country can never retrograde, can never sink into effeminacy, can never lose the high position it has won against such overwhelming odds in the strife of nations, for no one can love Burns' works without loving what is noble, what is generous, what is manly, what is truthful and exalting. Gentlemen, standing before you as I do this evening, not merely as chairman of this meeting, but as master of the Alloa St. John's Lodge, recollecting the auspices under which this gathering is held, and seeing around me so many of my masonic brethren, I cannot omit an allusion to what was a distinguished feature in Burns' career, his genuine devotion to masonry. A heart like his, perpetually yearning to draw the bonds of human brotherhood closer—an intellect like his, ceaselessly thirsting for more light upon the abstruse problems which encircle humanity—could not fail to seek early admittance into the order, which joins the search after occult knowledge with the liveliest exercise of practical friendship. To that order he solicited and gained admission, in the bloom of his manhood, and to that order he remained a devotedly attached adherent to the day of his death. It is but fair to state that his devotion to the mystic brotherhood, like virtue, brought with it its own recompense, for to that order he owed some of the brightest friendships and nearly all the success he obtained through life. It may interest my non-masonic friends to know that Burns was first initiated into the mysteries of the craft at Tarbolton when in the twenty-third year of his age. So congenial to his enthusiastic disposition was the performance of the customary exercises of masonry that for years he was scarcely ever absent from a lodge meeting. He was raised to a post of dignity and honour in the craft, and in the course of one of his poems he alludes, with much complacency, to the fact that he

> "Oft honoured with supreme command,
> Presided o'er the Sons of Light."

Distinguished men from afar would visit his lodge to see how the poet performed the duties of the chair, and Professor Dugald Stewart, amongst others, has left on record a testimony of the pleasure he experienced on observing the tact, discretion, and ability with which the poet went through the duties of that arduous post. When Burns first went to Edinburgh, his masonic character made him at once free of the world of literature and fashion, for nearly all the men of rank and the literary men then resident in the capital were ardent masons. Within the circle of the fraternity his rare poetical gifts were at once most warmly acknowledged.

The Canongate Kilwinning elected him their Poet Laureate, and a full length portrait of the bard is now placed above the seat of honour reserved for him by the side of the master's chair in the interesting hall of that ancient lodge. For myself, when I remember the enthusiasm with which the immortal bard devoted himself to advance the interests of the craft, I feel myself more and more encouraged to follow so eminent an example, and you who, while professing your admiration of Burns, yet shrink from associating yourself with the fraternity to which he was so proud to belong, I would urgently advise you to free yourselves from such inconsistency, and seek the earliest opportunity of becoming in form and reality what every true Scotsman must be in heart, a sincere mason. It would give me great pleasure to be able to ascertain that Burns had ever any close relations with this locality. It seems that he only once paid a flying visit to our county. It may be remembered, however, that there is a property, at no great distance from this, the name of which he has handed down to immortal remembrance. You will at once recognise the song from which the following verse is taken—

> "Come take a share wi' those that bear
> The budget and the apron,
> And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
> And by that dear KILBAGIE,
> If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
> May I ne'er wat my craigie."

Burns' trip to this part of Scotland was, as a reference to his works will show, undertaken in the summer of 1787, in company with Mr., afterwards Dr. Adair, and the following notes, which I will read, are Mr. Adair's brief jottings of the tour:—"The travellers rode by Linlithgow and Carron to Stirling. From Stirling, says Mr. Adair, we went next morning through the romantic and fertile vale of Devon to Harvieston, in Clackmannanshire, then inhabited by Mrs. Hamilton, with the younger part of whose family Burns had been previously acquainted. During a residence of about ten days at Harvieston, we made excursions to visit various parts of the surrounding scenery, inferior to none in Scotland in beauty, sublimity, and interest, particularly Castle Campbell, the ancient seat of the family of Argyle; and the famous cataract of the Devon, called the Cauldron Linn, and the Rumbling Bridge, a single arch thrown by the Devil, if tradition is to be believed, across the river, at about the height of a hundred feet above its bed. . . . The ladies at Harvieston expressed their disappointment at his not expressing in more glowing language his impressions of the Cauldron Linn scene, certainly highly sublime, and somewhat horrible. A visit to Mrs. Bruce of Clackmannan, a lady above ninety, the lineal descendant of that race which gave the Scottish throne its brightest ornament, interested his feelings most powerfully. This venerable dame, with characteristic dignity, informed me, on my observing that I believed she was descended from the family of Robert Bruce, that Robert Bruce was sprung from her family. Though almost deprived of speech by a paralytic affection, she preserved her hospitality and urbanity. She was in possession of the hero's helmet and two-handed sword, with which she conferred on Burns and myself the honour of knighthood, remarking that she had a better right to confer that title than some people. You will of course conclude that the old lady's political tenets were as Jacobitical as the poet's, a conformity which contributed not a little to the conviviality of our reception and entertainment. She gave us as her first toast after dinner 'Awa Uncos,' or away with the strangers." Who these strangers were you will readily understand. The venerable lady referring, of course, to the Hanoverian family. These glimpses of the poet moving about amongst the principal inhabitants of the locality are extremely interesting. The travellers returned to Edinburgh by Queensferry. At Dunfermline they visited the famed Abbey and Abbey Church. At the last place a waggish and somewhat irreverent scene was enacted. Mr. Adair mounted the cutty stool as a penitent, while Burns from the pulpit addressed to his friend a ludicrous reproof of exhortation, parodied from one which had been administered to himself years before, when he along with seven others mounted the seat of shame together. In the churchyard two broad flag stones marked the grave of King Robert the Bruce, for whose memory Burns had more than common veneration. He knelt and kissed the stone with sacred fervour, and heartily execrated the worse than Gothic neglect that then prevailed of the first of Scottish heroes. The song "How pleasant the banks o' the clear winding Devon" is the only poetical reminiscence of this visit, bequeathed us by the poet. There is another local relic which ought not to be passed over on this occasion. I allude to the manly, noble letter written by Burns from Dumfries, in 1793, to John Francis Erskine, the late Earl of Mar, in allusion to the false report of the poet's dismissal from the Excise, for the freedom with which he had expressed his political opinions. And now, gentlemen, I fear I have trespassed too long on your attention. But when the subject is one so dear to the Scotsman's heart as that of Burns, the temptation to be prolix is almost

irresistible. Burns is not, like most other great poets, a cold abstraction, in whose personal history we cannot feel more than a limited interest. The brief tragic story of the life of the Scottish Bard goes direct to our hearts. We follow the poet from his lowly birth in the humble cottage on the roadside not far from Ayr, through the loves and disappointments, the joys and sorrows, and struggles of his youth, till that dark hour when, in the bitter gloom of his misfortunes, he had resolved to seek in a distant land those means of subsistence which seemed to be denied him at home. When the subsequent treacherous gleam of sunshine crossed his path, and he seemed to be entering on the high road of temporal prosperity, with the temple of fame opening its shining gates to the proud tread of the peasant poet, we watch his splendid and dazzling career with feelings of interest and concern. In the dismal struggle that ensued, our hearts overflow with sympathy for the sufferer, sinking under accumulated disappointments, and writhing under the consequences of those errors of conduct, which the very brilliancy of his genius had led him into. When the strong man sank in solitude and suffering, struck down in the very prime of his manhood, how it would have cheered him on his melancholy deathbed to have foreseen that his country would have been kind to his failings, and just to his memory, and would keep the centenary of his birth in a way that no other poet's centenary had been kept before. Gentlemen, I maintain that this great celebration is most honourable to the Scottish people, as a proof of their hearty sympathy with all that is upright, manly, noble, and truthful in the character of one of the best, noblest, and most famous of their representative men; and, as a patriot, I can entertain no higher wish for my country than that the spirit which has prompted this great Burns Centenary of 1859 may survive in this beloved land for ever, to stimulate all coming generations to high thoughts and heroic acts. Gentlemen, I now invite you to join with me in drinking, in solemn silence, to the memory of our great National Poet—Robert Burns. (Mr. Bruce was loudly cheered throughout.)

Various other toasts were given and several songs sung during the evening, and the proceedings closed with "Auld Langsyne."

The Banquet in the Royal Oak Hotel. —Eighty gentlemen sat down to dinner in the large room of the Royal Oak Hotel, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion by Mr. Clark, seedsman. Four imitation Chinese lanterns, which adorned the room, were much admired, and the walls were decorated with numerous portraits of 'sons of song,' sent by Alexander Bald, Esq., and others, amongst which were—Sir Walter Scott; Allan Cunningham; Lord Brougham; Professor Wilson; the Ettrick Shepherd; Allan Ramsay; John Grieve, an Alloa poet, whose son is at present manager of a branch of England Bank at Manchester; Thomas Campbell, the "Bard of Hope;" Lord Jeffrey; Bust of Professor Wilson; and Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny, by Mr. Forrest. Behind the chair, a beautiful oil painting of the land of Burns, the property of the late Mr. David Christie; and, at the other end of the room, oil paintings of Falstaff, Shakspeare, Homer, Byron, and a large bust of that great poet, and other pictures, the property of the host. John Tait, Esq., Sheriff of the county, presided, supported on the right by W. B. Clark, Esq., Sheriff-Substitute, and the Rev. Thomas Murray; on the left by Mr. Blair, Glenfoot, and Mr. Andrew Mitchell. The croupiers were Mr. Moir, Senior Magistrate of the burgh, Mr. M'Nellan of Solsgirth, and Mr. Spence, Procurator-Fiscal.

In giving the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," the Chairman adverted to the excellent letters written by Burns to his (the chairman's) father and to John Francis Erskine, late Earl of Mar, as proofs of the poet's powers as a writer of prose —the combination of talent in Burns being quite extraordinary. Burns, he said, had a horror of hypocrisy, and some of those persons against whom his satire was directed were, he believed, not much to be commended. It was impossible to say that Burns had no feeling of religion. The beautiful sentiments of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" disproved it, as also his prayers in the prospect of death, where he expressed deep penitence for the sins he was conscious of. Mr. Spence proposed "The Sons of Burns." "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott" was proposed by Mr. M'Watt, writer, in a speech of much eloquence. Dr. Syme, in proposing "The Clergy," remarked that he considered rev. gentlemen had not rightly interpreted the motive of the people of Scotland in the present celebration; but if the clergy had not done justice to the people, that was no reason why the people should not do justice to themselves. The Rev. Mr. Murray replied. On the score of duty he had no hesitation in coming to the centenary gathering; but, after giving his consent to come, he wavered on the ground of expediency; but, on further reflection, he resolved to cast expediency aside, and do what he considered his duty. Mr. James Symmers, Rector of Alloa Academy, proposed "The Modern Poets of England."

Mr. Drysdale's Meeting.—On Tuesday evening the 25th, a meeting was held in the

Phrenological Hall, Mill Street, for the purpose of celebrating the centenary of the birth of Scotland's greatest poet, Robert Burns. The meeting was called at the request of our worthy townsman and philanthropist, Mr. Drysdale; and, without any pretensions to public benefit or greatness, it was what may be termed a private select party, and consisted of both males and females, an arrangement, by the way, which was rather exceptional, but was no barrier to the true interests and social happiness of the meeting. Exactly at eight o'clock, the chair was taken by the host, Mr. Drysdale. At the end of the table was placed a correct cast of the skull of the poet, which the chairman took up, and gave the audience an elaborate phrenological development of it. He said that Burns had a very large head, nearly 24 inches in circumference, the faculties were all fully developed, especially those that are more immediately required to produce a true poet, and proved that, if society had been a little more refined in its moral tastes, and with a little more education, Burns would have been the greatest moral reformer, as well as the greatest poet, of the age in which he lived. The croupier was then called upon to say a few words, and, on rising, he gave a very humorous description of his forefathers, and concluded by paying a high tribute to the genius of Burns. "Tam o' Shanter" was then read by Mr. Silver, and the "Address to the deil" by Mr. Russell. A very humorous conversation then took place about the character and geographical position of the deil; but, fearing lest they should be led into bad company with his satanic majesty, they left that gentleman to shift for himself. During the course of the evening, a number of Burns' songs were sung in excellent style by Mr. Laurence M'Laren, Mr. M'Lauchlan, and a few of the ladies. Mr. Mitchell was present, and played several favourite pieces on the organ-accordion. The proceedings were concluded by singing "Auld Langsyne."

"The Gathering o' the Bards."—This interesting meeting, which took place in the house of our respected townsman, Mr. John Crawford, author of "Doric Lays," &c., on the evening of the centenary of the birth of our great National Poet, Robert Burns, came off with the greatest *eclat*—highly honourable to that gentleman, and creditable to every one connected with it. The company, all of whom did not belong to "the bardie clan," several of Mr. Crawford's intimate and more highly respected friends being present, met at seven o'clock, and sat down to a repast which would have done honour to the halls of the first aristocracy in the land. As a matter of course, the host occupied the chair, supported on the right by Mr. David Taylor, St. Ninians, and on the left by Mr. Alexander M'Lauchlan, Bannockburn, while the duties of croupier were very efficiently discharged by Mr. David M'Neill,—the youngest of all the poets who were present—supported on the right by Mr. Andrew Marshall, jun., Alva, and on the left by Mr. Alexander Johnstone, Alloa. The room in which the meeting took place was tastefully and appropriately decorated; banners that have braved both the battle and the breeze being hung round the walls, giving it all the appearance of an old baronial hall. On a pedestal, at the chairman's right, with a wreath of holly round his brow, stood the bust of the bard, the first centenary of whose birth was that day being celebrated, and whose praises were being sung by thousands in every quarter of the civilized world. Behind the chair, above the mantlepiece, were displayed on the wall two large swords, the blades of which were crossed. The one is a relic of Flodden Field and the other a relic of Killiecrankie. Between the hilts of these hung a portrait of 'Bonnie Prince Charlie,' and betwixt their points, in a frame, was exhibited a horse-shoe found on the glorious field of Bannockburn. Over the whole hung an old straw bonnet which belonged to the song-celebrated Duchess of Athole. A fine plate of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and a beautiful portrait of the "literary Earl of Buchan," along with portraits of the poets Thomas Campbell, Professor Wilson, Allan Cunningham, &c., &c., adorned the walls. At the croupier's back was an old flag on which was painted the armorial bearings of the illustrious family of Abercromby; and suspended from the ceiling was a beautifully executed representation of a dove, with an olive leaf in its mouth. A snuff-mull belonging to "Highland Mary's" father, initialed "J. C.," was, along with an ancient helmet and other very interesting curiosities, also exhibited. The table groaned under the weight of the favourite national dainties with which it was loaded. From a "Highlandman's coggie," found at the battle of Sheriffmuir, rose, "like a distant hill," at the head of the table, the "hurdies" of a monster "haggis," kindly provided by Robert Moubray, Esq. of Cambus, and in which was stuck a pin made out of the wood of the "Red Well Buss," which was cut down a few years ago, bearing a card on which was printed these lines:—

"Fair fa' your honest sonsie face,
Tho' a' should gang a-gley,
Great chieftain o' the puddin' race,
Immortal thou shalt be!"

Fish, fowl, venison, &c., were in abundance, all

of which came from localities celebrated in Scottish song. Ample justice having been done to the good things provided, the cloth was removed, whereupon the chairman proposed the following toasts, all of which were enthusiastically responded to:—"The Queen," (which toast was drunk in wine from an ancient and ornamental drinking horn which belonged to the sapient King James VI., and which was allowed to stand on the table the whole of the night)—"The British Constitution;" "Lord and Lady Abercromby;" "Robert Bald, Esq., the world-renowned mining engineer." Mr. Teirney then proposed, in appropriate terms, "The House of Ardgowan." The chairman then placed upon the table a large punch-bowl which belonged to Burns, and which was presented by him to Mr. John Dowie, Edinburgh; after which he produced a quantity of whisky kindly sent by Mr. Moubray, "of real auld Cambus stuff," brewed, as the labels said, when the Devon was a clear-winding stream; also a quantity of rare old aqua from Andrew Mitchell, Esq. Besides these he brought forward a jar of real Kilbagie, which was presented to him by Andrew Jameson, Esq., in the bung of which was stuck a pin made from the "Buss aboon Traquair," bearing a card, on which was printed these lines:—

> "Here is a jar o' precious stuff
> That weel deserves a double puff;
> Nae better drink can weet the craigie,
> As Robin says, than 'dear Kilbagie.'"

A quantity of these having been mixed in the bowl, toddy was brewed, after which the chairman rose and proposed the toast of the evening —"The Immortal Memory of Burns"—reading at the same time a poem written by himself for the occasion. He then requested the croupier to sing "Rantin rovin' Robin," which request having been complied with, the toast was drunk in a manner becoming the occasion. Numerous poems and songs, written in special honour of the centenary, were then given, the recitation of which took about two hours, and an able and eloquent tribute was paid to the memory of the poet by Mr. Johnstone in a very neat speech. A long poem and song from the inspired pen of the Rev. Henry Scott Riddell, the "last of the border bards," author of "Scotland Yet," and some of our finest love songs, as an apology for his inability to be present at the meeting, was then read by the croupier and much admired.

ALMONDBANK.—We had no public demonstration to commemorate the centenary in our quiet little village; but in the evening a few kindred spirits met to do honour to departed genius. Mr. Bennet occupied the chair, and his felicitous remarks, and profuse and happy quotations from the writings of the poet, kept the company in a high state of hilarity. Mr. Fenwick contributed much to the pleasure of the party by singing some of the bard's best pieces. Speeches and recitations by several others, showed that each had come to do his best in the promotion of each other's comfort and enjoyment. The party separated about the wee short hour, well pleased with one another, and promising to meet again on a like occasion at next centenary, should time and opportunity be afforded!

ALYTH.—Tuesday night last will be a memorable night here. Nothing so unanimous was ever "kent" to come off. There were three grand entertainments, and as the last got up one demands special attention, we advert to it first. We beg to question if the centenary of Burns can show many others of a similar nature. The place of entertainment was Anderson's Hall, and the company was exclusively ladies, forty in number. They quickly set to work, and formed themselves into a numerous, hearty, and happy tea-party. When tea was over, the gudemen were admitted, and then compliments were most cordially exchanged. The appropriate toasts were drunk with acclamation, songs were sung, dances were danced, three times three were given, and the rest of the sport was kept up to a late hour, and all appeared in the happiest mood. We congratulate the ladies on the success that crowned their noble efforts, and we add, well done Mrs. Kinmond and your fair assistants.

Party Second.—Passing down town, the second party on the list is composed entirely of respectable tradesmen. The instrumental band, after parading the streets, their instruments playing merrily, and their banner flying aloft, halted at Morris's Inn, the place of entertainment. They then took their seats along with the company—about seventy in number—and partook of a supper, the superior quality of which has raised Mr. and Mrs. Morris in the esteem of all who participated. Mr. Robert Munro, shoemaker, occupied the chair, ably supported on right and left. The cloth having been removed, the Chairman delivered the introductory address, selecting for his subject the universality of the Burns jubilee. He then proposed the usual loyal toasts, which were responded to with three cheers. The speakers were Messrs. David Robb and John Lunan. The former gave the toast, "Poetry;" and the latter gave the toast of the night, "Burns." Songs, recitations, readings, &c., followed, while sounds of rapturous applause arose at

every interval. (We have been reluctantly compelled greatly to abridge the report of this most interesting meeting.)

Party Third.—This other happy party met in Mrs. M'Kenzie's Hotel. Mr. Japp presided, and delivered an address replete with manly feeling and exquisite allusions to the occasion. His toast was "Burns," and we need not say how it was received. The next toast of importance was given by Mr. Peterkin. He proposed the "Burns Family." It is needless for us to expatiate on the manner in which this well-chosen toast was handled by the speaker. He is peculiarly qualified for it, and he did his best. The rest of the speakers were the Rev. Mr. Ramsay, and Mr. Smith, Alyth; Messrs. Halket, of Ballindoch, and Scott, of Lochbank. Mr. Ramsay made a well-arranged and well-received speech. A number of local toasts were proposed from the chair, and by others present, all of which were done honour and justice to. The singers were Messrs. William Galloway and Robert Chalmers, both exceedingly well-qualified gentlemen. A well-selected band of musicians were present, and added their exquisite skill to the glorious hilarity. At seven o'clock the ladies were admitted, when all received a service of fruit. Dancing was then resorted to some time before eleven o'clock, which was kept up with enthusiasm till an early hour in the morning. We ought to have stated before this that this party sat down to dinner at five o'clock, to which they did justice in a very practical way. It was a first-rate dinner, for which Mrs. M'Kenzie received a special vote of thanks. The croupiers were Messrs. Smith, Moir, and Peterkin. Forty-six gentlemen were present.

ANDREWS (St.).—The centenary was celebrated here on Tuesday evening, with "all the honours." The Town Hall was granted by the Magistrates for the festival, and if, instead of 180, the number present, it could have held 500, it would have been filled in every part, as the demand for tickets a few days previous sufficiently proved. At half-past seven the company assembled in the upper hall, and shortly after took their places in the supper-room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Professor M'Donald occupied the chair. He was supported by Bailie Aikman, Councillor Bruce, Messrs. Barr, Berwick, Downie, C. Stewart; Bailie Lees, Councillors Watt and Gibson, Messrs. Scott and R. Paterson. The croupiers' chairs were occupied by Messrs. James Duncan, farmer; George Rae, architect; and Peter Thomson, printer.

The Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, said:—'Tis now one hundred years ago, on a fearful stormy night, on the eve of the Poet's birth, that his father was hastening for assistance to Ayr, and in dashing through the ford which the rain had so greatly swollen as to check foot passers crossing, when old Burns, with his characteristic kindness to a woman wistfully sitting by the torrent, turned his steed and carried her across, and then proceeded on his important errand. Judge of his astonishment when again reaching home he saw the same woman sitting in his ain ingle corner, most anxiously waiting the expected event. She was a spaewife, and when the baby was placed in her lap, uttered the famous prediction which in after years Burns made into song.

Under the parental guardianship of a kind intelligent father, Burns acquired much of his education in arithmetic, and with some assistance from a young scholar, after the custom of the period, instructing the neighbouring families, residing alternately with each in succession, and also with attending for a short time the parish school at Dalrymple, near the faery land of Cassilis Dunans, and subsequently at a small school nearer home. Burns, after the labours of the field or barn, not only received all his instruction, but was able to snatch some hours for his favourite reading and the muse. With the severe taskmaster Necessity, early cast on a life of activity and observation, Wilson declares, "There was not a boy in Scotland at the time better educated in his knowledge of mankind."

When he was only nine years old, there was a garrulous old gossip living in the family from whom he learned many stories of ghosts, brownies, witches, &c., &c., which were no doubt the source of many of his high flights of fancy. By fifteen Robert held his father's plough, and along with Gilbert did all the labour of the farm, in the sad prospect of the rapid breaking up of their kind father. These impressions may have saddened the spirit of Burns, and in some degree roused the painful reaction of his after life, too often churlishly obtruded in order to disparage the ardour of his brilliant genius. We do not exculpate his failings, but point to the undying blazonry with which he has adorned rural life in our native land. On this night, consecrated to commemorate the centenary of our greatest National Bard, let churlish sanctimonious pride withhold its censorious reference to his failings, and viewing only his bright genius emerging like the Phœnix from the ashes that only concealed its brilliance, let us join the universal accents resounding from every corner of the land, "To the memory of Burns" (with silent honours, standing).

ANNAN.—The first Centenary of our National Poet was celebrated here on Tuesday. The day was gusty, with occasional sharp showers of rain in the morning; but before the hour appointed for the assembling of the trades and others, in front of the Town Hall, the weather became dry and a little brightened. The day had been looked forward to with anxious hopes by all; and great preparations had been made to solemnize the centenary in a manner becoming the celebrity of the Bard; the shops in the town were closed at noon, and generally it was observed as a holiday. The banks were closed all day, and the factory suspended work at noon. As the hour of meeting, one o'clock, approached, the place of rendezvous gradually became more and more crowded. When all the various trades and others who were to take part in the procession had arrived from the several houses of call, the Marshal, Mr. Richard James, performed his office by arranging the order and the course of the procession.

At two o'clock the procession moved from the front of the Town Hall, in the following order:—The Academy scholars and masters, the Magistrates and Town Council, professional gentlemen and others not in trade, hammermen, millers, and bakers; weavers, gardeners, squaremen, shoemakers, carpenters, tailors; the brethren of the St. Andrews and Caledonian Lodges; and the ploughmen and carters on horseback. The procession was four abreast, and had three bands of music. Each trade had its own emblematical banners, flags, and symbols. There would be five hundred in the procession it is calculated. The course of the procession was along Bridge Place, Port Street —returning by the same way—then up Bull Street, Wellington Street, Johnstone Street, Thomas Street, Lady Street, along Bank, Ednam, and Murray Streets, again on to the High Street, Church Street, Cumberland Terrace, Closehead, when the procession returned to the Town Hall. The masons there formed in a body, and proceeded to lay the foundation stone of the new mansion house of James Saunders, Esq., at Solway Place. The stone was laid amidst masonic honours. Thereafter the several trades returned to their houses of call to dine.

The squaremen, millers, bakers, and masons, to the number of about 130, dined in the Buck Inn. The shoemakers, numbering 54, dined in the Star Inn. The gardeners, in number 16, at the Commercial Inn. The ship-carpenters, about 40, at the Old Bush Inn. The tailors at the Burns' Tavern. The weavers at the Anchor Inn. The ploughmen and carters at the Crown and Thistle Inn.

There was also a public dinner in honour of the bard in the Queensberry Arms. Provost Palmer in the chair; Mr. Downie and Bailie Kerr, Croupiers; being supported by Mr. D. Steel, Mr. Dixon, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. W. Irving, Capt. Ewart, Capt. Hudson, and Mr. M'Jerrow. The company numbered about fifty-five.

After the usual loyal and public toasts the Chairman proposed "The Memory of Robert Burns, the Immortal Scottish Bard," in a most eloquent address which was illustrated in a striking manner by a number of appropriate quotations from the works of the poet. He said: —We have met this day to celebrate the first centenary, and do all the honour we can to the memory of Scotland's great National Poet—the immortal Robert Burns—and in whatever aspect we look at him, as a man or as a poet, all must come to one conclusion that Robert Burns, the Ayrshire ploughman, was a magnificent specimen of humanity. (Applause.) I question much, nay I fearlessly assert, that no emperor, kaiser, king, conqueror, statesman, philosopher, poet, since the world began was ever more enshrined in so many human hearts, or whose memory ever received the same amount of homage one hundred years after his birth, as is this day given to that of an Ayrshire ploughman. I do not stand here to say that Burns was faultless, far from it; he had the same passions, frailties, and failings as other men; he was in that respect just like the people around him, but let us tread lightly over his ashes, and every man as he passes strew a handful of daisies on his grave. "Love was his first inspiring theme." To the fair part of creation he was all tenderness. His brother Gilbert says, Robert was a most extraordinary creature, for his bosom was continually lighted up with some goddess or other. With what ecstatic delight he must have gazed on his first love; 'twas she that first kindled the latent spark in his bosom, when it burst into a blaze of imperishable song. She was his partner on the har'st-rig, and we may readily conceive how Burns would endeavour "to mitigate by nameless gentle offices her toil." In one of his letters he describes her as a bonny sweet soncy lass, and he cannot understand why his heart beat such a furious rattan as they lingered behind the other shearers at mealtime, and he picked the cruel nettlestings out of her little fingers. It is easily understood; it was his "first and passionate love." Where, I would ask, have we on record an example of such pure and holy youthful affection as that of the Poet and his Highland Mary? His wail for his dear lost Mary is one of the most pathetic things in any language. After quoting his "Mary in

Heaven" with much feeling, the speaker went on: Tenderness and pity have always appeared to me to be the most distinguishing features of Burns' character and genius; examples of this are profusely scattered through all his works, so many precious gems, as it were, cast at our feet, that it becomes difficult to select. His heart glowed with a gush of tenderness o'er all God's works. After some quotations from the "Mountain Daisy," "Lines to a Mouse," &c., in proof of this, he said, But Burns' piety extends much further than all this; ay, even, I would say, to the sublime, for he pities even the "Deil himself." (Laughter and cheers.) In satire Burns was a perfect master; here the lightnings of his genius fell with most scathing effect, and for this he has been stigmatised as a scoffer at things sacred; but I cannot hold with this opinion. We must remember that in his day polemical controversy ran high, and there was a deal of cant and unco guidism, much more than in our day; Burns' keen and penetrating spirit saw through all this at a glance, and he takes up the garment of hypocrisy, tears it in perfect tatters, and flings it from him with a smile of derision and contempt. There are many striking examples, but the theme to me is not congenial, and I forbear. Let who will gainsay, I hold that Robert Burns in his heart of hearts was amply imbued with religious feeling and principle. Of this many evidences might be quoted throughout his works;—what a halo he throws around the family altar as seen in his "Cottar's Saturday Night!" When Burns chooses to moralise and give sage advice, who so able as he? The epistle to his young friend Andrew Aitken is a perfect model in this way. Sturdy independence was a very strong feature in his character; he even contemplated beggary, the last alternative, with a sort of grim pleasure. When he made his meteor-like appearance in Edinburgh, where he was courted and caressed by all classes—feted, feasted, and lionised—to all this abuse of adulation he presented a calm, dignified, and unembarrassed independence,—standing up for his class, for man as man, without adventitious vice. In female society his manner was winning, respectful, deferential. Now the stately and coroneted dames of the northern metropolis hang with rapture over his burning words as he proclaimed and defended the virtues of the lowly maidens of Scotland. (Cheers.) It is held by many eminent critics, Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Campbell, and Lord Jeffrey, and many others, that his "Tam o' Shanter" is the crowning glory of his poetic genius. I agree with this opinion. There are met and blended together with the hand of a perfect master, humour, pathos, sublimity, terror, and superstition.

> "All the gloom, the grandeur, and the glee
> Of witches holding hellish revelry."

Burns was a true patriot. The love of his dear Scotland was a most distinguishing feature in his character, and his works breathe his thoughts. In his more mature years we find him amidst a terrific storm of thunder and lightning and torrents of rain among the wild hills of Galloway, heedless of the elemental war that was raging around him; away in spirit with the Bruce on the hills of Bannockburn, charging the ranks of the usurper Edward, driving them from the field, and achieving for ever the glory of Scotland's independence. (Cheers.) And where is the Scotsman whose soul has not been stirred to its utmost depths by his magnificent burst of patriotism in the last two stanzas of his "Cottar's Saturday Night?" (Cheers.) Gentlemen, the subject is inexhaustible. I might go on to characterise some of his finest songs, for he was the especial favourite of the lyric muse; and I call him the prince of song. I might descant on his prose works, which are by many considered more wonderful than his poetry. In every city and town, and most of the hamlets of Scotland, in the cities and towns of England, and even across the wide Atlantic, in cities whose sites were waving forests at his birth, all, all are this day vieing with each other in doing honour to his memory. And as century after century rolls along, his name and his memory will be as fresh and green in the hearts of unborn millions as it is at this hour; his fame will last while the language endures. (Loud cheers.) Let me now call upon you all to drain a bumper to his memory, and let this be done with all reverence in solemn silence standing. The toast was appropriately received.

The evening was enlivened by several of Burns' songs being sung by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Ferguson, and others.

In the evening a concert and ball were held in the Mechanics' Institute Hall, Lord Street, Mr. Waugh chairman at the concert. The hall was filled. The performers were almost wholly amateurs. The Chairman delivered an oration introductory of the songs to follow, and spoke in an enthusiastic manner on the lyrics of our great bard, which had been a source of endless delight and instruction to all classes. The speech was received with much applause. The songs which followed were selected with care, and were sung in a very superior manner. There were also other balls in the town. The day was spent generally in a very happy manner.

ANSTRUTHER.—The hundredth birthday

of our national bard was celebrated here with great *eclat*. The shops were shut at five P. M.; and though we cannot boast of processions, masonic or otherwise, yet we have not been behind in the number of meetings or in social glee. The teetotalers had a meeting in the Free Church Schoolroom, attended by 200; another party met in the Parochial School, numbering 100; and a third sat down to a supper in the Town Hall, at which between fifty and sixty were present. At all of these the name of Burns was celebrated in speeches, songs, recitals, &c. &c. We may give a slight sketch of the supper. Provost Greig occupied the chair; and Messrs. Oliphant and Jamieson acted as croupiers. The usual loyal toasts were given from the chair:—"The Queen;" "Prince Consort and Royal Family;" "The Army and Navy;" "Her Majesty's Ministers." These were interspersed with songs—"The National Anthem," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Mr. Oliphant, in an able and enthusiastic speech, proposed "The Memory of Burns." He portrayed vividly his character as a man, a poet, a philanthropist, a patriot, and a father. His fame—the fame of a peasant bard—was not bounded by the narrow limits of his native land. It was world-spread, and would spread yet wider in ages to come. The toast was received with genuine enthusiasm, accompanied by a torrent of cheers.

The supper, excellent in all its details, was furnished by Mr. Menzies, of the Royal Hotel, who displayed great taste in the arrangements, which were on a very extensive scale.

ARBROATH.—Considering that no official recognition of the hundredth birthday of the poet was made by the Magistrates of the town, the amount of enthusiasm displayed on the occasion was surprising. The stillness of the cold grey morning, and the slumbers of hundreds of the inhabitants, were rudely broken before yet the third hour had chimed, by the loud report of cannon, which at the east and west ends of the town were fired off, to intimate that about that time on the morning exactly a century ago the poet was born. What Burns had to do with powder and shot is not very readily understood, and the untimely artillery-practice served only to alarm sleeping citizens. The day was observed as a holiday at the banks, and a number of the shops and public offices were closed early in the afternoon, and numerous festive commemorative gatherings took place in various inns, hotels, and coffee-houses in town. In the afternoon some of the masons and fishermen joined, and marched in procession through several of the streets, bearing flags, and accompanied by music. We subjoin reports of most of the public meetings which took place, but in addition to those, there were many private families within whose circles the memory of Burns was warmly pledged, and the songs Burns sang have, through the influence of the proceedings of Tuesday last, struck the tendrils of their music and their poesy deeper than ever into the great heart of Scotland and Scotchmen.

SOIREE IN THE CORN EXCHANGE.—This was the most public entertainment in town, and was organised by the Drapers' Early Closing Association. The attendance was excellent, and the demand for admission so great, that accommodation for all applicants could not be obtained. Dr. David Arrott occupied the chair, supported by the Rev. Joseph Henderson of the Abbey Church, and at a later hour of the evening, by the Rev. W. F. Irvine, parish minister. After tea, the Chairman (who was received with much cheering) delivered a short address. One hundred years ago, he said, Robert Burns was born, and now, after the lapse of that time, his name was known over the whole civilized world. Nothing in the circumstances would have given him (the chairman) greater pleasure than to have addressed the meeting a few words on the character and works of our great national poet, but as the Rev. Mr. Henderson had previously chosen Burns as the subject of his address, he would not detain them by any lengthened remarks. There were some narrow-minded objectors to the claim of Burns on the affections of the people of Scotland; but the number of such was small, and their puny voice was not heard amid a country's loud acclaim. (Loud cheers.) After referring to the many meetings of a kind similar to this held all over the country, the Doctor spoke of the selections from the poet's works to be produced to the meeting. These, he said, did not perhaps constitute his highest claim to immortality, and he might safely say that the stock would be found better than the sample. (Applause.) He hoped all present would be pleased with the proceedings. A meeting like this none of them would ever witness again, for they could never see a second Burns' centenary. In conclusion, he expressed a hope that all would so conduct themselves as that they might all their lives have pleasant recollections of the meeting, and never to their dying day have cause to regret that they assembled on 25th January, 1859, to do honour to the memory of Burns.

The Rev. JOSEPH HENDERSON, who was received with loud applause, then addressed the meeting. He said—It affords me very great pleasure to join in this national demonstration. I feel when standing here as if form-

ing part of that great Scottish heart which is at this moment beating so high at the thought of its illustrious poet. (Cheers.) Seven cities, it is said, contended for the honour of being regarded as the birth-place of Homer, who sang so well of the early heroes of Greece, and entwined around his own brow the laurel-wreath of an undying fame. And well may Scotland be proud of the Ayrshire bard. (Loud Applause.) Great men, you are aware, are often unknown in life—they have to bear the frowns of an adverse fortune—they have to mingle with the masses as they pass onward to the unseen; and perhaps it is well that it is so, for we are thus taught that true genius depends not upon human aid, but is the inborn gift of heaven. (Cheers.) Thus was it with him who wrote of the wrath of Achilles, and the woes of Troy. But the world at length found out the worth of its old blind bard, whom it had suffered to pass away into the deepest oblivion. I have seen a picture of his apotheosis, as it is called, in which the nations are represented as gathered together to do him reverence, and the very gods acknowledging him as worthy to be received into their number. And have we not an illustration of the same thing in him whose memory we are this evening assembled to recall? (Cheers.) Burns was neglected in his lifetime; he never got much beyond the "auld clay biggin'" in which he was born; he had but little reason to thank the rich or the great for any encouragement which he received at their hands; and at length, after that stern life-battle of his, he sunk into what many still call a dishonoured grave. But truth can never die. The gold is sure to be discovered at some time or other. The sun may be concealed during a winter's day, but his beams will ultimately dispel the clouds and mists, and pour their light over the surface of the globe. Scotland has at length arisen to do justice to her poet, and to tell the world of her gratitude for the minstrel who, a hundred years ago, came to sing to her the sweetest songs to which she has ever listened. (Loud cheers.) I know of no greater triumph of genius than that to which this day bears witness. The whole land from city to hamlet is bringing its tribute to the shrine of the illustrious dead. The ploughman, around whom the muse cast the mantle of poesy, is being acknowledged as the greatest of "Auld Scotia's sons." (Cheers.) I have heard of many who look with no friendly eye upon this centenary of the poet. I have heard of individuals who, from the pulpit even, have uttered anathemas against it. Now, as a minister of religion, perhaps it is necessary that I should state to you why I am here; and I frankly say that I have come to do honour to one who has well earned for himself a lofty niche in the temple of fame. (Loud applause.) I feel that I have nothing to do with Burns' sins. For these he has had to give an account at a higher tribunal than that of public opinion. I am free to judge for myself, and I have come undeterred by the bigotry or the malice of others. (Cheers.) We think not of the moral character of Newton, as we admire him for that discovery of his which revealed to the world a law binding suns and planets together, and giving its form to the tear-drop which courses down the mourner's cheek; we think not of the moral character of Scott, as we thank him most heartily for those tales of his of the olden time, when the crusader buckled on his armour for the distant field, and the Highland chieftain gathered his clan around him for the bloody fray. Here, then, we have one of the world's real heroes, as Carlyle calls him, and let us therefore give to him the tribute which is his due. Here we have the true, the beautiful, the good in sentiment, and let us look upon it and render ourselves familiar with it. It seems to me that we ought to bury a man's vices with him, and let his virtues alone live after him. It seems to me that we ought to receive with thankfulness the good which he leaves behind him, and throw the wide mantle of charity over his faults and failings. Scotland has not assembled her best and bravest to-day to offer a sacrifice to sin. She forgets that her poet was a sinner, and looks upon him simply as one who explained to her her own truest and holiest feelings. She drops a tear over his grave, and there glories in him as the expounder of that great heart of hers, with its joys and sorrows, which no one else could ever comprehend. It seems to me that the secret of Burns' popularity is to be found in his being so true to nature. It is not fancy pictures which he brings before us, but those drawn from real life. It is not abstract truths which he introduces to our notice, in which nobody thinks he has any interest, but such as are to be found in one's everyday experience. He holds up to us his own heart in those songs of his, with its stormy passions and its warm affections, and we feel how very like it is to our own. He appears before us as the weeping, laughing, erring, struggling minstrel, and we are led to regard him as a brother, telling us of our own chequered history. (Applause.) Most of writers resemble those early travellers who used to give beads, and amber, and buttons, and the like to the natives of uncivilized countries, in order to gain their favour. They deal out their own trifles, their own fancies, their own philosophies; but these having nothing in common with man's nature, can

never win their way to his heart. But he was no dealer in toys or such-like commodities, this poet of ours. He was no monger of falsehoods this man that we have now before us. He goes through the outer covering of humanity, and lays his hand upon its very life. He pushes aside all dignities, and honours, and priesthoods, and lordhoods, and all other hoods whatsoever, and tells us these are neither the man nor any part of him—"The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." He says to us, these poems I have written for you, and we receive them as a God's truth, for we find that they are in accordance with our own natures. (Applause.) Who is there who does not feel his soul stirred to its very depths by the mention of "Auld Langsyne?" It seems to gather the light of other days around us. It carries us back to the time when under the old roof-tree we knelt to receive a parent's blessing, or went hand in hand with a brother through youth's opening morn. Who is there who does not enjoy the domestic scene in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and feel as if once more in the midst of that little circle around his father's hearth, when the hoary sire took down "the big ha' Bible," and said, let us worship God? Who is there who does not mourn with the poet by the grave of his dear departed Mary, and laugh with him amid the boisterous glee of his own Hallowe'en? (Cheers.) There is another element I conceive in Burns' poetry, subordinate, however, to the former, which goes to increase his popularity amongst us. It is not only full of nature, but it is full of Scottish nature. It was the genius of Scotland who threw the mantle of inspiration around him, and told him to weave the web of song. Homer, and Dante, and Shakspeare, and Milton, are more men of the wide world; but Burns, in all his thoughts and affections and sympathies, belongs entirely to the "land of the mountain and the flood." These may have a greater number bringing incense to their shrines, but this other has the truest and most heartfelt worshippers. Foreigners may not be able to comprehend this sorrowing, sinning, smiling bard of ours; but where is there one with soul so dead throughout the length and breadth of this country who does not weep with him when he weeps, and rejoice with him when he does rejoice? It is our own woods and mountains and streams which he has rendered for ever classic. It is to us he speaks—the descendants of those who bled with Wallace, and whom Bruce often led to victory. (Cheers.) Let but one of those lays of his be sung in the ears of the Scottish exile, far from home and fatherland, and immediately the big tear begins to trickle down his cheek, visions of better days arise before him, and he thanks heaven that he belongs to the land of Burns. Burns again, then, I say, is a poet true to nature—he is the expounder of the holiest and best affections of his countrymen; and hence his name will never be forgotten so long as Scotland possesses the same warm beating heart as at present; and therefore it is that we are now assembled to entwine another wreath in his great unfading crown. (Cheers.) A hundred years ago! what changes have taken place since that birthday dawned upon the world. The poet fought his hard life struggle, and then was gathered to his fathers. The French revolution shot up its volcanic fires, filling all Europe with consternation and dismay. India has grown into a vast empire, and is now all but united under our good Queen's rule. Science and art have advanced until at this moment man's knowledge and resources seem almost boundless as his own immortal mind. (Applause.) A hundred years onward—but here we stop. We let the veil hang over the future, to be lifted by time itself. Let us look beyond Burns in eternal things. Let us be followers of Him who lived man's life best in the world, and left His footprints on the sands of time, that we might track them on to life and immortality. (Loud applause.)

During the evening a variety of Burns' songs were sung by Miss Locke, from Dunfermline, whose rendering of the pathetic ballad, "My Nannie's awa," was very beautiful and effective, as indeed were all the songs she sung, the audience on every occasion giving her a cordial *encore*. The other singers were Mr. Sturrock and Mr. Machan, who performed their respective parts to the best of their ability. Mr. G. R. Thomson, with considerable emphasis and broad humour, recited "Tam o' Shanter," and in the course of the evening the Chairman read the Crystal Palace Prize Ode, which was read at almost every meeting of a public character in town. The whole concluded with "Auld Langsyne," sung by the audience hand in hand; and the soiree was quite a success. An excellent band of music was in attendance.

PANMURE LODGE OF FREE MASONS.—From thirty to forty brethren sat down to dinner in their Lodge-Room, White Hart Hotel—the R.W.M. Kidd officiating with his wonted tact and ability, assisted by his wardens and office-bearers. After dinner the R.W.M. gave the usual loyal and other toasts, accompanied in each case by appropriate remarks, and thereafter proposed the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of the Poet, Robert Burns," and in doing so, went over, in a neat and excellent speech, the prominent facts and features in the history of the poet. The toast was received and responded to in a spirit characteristic of Scotchmen and brother masons. Toast, song, and sentiment succeeded, interspersed with recitations and readings from the works of the bard.

"Tam o' Shanter" and other pieces were given, and in this department Brother Thomson rendered effective service. In the course of the evening, the beautiful Crystal Palace Prize Poem was read with good taste and feeling by Brother Arrott. The instrumental band played appropriate airs during dinner, and in the interval of the toasts. The musicians—composed of brethren of the Panmure Lodge—showed great taste in the selection and execution of the tunes. Brother Cloudsley added to the comfort of the party by producing a good Scotch dinner suitable for the occasion; and after spending a happy evening, and all the company joining in singing "Auld Langsyne," the Lodge was closed at an early hour. The St. Thomas Lodge met at supper in Mr. Wilson's Inn, Bakers' Wynd.

The Guildry and Trades' Incorporations.—A select party of the members of the Guildry and Trades' Incorporations, presided over by Bailie Anderson, dined in the White Hart Hotel on Tuesday at five o'clock, in commemoration of the birth of our national poet. After the usual loyal toasts had been given, the Chairman, in a few appropriate remarks, introduced the toast of the evening. He attributed the deep hold that Burns' poetry had taken in the hearts of his countrymen to his noble spirit of independence, his strong nationality and love of country, and, more than all, to the fact that Burns drew his inspirations from the deep bosom of nature, and welled them forth from his own warm heart pure as he received them. The toast was drunk with three times three and one cheer more. In the course of the evening recitations were given and songs sung, interspersed with speeches, toasts, and sentiments. The dinner was served in Cloudsley's usual capital style, and among many good things, a noble haggis graced the table.

Gathering in the "Star."—The centenary was celebrated in Mr. John Callum's Star Inn, when a company of about fifty sat down to a very substantial and well-appointed supper, the "Chieftain o' the puddin' race" being among the other old Scotch dainties. Mr. David Kinnear, mill-manager, occupied the chair; Mr. John Hean and Mr. J. Allan, croupiers. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman gave the toast of the evening, and delivered a most interesting and well-arranged address, the principal parts of which were based on a personal visit to "The Land of Burns." The chief incidents were narrated in a tasteful, humorous, and instructive manner, highly creditable to his judgment and tact as chairman, and to his taste and appreciation of poetry and that which awakes it. Mr. Hean followed with a few appropriate remarks, reading suitable selections from the works of Burns. Addresses were also given by Mr. William Gibson, clothier, Mr. Goodfellow, &c., and various of the principal songs of the poet were very tastefully sung, those of Mr. Swirles, jun., and Mr. Boath deserving special notice. The company continued to enjoy themselves until an early hour, all being highly gratified by the evening's entertainment.

The Railway Employes.—In the Royal Hotel, a party of between thirty and forty of the draftsmen, overseers, and other employés in the locomotive department of the Scottish North Eastern Railway, sat down to a rich and admirably served dinner, with Mr. Yarrow in the chair, and Mr. T. Wood croupier. After the removal of the cloth, the Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, and then, with much feeling and warmth, proposed the "Memory of Burns," concluding his remarks by reciting some well-arranged verses composed by himself for the occasion. Songs, toasts, speeches, and recitations followed, and during dinner, Burns' "Address to the Haggis," was given by the croupier, before that interesting delicacy was partaken of. The evening was spent in a most harmonious and friendly manner.—Another body of the workmen in this department assembled in Mr. Gardyne's Inn, Millgate Loan, under the chairmanship of Mr. John Thyne, where they had supper, and exchanged deputations with the meeting in the Royal. Others of the railway officials, to the number of seventy, had a meeting in Keptie Street, presided over by Mr. James Allan, station-master. After supper, song and toast followed, and the whole concluded with a few hours' dancing.

Arbroath Total-Abstinence Society.—The committee of this Society, and a number of friends, met in Millar's Temperance Hotel on Tuesday evening. After an excellent tea, addresses were delivered on the life, genius, and poetry of the bard, by the President, Mr. James Stevenson, and Messrs. Fairweather, Hood, Nicoll, and Stewart. The remainder of the evening was enlivened by singing a number of the poet's most popular lyric gems, such as "Scots wha hae," "Highland Mary," "To Mary in Heaven," "The Land o' the Leal," "Duncan Gray," "My Tocher's the Jewel," "Green grow the Rashes," &c. The meeting broke up a little before midnight, not one of the party requiring

> "To plant his staff wi' a' his skill
> To keep him sicker."

Fishermen's Total-Abstinence Society.—Upwards of forty of the members of this Society supped together in their Reading-

Room, Newgate Street,—Mr. J. Carey, President, in the chair. After a hearty supper, carefully prepared by the wives and sweethearts of some of the fishermen, the memory of Burns was pledged in a harmless beverage; songs were sung, and some verses composed for the occasion by Mr. J. Watt, were read by the author.

Private parties were numerous. Almost every house of entertainment in town had its Burns' party; but it would be impossible, and altogether unnecessary, to give a description of their proceedings. Previous to the occasion the authorities swore in a large number of constables, but the inhabitants were so busy celebrating the praises of their independent favourite bard that they had not time, however willing they may have been, to enter into mischief or create any disturbance of the peace; so the services of the "specials" were not required, and for the time the garlandic leaves of the oak superseded the use of the more material portion of that valuable decorative and peace-preserving tree.

ARDROSSAN.—In Ardrossan there were five meetings of a more or less public and private character.

Public Soiree.—The public soiree was held in the Industrial School-room, Glasgow Street, which was kindly granted by the teacher and the committee for the occasion. The place was crowded to excess, the tickets being all disposed of early in the day, and the large number of ladies who graced the meeting with their presence gave the room a most animated appearance. Mr. Guthrie occupied the chair. Tea was served at seven o'clock, and on the tables being cleared, the whole company joined in singing, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon," led by Mr. Russell. The Chairman then addressed the meeting on the homage which the poet was entitled to claim from mankind, the universality of the homage which was being paid to Robert Burns, the reasons for this, and concluded by referring to the efforts of detractors to blacken more than was necessary his character. Other addresses were delivered by Mr. Allison on some moral aspects of the centenary; by Mr. Emslie on the loves of Burns; and by Mr. Duncan Stewart on Patriotism, as illustrated by Burns, all of which were warmly appreciated by the meeting. Another, and not the least important feature were the number and variety of the songs of Burns which were sung by Messrs. Boyd, Currie, Russell, Ward, M'Gilvary, White, and Gilfillan—all of which were well sung, and a few of which, towards the close, were permitted to be encored. Messrs. Smith, Allison, and White, delivered recitations. In the course of the evening, a "reeking Scotch haggis" was brought in, and the great chieftain of the pudding race was hailed with three times three, and occasioned considerable merriment. The whole proceedings were worthy of the occasion, and those present are deeply indebted to so many townsmen, who so willingly afforded them an opportunity of celebrating the centenary of the bard, in a happy and rational way. Mrs. Weir's service of tea was highly creditable—fruit was dispensed in abundance, and the haggis was duly appreciated. With votes of thanks the meeting separated about ten o'clock, all joining in singing with clasped hands "Auld Langsyne,"—led by Mr. Currie.

Public Dinner.—A dinner in honour of the occasion was held in the Eglinton Arms Hotel. About forty gentlemen sat down to a most excellent and beautifully set dinner. Robert Maxton, Esq., in the chair; William M'Jannet and Robert Young, Esqs., croupiers. The Chairman, in giving the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," spoke of him as nature's own poet, and the National Bard: glanced at his early life and struggles, his subsequent fame, and ultimate poetic glory which had increased as years rolled on, till now his name and songs had become household words; noticed with regret his being stigmatised as an infidel; did not believe him to be so, and would only say to those who upheld the charge, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." Burns had stood the test of the severest critic, that of time. This night they were met to bear testimony to his unequalled genius, and he hoped all would pledge a bumper to his memory—responded to amid great applause. Mr. Young followed with "The Sons and surviving Relatives of Burns," on giving which he indulged in a few interesting personal reminiscences of an evening spent with the son of Burns, and a conversation with the late Mrs. Begg.

Several other toasts were given, interspersed with songs by Mr. Davie, Messrs. Robert and John Young, Mr. Maxton, Mr. Rodger, and Mr. M'Donnell, and music from a band in attendance. The meeting broke up about 9 o'clock, every one gratified.

Burns' Club.—The Ardrossan Burns Club met in the Masons' Lodge. Mr. J. M'Auslane in the chair, supported by Mr. Thomas Wallace and Mr. Jas. M'Millan. Mr. James Heald discharged the duties of croupier. The Chairman submitted an excellent programme, containing toast, song, and sentiment, which was entirely confined to Burns. The Chairman, in an excellent speech, proposed the toast of the

evening—the Memory of Robert Burns. After some characteristic observations, he reminded the meeting that an hundred years had passed away, and mother Nature, in her abundance, had not given to intellectual Scotland such another precious gift as that which she left in that straw-roofed cot, on the banks of the Doon, this very day of the month. In the year 1759 was born Robert Burns, the greatest poet that ever sprung from the ranks of labour in any country in the world; and in conclusion said, that if ever man worked out his soul for his country, it was Burns. The Chairman next gave James Glencairn Burns, which was received with a hearty cheer; and Mr. Thomas Wallace, in a few neat remarks, gave the Memory of Jean Armour. This meeting was, like some others, fortunate in having present a connection of Highland Mary, who gratified the company with some reminiscences of his relative. The Croupier gave—Mrs. Thomson; Mr. Hunter—the Memory of Mrs. Begg; Mr. John Paterson—the Memory of Gilbert Burns, accompanying it with a most eloquent and instructive address, showing that the character of Burns had reached us through perverted channels, but hoped that this Centenary movement would put him in his proper place on the page of history. In this feast of intellect the outer man was gratified by the appearance of three enormous haggises, to which ample justice was done. The company, numbering thirty-five, then reluctantly took off their several ways, after spending a pleasant night with the man of a thousand years.

Boys' Dinner.—To impress upon the minds of the rising race the occurrence of the first Centenary of Burns, a number of gentlemen of the town entertained nearly sixty boys to a very sumptuous dinner in Mrs. Jamieson's Hall, in the afternoon of Tuesday. Master Jas. Stevens occupied the chair, and Masters Kerr and Barclay officiated as croupiers. Messrs. Boyd, Gilfillan, M'Millan, and J. Hogarth, superintended. The arrangements and the whole affair passed off greatly to the credit of the juveniles. The Chairman made a few neat remarks on the occasion of their meeting, and many songs and recitations were given in good taste. It had a most pleasant appearance, and too much cannot be said of the admirable conduct of all the boys, who, whilst really enjoying themselves, were neither rude nor mischievous. We daresay they will long remember the meeting with much pleasure.

A party of the employés on the Railway met in the evening in Mrs. Jamieson's. Mr. James Bruce occupied the chair; and with song and sentiment passed the evening.

ARMADALE.—The schoolroom being finely adorned with evergreens, consisting of crowns and arches, &c., a large meeting, under the auspices of the Mutual Improvement Society, assembled on Tuesday evening to celebrate the centenary of Burns. Mr. Gardner, teacher, and president of the Society, occupied the chair, and discharged the duties in a very efficient manner, with his usual ability. He was supported on the right by Mr. Matthew Wilson, treasurer, and Mr. Alex. Naysmith. Mr. John Waddell, vice-president, acted as croupier, supported by Mr. W. Gibb, secretary, and Mr. James Liddle. An excellent supper and dessert were supplied by Mr. John Wilson, innkeeper. The usual loyal toasts being given, Mr. Gardner then delivered a very learned speech upon Burns as a poet, and his fame. We are sorry that space will not allow us to give this excellent speech. Mr. Walter Gibb then gave an address upon "The Rise and Progress of the Society." Mr. Wilson returned a reply, by a lengthened speech on behalf of the ladies. Mr. Jas. Johnston gave an address upon "The Rise and Progress of Armadale." Wines, fruit, and other refreshments, were amply supplied in their turn. A fine musical box from Mr. John Jeffrey, enlivened the meeting; and songs, from a number of the admirers of Burns, displayed the vocal powers of the singers. The table was removed at ten o'clock, and a fine ball finished up the evening's entertainment till an early hour next morning.

AUCHENCAIRN.—A public dinner was held in the Commercial Hotel, where close on two score of the most respectable gentlemen in the district assembled. The Rev. Mr. Wark, parish minister, presided, and Dr. Skene acted as croupier. After the loyal toasts had been drunk, the Chairman, in a most appropriate address, gave the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," which was drunk in solemn silence. The evening was enlivened with a full quota of the Poet's most striking songs and sentiments. The dinner, prepared by Mrs. Watson, would have gratified the most fastidious palate. The dinner apartment was most tastefully decorated with laurels by Mr. Middleton, gardener to Colonel Johnstone of Balcary.

AUCHINBLAE.—The inhabitants of the parish of Fordoun determined not to be behind their neighbours. Between fifty and sixty gentlemen sat down to an excellent supper in the Kintore Arms Hotel, on Tuesday, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of our great poet, Burns. Owing to the unavoidable absence of our Baron Bailie, Mr. Dingwall, Mr. Clark, farmer, Honeybank, ably performed the

duties of chairman, supported on the right by Mr. Malcolm, schoolmaster, and on the left by Messrs. Legg and Murray, merchants. Mr. Garland, Cairnton, and Mr. Bruce, auctioneer, acted as croupiers, supported by Messrs. Kydd, Cairnbeg; Sherret, Glenfarquhar; Hutcheon, Montrose, &c. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given and responded to, the Chairman, in a very appropriate speech, gave "The Immortal Memory of Burns;" after which Mr. Smart sung "Robin was a rovin' boy," which was received with great applause. Altogether, the meeting was the best we have seen in Auchinblae for a long time, and every one expressed himself highly pleased with the evening's entertainment. We cannot conclude without complimenting Mrs. Hunter for her elegant supper, which gave great satisfaction. Forbes Mackenzie having made his appearance, the company, with much regret, was compelled to separate.

AUCHINLECK.—The afternoon of Tuesday last was observed as a gala day here. Both the Auchinleck brass band and the Thistle flute band turned out about three o'clock, and after mustering at the Cross, they perambulated the streets, along with all that liked to join in the procession, with several flags bearing appropriate mottoes. They played alternately till near five o'clock, when upwards of 100 sat down to a plenteous repast in the Boswell Arms Inn. Mr. M'Gregor, inspector of poor, occupied the chair, supported right and left by Mr. Brown, merchant; Mr. Irvine, station master; Mr. Begg, foreman, Common Works, &c.; Mr. Kennedy, schoolmaster, acted as croupier, supported by Mr. Wallace, overseer; Mr. M'Turk, &c. After the usual loyal and constitutional toasts were given and duly responded to, the Chairman, in giving the toast of the evening — the immortal Memory of Robert Burns—said:—Burns and his poetry is a topic the most prolific and engrossing. It seems it cannot be exhausted, and it never tires or clogs. Whence, then, is its captivating charm and fascination? It springs alone from his gigantic genius and the pre-eminent stamina of his vigorous mind, which was truly the mould and measure of his exquisite strains. The man is father to the poet. The mere knack of rhyme is easily attained; and who has not, at some stage of his life, attempted the dear deceitful vein, and might I not say with Burns himself, "and thus with me began love and poetry?" But the great mass of men are men of ordinary minds, and many are doomed to be mental pigmies, whose natural progeny must be dwarfs —mere abortions of imbecility, or sickly bantlings of mediocrity, for it is a truth not to be controverted, that no man will become a star of the first magnitude, in any walk of literature or science, who does not far exceed, essentially, the common standard of humanity, as was eminently the case with Burns, justly denominated the Shakspeare of Scotland. The constituent elements and staple of his genius and character, as you must all know, were, in a supreme degree, *intellect*, *sensibility*, and *imagination*, which pervade alike his poetry and prose, and unto which all his other qualities may be resolved. His humour was happy, subtle, and grotesque; his satire was keen, cutting, and smooth as oil, but to the victim of it, it was the oil of vitriol. His love of the "sex" was intense, and almost uncontrollable, "for his heart," as he said himself, "was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up with some goddess or other;" and his adoration of Highland Mary exceeded even that of "bonnie Jean," and he loved her, he said, to distraction—

> "My Mary, dear departed shade,
> Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

Again—

> "Eternity will not efface
> Those records dear of transport past;
> Thy image at our last embrace,
> Ah! little thought we 'twas our last."

This is the language of a disembodied spirit, peering in at the portals of heaven, wholly divested of the earthly clogs of mortality. His independence, too, was a huge pyramid of granite, unheeding alike the sunshine or the storm, and was one of the most glorious features of his character. Well can I imagine Burns staring with his great lamping eyes at the poor, mean, insignificant thing, with such a soul of unutterable contempt as would shrink it up like a seared leaf. I shall now only mention some of his most celebrated productions; and "Tam o' Shanter," by the verdict of his best critics, stands the foremost. Tam himself is a droll chap.

> "The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle;
> Fair play, he minds nae deils a boddle."

Tam grew quite enamoured of the infernal crew, and seemed actually to join in their frantic orgies,

> "Till first ae caper, syne anither,
> Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
> And roar'd out—Weel done, Cutty Sark!
> And in an instant a' was dark."

Burns' Address to the Deil is a most wonderful and ludicrous piece; and one of the verses, for humour, tenderness, and *couthie familiarity*, cannot be surpassed—

"But fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh! wad ye tak a thought an' men',
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!"

The Jolly Beggars, too, original and dramatic, and for droll variety of character, is truly unique—

"Ae night, at e'en, a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Poosie Nancy's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies;
Wi' quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi' jumping and thumping,
The vera girdle rang." (Cheers.)

The Cottar's Saturday Night is another of his most esteemed productions, beautiful, religious, and patriotic, and in the opinion of some, the very first of all his noble effusions. How graphic is the following picture:—

"The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide:
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air."

Thus I might go on, not to the crack of doom, as Shakspeare says, but to the stroke of the good hour of Forbes M'Kenzie, and not exhaust his beauties. Therefore, take his whole works, for there are no exceptions, and less will not suffice. But I feel I am trespassing on your time, and I will therefore propose, with all the honours, The Immortal Memory of the Peasant Poet, and Scotia's darling Bard, Robert Burns. The toast was drunk amidst great applause.

A number of other toasts were given, and the company having sung "Auld Langsyne," the meeting separated.

Afterwards, about forty couple assembled in the Parish School-room, which was kindly granted for the occasion, and had a ball, led by Mr. M'Alpine from Mauchline. It was kept up with the greatest hilarity till four o'clock in the morning, when all separated in high delight.

AUCHLEVEN.—On Tuesday last, this little village showed its enthusiastic esteem for Scotland's Bard. In the course of the evening ploughmen, tradesmen, and others, were assembled at Mr. John Tough's, where they were heartily entertained with tea and fruit. The evening was spent in rustic glee, reciting, singing, and reading many of the poet's favourite pieces till near "the wee short hour ayont the twal," when all harmoniously joined in the heart-inspiring strains of "Auld Langsyne." The party dismissed much satisfied with the evening's enjoyment.

AUCHTERARDER.—Tuesday, the 25th of January, will long be a red-letter day in Auchterarder. The morning dawned rather threatening, the wind "blawin' as it wad blawn its last," but there was little rain till evening.

About ten o'clock the different roads leading to the town became busy with gathering crowds. At 12 o'clock the shops were all shut, and it became a regular holiday. The brass band met at half-past one, and accompanied a deputation of the Weavers' Society to the house of Mr. James Clement, deacon-convener of the society, and played him up to their hall of meeting. They then went to the Masons' Hall, and, accompanied by one of their number, bearing a sword, marched to the house of George Hally, Esq., R.W.M., and escorted him to the hall. By this time our lang town was in a moving mass, strangers running in all directions where they knew a town's acquaintance, asking when *Tam o' Shanter* was to start, and where he was to start from. A little before two, Robert Mailer, Esq., appeared at the hall window, and announced the order of procession as follows:—The Blackford band in the front, followed by the general inhabitants; then the members of the Burns Centenary Committee, with a splendid banner got for the occasion, with the Scotch thistle on both sides, and this inscription on it—

"O turn the weeding-hoe aside,
And spare the symbol dear."

Then the Auchterarder brass band headed the Weavers' Society, who marched two and two in full dress, with their colours waving in the wind. The flute band headed the Masons, who likewise marched two and two, with the insignia of the craft. The procession moved to the foot of the town, where the front ranks opened, letting the societies pass through; then marched to the top of the town in the same order as they went down. From that they returned to the Masons' Hall, where Mr. P. M'Laren ascended a platform, and sung, over the heads of the congregated thousands, "A man's a man for a' that" in fine style, getting a hearty round of applause at the conclusion. The procession then formed in the same order, and marched off to the Castletown Mills. When they arrived at the Crieff Road, it was almost impossible to get turned off, owing to the crowd gathered round the old building serving for "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." At last they

got all turned off the main road, where we shall leave them and look for *Tam o' Shanter*. We found him at the Railway Inn,

> "And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
> His ancient, trusty, drouthy cronny."

The "grey mare Meg" was brought to the door, when Tam and Johnny appeared at the threshold to take leave. It was the signal for a round of applause such as has seldom been heard in that quarter of the town. The leave-taking was to the very life, the landlord appearing with the bottle, from which they could scarcely get separated, some of the bystanders saying it was "like taking the very flesh from the bones." Tam's canter through the town was a perfect ovation. Every door and window was full; but as

> "Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
> Whaur ghaists and howlets nichtly cry,"

the anxiety of the crowd to see the different characters at this important spot almost defeated itself. But

> "Tam ventured forward on the licht,
> And, wow, he saw an unco sicht!"

The witches all played their part well, to the stirring strains of *Auld Nickie Ben*. Tam roared out "Weel dune, Cutty Sark!" and it was scarcely uttered,

> "When out the hellish legion sallied."

The chase to the key-stane was a very difficult affair, as more witches joined than those that were seen in Alloway Kirk.

> "But Nannie far before the rest
> Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
> And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle,
> But little wist she Maggie's mettle!
> Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
> But left behind her ain grey tail:
> The carlin' caught her by the rump,
> And left poor Maggie scarce a stump!"

The procession by this time had arrived at the large hall granted for the occasion by George Hally, Esq.

This hall was finely decorated with evergreens and Gala tartan. The evergreens were got from Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter, and William Stuart sent a load of heather. Messrs. William Halley, Robert Wright, George Oswald, and Robert Macdonald, deserve the greatest credit for the taste displayed in the decorations. Owing to the praiseworthy exertions of Serjeant Hope and Mr. A. M'Ewan, our own officer, not a single accident happened throughout the day.

The punctuality of mine host of the Railway Inn (Mr. A. Wilson) cannot be too highly praised. Covers were laid for 250, which were all occupied. The dinner was particularly well got up, both for its variety and quality; and prominent among the different dishes, the

> "Great chieftain of the pudding race,
> Whose pin would help to mend a mill,"

was on the table.

Exactly at five o'clock, the chair was occupied by George Hally, Esq.; supported on the right by Robert Butter Malcolm, Esq., of the S. C. R. Perth; and on the left by James Smitton, Esq., banker, and A. Campbell, Esq. of Glasgow. The croupiers were John Faichney, Esq., Kirkton; Robert Mailer, Esq., writer; and Josiah Smitton, Esq., manufacturer. Mr. Wylie, teacher, Trinity Gask, asked a blessing, and Mr. Ogilvie, teacher, returned thanks. The proceedings of the evening were conducted with the utmost decorum, which was the more remarkable considering that about three-fourths of the audience had never been present at a public dinner before. All grades of society mingled freely together, each rendering his quota to the entertainment, verifying the words of the immortal poet—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp;
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

The loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed by the chairman, and heartily responded to by the audience. We may mention that Messrs. James Clement and Andrew Christie returned thanks for the toasts of the Army and Navy.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and proposed the toast of the evening—"The immortal memory of Robert Burns." He spoke as follows:—When we consider the spirit with which the celebration of the centenary of the poet's birth has been taken up, it may well be designated the most remarkable demonstration of our time. It is being celebrated in every town, city, and village in Scotland, where the name of Burns will be on every tongue, and where his songs will be sung amid the applause of enthusiastic thousands. England, also, and Ireland, Canada and the United States of America, have taken it up with such an amount of enthusiasm that even Scotland can scarcely hope to surpass; and although the Atlantic telegraph cable lately laid by the energy, capital, and skill of two great nations, is now silent and dumb, there is a cable of poetry and song, laid nearly a hundred years ago by a simple ploughman, which neither the length, the depths, nor the storms of the Atlantic can ever sever, and through which this day the electric sparks flow, making hearts in America beat warmly and in unison with those in Scotland. Nor is this great improvement confined

to a class; for, although it is to a large extent a democratic one, yet it has been gone into by peer as well as peasant, and dukes and earls have been proud to have their names enrolled in the committees for the organization of the centenary festivals. The question is naturally suggested, what is the spirit that prompts all this? Is it because Burns was a great poet, or that he wrote better songs than any other man of his own or subsequent times? Not altogether: there have been greater than he to whom no such honour was tendered, or ever will be. France, Germany, and Italy have had their great poets. England has had its Shakspeare and its Milton; Ireland its Goldsmith and its Moore; and Scotland its Scott and many others; but as true types of the national mind, none of them will bear comparison with our national bard. It is because he so thoroughly identified his own proud heart with the proud heart of his people—it is because he was a peasant, who taught other peasants to hold up their heads and stand erect in the presence of all men, however great or grand they might be—it is because he taught the humble sons of labour to value their personal independence above all the gifts of fortune, which a sacrifice of such independence might have procured them—it is for these reasons Burns has taken so noble a place in the history of literature. Burns was a democrat in the purest and highest sense of the word. He did not wish to lower the aristocracy, but he wished to exalt the people by their virtues. He taught the humblest that the penny-fee of honest industry was a greater treasure than tens of thousands if gained by knavery, or extorted by unfair means from the sinews of the poor by a grinding of their faces. His great song, "A man's a man," is the keynote of his fame, and has done perhaps more for the elevation of the multitude than all the poems, books, or articles ever written in our language. It is for this great and leading characteristic of his genius that the people have resolved to do him honour. We admit he had faults, but who is without them; and it is becoming to manifest our appreciation of the poet's lessons of charity,

> "To gently scan our brother man,
> And gentler sister woman;
> Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
> To step aside is human;"

and to cast a stone at his memory seems parricidal ingratitude, and as great an outrage against propriety as to forget the grandeur of the Psalms in the too vivid remembrance of the temptation to which David yielded, and for which he suffered a life-long contrition. And Burns, we have reason to believe, repented and obtained forgiveness; and we have no doubt that in some measure he has realized his own hopes—

> "And gien auld cloven Clootie's haunts
> An unco slip yet,
> An' snugly sits amang the saunts,
> At Davie's hip yet."

I think, therefore, the most fastidious, forgetting "Holy Willie" and "The Holy Fair," ought to agree with the rest of the world that the man who wrote "Tam o' Shanter," "The Address to the Daisy," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "The Address to a Young Friend," "A man's a man for a' that," and a hundred other songs that have never been equalled in our isles, deserves the fervid national recognition that is this day being bestowed upon him. It is now one hundred years since the great poet of the people was born; it is sixty-three years since he died. During the interval, his name has been the chief literary glory of his country; his songs have become the most intimate and familiar expression of the sentiments of the nation; and high above all his contemporaries and predecessors towers the fame of the sturdy ploughman, the sweet singer, the independent son of toil, who told the world-inspiring language that he dared to be poor—that the rank was but the stamp upon the guinea—that the man, the true man, who would not stoop to any kind of meanness or baseness, was the gold, and, in one terse immortal phrase, that "A man's a man for a' that." The Chairman's speech was delivered with much fervour; and the toast was drunk by the large company in solemn silence.

We may say, in conclusion, that this was the greatest demonstration ever witnessed in Auchterarder.

AUCHTERMUCHTY.—This much-talked-of event was celebrated here, in common with almost every town or village of any importance throughout the "Land o' Cakes," in a most enthusiastic manner. There were two in-door entertainments, besides a splendid out-of-door demonstration, consisting of a torch-light procession. But what constituted the chief part of the evening's amusement was the reproduction of the ludicrous tragedy of "Tam o' Shanter, or the Witches' Dance of Alloway Kirk." This was performed by a corps of witches, dressed after the most approved witch fashion, a *bona fide* "Deil," having the tail, horns, and all the other appendages necessary to that august personage, and last, though not least, the luckless hero, "Tam," on his far-famed "Maggie." This weird assemblage accompanied the procession through the streets, and halting at several of the principal thoroughfares, repro-

duced the scene in the "haunted kirk" with startling effect. According to the example shown him there, "Auld Nick" seated himself, and shouldering his pipes, supplied music to his beldame followers, who danced with great spirit, amid a profuse display of squibs and rockets. On the present occasion, "Cutty Sark" sustained her reputation as a "supple jade and strang." During the procession, a heavy rain came on, and Tam o' Shanter the second, experienced just such a night, *minus* the thunder and lightning, as did his predecessor. At the return of the procession to the parish school, a large number, principally of the working-classes, sat down to supper—Mr. George Webster in the chair. After the edibles were discussed, Mr. William M'Ewan rose, and in an excellent speech, gave the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," which was drunk with great enthusiasm. Mr. M'Ewan of the *Fifeshire Advertiser* was also present, and spoke. Various other toasts were given; and our excellent instrumental band, which was present, played several of Burns' favourite airs. A vocal band was also in attendance, and sang some of his finest songs. The evening was spent in a very happy manner, till near the close the potent influence of "John Barleycorn" began to display itself, breaking up the order of the meeting. After ushering in the 26th, the meeting broke up.

The Magistrates and others also met for supper in the Town Hall—Provost Crombie in the chair. The viands were supplied by Mrs. Kier of the Commercial Inn. After the company had cheered the inner man, the Chairman rose and gave the usual loyal toasts, which were drunk with all the honours. He then proposed "The Memory of Burns," which was enthusiastically responded to. During the evening several songs were sung, which served to enliven the proceedings.

BADENSCOTH.—The farmers in this rural district, with special reference to the celebration of the centenary, turned out with upwards of twenty ploughs, including one of Howard's wheel ploughs, belonging to Charles Chalmers, Esq. of Monkshill; and, to testify their appreciation of the qualities and qualifications of Mr. John Symon, V.S., Gordonston, prepared his ground for receiving the seed. Gordonston then became the scene of a ball, which was numerously attended.

BALBEGGIE.—The centenary of Burns was celebrated here by a supper in the schoolroom. Thirty-two ladies and gentlemen were present. The chair was well filled by Mr. M'Donald, clothier; and Mr. Peter M'Laren ably discharged the duties of croupier. The viands were various and substantial, including the indispensable Scotch haggis, in the cutting up of which the croupier, amid loud cheering, addressed to it the humorous apostrophe—

> "Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face,
> Great chieftain o' the pudding race," &c.

After the company had enjoyed an excellent supper, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of, the Chairman, after an able and manly speech, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns, Caledonia's immortal ploughman Bard." The toast was drunk by the company standing, and with every mark of deep feeling. Songs, speeches, and recitations, agreeably intermingled, then became the order of the evening. Many of the best songs in the Scotch language were sung by Mr. A. Drummond and other musical amateurs, both ladies and gentlemen, in a very happy and effective manner, and were rapturously applauded. Mr. Wedderspoon, teacher, Airntully, delivered a talented and instructive speech, on the contrast between the present day and a hundred years ago; and Mr. Cuthbert, senior, delighted the meeting with an address on "Liberty's a glorious feast." Other speakers also contributed to increase the pleasure and profit of the evening. The "Address to the Deil" was recited by Mr. John Ower; and "Tam o' Shanter" was given in fine style by Mr. D. Carr, who prefaced his recitation by an elegant and comprehensive speech, which was much appreciated. All seemed to have come to the celebration determined to be pleased and happy, and much innocent mirth and good humour prevailed throughout the evening. The health of the Ladies, the Chairman, the Croupier, and other toasts, having been proposed and responded to, the company sung "Auld Langsyne" in an enthusiastic manner, and separated considerably after the "wee short hour ayont the twal," highly delighted with the evening's proceedings.

BALLANTRAE.—The district of Stinchar and the Duisk was not behind the more thickly populated districts in doing honour to the birthday of our National Poet. The place of meeting was Mr. Drynan's Inn, Ballantrae; and notwithstanding the inclemency of the day the room was completely filled. Rigby Wason, Esq. of Corwar, was chairman; supported by Alexander Cathcart, Esq. of Knockdolian; Capt. Kennedy of Bennane; John Murdoch, Esq. of Tasmania; James M'Ilraith, Esq. of

Auchenflower; Rigby Wason, Esq., jun.; Eugene Wason, Esq., &c., &c. The Rev. Mr. Wallace of the Free Church Manse, Barr, and Mr. Brackenridge, were croupiers. After the usual complimentary toasts, Mr. Wason said—We have now, gentlemen, come to the toast of the evening, and it is only necessary to propose the toast to ensure its most cordial reception. No poet has ever exercised a greater influence on the minds of the people than Robert Burns, eclipsing in this respect poets of a far higher order of intellect, such as Shakspeare and Milton; and this widely diffused influence (proved by the numerous meetings which are this day held throughout the civilized world to celebrate his birthday), is the best answer to those who point to the admitted faults in the Poet's character as reasons why these meetings should not take place. Now, I would not wish to say that all these "Holier than thou men," or those who would wish to be esteemed as such, have been actuated by motives of fanaticism, or hypocrisy, or of ignorance; but this I will say, that never did fanaticism, or hypocrisy, or ignorance appear in a more mean or degraded shape than in pointing to the failings of a National Poet, disgracefully concealing the fact that such failings were the failings of the age in which he lived, committed by every man, from the duke to the peasant, and tarnishing the illustrious names of a Fox and a Pitt, each of whom, probably, drank more in twelve months than Burns did during his lifetime; yet, when did we hear of these would-be Purists objecting to Pitt and Fox dinners on that account? Not only has the Poet's influence been so extended, but it has been of the most beneficial character on all the higher feelings of our nature—surpassed, indeed I may say equalled by none, except, perhaps, by John Knox. We are not met this day to celebrate the birthday "of some faultless monster which the world ne'er saw," but of the author of the domestic religion of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," of the philosophical wish, "O wad some power the giftie gie us, to see ourselves as others see us," of the endearing lines, "Auld Langsyne," of the first of patriotic war songs, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and of those of unsurpassed boldness and honesty, "The rank is but the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that." And not only of these but of many others with which you are all well acquainted, and which have exercised, and will continue to exercise, the most beneficial influence over every rank in society, in every country where his language is known, or who have the good fortune to possess a translation of his works.

The Rev. Mr. WALLACE begged to direct the attention of the company to "The Cottar's Saturday Night." He would not undertake to pass a eulogy on this celebrated production, nor would he think of analysing it and detailing its contents. But there were one or two things he would like to single out, and for a moment or two fix the mind of the audience upon them. First of all, it was very striking with what exactness Burns caught the leading features of Christianity, and with what comprehensiveness, beauty, and simplicity of language, in a single line he stated it, "How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed." From this, as from a centre, the whole system of gospel truth may be evolved. Again, with what truthfulness and beauty does Burns describe and enforce the nature of true worship. Stamping with the foot of his rejection all ritualistic and ostentatious forms, he translates the very spirit of our Master's words into the language of poetry—

> "Compared with this how poor Religion's pride,
> In all the pomp of method and of art,
> When men display to congregations wide
> Devotion's every grace, except the *heart!*"

Let me once more solicit your attention to Burns' appreciation of Scotland's character and glory—

> "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
> That makes her lov'd at home, revered abroad;"

And to the warm affection he cherished for his country—

> "O Scotia! my dear, my native soil,
> For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent."

And now let me add a general remark. Whatever was the evil connected with Burns during life, and undoubtedly to it we ought not to be blind, any more than to truth of any kind, that evil was local, personal, temporary. The good, Sir, resulting from this single poem is, and will be, great, general, and permanent. Wherever Scotchmen go, and that is wherever there is earth to tread on, or seas to navigate, or trade or commerce to pursue, or war to wage in defence of their country, there will this poem carry a testimony to what was the character of the Scottish peasantry in Burns' days; and by the fact of doing so it will tend to perpetuate that character in the persons of their descendants.

Appropriate songs were sung by Messrs. Neil, Calderwood, Kelly, Wilson, Shaw, &c., Mr. Neil leading the music department in his usual masterly style.

BALLATER.—The Burns Centenary was quietly, but very heartily celebrated here. Several parties met in Mr. Ross's Hotel, and passed the evening very pleasantly with songs

and speeches, in connexion with the event; and other social parties met in the village to pass a friendly hour.

BALMORAL.—The tradesmen of Balmoral, along with a few of their friends, assembled together at Inver, in order to celebrate the Centenary of our immortal Bard. After a most substantial dinner, prepared by Mrs. Leys at the Inn, the table was covered with punch bowls, "reamin' fu'," when, following the usual complimentary toasts — which, as may be imagined, were here received with great gusto—"The Memory of Burns" was given from the chair in an appropriate speech, and received with the utmost enthusiasm. Throughout the evening, many of the songs of Burns were sung with hearty glee and good taste. "Tam o' Shanter" was recited by Mr. Wallace with very good effect; "The Whistle," by Mr. Henderson, deserves creditable mention; as also the "Address to a Scotch Haggis," by Mr. Valentine. These were appropriately intermingled with suitable speeches by various gentlemen of the party. Mr. Beaton, the overseer of the workmen at Balmoral, in a few fitting words, proposed the "Health of Dr. Robertson, of Indego," which was very heartily responded to by the company. After sundry other toasts, and the singing of "Auld Langsyne," the party separated about eleven o'clock, highly gratified with the evening's entertainment.

BANCHORY.—The people here held a half-holiday, the earlier portion of which was devoted to an eloquent lecture, delivered in the Congregational Chapel, by the well known scholar, Francis Adams, Esq., LL.D. The lecture was a thrilling one. He gave his opinion of Burns in these words:—This is in many respects a most memorable day in Scotland. I may say, in the language of our poet,

> "I've seen yon weary winter-sun
> Twice thirty times return,

and yet I have never beheld a public demonstration at all resembling the present. On this day—on this honoured day—the Scottish people, whether at home or scattered over Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, will, with universal acclaim, salute Robert Burns as their national poet. . . . . Whatever is beautiful, and whatever is dreadful in nature around her, were rendered familiar to his imagination; he became conversant with whatever is awfully vast or elegantly little. The plants of the garden—the fowls of the air—the creatures of the woods—the minerals of the earth—and the meteors of the sky, concurred to store his mind with an inexhaustible supply of natural imagery, and hence his unrivalled skill in giving the genuine hues of nature to his descriptions, in expanding the mind with new ideas, and in gratifying his readers with a copious diversity of illustrations. In this respect, the Ayrshire poet, it appears to me, surpasses all the great poets both of ancient and of modern times. It is true, some of the didactic poets, such as Virgil and Thomson, may describe rural objects with more minuteness and accuracy of detail. But then, on the other hand, they want his lofty imagination and deep-toned expression of feeling. Here the Ayrshire peasant shows his superiority; they are too scientific to be truly poetic. He understands the true essence of poetry better than they. He fills the mind with large appearances; they cramp and fatigue it by a display of minute objects and circumstances. To a familiarity with inanimate nature he added a most accurate acquaintance with all the modes of human life around him, from "the jolly beggar with his towzie drab" up to his "Honour;" and this knowledge embraced everything imaginable relating to the pursuits, the hopes, the fears, the superstitions of the Scottish peasantry; and (what seems more remarkable), whether by reading or conversation, he had formed a wonderfully correct estimate of character, in the higher grades of society, from which he was debarred by his position. No poet was ever better acquainted with the vices and virtues of the human heart in every imaginable situation of life. . . . He set about his work enthusiastically, earnestly, and confidently; and when any work is undertaken in such a spirit, who need wonder at its success? His "Vision," "Death and Dr. Hornbook," "Address to the Deil," "The Holy Fair," "Tam o' Shanter," and the war-song of Bannockburn, are far above a comparison with any productions of the same stamp, whether in ancient or modern times. What strikes a scholar most forcibly in them is their originality. Whoever has been in the habit of studying methodically the literature of many languages, and tracing it to its fountain-head, will admit his disappointment at finding so little that is new, either in design or execution, in the works of later poets. Almost every writer copies closely from his predecessor, merely adapting the thoughts and the imagery to the tastes and habits of his own time. But where shall we find anything resembling, for example, "Tam o' Shanter," either in the boldness of the conception or in the originality of the imagery? And here, by the way, I must adopt the present opportunity of recording the judgment of the most learned divine, I verily believe, which Britain can at present boast of, and,

moreover, himself a very distinguished poet—I mean the Very Rev. Dr. Milman of London. Talking with him on the beauties of this poem, he agreed with me that, although there is nothing more rare in poetical composition than a new simile or comparison, more especially on so trite a subject as the evanescent nature of human enjoyment, all the four similitudes in the following wonderful passage are original to the best of his knowledge:—

"But pleasures are like poppies spread, &c."

Burns in his compositions displays a versatility of talent of which the world has scarcely seen an example, especially in his lyrical poetry, wherein his performances are of the most varied character, from the solemn hymn and spirit-stirring war-song down to the Bacchanalian catch and the delicious love-song. Though I have no scientific acquaintance with music, I think I have sufficient skill in these matters to be entitled to say that the amatory odes surpass, in the simple expression of natural affection, everything of the kind which has come down to us from antiquity. Such are "Green grow the rashes, O," and the "O, Phillis." The catches or drinking songs of the Greeks and Romans are as spirited and exciting as can well be imagined, and yet they cannot well surpass his "John Barleycorn" and many more effusions of the same stamp. The war-song on Bannockburn touches a chord in the heart of every Scotchman, and that is enough. A stranger, or a cosmopolite (so to speak), I should think, might fancy that some of the war-songs of Campbell and the "Marseillaise" of the French contained fully as strong an expression of martial energy as the "Scots wha hae," &c.; but what of that? It is indisputably the national war-song of Scotland, and that is enough. It is to us what the war-songs of Alcæus must have been to the ancient Greeks. In his hymns and psalms I think I recognise the genuine spirit of piety; that is to say, they contain a felicitous combination of an intellectual with a devotional conception of a Supreme Being, such as in the hymn beginning with—

"O, thou Great Being, what thou art
Surpasses me to know,
Yet sure I am that known to Thee
Are all thy works below."

Here, again, I feel that I cannot, with any propriety, shirk the question, "Was Burns an irreligious and immoral writer?" To this I answer deliberately that the stanza just quoted proves that he entertained both a rational and devotional conception of the Divinity; and innumerable passages might be taken from his other works, both in prose and verse, all breathing a lofty spirit of morality. His own declaration of his creed in his letter to Mrs. Dunlop has been often quoted, and is well known; and I repeat, he was a man who would have scorned to conceal the sentiments of his heart. That Burns, then, was deeply imbued with a sense of religion and honour I am fully persuaded, and to admit that his works have an immoral tendency would be to cast a foul suspicion on some of my most virtuous and religious friends upon earth—both clergymen and laymen—who, like myself, have been devoted admirers of Burns. Those who judge harshly of Burns are generally cold-blooded formalists in religion, and these are not the persons to sit in judgment on him on whom (assuredly for some noble purpose) his Great Creator had bestowed

"The thrilling frame and eagle spirit of a child of song."

My own estimate of Burns' moral conduct during "the few and weary days of his sojourn here below" may be given in a few words. He had his sins and his follies; alas! who is there among us that has not? But it is my deliberate opinion that, to the best of his ability, he always did justice, loved mercy, and walked humbly with his God; that if he saw a fellow-creature an hungered, none could be more prompt to give him food,—if athirst, to give him drink, or if in prison, to minister to him. Is not this the true spirit of Christianity? Let us join, then, in the prayer of Wordsworth, who himself had a deep sympathy with nature, and the poet of Nature—

"Sweet Mercy! to the gates of heaven
This minstrel lead, his sins forgiven;
The rueful conflict, the heart riven
With vain endeavour,
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven
Effaced for ever.

But why to him confine the prayer,
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear
On the frail heart the purest share
With all who live?
The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive!

But here I shall be asked, "What do you say in defence of the profanity and obscenity contained in 'Death and Dr. Hornbook,' 'The Holy Fair,' and 'The Jolly Beggars?'" To this I answer, he was a great master in writing satire, which, along with comedy, had always been written in that style. Burns was a citizen of the world, and painted life as it existed in his days, and in the only way it had ever been painted. If Burns had lived in our days he would have done differently, or, what is more likely, would not have ventured on the task of

turning the follies of the age into ridicule. Let it not be forgotten, if Burns be coarse in the language of his satire, that Pope, Dryden, and Swift were more so; that Shakspeare and Chaucer were worse than they; that Rabelais, the great master of modern satire, surpasses all who have succeeded him in the coarseness of his tastes, he having copied the example of the great comic and satirical authors of antiquity, such as Horace, Lucian, and Aristophanes. Are all these to be condemned to destruction, along with the comparatively pure works of the Ayrshire bard, who probably fancied, in his simplicity, that he was doing no harm as long as he copied only the usages of the "good old times?" This would be, indeed, to commit sad havoc among the works of the Immortals! Let it never be forgotten that these authors, from the great master of broad humour in Athens down to our native poet, though they give us many things which the tastes of the present age would resile from, were all, or most of them, the friends of virtue, both public and domestic, and that their works abound in passages resplendent with the grandest moral and religious truths. All fancied it to be their mission to hold up the mirror and reflect the minor vices and follies of their contemporaries. Coarseness in speaking or in writing was a thing that concerned the manners rather than the morals, and, so to speak, merely affected the surface of character. In this respect it was akin to filthiness in personal habits. It did not follow, because a man had a foul skin or spoke coarsely at times, that he was corrupt to the core. In short, the heart might be clean, although the skin was foul. . . . Burns wrote to please and instruct the common people of Scotland. He despised the opinions of small bodies of men, and addressed himself to the feelings and understandings of the million. They heard his voice, engraved his words on their hearts, and it is they that now rise to do him honour. If not many nobles of the land join in our demonstrations to-day, this only shows their want of taste. He was never ashamed of his own "order," and why should he? Though he was born and lived a peasant, he felt that he was one of the nobles of nature. An ancient poet, who flourished about nineteen centuries ago, in pronouncing an eulogium on his great predecessors, says of Homer that "he will live while Tenedos and Ida shall stand, and while Simois shall roll its rapid waters to the sea"—that is to say, as long as the natural scenery celebrated in his deathless strains shall subsist. In a like spirit I venture to predict that the name of Burns will live in Scotland, and in the hearts of the Scottish race, while the present order of things shall endure—while the lowly daisy, the green hawthorn, and the long yellow broom shall continue to blossom on

"The banks and braes o' bonnie Doon;"

that, while there is a true Scottish heart in the land, it will join proudly in singing the

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;"

and be melted into tenderness by the lofty expression of that grand moral truth—

"What makes the fireside a happy clime
To weans and wife;
That's the true pathos and sublime
O' human life."

THE DINNER.—The dinner took place in a wooden building, abundantly decorated with evergreens inside, and displaying a couple of flags over the roof, adjacent to the Douglas Arms Hotel.

Dr. Adams occupied the chair, and Mr. Hall, railway contractor, was croupier. Among those present were—Rev. Mr. M'Connachie, Strachan; Rev. Mr. Logie, Roman Catholic Clergyman; Rev. Mr. Bruce; Captain Davidson, Inchmarlo; Mr. J. Adams; Dr. Duncan; Mr. Burnett; Mr. Dean, locomotive superintendent, Deeside Railway; Mr. J. Hunter; Mr. Grant, Burnett Arms Hotel, &c., the company numbering in all towards two hundred.

The Rev. Mr. M'Connachie said grace; and a substantial dinner, furnished by Mr. Wright, having been discussed,

Rev. Mr. Logie returned thanks.

The CHAIRMAN then, in felicitous terms, gave "the Queen." Drunk with all the honours, the Banchory instrumental band playing the national anthem, which was also sung in excellent style by Captain Davidson and Mr. T. Davidson.

The other loyal and patriotic toasts followed from the chair, the brief remarks that introduced each being in the most happy way made to bear reference to him they had met to commemorate. "The Army and Navy" was replied to by Captain Davidson.

The CHAIRMAN then gave the toast of the evening—"The immortal memory of Burns, with all the honours." He said, having already spoken his sentiments upon the subject, he had only a little further explanation to make in connection with the toast. Some might think it a mournful toast, but they were met to celebrate the birth of Burns, not his funeral. Therefore he asked them to drink the toast with all the honours. Suppose the "childie" born—and they all knew about the domestic surroundings of such an event—(laughter)—Agnes Brown or Burns receives it into her

arms. There is no mother on earth but fancies that her son is to become a hero. Man comes into the world a helpless creature, but there is a bosom that beats warm to him—no object so tenacious of its heat and warmth as the bosom of a mother. (Applause.) Doubtless Agnes Brown thought her son, too, would be a gallant lad; but did she or could any one expect that this child, born in a clay cottage—that the name of this youth would be more distinguished and better remembered than that of the prime minister—ay, than that of the monarch of the day. (Loud cheers.) The Chairman, in concluding, adverted to the obligations under which Burns—the most triumphant national poet the earth has ever produced—has laid various classes in Scotland. The toast was drunk with all the honours.

"The Sons of Burns," "The Clergy," and various other toasts were proposed.

In the evening a spirited ball came off in the building where the dinner took place.

BANFF.—In Banff, after noon, business was generally suspended, banks, warehouses, and workshops being all but universally shut. About two, a procession was formed, consisting of a numerous body of the Masons of St. John's Lodge, the Hammermen, and a miscellaneous addition of other trades. Preceded by a band, they walked the streets during the afternoon, and created no little excitement. They carried various trades' flags, and one bearing the motto, "Honest Poverty." Little else was to be seen outside except preparations going on for the evening meetings.

The "Grand Festival," under the auspices of the Council, took place at six, in St. Andrew's new Mason Lodge, Castle Street, which was admirably fitted up for the occasion. The attendance comprised 290, and included a great portion of the most respectable inhabitants.

Provost Duncan having taken the chair, amid applause, tea was served in a style not unworthy of the most fashionable drawing-room. The Provost, in a very happy introductory speech, stated the grounds on which the Council felt themselves bound to take up the carrying out of this meeting, the arrangements for which had been almost completed by a committee before the Council were applied to; and if there were wanting any proof that the community in general sympathised with the view the Council had taken, they had only to look around them to this large and respectable meeting for sufficient testimony of it. (Applause.)

After a few songs had been sung, Provost Duncan said he had a letter from the Rev. Dr. Bremner, regretting his inability to attend, in consequence of being called out of town on a business engagement, and introduced the Rev. Mr. Grant, Boyndie, who had kindly undertaken to give a short address.

Mr. Grant said he might truly say that it had not been in the annals of Scotland that a like or more general response was given to the expression of the nation's feelings on any other human subject almost, or to any other man, than is this day awarded to the memory of her national bard. There is scarce a city or town, village or hamlet, "from Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's," in which the people are not assembled to honour the once existence of him who wrote and sung so graphically and sweetly of what thrills and speaks home to the breast of every leal-hearted honest man. (Applause.) Who amongst us does not well remember having, in times of youth, listened to the words of Robert Burns, as speaking to them of Scotland's rights, Scotland's sympathies, her habits, customs, and associations, more especially among the class on whom her stability is so much dependent—the peasantry of the land. (Applause.) Nor did he fail to utter sentiments worthy of one whose mind was actuated by that which is only right. The "Cottar's Saturday Night" has in it what shows that, while he would ridicule abuses, and oppose fanaticism, and bring discredit on oppression, he still had respect and reverence for what has dependence on a due sense of trust in a Supreme Power. (Cheers.) The scene of the patriarchal sage opening up the big ha' Bible to read from out of it to his family ere the duties of the week were concluded, is in clear and ample support of this. We fear not to place the entire portrait of this part of the Cottar's Saturday Night's devotions in contrast, both for simplicity and pathos, with anything else that has been written by man of what has long formed the characteristics of the inhabitants of our fatherland. (Applause.) And who has told us more beautifully of the rustic pastoral wishes and feelings of our people than Robert Burns? Who has extolled their innocent pleasures and enjoyments more freely, to an extent which has made deep impression, not merely when their native hills and dales were around them, but when their children have emigrated from their homes and country, and have toiled under a tropical sun, or lived in still more inhospitable regions, either when engaged in mercantile pursuits, or when facing an enemy to be crowned with victory, as they—and particularly our own Highlanders—have always been. By the watchfire in meetings of Scotchmen in all lands, the language of Burns has opened a door to the heart that either has stimulated to further deeds of daring, or bound

the hearers together by strong and brotherly ties. Mr. Grant alluded very touchingly to the power of our national music—which was often coupled with the words of their poet—instancing what it had done in inciting our heroes in the relief of Cawnpore, and concluded by reading with great taste, "Man was Made to Mourn."

"A Man's a Man for a' that," by Mr. Forrest, some instrumental music, and "Afton Water," by Mr. Smith, was succeeded by an address by the Rev. Mr. Gregor, Macduff, in the course of which he said,—Without any training, without dignity of birth, without patronage, from the midst of lowly life, of poverty, ill health, and hard toil, Burns strode into the world's arena, threw down his gauntlet, and challenged to mortal combat all that was false and hollow; he stepped into the circle of card-playing, marriage-trafficking ladies, and cold-hearted "fine gentlemen," tabled his patent of nobility—kingship registered in Heaven's Chancery. All men, from the peer to the peasant, looked up and saw a true "king of men," and bowed the head in homage. We, too, bow in homage to the same. He came before the world a wonder, a prodigy, a giant, with a heart glowing with love for everything that was great, and good, and noble, and burning with hatred at everything which savoured of meanness, cant, and hypocrisy. He spoke, and every ear was open. How did Burns gain this power? Because he wrote what was right. A great writer has laid this down as an axiom, "The proof of a thing's being right is that it has power over the heart, that it excites us, helps us." Judge him by this standard, and no man ever wrote more things true, and beautiful, and touching, and right, than he who walked

> "In glory and in joy,
> Following his plough along the mountain side."

Theological disputes (Mr. G. continued) were fierce and bitter. Burns entered into them with all the ardour of an earnest honest soul. His keen eye pierced through the hypocrisy and cant, and isms, and ologies in which the simple faith in Christ had been wrapped up. He saw that the form had been, but in too many cases, set up for the real substance. Bitter dogmatism had been substituted for humility, faith, and love. Burns came down with his sledge-hammer of satire, and smashed the calf to shivers, to the horror of its devout worshippers. His "Holy Fair" is a true picture. "Holy Willie's Prayer" does not contain Burns' opinions, but the opinions of the ultra-Calvinistic party. As pieces of satire they are exquisite, and it is said had good effect. For these he has been set down as a blasphemer, and at the time he gave them to the world, he incurred the odium of many a blackcoat. He was feared and hated; and, because his pen could not be stopped, the cry of "Religion in Danger" was raised. Let me say that, in my opinion, danger does not come to religion from men like Burns, but from its friends who are becoming such adepts at the arithmetic of conversion.

The singers were much applauded. Mr. Joiner's powers in caricature quite electrified the audience. Votes of thanks were proposed to the Provost for his conduct in the chair, to the Council for their aid in getting up the meeting, to the speakers, and to the singers, the whole company joining in "Auld Lang-syne" as a finale, and separating about half-past ten.

The members of St. John's Mason Lodge, their friends, and several ladies, sat down to supper in the Lodge.

The Chairman (Mr. Bairnsfather, R.W.M.) proposed "The Memory of Burns." He gave some interesting reminiscences of the poet which had come to his own knowledge. He was acquainted with a lady who was at school with the poet, and received from him a copy of the first edition of his poems, which she kept till the day of her death. Her daughter is now in Banff, and was through indisposition prevented from attending the supper.

Several songs were sung, and toasts were proposed, and the evening's amusements were terminated by a dance.

The Hammermen, after their afternoon procession, had tea in the Ship Tavern, a party of about thirty, being presided over by Mr. Stevenson, blacksmith, Mr. Roger, moulder, acting as croupier. Several toasts followed; Messrs. Still and Roger gave each readings from Burns, and Mr. Paton recited some pieces of poetry of his own composition. The proceedings were much enlivened with numerous songs by Messrs. Joseph Chapman, George, William, and John Allan, and instrumental music by Messrs. John Chapman, John Allan, and Thomas Watson.

BANKFOOT.—On the evening of the 25th, a party of twenty partook of an excellent supper in Mr. Reid's Athole Tavern—Mr. Patton, Obnie, in the chair; Mr. Millar, New Inn, croupier.

After the usual routine toasts, the Chairman, in a few appropriate remarks, introduced the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," which was duly honoured. Owing to the sudden getting up of the affair (it being agreed upon only late on the night previous), there was no regular programme; but every one

called upon showed a creditable willingness to add his mite to the entertainment of the evening. We had some excellent recitations and readings from Burns, while Mr. D. Gow gave a number of his songs in his best style. A gentleman present read an elaborate essay on the comparative merits of a vast coterie of poets and poetesses, which concluded with a high eulogium on the genius of Burns. On the toast of "The Living Poets" being drunk, it brought our village poet to his feet, who gave us a few verses suitable for the occasion. After a vote of thanks to Mr. Patton for his excellent conduct in the chair, the whole party joined in singing "Auld Langsyne," and broke up at eleven o'clock, to prevent Mr. F. Mackenzie from coming in, and breaking up the harmony that prevailed throughout the evening. We must add, in justice to Mrs. Reid, that the supper was everything that could be desired, every one present being highly pleased with the arrangements.

BANNOCKBURN.—The inhabitants having agreed to celebrate the centenary of our great national poet by a torch-light procession and a soiree, and having made the necessary arrangements, notwithstanding the very unpropitious state of the weather, a large muster of the inhabitants, accompanied by two instrumental bands, and two pipers in the "garb of old Gaul," paraded the town, and returned to their place of muster, the town-hall, in which arrangements for the soiree had been completed. The chair was taken at seven o'clock by Alexander Wilson, jun., Esq. On the platform we observed a great many of the most influential inhabitants of the place, along with the members of the Bannockburn Eclectic Society, and a selection of the best singers in the neighbourhood. The instrumental band was also in attendance, and opened the proceedings by playing the national air, "Scots wha hae;" they also contributed to the entertainment of the meeting. After partaking of a substantial tea, the more peculiar business of the evening was commenced by an address from the Chair, in which the generosity and genius of Burns were exhibited, and the patriotism, humour, pathos, and high literary excellence of his poetry described. The speech was one of great power, and exhibited a thorough acquaintance and sympathy with the writings of the poet, as well as a profound respect for his memory as a man and a patriot. The other speakers and their subjects were—Mr. Charles Liddle, on "Scottish Nationality;" Mr. Henry Stirling, on "Genius;" Mr. Andrew Liddle, on "Poetry and Poets;" Mr. Thomas Forfar, on "Burns as a Reformer and Patriot;" Mr. Charles Jenkins, on "The Personal Character of Burns;" Mr. James C. Hunter, on "The Genius displayed in the Poem, Tam o' Shanter;" and Mr. J. M'Donald, on "The meanness of attacking the Memory of the Poet." The singing was of a very superior description, and each address was followed by songs selected from the writings of the poet, illustrative of the sentiments expressed by the speaker. The company, which was very numerous and highly respectable, after giving hearty votes of thanks to the Chairman, and others actively employed in the proceedings, broke up at a late hour.—The surplus funds have been appropriated by the Bannockburn Eclectic Society, as managers of the soiree, for purchasing books to be distributed as prizes to the scholars attending the public school at the next annual examination.

BARRHEAD.—The centenary festivals in honour of the Poet Burns, which have excited here so much interest and enthusiasm, passed over with great success, and were in every respect up to the anticipation of the most sanguine of the Poet's admirers, and were highly creditable to the place and the occasion. The favourite meeting of the inhabitants was the soiree held in Arthurlie Street Church, every available space of which was filled by a highly respectable audience, and was one of the finest meetings ever held in this place. The decorum was above all praise, and the interest in the proceedings was kept up till the close. The meeting was ably presided over by Mr. John Lindsay, a literary jewel—a working man—loved by all for his quiet unostentatious dignity of character; and though he was surrounded by gentlemen of higher social position, yet he was called unanimously to the honourable post he occupied on this occasion, and was acknowledged to be "the right man in the right place."

The centenary dinner, which took place in Arthurlie Inn, was presided over by A. Graham, Esq., of Capellie, Francis Heys, Esq., acting as croupier, both of whom discharged the onerous duties devolving upon them with the greatest efficiency and urbanity. About forty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner, provided for them by Mr. Gillies. The Chairman, after the removal of the cloth, proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which being done, he proceeded by giving the toast of the evening—"The Memory of Burns"—in a speech of considerable length, in which he displayed eloquence and mind, and which was a fitting and noble tribute to the bard. Mr. Peter Cunningham, Mr. John Cunningham, George Heys, Esq., and Henry Heys, Esq., also spoke at length on the centenary occasion

in words sparkling with genius and brilliancy of thought—all of them doing honour to the great event of January 25th, 1859—the first centenary of Scotland's bard. Several other toasts were proposed and responded to; and the meeting, as a whole, was another testimony that the Ayrshire Ploughman is the Poet of the nation, and that his memory is safely enshrined in the hearts of the people.

The male portion of the workers connected with Messrs. J. & R. Cogan's weaving factory, Barrhead, met in the house of Mr. David Mackie, on the evening of the 25th, in honour of the above occasion. After partaking of an excellent dinner, the cloth being removed and the usual loyal toasts having been warmly responded to, the Chairman, in a neat and appropriate speech, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns." Other toasts suitable for the occasion were proposed and acknowledged. A number of the bard's most popular songs were sung, and a few pieces recited, in fine style, by several gentlemen present. Altogether the meeting was a most happy one, and the arrangements reflected great credit on the landlord, Mr. Mackie.

BATHGATE.—Bathgate, too, has been paying its meed of honour to the immortal memory of our national poet. A hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner in commemoration of that event, in Robertson's Hotel. The chair was ably filled by Thomas D. Weir, Esq., of Boghead, supported on the right and left by Provost M'Kinlay, and the Rev. James Scott of the U. P. church; while the croupier's chair was as ably filled by Bailie Thomas Young, supported by Messrs. John Wallace and John Spiers. After doing ample justice to the viands set before them, and the removal of the cloth, the Chairman gave in succession, "The Queen," "Prince Albert," "The Army," and "The Navy," which were drunk with great enthusiasm. The Chairman then gave "Provost M'Kinlay and the Magistrates of Bathgate." To this Provost M'Kinlay replied in a few sentences. Mr. Cochrane, of Broxburn, then sung, "A man's a man for a' that."

The Chairman then called on Mr. Inglis, Rector of the Academy, for a toast, who, on rising, spoke as follows:—It is not in Kyle, not in Scotland, not in Europe alone that the name of Burns is this evening celebrated, but in every region where the pulse of Scotchmen beats warm for the "land o' cakes." In the tented plains of Hindostan, amid the alarms of war and the distempers of a sickly clime, the brave defenders of our country, as they recall their school-boy days, or the more exciting interests of youthful manhood, join in hearty chorus, with a pathos we can never know, singing—

> "Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
> And never brought to mind;
> Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
> And the days o' auld langsyne.'

On the banks of Ontario the pining emigrant, whose heart yet lingers amid the scenes of happiness and virtue he has left in the land of his birth, exclaims with rapt emotion:—

> "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
> That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
> Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> An honest man's the noblest work of God."

From pole to pole, and from Pekin to Vancouver's Island, the centenary of Burns will command a burst of exultation, because it emphatically tells us that there are talents and energies in the lowliest walks of Scottish life which, when developed, are capable of conducting to immortal renown, and because it proclaims that the portals of distinction are open alike to the son of peasant and of peer. Even now, amid the soaring peaks of Fame's lofty eminence, where our bard has long been enshrined, a sound like the booming noise of distant thunder rolls down its craggy sides, and echoes in the valleys below, Excelsior, Excelsior. Burns was truly a natural genius, and, in paying a tribute to his memory, we are but laying our offerings on the shrine of Nature. No doubt his education was superior to what generally falls to the lot of those who whistle at the plough, but he drew his inspiration not from academic groves, but from living objects and natural affections.

> "The simple bard, rough at the rustic plough,
> Learned his tuneful art from every bough."

His hearty, homely, unaffected mode of expression—his wit, keen and sparkling—his broad, native humour, which moves an outright, involuntary laugh—his vivid and glowing imagination—his bold and striking images—the practical maxims, and fine moral reflections drawn from simple incidents—the fulness and force with which he expresses the natural passions and emotions of the human heart—his unexpected turns of thought which we not inaptly term ready-wit, and which are recognised as scintillations of poetic genius, entitle him, in my estimation, to be ranked, in point of intellectual endowments, amongst the foremost of Nature's gifted sons. He has made us look with a more kindly eye on the "hamely fare" and the "hodden grey;" on the horny hand, and the broad Scotch dialect—the language of our

grandsires. He has added dignity to honest industry, and divested poverty of half its ills. The dominant element of his nature evinced itself in the two prominent features of a warm, full heart, and a manly, independent mind. These qualities in combination gave its deep tinge to his patriotism, and prompted him, when yet a boy, to follow the sound of the drum with the martial spirit of a Wallace or a Bruce. To my eye, these are the leading colours that ran through the whole web of his life and poetry. At a time when select expression and harmonious numbers were held in higher repute than sense and sympathy, Burns, impelled by a fervid temperament, strove to pour into the warm hearts of his countrymen the burning emotions his own could no longer contain. He aimed not to please the coy ear of a learned criticism, nor to inhale the sickly breath of a squeamish taste; but to cheer the heart of languid toil by sentiments expressed in the homely garb of rustic life, and thus—

"To soothe the labourer's weary toil,
For humble gains;
And make the cottage scenes beguile
His cares and pains."

He never affects a superiority in taste or social refinement over those among whom he lived. With what touching tenderness he portrays their sacred friendship! with what refreshing gusto he enters into their boisterous merriment—with what burning indignation he broods over their wrongs! His life-touches are not the chiselled elegance of literary sculpture, but the breathing breast and the speaking eye; the warm streams of affection, that well-up in every heart, and render sacred the homes of virtue and innocence. The lively sympathy of his nature linked him, as if by a golden chain, to all life and happiness. Yes, cold though our clime be, and rugged though our shores be, we stand here to glory in the fact that Burns, above all men, has let the world know that there are in Scottish hearts sympathies as warm, and emotions as strong, as ever glowed in human bosom. Every verse of Burns is instinct with energy. He cultivated but little the trifling art of decking out what he had to say in mincing and modish words; but conscious only of the force of his sentiments, he threw them plump out, as they rose rough and round. No writer more thoroughly impresses the reader with the conviction that he simply wrote what he liked and how he liked. As in literature, he never shaped his tone or views to court a favour or avert a frown, so in actual life he never condescended to become the *weakling* of the great in order to purchase their sufferance or indulgence. His spirit rose above the temptations to such meanness, and, recoiling within itself, wrung from him the stern resolve

"Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
My horny fist assume the plough again;
My piebald jacket let me patch once more,
I've lived on eighteen pence a-week before.

Fain would I draw the mantle of charity over the foibles of genius; but truth constrains me to admit that, while there is in Burns much, yea, very much to admire, there is also something to deplore. The tear of pity falls as we mourn over the vice that laid him low. We can only wish that his votaries may have sense to choose the good and refuse the evil. Having offered these few remarks, I beg to propose, with all the honours, the "Immortal memory of our great national poet, Robert Burns." The toast was received with enthusiastic applause by all the company.

A number of appropriate toasts were given, and the evening was enlivened by many songs, which were well sung, the great majority of which were the composition of Burns, and which were enthusiastically cheered. After a harmonious and happy meeting, which was kept up as long as Forbes Mackenzie would allow, they broke up seemingly well pleased.

We observed in one of the windows of the house of Mr. George Cuddie, wheelwright, High Street, a very good representation of Burns, dressed in his "hodden grey" and Scotch blue bonnet, at his plough, with his grey horse before him, when he turned up the mountain daisy. This he is represented as contemplating, while standing between the stilts of the plough. Over it is printed his beautiful lines on that occasion:—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stour
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem."

This is the workmanship of his friend, John Stark, who lives with him. The whole was illuminated during the evening.

MASONIC.—The brethren of the "mystic tie" had also a meeting and supper in their respective lodge rooms, to commemorate the centenary of Brother Burns. These lodge rooms were very tastefully decorated, and illuminated with very neat devices, which showed great taste among the brethren.

BEATTOCK.—The admirers of Burns, to the number of forty-five, met on the 25th to celebrate his centenary at Beattock Bridge Hotel (Miss Ramsay's). The company chiefly consisted of inhabitants of the parish of Kirkpatrick-Juxta. The hall was ornamented with

evergreens and holly in a splendid style; a perfect host of pictures, illustrative of Burns' poetry and career, lined the walls, and the fine taste displayed in their arrangement elicited warm approbation. The dinner was complete and sumptuous. The chair was taken by Mr. King, Marchbank Wood; and the croupiership was confided to Mr. James Little, Palisknowe. After dinner the usual loyal toasts were given with taste and tact by the Chairman, as was also The immortal memory of him who, though he led no army to conquest, had garlanded "auld Scotland's" time-withered brow with richer laurels than the gifts of princes, and enriched her with truer wealth than the proudest merchant-vessels were ever freighted with—patriotism, leal-heartedness, honour, and independent feeling. The Sons of Burns, by Mr. Walter Wight. The Land we Live in, and the Peasantry of Scotland, by Mr. Peter Hutcheson. The Railway, by Mr. Dinwoodie. After which "The Twa Dogs" was capitally recited by Messrs. James and William Little. Mr. David Henderson delivered an address on "The early life of Burns;" and the Crystal Palace prize poem was read by the Chairman. During the evening the song and laugh and gleeful talk prevailed, and in songs especially the company were excellently served by Messrs. Hutcheson, Watson, Graham, Somerville, &c., whose exertions were warmly applauded. "Auld Langsyne" was feelingly sung, and the happy evening was spent ere the half of the merriment of heart was done.

BEITH.—Tuesday was a gala day here. There were several meetings, and banners were displayed from an early hour. The banner belonging to the Burns' Club had upon it six busts of Burns, and the Union Jack in corner. The workers of Messrs. Cumming, Melville, & Co., also displayed a banner with busts of Burns; and the instrumental band paraded the town repeatedly, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Of the several meetings we have only received a report of that held by the members of the Robert Burns Curling Club, held in the Commercial Inn, Mr. James Miller, stationer, occupying the chair, Mr. William Kerr officiating as croupier. After partaking of an excellent supper, and the usual loyal and constitutional toasts disposed of, the Chairman gave in excellent style, the "Memory of Burns," which was warmly received. The rest of the evening was spent in toast, song and recitation. The appearance of a well-filled haggis created no little merriment, and Mr. Andrew Millar's hornpipes were greatly applauded. Altogether, the meeting was a most pleasant one.

BELNACROFT.—Upon the evening of the 25th, a small but happy party assembled at the above place, to do their best in honour of the memory and genius of their native bard. The memory of Burns having been given from the chair, the toast was drunk in silence; next followed an excellent recitation of his "Cottar's Saturday Night," by Mr. Michie, jun., Tournouman. Having been favoured with the presence of Willie Blair and his celebrated violin, some of the bard's favourite airs were played over with graceful and thrilling effect. Throughout the evening, several of Burns' songs and others were sung by Mr. M'Dougall, merchant; Mr. Gordon, Balmoral; and Mr. Michie—accompaniments being given by Mr. Blair. The whole proceedings of a very merry and happily spent evening came to a close at a late but respectable hour.

Besides the above, almost every village and hamlet in this quarter had its festive celebration, whilst in the larger places the meetings were numerous and varied. We have not space to give detailed notices of minor celebrations, and must content ourselves with this general reference to them.

BERVIE.—Our ancient royal burgh, we are proud to say, has not been behind places of greater importance, as we had no fewer than four banquets in honour of the hundredth birthday of our national bard.

The principal meeting took place in the Crown Hotel, where a number of the gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood met at supper, under the presidency of Dr. Lewins, who was supported on the right by the Rev. Mr. Glegg, minister of the parish, Mr. Kidd of Allardyce, Mr. Reid, and Mr. Aymers, &c.; and on the left by Bailie Glegg, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Anderson, and Mr. Scholey, &c.; while the duties of croupier were ably discharged by Mr. Logie Knox, on whose right and left were Mr. Brown, Mr. Mollison, Mr. Brown, jun., Mr. Legg, &c. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast of the evening, spoke as follows:—Gentlemen, in approaching the object of our gathering this evening, I confess to feeling the greatest diffidence, as well as a consciousness that my humble powers are perfectly unable to do anything like justice to the subject of the toast I am about to propose. Exactly one hundred years ago was born Robert Burns, to honour whose memory we are met here to-night, and in our meeting together we are committing no solecism, as we are only following the example of the most distinguished of our countrymen, not only in Scotland, but throughout the whole civilized world. And we, dwellers in Kincar-

dineshire, are specially called upon to take the initiative in this movement, as our county has the high honour of having been the home of his humble but honest ancestors. In reviewing the momentous events that have happened since Burns lived, it is impossible to over-estimate the advances that as a nation, and as individuals, we have made in everything pertaining to the happiness and welfare of mankind; and in the passage of these events through our minds, the idea can scarcely fail of occurring to us all, that had our immortal bard only lived one hundred years later than he did, his lot and position would have been a very different one from what it actually was. It is a melancholy fact, that men are to be found from whom better things might have been expected, who have lately been doing their worst to blacken his memory, and tarnish his fair fame, and although some of the hard things said of him may be true, yet they can never rob him of his poetic genius; and the name and memory of Robert Burns will be honoured and cherished by the people of Scotland when the name and memory of his most exalted detractors will be buried in oblivion, and sleeping in the grave which contains their mortal remains. (Applause.) No one has a right, nor is it fair, to judge of Burns' character, or of any other man's who lived in his time, by the standard of to-day, and any one who does so cannot but pass an unfair verdict. The habits, and intellectual —I had almost said moral—acquirements of individuals are so different in different ages, that no man possessed of ordinary intelligence, unless he had a selfish or bigoted end to serve, would ever dream of committing such injustice. It is also a mistake to suppose that Burns was what he is often represented to have been—an unpolished diamond. His epistolary correspondence entirely refutes this assertion, and proves that he was a man possessed of a very fair amount of education, and that his knowledge, even of the classical literature of Greece and Rome, was not so defective as that of many a man who has had far greater advantages. He was not perhaps what a pitiful conventionalism would style a gentleman, but he was, every inch of him, a true man, which is far higher—and he seems to have been unintentionally painting his own character, when, in his manly and independent spirit, he sang—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

(Great applause.) Yes, gentlemen, Burns, with all his failings, even independently of his great poetical powers, was a noble-hearted man. But of course the object we have in view this evening is principally to do honour to his memory as our national bard—and no poet, living or dead, with all the advantages possessed by the men who have lived and flourished since his day, has been able to strip him of that glory. This simple statement is the highest panegyric that can possibly be passed upon him, and the most brilliant eloquence could find nothing more telling with which to eulogise his true poetic genius. (Cheers.) Till literature declines and dies, the poetry of Robert Burns will be cherished and gloried in by the sons of Caledonia—be it read at home, on the burning plains of India, the scorching shores of Africa, or on the ice-bound lakes of Canada, the heart-stirring notes of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," the homely fervour of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," or the thrilling story of "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," will never fail to awaken an electric echo in the breast of every true and patriotic Scotchman. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I ask you to rise from your seats, and, standing, to drink in solemn silence to the memory of the illustrious dead.

The Croupier, in proposing the health of "the Clergy," remarked that he had always very great pleasure in drinking to the health of that body. At the same time, he could not but regret the attitude they had assumed on the present occasion; and, while he thought that the clergy of Scotland were always worthy of being remembered at meetings like the present, still he held that Mr. Glegg, with whose name he begged to couple the toast, was specially entitled to have his health drunk, with all the honours, for the manly and straightforward course he had pursued on the present occasion. The toast was most enthusiastically received, and drunk with all the honours.

The Rev. Mr. Glegg, in the course of a very excellent reply, stated that, while there were many of Burns' poems which he could not but condemn, still his belief was, that in writing some of them, he was only paying back in kind the treatment that he (Burns) thought he had received at the hands of men whom he considered (of course it was for him to judge) had acted most unjustly towards him.

After a number of toasts and songs, the company separated just as Forbes Mackenzie's hour began to strike, having spent a most delightful evening. The vocal and instrumental performance of Mr. Greig and Mr. Young was very much admired; and deservedly so, as their rendering of the Bard's songs was a perfect treat.

The working men of our Burgh celebrated the centenary birthday of our National Bard by a supper and ball. The supper, a very sumptuous one, took place in the Salutation

Inn, under the able servitude of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. The chair was taken at 8 o'clock by Mr. James G. Gibb—Mr. Davidson, Councillor, and Mr. Lindsay, acted as Croupiers. The toast of the evening was introduced by the Chairman in an eloquent and comprehensive address, which was received with the utmost enthusiasm. About 9 o'clock the junior portion of the guests adjourned to open the ball, when

> "With feathered feet the lads and lasses a'
> Assembled in their dresses braw,
> An' danced till they were like to fa',
> The Reel o' Tullochgorum."

The ball was conducted with the utmost order under the able management of Messrs. Jarvis and Duncan, to the inspiring strains of music under the able leadership of Mr. W. Davidson, assisted by Messrs. J. Davidson and Webster, Bervie; Greig, Kinneff; and Young, Laurencekirk; who joined the orchestra at an advanced hour in the evening. The elder guests remained in the Salutation, and with songs and toasts continued to enjoy a night with Burns to their heart's content, and joined heartily in the chorus of "Willy brewed a peck o' maut." The number at supper was upwards of sixty, that at the ball, including partners, about 130.

BERWICK (NORTH).—Here the festival centenary was held with great *éclat*. The Freemasons, joined by most of the Bluejackets, with innumerable flags, headed by a band of music, proceeded from their Lodge-room to the parish school, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and accompanied by a crowd of the inhabitants enthusiastically cheering.

The Right Worshipful took the chair. Past Master Blair gave the opening address, and "Caledonia and Caledonia's Bard," which was received with enthusiastic cheering. Many of the songs of Burns were sweetly sung, and several of his poems recited. The room was densely crowded, there being upwards of 300 present.

BIGGAR.—The Centenary of Burns was celebrated here, as elsewhere, with enthusiasm: business was suspended about mid-day, and at the "darknin'" a bonfire was kindled on the site of the Auld Cross Knowe, which was a great attraction for the juvenile population. A public meeting was held in the Crown Inn; and the Lodge Biggar Free Operatives gave a torchlight procession, followed by a supper and ball. There were also numerous private dinner and supper parties in the town and neighbourhood.

BLAIRGOWRIE.—The morning of Tuesday, 25th January, dawned bright and beautiful on Strathmore. This day, long looked forward to by Scotchmen in all parts of the world, had now come round, and Blairgowrie prepared to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Scotland's own poet in its own way.

BANQUET IN M'LAREN'S HOTEL.—A party of about forty gentlemen belonging to the town and district met in the hall of M'Laren's Hotel, about four o'clock P.M. The hall was decorated with evergreens, arranged upon the walls in various tasteful figures. The Instrumental Band was in attendance, and the music added greatly to the effect and enjoyment of the meeting. Alexander Robertson, Esq., banker, occupied the chair, supported on the right by J. L. Campbell, Esq. of Achalader, Allan Macpherson, Esq. of Blairgowrie, and James Young, Esq., Chief Magistrate; and on the left, by Robert Geekie, Esq. of Rosemount, Colin M'Gregor, Esq., and James Dallas, Esq., solicitor. John Baxter, Esq., Ashbank, officiated as croupier, supported on the right by Alexander Buchan, Esq., and on the left by William Fyfe, Esq., Keith Bank. Grace having been said by the Chairman, the company sat down to a sumptuous dinner, served up in Mr. M'Laren's best style. It is quite unnecessary to particularise the various dishes, but the rapidity with which the (*bona fide*) Scotch "Haggis" disappeared, at once evinced a keen appetite on the part of the guests, and paid a high compliment to the cook. The cloth having been removed, the Chairman proposed "The Queen," in a neat speech, in which he eulogised Her Majesty's many virtues. She was an example to all her subjects, but especially so to those of her own sex. The toast received all the honours.

Music—"God Save the Queen."

"The Prince of Wales," "H. R. H. The Prince Consort, and the other members of the Royal Family," were then given from the chair.

Music—"Britannia the Pride of the Ocean."

After the usual loyal toasts, the CHAIRMAN proposed "The Memory of Robert Burns, Scotland's Immortal Bard," and said:—We have this evening met to pour out libations to the memory of a nation's poet. Every city, every town, and almost every village in our native land has, with the greatest enthusiasm, united to commemorate the first centenary of Burns, the Bard of Scotland, and to do honour to his memory. (Cheers.) This day one hundred years ago the poet's tiny bark was launched upon the tide of Time—his birth and parentage being obscure, his youth passed in seclusion.

An old Latin writer, many hundred years

ago, said, "The poet is born, not made." So was it with Burns—he was born a poet; it was not by study nor by education he became one; but there, in rural solitude and retirement, "far from the busy hum of men," did he light his rustic torch at the Muse's flame. By the lonely hill-side, by the murmuring stream, by the open meadow, and along the green vale, did he feed his glowing fancy and elevate his sweetest thoughts. (Cheers.) What to ordinary minds appeared common-place and tame, was to the mind of the young poet clothed with loveliness and beauty. Then it was, when surrounded by all that could elevate the soul and purify the heart, that Burns drunk deep at the fount of nature's poetry.

As the poet himself says, at the plough the poetic Genius threw her inspiring mantle over him. Then he seized the lyre, and threw his hands across its magic strings. Thousands stood entranced—the melody of the music found a response in every heart: the learned and unlearned, the noble and the ignoble, the rich and the poor, all alike enchanted, confessed the poet's genius, and all alike, however varied their tastes, acknowledged the mighty influence his melody had upon their souls. Like a transient meteor, the poet flashed and blazed forth. His appearance was as sudden and his splendour as bright. But, alas! like a meteor, too, his disappearance was as speedy, and his end as soon. Caressed by some, worshipped by others, and admired by all, the poet stood forth, for some time, the envy and the delight of his country; but evil times were at hand. Misfortunes overtook him, friends deserted him, wave after wave of adversity rolled over him, and at last, even hope, that sweet charmer, left him, and in midtime of his days he was cast a shattered wreck upon the shore.

"Short had been his passage to the friendly tomb."

Now the people paused; then it was they thought of the apathy and indifference with which they had left their favoured child of song to struggle, single-handed, with his foes—foes from without and from within. But the last struggle was over—the poet's last battle had been fought. Regrets were unavailing, and the tribute of a nation's tears sang the poet's last requiem.

The magic harp was now unstrung, never again, it is to be feared, to be touched by such a master's hand, and the hapless poet left the music of his song to warble its sweetest melody, as a memento of his joys and of his sorrows, to generations yet unborn. The melody of that music undulates along the stream of time; and we, as well as our forefathers, have felt its sweetness and enjoyed its harmony, and the result of which is our present meeting to do honour to his memory.

After giving an illustration of the difficulty those who were not true bred Scotchmen had in understanding the true meaning of the poet, the Chairman said:—I have to request that we unite in solemn silence in drinking to the memory of the immortal Bard of Scotland, Robert Burns. (The toast was drunk in solemn silence.)

Music—"Auld Langsyne."

Among other toasts, the memory of Scott, Hogg, and Tannahill were eloquently given; and at the request of the Chairman, Mr. Dickson sang "Auld Langsyne," the company joining in chorus. At that verse,

"And here's a hand my trusty friend," &c.,

the company rose *en masse*, grasped each other's hands, and joined in a chorus that made the hall ring again. Then followed a cheer—a hearty hurrah—a cheer such as will not likely be joined in by any individual member of that company again for a long time. That cheer gave utterance to emotions such as seldom stir the heart. For the moment Burns was forgotten. It was the reunion of the hearts of the whole Saxon race, scattered as it now is, carrying the triumphs of intellect and of manhood wherever dry land rises from the "vasty deep."

The company separated at ten o'clock, after spending a very happy evening.

Soiree in the Malt Barn.—The demonstration in the Malt Barn, Hill o' Blair, was perhaps the most successful soiree ever given in this town. Between four and five hundred were present, drawn from all ranks of society. The Barn was finely decorated with evergreens, and lighted with gas put in for the occasion. Allan Macpherson, Esq., occupied the chair, and the speakers the platform, which was also graced by the presence of a number of ladies. The Westfields Flute Band was in attendance, and delighted the audience by performing a variety of tunes. There was a service of tea, during which the band performed. The Chairman then delivered the following address, which was listened to with the deepest attention:—

Ladies and Gentlemen,—The programme of this evening's entertainment which has been placed in my hands—the bill of intellectual fare, if I may be permitted so to call it—is so varied, so extensive, and so attractive—not forgetting the more substantial elements of good cheer, for which apparently so liberal provision has been made—that I feel, that in detaining you with many remarks on the subject of this extensive *reunion*, I should only be attempting

to forestall, in a very inadequate and imperfect manner, the subject-matter of the no doubt carefully prepared addresses which are to form an important element in this evening's entertainment. I shall therefore content myself with expressing my pride and pleasure in having been called upon to preside at so large an assemblage of inhabitants of this town and neighbourhood, met together for the purpose of doing honour to the memory of a poet whose works are perhaps more universally read, appreciated, and sympathised with by every rank and degree of men, in every quarter of the globe where the Anglo-Saxon race is settled, than those of any other poet whom the world has ever seen. In celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Poet Burns, we are only doing what is this moment being done in almost every populous locality in the world where the British language is spoken, and in several where it is not. In doing honour to the memory of one who may be called emphatically *The People's Poet*, we are also doing honour to ourselves, by thus illustrating our belief in, and respect for, the great principle which pervades the entire range of Burns' poetry—*the innate dignity of human nature, unaided by birth, fortune, or rank.* (Cheers.) Able addresses were also delivered by Messrs. Mitchell, Davie, Bridie, and Stevens. Messrs. Rennie and Hume sung a number of songs in first-rate style, and a glee party gave variety to the entertainment by singing various pieces. "Auld Langsyne" was sung by the whole company standing with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. W. Steven proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman; and after several other votes of thanks, the large meeting separated about eleven o'clock greatly delighted.

BLAIRINGONE.—Up to the evening of Monday, the 24th, our little village seemed to lag behind in the almost universal preparations for celebrating the centenary of Robert Burns, our national poet. But, on that evening a few of the more energetic inhabitants of the village made arrangements for getting up a bonfire, and for at least drinking a bumper to the memory of the poet. Through the liberality of the Lord of the Manor, George Wylie, Esq., the affair swelled on their hands, and accordingly, on the 25th, the male villagers and others united for a demonstration; first, round a roaring fire on the Head i' Hicht, within view of the banks of the "Clear winding Devon," whose praises have been sung in immortal strains by Burns, and then by sitting down in the school-room, forty-four in number, to a sumptuous dinner, in which the haggis, "warm, reeking, rich," figured conspicuously. The duties of the chair were discharged by Mr. Marshal, teacher, and Mr. Henderson, manager of the Lambhill Colliery, acted as croupier. After the cloth was removed, the Chairman, in a few suitable remarks, proposed the toast of the evening—The memory of Burns—which was drunk in solemn silence. The health of G. Wylie, Esq., of Arndean and Blairingone, was then proposed by the Chairman, and responded to with rapturous applause. Other toasts followed, many of the songs of Burns were sung, and, after an evening of much quiet, social enjoyment, the company parted, towards the "wee short hour ayont the twal," by singing "Auld Langsyne."

BO'NESS.—The celebration of this event took place on Tuesday evening, 25th, in the Town Hall, which was fitted up and tastefully decorated with evergreens, &c., for the occasion. The enthusiasm which prevailed among the admirers of Burns, in anticipation of the hundredth anniversary of his birth, was by no means damped by the storm of wind and rain which blew in a perfect hurricane about the time of meeting; it rather imparted an additional zest to their feelings, for it appeared as if the very elements were disposed to unite in the celebration of the memorable event, and to produce a somewhat faithful representation of that "Blast o' Januar' win' which blew hansel in on Robin." The chair was taken at eight o'clock by Mr. William Miller, Marchbank Cottage, Bo'ness, when upwards of a hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner. Mr. Steele, of Bo'ness Foundry, acted as principal croupier, the other tables being respectively presided over by Messrs. Smith and Kirkwood. The Chairman was supported on the right by John Begg, Esq., Kinneil Iron Works, (after the return of that gentlemen from the Falkirk celebration,) and on the left by James Webster, Esq., factor to His Grace the Duke of Hamilton, &c. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were disposed of—

The CHAIRMAN rose, amid thunders of applause, and said—Mr. Croupier and Gentlemen, —You are all aware that the object of our meeting here to-night is one of no ordinary character; that it is one in which thousands of our fellow-countrymen are simultaneously and heartily engaged, viz., in celebrating the centenary of the birth of our own poet, Robert Burns; one whom Scotland is proud to number among her sons, and one whose very name makes the hearts of Scotchmen thrill with emotions far more easily felt than described. (Cheers.) We trust, nay, we are confident, that the spirit of respect and admiration which is now being so widely displayed by a British

public, alike by the occupant of the castle and the cot, is not to-night awanting here towards the memory of the great and illustrious bard whom we hesitate not to stamp as the chief of our native poets; whose works will not cease to be remembered and admired long after we have all passed away to that land so graphically described in these beautiful lines—

"Where there's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean;
The day is aye fair, Jean,
In the Land o' the Leal."

Robert Burns, like many others who have risen to eminence in our country, had not his origin from among the nobles of the land, but certainly from a highly respectable, if more humble class, and from a class who largely constitute the great strength of this and other lands; he was the eldest son of William Burns and Agnes Brown, both possessed of an amount of intelligence superior to those around them, and displayed great anxiety that their family should have the best education within their reach. Nor did they forget the importance of example to the young. One of the visitors of the family of Burns writes thus, "there we enjoyed a conversation wherein solid reasoning, sensible remarks, and a moderate seasoning of jocularity were so nicely blended as to render it a treat to all parties present. Mrs. Burns, too, was of the party as much as possible, but still the household affairs would draw her hence, which as she could with haste despatch, she'd come again, and, with a greedy ear, devour up this discourse, and particularly that of her husband. That worthy woman, Agnes Brown, had the most thorough esteem for her husband I ever knew, nor do I wonder she so highly esteemed him, for I myself have always considered William Burns as by far the best specimen of the human race I have ever had the pleasure of being acquainted with, and many a worthy character I have known." The means of obtaining education were at the time of the poet's youth neither so ample nor so varied as at the present day, but he had what we might term a very inquiring mind, and obstacles which would have retarded the progress of many a scholar were surmounted by him without difficulty; consequently his information at a very early period of his existence was far beyond his years. He had also very early to take part in the labours of the field, at which he was also a proficient; and we find him in his fifteenth year taking part in the harvest field, coupled on the rigs as a partner to what he terms a bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass, and thus with him began love and poetry. Of her he writes—

"As bonnie lasses I hae seen,
And many full as braw,
But for a modest, gracefu' mien
The like I never saw."

With regard to his numerous works, you are all aware they are of such a style and magnitude as to render anything like a review on our part to-night thoroughly impossible. Yet we may be permitted, in passing, to look at a few. Can we look at the Cottar's Saturday Night without seeing that it is truly the work of a master mind; that it is a picture which only genius, inspired by the finest of feelings, could produce; that there is in it sufficient to immortalise the name of the poet, even although it had been his only production? Can we look at "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" without feeling the spirit of patriotism rise within our breast? (Cheers.) Do we turn to his "Highland Mary" without seeing that the language there is sublime and really heartfelt? Do we read his epitaph, written on the death of his father, without seeing the paternal feeling that existed in his bosom? In short, can we look at any part of his works without admiring the genius and that noble spirit of independence of which his compositions are full, and without seeing that they are not to be surpassed in genuine pathos and true poetic fire? (Great cheers.)

The toast was received in the most enthusiastic manner, after which "There was a lad was born in Kyle" was sung with admirable effect by Mr. Gardner.

In reply to the toast of the "Existing relatives of Burns," Mr. Begg, nephew of the Poet, returned thanks in the following terms:—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I feel deeply grateful for the kind manner in which this toast has been proposed, and also for the warm reception it has met from you all. The spectacle presented this day over the whole world, wherever the English language is spoken, is one of deep interest to every intelligent mind, but in our own land it is one of unprecedented grandeur. In every town and hamlet over all Scotland, wherever perfect freedom exists among the people, crowds of intelligent and active spirits simultaneously and voluntarily assemble, animated by no selfish or party cry, summoned by no legal and resistless power, proposing no grievance for redress, aiming neither at personal nor national aggrandisement, but with one mind seeking to offer homage to the memory of a poor and unfortunate, but honest and independent man, who died more than sixty years ago, and laying the priceless treasures of their love at the shrine of departed genius. This hearty admiration of a poet such as Burns could not be really felt except by honest men, and if proof is wanted that the heart of the nation is still sound and untainted

by the pestilence of dishonesty and overtrading that stalked lately through the land, such proof is here; and every shout this day raised in memory of honest exertions and pure and lofty thoughts, will help to clear the moral atmosphere of the taint of that corruption. Amongst the great mass of people of all ranks and in all quarters of the globe whose hearts are to-day beating in unison with yours, filled with love and admiration for the name and memory of Burns, perhaps none, excepting those of kindred genius with himself, can have such keen delight in contemplating this great national outburst of feeling as the living relatives of Burns. Like some great and all good men, he nourished, during the whole of his life, a warm attachment to his kindred, and they, on their part, returned his love with a depth of feeling approaching to devotion. They admired him for his genius, but, above even that feeling, they loved him for his worth. His circle once was small and confined within the limits of his humble home; now, it is confined by no limits but those of the globe itself, and his tenderness and power compel all who can think and feel to own themselves his kindred. There is, and there ought to be, a just feeling of pride in illustrious descent from noble ancestors, and in blood relationship to the great and good. It increases a man's self-respect, and erects a higher standard of excellence for his imitation. It makes him also, if he thinks at all, more careful to avoid all contaminating influences, lest he bring disgrace on himself and reflect discredit on an honourable name. You and all true-hearted Scotsmen would hold the relatives of Burns beneath contempt if they were not as proud of their relationship to him as if they could boast descent from kings and conquerors. Although many will fail to sympathise with pride of birth, there are few who will not feel regret at the failure of an illustrious line. This doom seems to be almost the universal fate of men of genius, and especially of poets. Burns is no exception to the rule; for his name, in direct descent from him, ceases with the existence of the present generation, unless the two surviving widowed sons of the poet should yet take unto themselves wives. With great poets this doom is less to be regretted, since the world at large inherits the fruits of their life's labours, and as their fame is deeply engraven in the hearts of the people, they do not require descendants to perpetuate their name. The relatives of Burns are proud to recollect that they owe every mark of public sympathy they enjoy solely to their connection with our great national bard, and they feel the more grateful to you for the graceful and spontaneous manner in which you thus honour them, that they have no claims whatever to public recognition apart from the existence of that relationship. For my part, I have always felt that it has been to me an open-sesame to the hearts of my countrymen, and, in consequence of it, all of us have experienced kindnesses and derived advantages for which we are altogether unworthy. I feel deeply grateful to your committee for their kindness to me in asking me to be present on this occasion, and, in the name of the whole of the relatives of Burns, I would desire to express their gratitude for the kindly feelings manifested to-night on their behalf. (During his speech, and at its close, Mr. Begg was cordially applauded.)

After the programme had been exhausted, there were a considerable number of other toasts, songs, and readings, which added in no small degree to the hilarity of the meeting. Among them we may mention two original poems written for the occasion by Peter T. Johnstone and Mrs. Cairns respectively, both of which had considerable merit. The Instrumental Band contributed greatly to the general happiness throughout the whole of the evening.

A respectable and happy gathering of the admirers of the "Rantin' Rovin' Boy," was held in the Parish School here, which Mr. Stephens, with his usual urbanity and kindness, readily granted for the purpose. The company consisted chiefly of working men, with their wives and sweethearts, who were determined to take part in the great demonstration of respect for the memory of "Robin that's awa," which has been manifested in such a variety of ways by their "Brither Scots frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's." The bills announcing the meeting were published only a few days previous to the occasion; nevertheless the tickets, which, to suit the pecuniary circumstances of all parties, were fixed at one shilling each, were all bought up early on Saturday the 22d, and although at the hour of meeting,

> "The win' blew as 'twad blawn its last,
> The rattlin' show'rs rose on the blast,"

Nothing could cool the ardour of the ticket-holders, who

> "Skelpit on thro' dub an' mire,

and filled the place of meeting so rapidly, that before seven o'clock, the time for commencing proceedings, every seat was occupied, and once fairly within doors,

> "The win' without might rair and rustle,
> They didna min' the storm a whistle."

Several courses of refreshments, provided by Messrs. Paris, Arkley and Harrison, were served

during the evening, but the real enjoyment of those congregated—upwards of two hundred—was derived from a selection of readings from the works of the immortal bard, interspersed with a variety of his unrivalled songs. Mr. Alexander Nisbet, sub-inspector of waggons, Monkland Railway, occupied the chair in a very efficient manner. The proceedings commenced with a song and chorus, the words and music of which were composed for the occasion by two gentlemen of Bo'ness. After which the Chairman gave a rapid sketch of the life and characteristics of Burns.

After singing "Auld Langsyne," hand in hand, in full chorus, and with great glee, and having voted thanks to the parties who had been more actively engaged in getting up and maintaining the demonstration, the company separated a little after midnight, delighted with the whole proceedings, and with each other, and

> "Each took off his several way
> Resolved to meet some other day."

BONHILL.—On the evening of the centenary of the birth of Burns a company of about twenty-four gentlemen connected with Messrs. M'Allan's Printfield at Dillichip, sat down to dinner in Bonhill Inn. Mr. Robert Latham occupied the chair, and Mr. Archibald Jardine officiated as croupier. The usual toasts were given, and great enthusiasm prevailed when the Chairman drew attention to the toast of the evening, "The immortal memory of Robert Burns." During the evening a number of Burns' songs were very effectively rendered, and all seemed to derive much pleasure and enjoyment from the success with which the meeting was carried on. The purveying department, by Mrs. Buchanan, was all that could have been desired. On the same evening, and for the same purpose, the Journeymen Bakers of the Vale of Leven met in the house of Mr. John M'Gregor, Bonhill. Mr. William M'Adam occupied the chair, and Mr. James M'Farlane officiated as croupier. The company having partaken of an excellent supper, a number of toasts appropriate to the occasion were given, including, of course, the memory of the Peasant Bard, and cordially responded to. The evening was spent in a very pleasant manner.

BONNYBRIDGE.—A soiree, in honour of the immortal Ayrshire ploughman, was held in the New School-room here, on Tuesday evening, the 25th. A. Oliver, Esq., occupied the chair. Tea having been served, the Chairman gave an able address on the "Life and genius of Burns," which was attentively listened to, and warmly applauded. Mr. J. Cuthbert, the respected teacher of the school, next gave an address on "Poetry," which was well received. The company were highly entertained during the evening by the excellent singing of the following amateurs, Miss Bell and M'Lean from Dennyloanhead; M. Lennie, Esq. of Woodlee; Mr. Somerville from Greenhill; and Messrs. Dick and Anderson of Bonnybridge. The proceedings were enlivened by favourite airs on the violin by Messrs. Scott, Forrester, and Macpherson, who contributed much to the enjoyment of the evening. Notwithstanding the small bills giving notice of the occasion, the attendance was numerous, and the company broke up at a late hour of the night highly pleased with the entertainment.

BOTRIPHNIE.—The Burns' centenary was celebrated under the auspices of the Young Men's Mutual Instruction Society, and in connexion with the celebration of the second anniversary of this Society. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, by seven P.M. the old school-room, which was very tastefully decorated with holly and other evergreens, was crowded by a respectable and numerous audience. Mr. A. Carmichael presided, and introduced the proceedings of the evening by an able address on Burns. Wines, fruits, and sweetmeats were frequently sent round. In a word, the affair went off in a splendid manner, and all present spent a very happy evening.

BOWDEN.—A party of the admirers of our national poet met to commemorate his centenary in the Crown Inn here on the 25th. Mr. Haliburton was called to the chair, and Mr. M'Iver acted as croupier. An excellent supper was provided by Mr. Nicol, with a haggis placed as centre dish, which well sustained the title as "Great chieftain o' the pudding race." After supper, the Chairman, in a short but impressive speech, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of our National Poet, Burns;" after which Mr. M'Dermont sung "There was a lad was born in Kyle." Mr. James Thomson, from Hawick, next gave an animated and affecting address on the memory of Burns, when Mr. Robt. Suddens sung "My Nannie O" with great taste and feeling. Messrs. M'Iver, Henderson, Fisher, &c., sung several excellent songs, which were much applauded. Mr. Thomson, Bowden, sung a beautiful piece, entitled, "A lament for the death of Burns." Mr. Henderson, Faugh-hill, sung "O' a' the airts the win' can blaw." Mr. Jas. Thomson recited several excellent pieces. Amongst others, "A monody on the death of

Burns," "Verses by Fitzgreen Halleck on wild rose of Alloway," and "Tam o' Shanter."

After spending a very happy evening, the meeting broke up, the utmost good humour and harmony having prevailed throughout.

BOWLING.—On Tuesday evening, upwards of forty gentlemen—principally connected with the Excise branch of the Civil Service—sat down to a sumptuous dinner in the Sutherland Arms Hotel, for the purpose of doing honour to our great national poet and their illustrious brother-gauger, by commemorating the centenary of his birthday. Collector Campbell of Greenock, dressed in the Highland costume, occupied the chair, and Mr. Dawson, distiller, Glasgow, acted as croupier. Amongst those present were Mr. Stewart, factor to Lord Blantyre; Captain Rankin, of the steamer Stork; Messrs. J. M'Kay and J. M'Nab, Dumbarton; Messrs. Place, Davidson, Edmiston, Glasgow; Speak, Thornton, Tait, &c.

The cloth being removed, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been given and duly honoured, the Chairman, in an appropriate and characteristic speech, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," which was drunk in solemn silence. A number of other toasts were also proposed, and most enthusiastically responded to. The intervals were agreeably occupied with music by amateur musicians, and the entertainment was kept up till a late hour, all seemingly well pleased with the evening's enjoyment. The dinner and other arrangements reflected great credit upon Mr. and Mrs. Moncur.

BRACO, or ARDOCH.—The annual dinner of the Ardoch Curling Club was held in Anderson's Inn here on the centenary of Burns' birth, when a most sumptuous dinner was partaken of; after which the memory of Burns was drunk with great spirit, several of his songs sung in first-rate style, and the night spent in the most agreeable and brotherly manner.

BRAIDWOOD.—A ball, in honour of this national event, was held in the evening, in Mr. John Cassel's barn, Cutcraig.

BRECHIN.—Brechin has done well in the way of celebrating the poet's birth and genius; and in no place has there been a more general commemoration of his hundredth birthday. On the natal centenary, most of the shops, offices, and public works suspended business on the afternoon, and every one apparently was on the alert for a regular night's entertainment. By evening, few, very few, were to be found in their own houses; everybody seemed to deem the day a national festivity—that Scotland "expected that every man that day would do his duty"—and that every Scotchman's duty that day consisted in a personal attendance at one or other of the innumerable patriotic demonstrations which were to be found more or less in every public house in town. The principal celebration, in memory of Robert Burns, consisted in the public dinner, which came off in the large Hall of the Commercial Hotel, at four o'clock. There the evergreens with which the hall had been adorned for the late banquet to the Provost served again to decorate the room, and a first-rate dinner (including three haggises—as *apropos* to the occasion) was served up to a company numbering from 60 to 70, consisting of the principal inhabitants of Brechin, and a number of the leading farmers and other gentlemen in the vicinity.

Dr. A. Guthrie discharged the duties of the chair in a highly successful manner, and was supported on the right by the Right Hon. Lord Panmure, K.T., Lord-Lieutenant of the County; David Guthrie, Esq., Provost of Brechin; and Thos. Ogilvy, Esq.; and on the left by Bailie Duncan; Geo. H. Newall, Esq., of Bearhill; and Bailie Anderson. The croupiers were D. D. Black, Esq., of Kergord; and Wm. Smith, jun., Esq., West Drums. Amongst the other gentlemen present were—J. I. Chalmers, Esq., of Aldbar; Charles Lyall, Esq., Kincraig; Dr. John Guthrie; Dr. Mackie; Dr. Stephen, Cairnbank; Dr. Drummond; Professor Whitworth (electro-biologist); Messrs. Alex. Strachan; David Craig; J. L. Gordon; Wm. Whitson; W. Fraser; James Smart; George Scott; Robert Lamb; D. Burns; Andrew Jervise; John Lamb; James Guthrie; Geo. Smart; A. Black; J. H. Lamb; Jas. Webster, Woodstone; D. Black, Barrelwell; R. Scott, Pittendriech; W. Ogilvy, Broomfield; A. Mustard, Leuchland; J. Watson, Ledmore; D. H. Adamson, Stannochy; D. Fairweather, Craigend; J. Fawns, Keithock; &c., &c.

Dinner having been concluded, and bumpers called for to the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman next gave "The Health of Lord Panmure, Lord-Lieutenant of the County," referring in highly eulogistic terms to the valuable services rendered to this country by the noble Lord during the late Crimean war.

Band—"Brechin Castle."

Lord Panmure, in acknowledging the toast, expressed the great pleasure it afforded him to be present on the occasion, and to witness in his native town such an excellent demonstration in honour of the centenary of Robert Burns. He (Lord Panmure) was not one of those who think that there is any discredit in

doing honour to the memory of the noble poet. (Cheers.) His Lordship expressed his admiration of the works of Burns, and was happy to be able to state that he had come into the possession of a vast number of the original songs of Burns, in his own handwriting, communicated, with his own corrections, to his publisher, Mr. Thomson, along with his letters in reference to them. (Loud cheers.) He (Lord Panmure) looked upon that as a most valuable addition to his library. This collection his Lordship acquired at Mr. Tait's sale. It was not known at the time where they had gone, and it was said and supposed that they had travelled to England, and been lost to this country. (A laugh.) He was glad, however, that this was not the case, the interesting collection being at present in his own library in the neighbourhood of Brechin. (Hear, and cheers.) His Lordship concluded by congratulating the company on their meeting that day, and again expressing the pleasure it afforded him to form one of the party. (Applause.)

The CHAIRMAN then said:—In rising to propose the toast of the evening to the memory of our national bard, Robert Burns, whose centenary we have now met to commemorate, I must throw myself on your indulgence, and I only wish that the task had been undertaken by some one more competent to discharge it. This is a duty I could have better performed twenty years ago, for my memory was then well stored with his poetry, songs, and history. Gentlemen, Robert Burns is an example of one who, by the power of innate genius, had overcome difficulties in attaining his favourite end, before which almost any other man would have succumbed, and he at last succeeded in arriving at that height of poetic perfection which fairly entitles him to be styled "The Immortal Bard of Scotland." (Cheers.) I must allow, gentlemen, that the collection of his songs and poetry bears something of a chequered character; but had he lived to republish his own works, I have no doubt anything that is offensive would not have met the public eye. (Hear, hear.) These must be regarded as slight stains on his garments, contracted in pursuing his journey through a rough, uncultivated land—which ought to be forgotten in the contemplation of his other grand, lofty, and sublime pieces. (Cheers.) It would be a waste of time in me to direct your attention to those unrivalled effusions with which you are all well acquainted, and many of which I anticipate will be said and sung this evening. (Hear, and cheers.) Without further comment, therefore, I beg that you will drink "To the memory of that wonderful genius and great poet, Robert Burns." (The toast was drunk amid loud cheering.)

Band—"Kind Robin lo'es me."

Toasts and songs of all kinds sustained the cheerful harmony of the evening, till Mr. R. Scott, Pittendriech, in a few well-chosen remarks, proposed the parting toast of "Auld Langsyne;" and at the conclusion of his speech struck up the heart-stirring air, on which the whole company rose to their feet and heartily joined in full chorus.

The Chairman, Lord Panmure, the Provost, and others, having left the hall amid the plaudits of the company, Mr. Smith was called to the chair by acclamation; and after a number of toasts were given and responded to, and songs sung by Mr. Fairweather, Craigend, &c., the proceedings terminated before eleven o'clock.

TEMPERANCE SOIREE.—The Total Abstinence Society held their annual soiree in the Independent chapel, on the evening of the 25th, being the centenary of the birth of Burns—Mr. David Lothian, president of the society, in the chair. Notwithstanding the number of meetings that were held throughout the town on that evening, the chapel was crowded. After partaking of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and some substantial accompaniments, the company was shortly addressed by the Rev. P. Davidson. He was followed by Mr. R. Craig, teacher, who gave an address on "Music and the Poetic Genius of Burns." The entertainment of the evening was enlivened by the juvenile flute band, and by a number of excellent songs, which were sung by Miss Greig, Messrs. Craig, Mather, Lothian, and others, all of which were warmly applauded. After spending a very happy evening, the meeting broke up a little past ten o'clock, all highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

The brethren of St. Ninian's and St. James' Lodges of Freemasons, contributed their quota to the national offering at the shrine of departed genius, by a supper within the Lodge room in the evening. The mystic brotherhood mustered strong on the occasion; and with all due form and ceremony, "The Immortal Memory of the Bard of Scotland" was proposed by R.W.M. Thomson, and responded to in true masonic style. Song, toast, and sentiment, as well as mirth, fun, and jollity, reigned supreme throughout the evening; and no Forbes Mackenzie daring to intrude within the sacred precincts, the brethren had free and unbounded scope to enjoy themselves. The supper was provided by Mrs. Baird, of the Swan Inn, and called forth the unqualified praise of all. The hall was most tastefully and elaborately decorated with evergreens, the work of brother G. Thomson, and was much and deservedly admired.

The incorporations dined in the Cross-Guns Inn, accompanied by a number of strangers.

A company of about sixty sat down to an excellent dinner; and Convener Scott ably discharged the duties of the chair. After dinner, toasts, song, and sentiment followed each other in rapid succession, until seven o'clock, when they had to adjourn to other rooms in the house to make way for a party of joiners. The latter met for supper at eight o'clock, and continued their happy meeting until the hour of Forbes Mackenzie made its unwelcome appearance, when they in turn adjourned to other and private quarters, where dancing was kept up till an early hour next morning. The journeymen tailors met in the Crown Hotel to celebrate the centenary, numbering from thirty to forty, and were efficiently presided over by Mr. Jarron.

A company of friends, which was more of a private nature, also dined in the Swan Inn in honour of the occasion of Burns' centenary. The duties of Chairman were very efficiently discharged by Mr. Scott of the Royal Bank; and amongst the leading toasts that of Dr. Guthrie, as Chairman of the principal public meeting, and the other social parties in town, was warmly received. The singing of Burns' songs was a leading feature in the enjoyment. The dinner by the host was both elegant and sumptuous.

In honour of Burns, a grand concert of Scottish music was given in the Mechanics' Hall, on the evening of the ever-memorable 25th. Though the night turned out both wet and stormy, and though all the hotels, inns, and halls in the town were filled with enthusiastic admirers of Scotia's peasant bard, yet a numerous and highly respectable audience mustered in the Mechanics' Hall, to testify their admiration of Burns by listening to the rendering of his sweet strains by a well-selected company of professionals and amateurs. The vocal part of the performance was well sustained by Miss Russell of Dundee; Miss Watson of Brechin; Mr. Fisher, Montrose; and Mr. Morrison, Brechin; while the instrumental part was beautifully executed by Allan's famous violin band from Forfar. Miss Russell's singing took remarkably well with the audience, receiving rapturous applause and numerous encores. Miss Watson also acquitted herself well, as also the male singers. The president of the Institution, Mr. Valentine, presided, and commenced the proceedings with a few remarks well chosen, and appropriate to the occasion, and introduced the singers to the company. By some overlook or other, no programme of the songs was put into the hands of the audience; but this defect was remedied by the Chairman announcing the name of each song. Altogether, the concert was a decided hit, and on any other night would have drawn an over-crowded house.

On the evening of the 25th, the bleachers of the Southesk Bleachwork, to the number of sixty, sat down to a sumptuous supper in the Swan Hotel (Mrs. Baird's). Mr. Paton, manager of the works, discharged the duties of the chair with great satisfaction; whilst Mr. John Gall ably fulfilled those of croupier. The party having done ample justice to the inviting viands, on the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drunk to with all the honours. The Chairman then, in an able speech, proposed "The Memory of Robert Burns," going over the more salient points of the bard's life, and giving many illustrations of the power and diversity of the imperishable genius of the noble and illustrious poet of Scotland. Other toasts of an appropriate kind were afterwards given and responded to, and many excellent songs were sung in fine style. Where all were so good, it may be invidious to particularize; but we may be allowed to notice the neat and appropriate address of Mr. James M'Intyre, and the excellent manner in which he sung the admirable song of "A man's a man for a' that." The songs of Mr. H. Carmichael and others were also capital. During the evening, the company were gratified with a visit from their respected master, Mr. Ireland, who, in replying to the toast of his health proposed from the chair, and drunk to with enthusiasm, addressed them in the most kindly and cordial terms. A ball then took place to excellent music, which was kept up with great spirit. At the close, the cordial thanks of the meeting were accorded to Mrs. Baird for her excellent entertainment.

BRIDGE OF WEIR.—The great saturnalia in honour of our national poet, Burns, is now over; this lively little village has once more evinced that it is not altogether devoid of literary taste, talent, and public spirit. Soon after the proposal to do honour, on a large scale, to the memory of Robert Burns, on occasion of the occurrence of his hundredth birth-day, it was resolved by a number of his admirers in the locality, that Bridge of Weir should, at least, endeavour to add one stone to his *cairn*, or one *ray*, however faint and feeble, to the halo of glory which encircles the head of "The Illustrious Scotchman" who has done so much honour to the poetical character of his country. At a public meeting of the villagers, called for the purpose of considering the subject, it was unanimously resolved that the centenary should be observed in the house of Mr. John Millar, innkeeper, on the 25th January, 1859. A committee was appointed

to make arrangements, and very soon the number applying for admission exceeded the accommodation that could be afforded. The weather, for some time previous to the long-looked for day, was both wet and stormy, and, when Tuesday came, every one in this quarter knows how it was "hanselled in"—the entire day was boisterous and disagreeable:

> "The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
> The rattlin' show'rs rose on the blast."

And some few who had no great favour for the celebration, would not have cared to hint, considering the state of the weather—

> "That a child might understand
> The deil had business on his hand."

And, certainly, as the morning had been, so was also the entire day and night, but, nothing damped, the preparations were carried on with great activity and spirit; and, as the evening approached, it became more and more evident that, in "spite of wind and weather," there would be a full and respectable muster at the Wheat Sheaf in the evening. Some had travelled miles, others had ridden through the storm, to be present:—

> "An' sic a nicht to tak' the road in,
> As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in."

The Gryffe was high in flood, and all its tributaries were sending in their contributions. The winds and waters appeared as if they also had agreed to celebrate the centenary—gushing and whistling a welcome to the day that marked the birth of Nature's own poetic child. About mid-day the inhabitants were agreeably startled with the sweet sounds of music. A celebrated local musician had taken his stand at "the key-stane o' the brig" that spans the stream, and from that point, which divides the two parishes, he discoursed with a keyed-bugle some very fine music. The Gryffe below "ran rowin' to the sea," the winds above were loud and strong, but amid the roaring of the elements the strains of Burns were distinctly heard pealing and echoing through the village and the glen. Full and clear such tunes as "Scots wha hae," "Of a' the airts the win' can blaw," "The Lea Rig," &c., came swelling out, and told most beautifully. The devotion and enthusiasm of the performer were sufficiently tried by the wind and rain; but, as if to test them more thoroughly, the famous musical Rab, being unable to take the precaution of the glorious drunken Tam when riding "hame frae Ayr,"—

> "Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
> Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scotch sonnet,"—

the wind blew off his bonnet, over it went into the Gryffe, and he had too much respect for the memory of the poet to stop and run after it. He took farewell of his headpiece to the tune of "I'm Afloat," and thus offering it at the shrine of Burns, he remained uncovered and continued his strains.

By half-past seven in the evening the hall of the Wheat Sheaf was completely filled with a very happy and respectable company, fully representing all the interests of the village and neighbourhood:—

> "The storm without might rair and rustle,
> *They* didna mind the storm a whistle."

The Chairman, Mr. Matthew Gemmill, teacher, was supported on the right by Mr. Robert Martin, feuar, Mr. John Clark, grocer, &c., and on the left by Mr. William Baillie, carding-master, Mr. William Hay, tailor, &c. Mr. John Speirs, currier, and Mr. James Orr, farmer, Burngill, ably performed the duties of croupiers. They were supported right and left by Messrs. Wm. Alexander, sen.; Wm. Lang, draper; James Alexander; Wm. Erskine, farmer, Auchincloich; P. Caldwell, farmer, Threeply; Jas. Whyte, grocer; Robert Alexander, feuar; Matthew Alexander, grocer; David Houston, feuar, &c. The repast was simple but substantial, and did credit to the purveyors—the landlord and Mr. Baillie, baker. The duties of the orchestra were well sustained by Messrs. Thorburn, Hunter, and Peden, who handsomely gave their services gratuitously on the occasion. The Chairman, before asking a blessing, said that he was not ashamed to make the following suggestion, namely, that as we were met, like many others, "to spend a night with Burns," the "Grace" should be made in the words of the poet himself. (Hear, hear.) It was a better grace than he could say, and as good a one as any man could say. The words to which he referred were entitled, "A Grace before Dinner," and would be found at page 213 of the copy of the poet's works which he now held in his hand. The whole company having risen to their feet, the grace was said as follows:—

> "O Thou, who kindly dost provide
> For every creature's want!
> We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
> For all Thy goodness lent:
> And if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
> May never worse be sent;
> But whether granted or denied,
> Lord, bless us with content!—Amen!"

After supper, the CHAIRMAN proposed *the toast* of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns." (Applause.) The Chairman said that he did not intend to detain them with a speech on this occasion. They all knew about Robert

Burns; they knew him as Scotland's greatest poet. (Applause.) They were acquainted with his history and his writings, and therefore he would not enter upon these just now, but call upon them at once to drink to his "memory." Some of our local poets, he understood, had been busy on the theme, and perhaps at a future part of the proceedings he might be able to give to the meeting a few specimens of their "wood notes wild." (Hear, hear, and applause.) The toast was drunk in silence.

In the course of the evening the Chairman introduced to the meeting a very interesting and intelligent old man, Mr. Robert Martin, as one of the very few links which now remain to connect the poet and his times with the present generation. "Auld Robin Martin" has resided long, and is well known in Bridge of Weir. His brother, the late Colonel Martin of the East India Company's service, died some years ago in Edinburgh. He had risen from the ranks, and was very respectable. Robert became a feuar in Bridge of Weir, where he still resides. In his young days he was a farm-servant in Galloway. Robert Burns and Robert Martin knew each other; Burns was eleven years older than Martin. They were both present at a wedding about 1792—it was held at the farm of Laight, in the parish of Morton, Dumfries-shire. Robin Martin was then twenty-two, he is now in his eighty-ninth year, dull of hearing, and almost blind. He was brought up to the meeting in a comfortable conveyance. Notwithstanding the pelting storm, he enjoyed the affair much, was happy, told his story, and sung a song. The meeting looked upon him with interest, and were proud of his company as one who had been "han' for neive" with the poet whom they had met to honour. His health was most enthusiastically drunk, with many wishes that he might be spared to have a centenary meeting for himself. The old man returned thanks. He described the wedding at Laight as just "a decent meeting like what we hae here the nicht. There was nae dancing or fiddling at it; but they were a' happy, and Burns was just as *douce an' decent* as ony o' them."

Music, recitations, and songs followed. The night was spent in harmony and good fellowship, and when the programme was exhausted, the company united in singing "Auld Langsyne," a song ever fresh and welcome to Scotchmen as when Burns first wrote it; after which, "up they gat, and shook their lugs," and, after the fashion of honest "Luath and Cæsar,"

> "Each took aff his several way,
> Resolved to meet some other day."

BUCHLYVIE.—It being wished in this place to do honour to the memory of Robert Burns, the day of the centenary of the immortal Bard's birth was respected with such affection and grandeur as has never been evinced, of a festive nature, in our locality. The meeting assembled in the public school, which was beautifully decorated, and, as the affair was so honourable, we cannot avoid detailing a few particulars as the apartment presented itself. On entering the usual approach to it, there was a porch of evergreens within the walls which had an imposing effect, and the interior was arched throughout with ivy and other descriptions of evergreens. The places allotted to the chairman and croupier were tastefully set off with alcoves of the same description, and formed a pleasing aspect, as seen by the company. The portrait of the bard encircled with a wreath of fern—a material which was the more astonishing to procure when we consider the season and "the blasts of a Januar' win'"—and the initials of the name above it, were situated behind the speakers, while, at the opposite end of the hall, and beside the croupier, were the initials of the word "birth-day," likewise composed in a wreath of the same attractive and interesting material. Altogether the decorations were imposing, and grand beyond what indeed we would have esteemed as the ingenuity, and constructive fancy and ability, of some of our youthful minds in the locality: but there can be no doubt that the taste and management evinced in this part of the scene can clearly be traced to the discerning powers of the worthy individual who presided on the occasion. The company met at seven o'clock, when about sixty sat down to a grand dinner, prepared by Mr. James Wilson, baker. Mr. John Robertson, wright, was appointed to the chair, and A. Dun, Esq. of Kepdowrie, croupier, by the acclamations of the audience. After the cloth was removed, and the usual loyal toasts disposed of, the Chairman called the attention of the meeting to the principal toast of the evening, and which he prefaced by a eulogium on the genius of the bard whom we were met that night to honour, and whose fame was not confined to the country he was a native of, but celebrated throughout the world, as it would be that evening wherever the English language was spoken.

BUCKIE.—The anniversary of Burns here was celebrated by a concert in Macdonald's Hall, conducted by Messrs. Fowler, M'Kenzie, and Ross.

BURGHEAD.—In Burghead there was a

procession, in which the coopers and carters held a prominent position. A band of music accompanied the processionists, who carried a number of flags and devices. Upwards of thirty gentlemen dined in Grant's Inn. Among the company were—P. Christall, Esq.; J. Mellis, Esq., Sheriffmill; Alex. Young, Esq., Fleurs; J. D. Grigor, Esq., Wester Alves; Mr. Jeffrey, baker; Mr. Hutchison, Wards; Mr. Ross, fishcurer; Mr. Dunlop, teacher; Mr. Gilchrist, teacher, &c., &c. William Young, Esq. of Burghead, occupied the chair, and after proposing the usual loyal toasts, gave "The Memory of Burns," in a neat and appropriate speech, which was heartily responded to by the assembled company.

In the course of the evening a song by 'Manoah' was sung to the tune of 'There grows a bonny briar bush.'

BURNTISLAND.—Burns' Centenary banquet was held here in the new Music Hall. Upwards of ninety gentlemen partook of supper—J. Young, Esq. of Dunearn, presided as chairman, with Bailie Connel, Messrs. Hutchison, town-clerk, and Gellatly, croupiers. After proposing the usual loyal toasts, which were received with the utmost enthusiasm,—

The CHAIRMAN rose and said—Gentlemen, I now rise to propose the toast of the evening, and, in doing so, shall endeavour to be very brief. To quote largely from the works of the immortal Burns would be only telling you what you already know, and, indeed, to many present they must be 'familiar as household words.' It has been said, and said truly, that 'music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' and if that be true of music I think it is equally true of poetry. Nay, I think in most instances, poetry is the more potent of the two; and, as far as they can affect the human race, they may be said to a great extent to be twin sisters. Burns tells us that the genius of poetry found him at the plough, and cast her inspiring mantle over him; and truly, if Genius was ever profuse in her gifts it was when she inspired our national poet. There is a versatility in the poetry and prose of Burns which may not strike every one at first sight. Let me rapidly call your attention to the characteristics of the poet. Take him as a domestic and rural poet, with a keen admiration for the beauties of nature under its varied aspects. Look at his address to a mountain daisy—the kindly feeling and warmth of expression evinced in 'John Anderson, my Jo,' 'The twa dogs,' and 'The auld Farmer's address to his auld mare, Maggie,'—and take that noble pastoral, 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' in which there is an essential nationality, giving us a sketch, at once graphic and true, of the labours, the pastimes, the indoor and domestic life of that noble peasantry which has done so much for the independence and welfare of their country. I believe that this poem calls up to the minds of our expatriated countrymen in distant climes the most vivid thoughts and recollections of old Scotia, and makes them long for that period so much desired by Burns, when "man to man the warld o'er, shall brithers be and a' that." Again, in his pathetic poetry you find him rich and overflowing; and without taxing your patience with quotations, I would just refer you to his "Mary in Heaven"—to that effusion of his, beginning "Ye banks and braes and streams around the castle of Montgomery," and "Thou lingering star with lessening ray." As to his wit, it has struck me both in poetry and prose, although the palm must be given to his poetry; there is a peculiarity, and there are distinguishing features in it, which cannot be mistaken. Look, for instance, to his address to a haggis, with favourable specimens of which we have just been served at this festive board. Look again to "Tam o' Shanter," "The Inventory," the bold cantata of "The Jolly Beggars," the address to "Toothache," "Epistle to Captain Grose," and in that ludicrous and graphic description of a small unmentionable degraded reptile, which he saw leisurely and triumphantly marching over the new bonnet of a young lady, seated in church, decked out in all the glory of her Sunday braws. I cannot believe that the man who wrote "The Cottar's Saturday Night" was a hypocrite, and who, but one with a feeling of deep reverence for the Deity and a conscientious desire to guide those embarking on the dangerous and tempestuous sea of life, could pen such lines as those he addressed to a young friend. Surely then, gentlemen, you will join me in the feeling—"With all thy faults we love thee still." Peace, then, I say to the ashes of the Ayrshire peasant! the genius, the wit, of Scotia's national bard!—Peace to the ashes of Robert Burns! Gentlemen, I call upon you to pledge me with all the honours to "Scotia's Immortal Bard." The Chairman was listened to throughout with the closest attention, and frequent and enthusiastic applause. The toast, received with an explosion of cheering from the audience, was followed by "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Various other songs and toasts diversified the proceedings of an evening which takes rank as one in a century in the estimation of all present.

BURRELTON.—A number of the admirers of poetic genius met here on Tuesday, the 25th, to celebrate the centenary of the Ayrshire bard.

Mr. John Craig, postmaster, was in the chair; and Mr. Thomas Thomson acted as croupier. The "great chieftain of the puddin' race" was on the table; and after dinner the usual patriotic toasts were drank. The Chairman then proposed the toast of the evening, "The memory of Robert Burns;" and in doing so gave a sketch of the poet's birthplace, the cottage in which he was born, his education and schoolboy days, the vicissitudes of his early life in agricultural pursuits, and his resolution to leave "Old Scotia"—how he had taken farewell of his friends and composed his last song, when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend, and the patronage of the Earl of Glencairn, made the poet change his resolution and opened new prospects for his poetic ambition. He then went on to describe the poet's Highland tour, with various incidents which he met with on his journey. He then described his last illness, and recited his prayer in the prospect of death, beginning thus, "Why am I loath to leave this earthly scene?" He concluded with reading some lines composed for the occasion. Song by Mr. Brodie—"A man's a man for a' that." The croupier gave "The Scottish Poets;" and Mr. Robertson gave a humorous speech on the Dedication of Burns' works. Mr. Kiellar reviewed Burns' works, and concluded by proposing the Chairman's health. Mr. Macdonald gave "Scotchmen and their descendants," and recited "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Mr. Emmerson sang "Rantin' rovin' Robin." The Chairman gave the healths of Mungo Murray, Esq., of Lintrose, and J. G. Murray, Esq., of Woodside Cottage, the nephews of Euphemia Murray, the flower of Strathmore, celebrated by Burns in the song, "Blythe, blythe, and merry was she." A portrait of her was shown to the company. The toast was received with rapturous applause. Mr. Scott sang "When the kye comes hame." Mr. Johnstone recited "Captain Grose" in fine style. Mr. Stewart described Burns' cottage and the surrounding scenery, he having lately visited it. Mr. Nicoll, Woodside farm, played some of Burns' beautiful airs on the accordion at intervals during the evening, which added much to the hilarity of the meeting. "The hour of night's black arch the keystane," being at hand, the company rose and joined hand-in-hand and sung "Auld Langsyne;" after which they separated, highly delighted with the evening's proceedings.

BUSBY.—A select party, numbering from 25 to 30, met in Mr. M'Kenzie's Tea Gardens, Causeyside, on the evening of Tuesday, 25th January, for the purpose of celebrating the centenary of Robert Burns—Mr. Alexander M'Gilvray occupied the chair, and Mr. Thomas Cunningham officiated as croupier.

Before partaking of a substantial supper, partly consisting of an excellent haggis, the Chairman gravely recited, amidst roars of laughter, Burns' "Address to a Haggis." After the cloth was removed, the usual loyal toasts were given and cheerfully responded to. The song of the "Red, White, and Blue" was sung with great spirit, and highly cheered, after the toast of "The Army and Navy."

The CHAIRMAN then gave the toast of the evening, and in so doing, went over at some length the life and writings of Burns, and strenuously defended both his works and character from what he considered the attacks of silly, carping critics, and narrow-minded calumniators. He strengthened his position by quotations from Burns' own works, and the opinions held of Burns by many eminent authors. He concluded his remarks, which were listened to with great attention throughout, by proposing "The Memory of Burns, as the Immortal National Bard of Scotland."—The toast was responded to with all the honours.

A number of Burns' best songs were sung with great taste and feeling. Afterwards an original poem, on the "Land of Burns," composed for the occasion, by Mr. Robert Cathcart, was read. The effusion was hailed by all present with applause. A series of toasts followed to the memories of the departed poets of Scotland, which were introduced by concise speeches on the prominent parts of their lives and writings.

A great variety of toasts, songs, and recitations followed, and the night went off most harmoniously.

After a vote of thanks to the Chairman, he stated that he had been at many meetings, both at home and abroad, but he never in his life saw such a glorious meeting as this.

The Burns' Centenary was also commemorated in one of Mr. Crum's mills, which gave accommodation to 460 people. The workers of Mr. Crum and Mr. Wakefield vied with each other in their efforts to render all the arrangements worthy of the occasion. The proceedings were conducted on temperance principles. Mr. Crum of Busby presided, supported by the Rev. Mr. Dick, Rev. Mr. Storry, Mr. Moore, Mr. Armour, Mr. Alexander Miller, Mr. Boyd, &c. After tea, the Chairman delivered the opening address, giving a short account of the life of Burns, and embodying a felicitous selection of characteristic and appropriate quotations from his poems, which were read with equal taste and spirit. Addresses on the poetry and songs of Burns, his influence on the national feelings, and the state of society in the time when he lived, were delivered by Dr. Ross, Mr.

Clark, the Rev. Mr. Dick, Rev. Mr. Storry, and Mr. Boyd. After spending a happy evening, the large company broke up at midnight.

CADDONFOOT.—The inhabitants of Caddon Water and its surrounding district, in common with their fellow-countrymen, had resolved that the centenary of Burns should not pass unobserved. Accordingly on the evening of the 25th, a soiree was held in the schoolroom of the above place, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large party, numbering 130, assembled, showing that the object of the meeting was deeply sympathized with. The chair was taken by Mr. James Sanderson, Meigle, who delivered the following address.

Ladies and Gentlemen—It is almost unnecessary to say that we are met to-night to celebrate the birthday centenary of Scotland's greatest poet. At this moment similar meetings are being held in every town, village, and hamlet in Scotland, as well as in every country whose people claim kindred with the British race. In attempting a sketch of some of the prominent elements of Burns' mind, it is as one who enters for the first time a spacious hall, whose walls are draped with the most gorgeous paintings; his eye, instead of fixing on one object, in a bewildered glance surveys the whole. It is like viewing a magnificent landscape—such as the valley where we now are presents on a summer's day—the eye, instead of fixing on the beautiful foliage of a tree, or the windings of a solitary rill, embraces hill and valley, wood and water, in one delighted gaze. So is it with Burns; his mind presents so many characteristic yet diversified features, that it is difficult to select them or sketch them separately, for we find nationalism, independence, patriotism, sarcasm, humour, love;—all contending for the mastery. One or two of these elements I can only glance at. Burns was intensely national. His sympathies were closely interwoven with those of his countrymen, and he described their affections, tastes, and feelings as accurately as if these were his own. His mind was indeed a gigantic mirror, in which was reflected not only all surrounding objects, but in which every Scotchman could behold his own character and trace his own history. A true son of nature, he read it as he saw it, in the peasant homes and in the rural *scenes* with which he mingled. He sought not the sunny skies and balmy groves of other lands for figures to adorn his muse. The Grecian and Roman mines of philosophy were for him undug; neither did he tread the academic halls of learning and science to enrich his pages. His own country was the shrine at which he worshipped. Its mountains towering their massive summits to the skies, its rivers meandering through lonely valleys, its birks and shaws, its mists and vapours, its moors and mosses, its fruits and flowers, its battles and its loves, its men and its mice, are the trophies of his muse, and the legacies he bequeathed in undying song to succeeding ages. His portraits of the varied characters he sketches are so perfect that they furnish a complete history of the time at which he lived; and I believe that when all contemporaneous history shall have perished before the scythe of time, the future historian will cull from the pages of Burns a correct delineation and a faithful portrait of Scottish manners and customs during the 18th century. Burns' poetry is so clear, simple, and natural, that the reader not only *sees* but *feels* the scenes it paints. Burns was a native plant, germinated, nurtured, and matured on native soil, and developed all his massive and colossal proportions without the pruner's knife or the hewer's hatchet. Next in order to Burns' nationality, I would claim a place for his manly independence. The readers of his works feel that the author is one with whom they could shake hands with a firm grasp and with perfect freedom, being assured that they would neither be approached with disdain nor undue reverence. To Burns' birth and parentage he was partly indebted for this noble element in his character, and probably but for these, "A man's a man for a' that," and other noble lyrics would never have been penned. After making some remarks on Burns' love for all the animal creation, he said that love at times was the all-absorbing passion with Burns, and many of his sweetest poems are its fruits. There is a beauty and pathos in his love songs which are equalled by no other poet, such as "Highland Mary," and "To Mary in Heaven." With him love is the sunshine of the soul. All nature smiles around him. The dew is kissing the rosebud, the flowers are loading the air with their perfumes, the trees are embracing the genial breezes, and the groves are resounding with sweetest melodies. Earth has no dark spots, no *drumlie* waters pollute its valleys, no frosts nip its fruits, nor noxious vapours mingle with its breezes; but all nature is basking in summer sunshine, and is draped in summer's beauty. But why need I dwell on the nationality, independence, and love of Burns. These are engraven on the heart of every Scotchman. Men of all tastes, all professions, all creeds, and in every station of life do them homage. They are sung in the peasant's cot as well as in the palace hall, in gay saloons as well as in meanest hovels. The

ploughman at his plough, the maiden at her needle, the mechanic in his workshop, the farmer in his fields—all tune their lay at Burns' lyre, and make the hills and valleys vocal with his muse. This is not the place, nor is it my wish to touch on the blemishes of some of Burns' writings; these as time rolls on will be forgot, and his finer writings become more esteemed, as the stream deposits its mud and becomes purer in its progress. Many of his noble lyrics are destined to immortality, and I believe that so long as Scottish mountains defy the storm, so long as Scottish rivers kiss their pebbled shores, so long as Scottish valleys are peopled with herds, so long as lovely maiden chaunts her evening ditty, so long as Scottish lad woos Scottish lass—so long shall the poetry of Burns—like a perennial stream—shed its refreshing and cheering influence, or, if destined to perish, it shall perish only as the stream is lost in the ocean, to be reproduced in the writings of succeeding poets—as the stream is reproduced in rains that nourish, and in dews that refresh the successive races of vegetable life. (Immense applause).

An address was then delivered by Mr. A. Donaldson, Clovenfords, on the wit and humour of Burns. Several songs were then given, among others, the "Lea Rig," by a lady, and "My Highland Mary," by Mr. J. Darnley, Clovenfords, which called forth universal plaudits. Pies, fruits, and sweets were served by the stewards. After this Mr. J. Grant entertained the assembly with a good substantial speech on "Burns and the Scottish peasantry as they were in his days," and concluded by an eloquent peroration to the memory of Burns. "Logan Braes" was then sung; at conclusion of which, an excellent address was delivered by Mr. T. M'Donald, Ashiestiel, on "Burns and his Highand Mary." The first part of the "Jolly Beggars" was given by Mr. T. M'Donald in good taste and humorous style. The whole company then, at the Chairman's request, rose to their feet, and sang in concert "Auld Langsyne," which terminated the doings of the soiree. A ball was then opened for the young people, at which Mr. Darnley plied his bow with his usual vigour. The party broke up at a late hour, after having spent a really happy night in honour of their bard.

CADDON WATER & CLOVENFORDS.—The farmers in this quarter dined together on Tuesday, in Whytbanklee Inn, to celebrate Burns' birthday. Almost all the farmers of the district were present, besides others from a considerable distance. Mr. James Sanderson, Meigle, occupied the chair, and Mr. Thomas Elliot, Blackhaugh, officiated as croupier. After the usual loyal toasts were given, the Chairman, in a short but appropriate address, gave "The Memory of Burns." The evening was spent with the utmost hilarity, and the party broke up at half-past six o'clock, to join the soiree at Caddon Foot.

CAIRNIE.—A soiree was held here, in the spacious mill belonging to Mr. Pirie of Little Daugh, who kindly granted it for the occasion. There were upwards of 160 present, who were very ably presided over by Mr. Robertson, of Auchanachie. Some of Burns' choicest gems were dissolved into floods of melody.

CAIRNRYAN.—A grand ball came off here in honour of our great national poet, Robert Burns. The music was ably presided over by Mr. Andrew Blain. A number of appropriate toasts were given at intervals. The company sang some of the poet's favourite songs; and to add to the evening's entertainment, Mrs. Gordon of the Cross Keys, with her wonted hospitality, gave a splendid Scottish haggis, which for richness and delicacy of taste could not be surpassed "frae Maiden-kirk to John o' Groats." Altogether the evening was spent in the most happy manner.

CALLANDER.—The shops were closed, and the 25th was observed as a holiday in honour of the memory of Scotia's illustrious bard. In the evening the Free Gardeners of Callander assembled in Brother Malcolm M'Intyre's hall, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens and characteristic emblems of the Gardeners and of the poet, by Brother Malcolm M'Nie. The chair was taken at an early hour by Brother Duncan Carmichael, who delivered an opening address, which did himself and the occasion much honour. He was followed by Malcolm M'Nie on the moral beauties and universal brotherhood so exquisitely depicted in the writings of Burns. Though the meeting was conducted on total abstinence principles, yet the Chairman, in a manly speech, expressed, and the meeting responded to, a sincere wish for long life, health, and prosperity to Her Majesty and her royal family, in perhaps a more loyal manner than though they had drank her health in alcohol or rosy wine. The sentiment of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," was then brought forward by John M'Gregor in a neat and appropriate speech, which frequently called forth the plaudits and approval of the meeting. As most meet, the memory of the poet was followed by the "bonnie lassies" who graced the meeting with their presence—health, peace, and happiness

with those they love best, being gallantly wished them in a feeling speech by Brother Charles M'Farlane—to which, it is unnecessary to say, the hall rung with a heartfelt response. Several songs and recitations suitable for the subjects of the evening were given, and dancing was kept up with great glee till a late hour, when votes of thanks being duly awarded to Malcolm M'Nie for decorating the hall, and to Alex. Stewart, Esq., Roman Camp, for supplying them with evergreens, the meeting separated.

CAMPBELTON.—On the evening of Tuesday, a party of seventy-one gentlemen, admirers of the genius of our national bard, sat down to dinner in the Town Hall, to commemorate the centenary of Robert Burns. The chair on the occasion was ably filled by Provost Beith; Sheriff Gardiner, William Watson, Esq., banker, and Charles Mactaggart, Procurator Fiscal, officiating as croupiers. On the right and left of the Chairman we observed, George M'Neal, Esq. of Ugadale, Bailie Love, David M'Dougal, Esq., Clydesdale Bank, Captain George Melville, Beachill, &c. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and responded to.

The CHAIRMAN, on rising to propose the toast of the evening, said,—Messrs. Croupiers and Gentlemen, you know how ill qualified I am to do justice to the toast which it now falls to me to propose. I have to entreat your forbearance for the mode in which I intend to attempt bringing it under your notice. To many of you it may not be known that in youth, like most others I believe at that stage of life, I paid court to the muses. I have long ceased, however, to invoke their favours; but it having occurred to me that the toast of this evening were best introduced in the language of song, I ventured to renew my addresses; and having received the permission of some of the gentlemen who act as stewards of this large and respectable meeting to read what has been the result, I shall now, trusting to your indulgence, endeavour to do so:

The task on me by your great kindness laid,
Is undertaken with unfeigned dread,
That in my failure your fair courtesy,
Its due desert may lose, and this good company,
That rapture-feeling which, aright proclaimed,
My theme from Scottish hearts till now has gained.
As on this night in many a crowded hall,
It does from peer and peasant great and small.

How shall I speak of Scotia's cherished Bard,
How tell the pride wherewith her sons regard
In memory, him, around whose fervid brow,
In vision Coila wound the holly bough?
Not mine the gift though albeit the desire
In accents meet, breath of poetic fire,
To speak the praise of that immortal song
Whose echoes sweet our native dales prolong,
And over seas are borne to every land
Where found is loving heart, or patriot hand,
Till swelling on this eve in chorus wide,
Echo no more! but loud as ocean tide
Is heard anew the songs of other times
Round Albion's shores, and shores of other climes.

If this be homage to high talent due,
In right to Burns belongs it as to few.

True, his apt lyre was tuned to various strains.
The patriot's heart it thrilled. Quick in his veins
It sent his life-blood when of Bruce it told,
And those oft by him led in days of old,
And chains and slavery and tyrant power,
Honour's incentives in the battle hour.

Anon he touched another chord, and sang
Of homely life, and pure; from whence he sprang;
Whose scenes to him were nature, ever dear—
Scenes breathing peace and hope, serene and clear;
Then measures flowed as if the sacred lyre
Had lent a string. 'Twas no delusive fire
That warmed the heart which sung the quiet eve
Prelude of Sabbath morn. Nor did he deceive
The ardent songster, when with Zion's measures
He soothed his soul as with its choicest treasures,
Rekindling glimpse of life's auspicious morn,
In words devout to every region borne,
Telling wherein is found a nation's power,
Source of her wisdom. Of her strength the tower.

Now grave, now gay, alike resplendent shone
The gifts by nature lavished on her son.
Brighter perchance when tale of Alloway, dire,
On that mirk night when wrapt in Hell-born fire,
He sung. And he whose fire it was, for once unbent,
His mighty powers as gay musician lent.
Choosing for instrument nor fife nor drum,
But Highland Bagpipe with its martial hum!
And Shanter's canter on his good mare Meg,
From loss of tail grown still more fleet of leg,
Though barely saved her rider, skin and bone,
To hear a lecture from his Kate at home.
Tale this of many with rich humour told,
Which stingless jest and sarcasm unfold.

How many a love-tale pure of maid and swain
Poured forth that lyre in nature's richest strain,
And chants whose wit and pleasantry beguile
The social hour! With incense fraught the while
For Friendship's shrine. Rehearsing Boyhood's play
Midst nooks and streams in youth's long summer day
The cherished chants of Scotia's sons become
As well in other lands as in their home.
Would that our Bard had constant been and true
To virtue as to nature. So all honours due
To gifts so rare had joyfully been paid,
By gravest critic and by purest maid.

Here end my lay. My mind to duty turns,
Drink to the memory of immortal Burns.

During the evening the company were enlivened by appropriate tunes played by an instrumental band. Many of Burns' songs were admirably sustained by the vocal powers of Messrs. Grogan, Wylie, Logie, Grant, and Wilson. Altogether the meeting was a very enthusiastic one, reflecting great credit on the Chairman, Croupiers, Committee of management, and mine host of the White Hart Hotel.

CAMPSIE.—The people of Campsie demonstrated on the 25th, by the various entertainments provided, that they were not insensible to the merits of the "lad born in Kyle," whose centenary they commemorated. The masonic body had a supper and ball in the Commercial Inn; a party of sixty dined in the Lennox Arms; and an excellent entertainment was provided for upwards of 200 in the New Subscription School-room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion.

CARLOPS.—A number of the inhabitants of the village of Carlops met on the evening of the 25th, in Mr. Mitchell's Inn, where they sat down to a sumptuous dinner. Mr. Thomas Thomson occupied the chair, Mr. Mitchell croupier. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, "The Memory of the illustrious Bard" was drunk with all the honours. Addresses were given by the Chairman and others, and the beautiful verses composed by Fitzgreen Halleck, of New York, to the memory of Burns, were given by one of the company. Toast, song, and sentiment went round during the evening; and the meeting broke up at eleven o'clock, singing the beautiful verses of "Auld Langsyne," to the memory of the illustrious bard.

CARLUKE.—The centenary of the birth of Burns was celebrated here by a public supper and ball, on the evening of the 25th. The supper took place in the hall of the Black Bull Inn, at six o'clock. The hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens, typical of the unfading memory of Burns. T. Matthews, Esq., banker, filled the chair, supported on the right by Mr. Fraser, teacher, Carluke; and on the left by J. Barr, Esq., Law. The duties of croupier were discharged by Mr. Fraser, teacher, Dalserf. About eighty gentlemen were present. After the party had done justice to an excellent supper, served in Mr. Cassel's best style, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and responded to, one was drunk in silence to the memory of the immortal bard, and others of friendly sentiment met with cordial responses; such as "The Poets of Great Britain and Ireland," by Mr. Fraser, Dalserf; "The inhabitants of Carluke," by Mr. Barr; "The peasantry of Scotland," by Mr. Fraser, Carluke; a toast to the "Wives and Sweethearts of Carluke," and a cheer to those who had neither. "The Landed Interests," by Mr. Fraser, Carluke, replied to by J. Reid, Esq.; "The Iron and Coal Trade," from the chair, replied to by Mr. Barr, &c., &c. Mr. Fraser, of Dalserf, gave an excellent address on the "Life and Writings of Burns," in which the qualities of the poet's genius were impartially and ably discussed. A recitation, "The Patriot Tell's Speech," was eloquently delivered by Mr. Andrew Wilson. A number of Burns best songs were sung by Messrs. Johnston, Thomson, Gilchrist, Lindsay, Fraser, and others. Votes of thanks were awarded the committee, and Mr. Matthews, for his active services in the chair, when the party separated at half-past nine, to join their better halves (real and intended), and re-assemble for the ball, which was held in the Parochial School-room, where they danced in mirth and glee till three o'clock next morning, when they parted in the best of order, much delighted with the whole proceedings. We learn that the proceeds of the entertainment are to be presented to Mrs. Thomson, of Pollockshaws, sister of the poet.

In honour of Burns, the Brethren of the Carluke St. John's Lodge, No. 187, commemorated the event by a supper in the Black Bull Inn. Every due honour and respect was paid to the name and memory of the bard, as a brother of the mystic tie; but for want of particulars we cannot give details. A subscription was entered into by the lodge, the proceeds of which will be forwarded to Mrs. Thomson.

CARNOUSTIE.—Our village has not been behind-hand in bearing its tribute to the genius of the "lad that was born in Kyle." We have had a concert of vocal and instrumental music in Carnoustie School-room, by Mr. Kerr Nicoll and family, with the efficient assistance of Mr. Guthrie on the double bass, and Mr. Suttie on the flute. The concert has proved a complete success, both with regard to the performance of the musicians, and to the number of the audience. The proceedings were commenced by Mr. Auchterlonie (the chairman) giving a dissertation of the life and writings of the poet, interspersed with recitations from his works. The proceedings were agreeably enlivened by Mr. Boath singing "My Nannie's awa'," "A man's a man for a' that," and several other of the poet's most popular songs. At the close the audience dispersed, fully satisfied that they had been joining in a wise, judicious, and sensible celebration of the poet's centenary.

In addition to this public entertainment, a large party of gentlemen sat down to supper in Bruce's Kinloch Arms, and did ample justice to the viands, which were got up in a really substantial and excellent style. The evening was spent in a most harmonious manner, speeches, song, and sentiment being the ruling order of the night. There were numerous other small parties held throughout the village.

CARNWATH.—The Burns centenary was celebrated with an amount of enthusiasm rarely witnessed in the parish. The Masons' Hall, the largest building in the village, was crowded to suffocation, and hundreds who were anxious to be present had to be denied admittance, from want of accommodation.

Dr. Wilson, of Westsidewood, presided, supported on the right and left by John Jackson, Esq., of Hall Hill; James Logan, Esq., of Eastshield; Mr. French, Park; Dr. Paterson, Carnwath; Messrs. Nimmo and Watson, Carnwath; Mr. French, Lampits; &c., &c.

The meeting was eloquently addressed by Mr. Dymock, who gave a sketch of the life of Burns; Mr. Nimmo, who told some amusing anecdotes of Burns, and of his journey through the parish and upper ward on his way to Edinburgh; Mr. Russell, on the writings of Burns; and by the Chairman, who proposed "The Immortal Memory of Scotland's greatest son, the ploughman poet Burns," which was responded to with a perfect storm of enthusiasm. The Chairman, in his speech, gave a short sketch of the poetic art from the most ancient times down to the days of Burns. He then referred to the power and influence of poetry in moulding the human mind, as exemplified in all ages, and so beautifully expressed by Pollok—

> "He touched his harp, and nations heard entranced,
> As some vast river of unfailing source;
> Rapid, exhaustless, deep his numbers flowed,
> And oped new fountains in the human heart;"

and wound up a most eloquent address by special reference to the magic power and influence of the genius of Burns—who, as the child of Nature, sympathised with her in all her moods—whose heart danced with the merry dancing sunbeams, or leapt for joy amid the wildness of the winter's blast; who sung in strains of sweetest melody the language of Nature—a language known and understood by men of all ages and of every clime, and in songs which will last as long as time exists, moulding the mind of man to higher aims and nobler aspirations.

The meeting was enlivened in the interval between the speeches with songs and music from an instrumental band; and altogether it was a most successful one, notwithstanding the discomfort from overcrowding, every one being glad at having an opportunity of paying respect to the memory of the great departed.

CARRIDEN.—The centenary of the "Prince of Scottish song" was celebrated here in the Parish School-room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens and wild fern. Over the chair were the letters R. B. neatly formed of variegated laurel, and separated by a star of serrated fern. A large party of gentlemen sat down to a substantial dinner. On the table, occupying a conspicuous place, was a huge "Scotch haggis," corresponding in all respects with the bard's description of the "chieftain." Mr. Dorward, parochial teacher, occupied the chair, and the duties of croupier were efficiently discharged by Mr. Hunter. The Chairman proposed the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," which was responded to with due honours. Song by the croupier—"There was a lad was born in Kyle." During the evening several readings and recitations from the poet's works were given, and a number of his best songs were sung with much taste and feeling. After spending an evening such as has seldom been anywhere surpassed for pleasure and harmony, the company joined in singing "Auld Langsyne," and separated at a late hour in the morning, highly delighted with the whole proceedings.

CARRON.—A few of the admirers of Burns met in Carron Inn, to commemorate the centenary of the poet. Mr. John Campbell, accountant, Carron, ably discharged the duties of the chair, and Mr. William Clark, Blackmill, those of croupier. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in a speech characterised by great ability, gave a very interesting description of the life and poetry of the immortal bard, and concluded by proposing "The Memory of Burns." The supper provided for this occasion by mine host of Carron Inn did great credit to Mrs. Horn's *cuisine*.

CARRONSHORE.—On the evening of the 25th, a number of the admirers of the immortal bard of Scotland met in the house of Alexander Hunter, publican, Carronshore. The duty of the chair was confided to Mr. John Lawson, and that of croupier to Mr. Thomas Ritchie, senior. After partaking of a most substantial supper, which reflected great credit on our worthy hostess, Mrs. Hunter, the cloth being removed, and the usual loyal toasts being given, the Chairman, in a most appropriate speech, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was responded to in a most enthusiastic manner. The company was much enlivened by a few recitations from Mr. A. Rankin, and some of the poet's most choice songs were sung by the Messrs. Laing, in their usual masterly style. Altogether the meeting was of a very agreeable nature, and reflects great credit on the locality.

CARSEPHAIRN.—The inhabitants of the

village of Carsephairn and the neighbourhood met at the Cross Keys Inn, to commemorate the centenary of Burns—Mr. Wallace, Knockgrey, in the chair; and after an excellent tea and an exhilarating glass, a few speeches and a number of Burns' songs sung by Mr. Wallace and Mr. Tait, the company retired, being much gratified by the reminiscences of their country's bard, and the enjoyment of their meeting.

CASTLE-DOUGLAS.—On the evening of the 25th, about eighty gentlemen met in the Commercial Inn here. The dining-room was tastefully decorated, and the front windows of the two upper stories illuminated, showing four beautiful transparencies got up to give effect to the scene,—while every now and then the bass and tenor violins and bagpipes discoursed sweet music. Upon the removal of the cloth, and after the usual loyal and constitutional toasts had been given,

The CHAIRMAN, Alexander M'Michan, Esq. of Corbieton, said:—Burns, who may emphatically be called Scotland's Poet, and who drew his first breath beneath a straw roof, and whose first lullaby was sung within the compass of a clay-built cot, has a fame that will perish only with time,—a name that has become a household word, and whose songs and poems are read and sung, not only in the sunny plains of the south, but also in the far backwoods of North America. The peasant in his cot is proud of him, the prince and the peer alike admire him, and his works fill a prominent place in the library of each. I call upon you to join me in a bumper to the memory of our own immortal poet. (Drunk in solemn silence.)

Mr. SINCLAIR, the Croupier:—The toast intrusted to my care is "Burns as a Poet." As a poet, he possesses a power that is irresistible; and there is a simplicity, beauty, and sublimity about his pieces that fascinates and enchants. (The toast was drunk with all the honours.)

"Burns as a man," by Mr. BRYDON, who said:—Possessed of an independence of mind that no power on earth could bend, a benevolence of heart that nothing could destroy, a love ardent and glowing for his kind, a friendship strong as death, and a patriotism pure and holy; his sympathies were all on the side of the weak, and the outpourings of his heart were given to the helpless and the distressed. "Burns as a man," heartily responded to.

Tune—"A man's a man for a' that."

Various other toasts were given, and songs sung during the evening.

Altogether the company spent a very pleasant evening, and the utmost harmony and good humour prevailed; all parted singing the song of "Auld Langsyne" at the conclusion.

A party assembled in the Douglas Arms Hotel, presided over by Mr. Richard Hewit, with Bailies Craig and Dobie, Treasurer Nicholson, and Councillor Jardine, as supporters; ex-Provost Hewitson, and Mr. Johnstone, teacher, acting as croupiers. After partaking of a most sumptuous dinner, the Chairman rose, and after a most eloquent address, in the course of which he was loudly applauded, gave "The immortal memory of Robert Burns." The toast was responded to most enthusiastically, followed by "There was a lad was born in Kyle," sung in excellent style by Mr. James Milligan. Mr. Johnstone, teacher, next recited "Tam o' Shanter," during the delivery of which a good deal of amusement was caused by the total eclipse of the lights at the moment Tam, unable to contain his admiration of the "supple jade and strang," shouts out "Weel done, Cutty Sark." Other toasts were given, and various gentlemen sung excellent songs during the evening.

CASTLETON (NEW.)—On Tuesday night a party of the admirers of Robert Burns met in the Grapes Hotel, to celebrate the centenary of the birth of the great national bard. Mr. Beavers, architect, was in the chair, Mr. Guthrie, slater, and Mr. Martin, C.E., acting as croupiers.

The CHAIRMAN said they had met together to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of him whom every Scottish heart feels proud to add to her immortal sons—a Scottish bard proud of the name, and whose highest ambition was to sing to his country's service. The poetic genius of his country found him, as the prophet Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him. She bade him sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of his native soil. After reciting a few of his most favourite pieces, the Chairman concluded by proposing the following toast:—"Long may the Memory of Robert Burns be cherished in every Scottish bosom."

The toast was most warmly responded to.

A number of short addresses were delivered by members of the company.

The party separated at a late hour, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment. The supper was served up in the most appropriate style for the occasion, reflecting great credit on the worthy hostess, Mrs. Elliot.

A number of the villagers assembled in the Commercial Inn, and had a friendly glass together. Several of Burns' songs were sung by Messrs. Crozier, Cloggers, and Mr. A. Inglis, teacher of music. The party spent a most

harmonious evening, and separated at eleven o'clock.

CATRINE.—Truly, as the correspondent of A. & S. Herald has said, there was no public meeting held here, yet no fewer than five social meetings connected with the centenary took place in the village on the evening of Tuesday. At one of these, held in the Burns Inn, Robert Wright, Esq., a poet of no mean intellect, ably filled the chair, and in an excellent speech proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns." Several other toasts, and a number of Burns' songs were sung, reflecting great credit upon the singers. The evening was spent in a most happy manner.

CAWDOR.—A dinner and ball was held in the Cawdor Arms Hotel—Dr. Gregor in the chair. After an address from the chair, "the memory of Burns," the Telegraph adds, was drunk with loud cheers, three times three, and one cheer more for "Highland Mary." A number of the company then joined in singing "Ye Banks and Braes;" Mr. Fraser, Brackla, sung "Tam Glen;" and Mr. Falconer, Croy, recited "Death and Doctor Hornbook" with great gusto.

The dinner was succeeded by a ball. The ball-room was tastefully decorated. The attendance was numerous, about thirty couples joining in the dance.

CERES.—There were many parties in our village seeking to do honour to Burns. There was the Curlers' Dinner, in Mr. Gourlay's; the Supper of the Office-bearers of the Soiree in Ceres, also in Mr. Gourlay's; so that the only thing open to the public was a dinner in Mr. Balfour's, which was a very respectable affair. And if anything else was required besides a first-rate dinner in making a happy party, it was amply supplied by Mr. D. Brown in the excellent way in which he discharged the duties of Chairman, and Mr. Wallace that of croupier. The evening was enlivened by a very choice selection of Burns' songs, poems, anecdotes, &c.; and at ten o'clock the party adjourned to the Masons' Hall to finish the evening's entertainment with a dance.

CHAPEL OF GARIOCH.—The Mutual Instruction Society here, in testimony of their admiration of genius, held their soiree on the evening of Tuesday, in the Parish School-room. A happy, and, we hope, a profitable evening was spent. The Rev. Mr. Storie, Culsalmond, vindicated, in his individual capacity as a clergyman, his approval of doing honour to the name of our national bard.

CHIRNSIDE.—The village of Chirnside has not been behind the rest of our towns and villages in showing respect for the memory of our immortal bard, who has many admirers in the village and surrounding district. A meeting of about thirty individuals, comprising the principal farmers in the neighbourhood, was convened in the Red Lion Inn, Robert N. Slight, Esq., Chirnside Bridge, in the chair; Mr. Cowe, Oldcastles, and Mr. George Wilson, Harelaw, croupiers. The dinner was excellent and served in first-rate style, and the thanks of the gentlemen present are due to the landlord, Mr. Davidson, whose arrangements and courtesy were everything that could be wished. Exactly at 11 o'clock, the ghost of Forbes Mackenzie appeared, and the company dispersed.

A party, also numbering about forty mechanics, tradesmen and others, met at 7 o'clock in the Waterloo Arms. Mr. John Amos, Chirnside Bridge, was called to the chair, and after the invocation of the Divine blessing, all present partook to satisfaction of the very splendid dinner that had been prepared by Mrs. Peacock, which did the utmost credit to her culinary art. A pleasing excitement was kept up till a late hour, when the party separated highly satisfied with their happy evening.

CHRYSTON.—The centenary of our poet Burns was celebrated with every demonstration of enthusiasm in this village. The arrangements were of the most appropriate and complete description. The parish school, where the demonstration took place, was most beautifully decorated. Altogether about eighty sat down to supper, and at seven o'clock the Rev. J. N. M'Leod took the chair, and Dr. M'Donald ably officiated as croupier. The Chairman, having given the usual toasts, proposed in eloquent and glowing terms the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Burns." Several other toasts followed, which were interspersed with readings and songs from Burns, including "Tam o' Shanter" and the "Cottar's Saturday Night." The company, after singing "Auld Langsyne" standing, broke up at half-past eleven, and left the younger members to enjoy themselves tripping it on the light fantastic toe to a fine orchestral band from the Blind Asylum, Glasgow.

COATBRIDGE.—Burns' centenary was celebrated in Coatbridge by upwards of thirty gentlemen sitting down to supper in the Eagle Inn.

COLDSTREAM.—Two grand demonstrations were held in honour of the centenary of Burns. In the afternoon a dinner was held in the Newcastle Arms Hotel, at which nearly

eighty gentlemen sat down. William Cunningham, Esq., bailie, occupied the chair, and J. Haliburton, Esq., the vice chair, and both of these gentlemen well sustained the honour of their elevated situations. The dinner was elegant and substantial, consisting of everything desirable, and was set out with much precision and judgment.

On the removal of the cloth the Chairman proceeded with the business of the evening, and proposed the usual loyal toasts, with some excellent remarks, which were duly responded to.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The immortal memory of Robert Burns," spoke as follows:—Gentlemen, we have assembled this evening in common with many thousands of our countrymen all over the world, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of our national poet, Robert Burns —to testify our regard for his memory and admiration of his genius, his patriotism, and philanthropy, as well as the other praiseworthy qualities of head and heart which, in so remarkable a manner, distinguished him. There has been so much said and written during the greater part of a century regarding this highly gifted and extraordinary man, and you must all be so familiar with his history and writings, that anything I can say about him on this occasion must appear something like an often told tale; but there is a charm associated with the memory of Robert Burns, which the mere mention of his name never fails to awaken, and in his works we find strains of consummate beauty, genuine pathos, and true poetic fire. Whether we take his poems, his songs, or his correspondence, we find the stamp of true genius eligibly impressed on them all; but while this will readily be admitted, it has at the same time been universally acknowledged that his songs have done more than any of his other writings to excite our admiration and keep his name ever as a household word amongst his countrymen. It has been truly said that though the printer's ink should dry up, ten thousand melodious tongues would preserve the songs of Burns to remote generations. Burns possessed also most fascinating powers of conversation, and he was equally at home amongst the lads and lasses of Kyle, as amongst the learned men and accomplished women of our Scottish metropolis. His visit to Edinburgh in November, 1786, was, in one point of view, an unparalleled triumph. We find him fresh from the plough, taking leave of his mother and walking off to Edinburgh, buoyant in spirit and full of new hopes. He was not long there until he found his way into the polished circles of the great and the learned of the city, and amongst them our humble poet not only held his own in argument, but was ready with a sally of wit; and when occasion justified its use, could point a sarcasm with the best of them—showing indeed an amount of information and intelligence which excited the surprise and admiration of all with whom he came in contact; and we find the witty and accomplished Duchess of Gordon declaring that in conversation no man ever carried her so completely off her feet as Robert Burns—we cannot doubt that his influence in this direction must have been peculiarly fascinating and potent. Before proposing the toast I will just refer to one effect of signal importance, which Burns has been doubtless instrumental in producing, and which sheds additional lustre on his memory. He has done more to promote and strengthen a feeling of genuine friendship, philanthropy, and patriotism amongst his countrymen, and to make one and all contented and satisfied with the position in life in which Providence has placed them than any single individual of whom we have any record. Take him for all and all, we shall seldom, perhaps never, look upon his like again, and he will live in the hearts of his countrymen to remotest ages. (The toast was then drunk by the company in solemn silence.)

Many toasts followed; and the party, led by Mr. Walter Redden, then joined in the song, "Auld Langsyne," which was sung with much enthusiasm, when the gentlemen left the room to join the Soiree at the Townhall, which was being conducted by the ladies. The hall was profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens. At the head of the hall were inscribed in leaves the words, "To Commemorate the Immortal Bard of Scotland." The tables were most tastefully arranged on each side of the room, each one under the charge of a lady, when upwards of two hundred were plentifully regaled with tea, cake, and fruit, which was served up in superior style. The effect on the whole was very striking. After tea, the Rev. Mr. Mearns delivered an excellent address on the poetry and genius of Burns, which he admirably sketched, giving evidence of his thorough acquaintance with the bard and his works, and which was well received by the numerous audience. The company was from time to time enlivened with a variety of Scottish airs performed on the pianoforte and violin, and many of Burns' favourite songs were sung both by ladies and gentlemen, which added much to the pleasure of the evening. All seemed highly gratified with the handsome entertainment which had been provided for them, and the evening was spent in the most happy and convivial manner till about 12 o'clock, when the company joined

in the song, "Auld Langsyne," holding by each other's hands, and marking the time with the usual accompaniment. A dance was then proposed to conclude the meeting, and Mr. Beloe having kindly agreed to furnish music a little longer, dancing commenced, which was kept up till nearly 1 o'clock, when the assembly broke up, all happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again.

COLINSBURGH.—A meeting in commemoration of Robert Burns was held in the School-room here on the 25th, at which about 140 persons of both sexes attended. The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and a full-sized portrait of the bard, painted in oil for the occasion by our talented artist, Mr. Thomson, both of which had a most imposing effect. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Briggs, who opened the proceedings by reciting the Selkirk grace of Burns. The Chairman proposed the "Queen and Royal Family," after which was sung the "Queen's Anthem." Then followed the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," following which was "Scots wha hae," with most thrilling effect. The song "Rantin Robin" was followed by glees, duets, songs (both vocal and instrumental), recitations, &c., the whole being confined to the productions of Burns. The forms having been removed, all tried the metal of their heels. The meeting was a most happy one, the grandeur of which was not a little enhanced by the gay attire of the ladies. Dancing was kept up till about two o'clock, when all retired home decently and in good order. The ball music was furnished by our own villagers.

COLLISTON.—We have not been behind our neighbours in celebrating the centenary of Burns. Nearly 100 sat down to tea in East Colliston Mill, which was very tastefully decorated with evergreens—the poet's name and other designs, all neatly formed of leaves, adorning the walls. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Samuel Bowden, Mill of Colliston. After tea, when the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been responded to, the Chairman, after giving a slight sketch of the life and times of our great poet, with a few remarks on his principal compositions, illustrated by appropriate quotations, proposed "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." After several songs, exclusively Burns', from the chair and various individuals present, and when "Auld Langsyne" had been sung by the whole company, tables were removed, and to the stirring strains of half-a-dozen fiddles, dancing was commenced and kept up with undiminished spirit until a very far advanced hour in the morning. Much praise is due to the musicians for so readily volunteering their services, and to the excellent arrangements of the worthy chairman and his committee, for owing to them pleasant recollections of the Burns centenary at Colliston will live in the memory of those who were present at it for many a day to come.

COLPY.—The inhabitants of Colpy and surrounding friends, joined heartily in the national celebration, by a festival. Mr. Robert Livingstone, merchant, was called to the chair. Tea was served by Mrs. Walker. Several of the company delivered addresses on the "Life and Writings of Robert Burns," which was followed by readings and recitations, likewise vocal and instrumental music, selected from the poet's works, spending a very harmonious evening.

COLVEND.—A party from the united parishes of Colvend and Southwick, met in Southwick School-room,—Mr. Wilson, teacher, in the chair, and Mr. Hazles, Drumstenshall, vice-chairman. The company sat down to an excellent tea. "The Immortal Memory of Burns, the Scottish National Poet," was given from the chair, and drunk in solemn silence. But later in the evening a rapturous cheer sufficient to startle all the pheasants in Southwick was given for Burns; not Burns the Ayrshire ploughman, but Burns living in Hallowe'en and Tam o' Shanter. "The Memory of Wallace, the Champion of Scottish Independence," was given by Mr. Macfie, in a speech of truly patriotic and strong Scottish feeling, which was received with tremendous cheering. After this were given in succession, "The Sons of Burns;" "The Members for the County and Burghs;" and "Absent Friends," coupled with a party of friends enjoying themselves in a similar way at Whitecroft, in the same parish. Dancing then commenced, and Scotch Reel, Quadrille, Houlakin, and Contra-dance, were kept up with unabated spirit till an advanced hour in the morning, to spirit-stirring music by Mr. Duncan, Dumfries. During the evening many national and local toasts were drunk. Wines, spirits, fruits, &c., were distributed with unabating liberality. Many excellent songs were sung, and last, "Auld Langsyne," by the company standing, after which each took off his several way, highly delighted with the manner in which they had spent the evening.

CORGARFF.—Not to be behind the spirit of the age, so vividly illustrating the feelings of a nation's pride in claiming as a son of the Muses the immortal hero of Scottish song and poetry, Robert Burns, "the ploughman poet of

Ayrshire," the good folks in this Highland Strath met at the Bridge-end of Allargue Inn, on 25th January, to pay their tribute of respect and homage to his departed worth. Although the night blew such another blast as it did that night a hundred years ago, when the "auld clay biggin'" in which Burns was ushered into the world was made a ruin, it did not prevent some three score of the Corgarff men from meeting at dinner, where their worthy pastor, the Rev. Mr. M'Hardy, ably filled the chair—Dr. Profeit acting as croupier. It would be only a reiteration of hundreds of similar speeches on the occasion to particularise the admirable and graphic sketch of the poet's life and writings—his charitable allusion to his faults and failings—and his quotations from some of his finest compositions, which the worthy Chairman dwelt on in giving the toast of the evening. Suffice it to say, that all were more or less impressed with the powerful vigour of mind with which the poet was gifted, and the independence with which he upheld the sway of right over might. The toast was received with every feeling of deep respect—the assemblage standing. Next in order followed "Mr. Farquharson of Allargue," (the proprietor of the premises in which they were met,) by Dr. Profeit; "Mrs. Farquharson," by Mr. Donald Cumming, Cockbridge; "Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., of Newe," by Mr. George Mackie, Badenshellach; "Lady Forbes of Newe," by Mr. Charles M'Hardy, Ordachoy; "The Clergy," coupled with the Chairman, the Rev. Mr. M'Hardy, Corgarff, by Mr. Symon, schoolmaster; "The Schoolmasters," coupled with Mr. Symon, schoolmaster, Corgarff, by the Croupier; "Major John Forbes, C.B., of Inverernan," by Mr. Joseph Downie, Colnabechan; "The Army and Navy," coupled with Col. Burns, by Mr. J. Dunbar (of the Scottish North-eastern Railway;) "The Memory of Burns' wife, Jane Armour," by Mr. A. Walker, Castle Newe; "The Scotch Poets," by Mr. M'Hardy, Luib; "The Medical Profession," coupled with Dr. Profeit, by the Chairman; "The English Poets," by Mr. James Farquharson, Dulrick; "The Tenantry of Allargue," by Mr. M'Hardy, Luib; "The Tenantry of Skellater," by Mr. G. Farquharson, Dummindhu; "Agriculture," by Mr. A. Durward, Dykehead; "The Host, and Hostess," by Mr. Robert Philip, Garchory; with various other patriotic and local toasts. By nine o'clock, P.M., the lads and lasses began to drop in, and the Chairman proposed "Good Night," to allow mine host to clear the premises for those about to join in the merry dance. Many excellent songs of the poet were sung by gentlemen present, and Mr. Walker, Castle Newe, who kindly gratified the request of the company by playing appropriate airs on the violin to the various toasts. The dinner and other refreshments did the greatest credit to Mr. and Mrs. Coutts.

CORSTORPHINE.—A demonstration in honour of Burns took place in the village on the 25th. Upwards of forty gentlemen sat down to dinner—Mr. Lawrie occupying the chair, and Messrs. Wright and Whitwright acting as croupiers. The evening's enjoyments were very much enhanced by numerous appropriate songs and toasts. The demonstration was conducted in a manner that did credit to all concerned.

COTHAL MILLS.—Between thirty and forty of the Cothal Mills operatives met in the School-room—Mr. J. Nicolson in the chair. Messrs. P. Forbes and John Bonnyman acted as croupiers. After giving the Queen all due honour, the Chairman gave the toasts of the evening—"The Memory of Burns," "The Land of Burns," &c. Between the toasts, several of Burns' songs were sung, concluding with "Auld Langsyne;" and, on a vote of thanks to the Chairman, all parted, highly delighted with the evening's proceedings.

COVE.—The Centenary was celebrated at the Cove by a public dinner—the Rev. Mr. Fairweather, minister of the parish, in the chair, under whose very able presidency the company spent a most agreeable evening. Francis Farquharson, Esq., Kirkhill, and John Ferguson, Esq., M.D., Cove, were the croupiers. Upwards of forty gentlemen sat down to an excellent repast provided by Mr. M'Leod, Cove Inn. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman gave "The Army and the Navy," which was replied to by Captain Gordon, R.N., in a telling speech. The Rev. Chairman gave the toast of the evening, and we give extracts from his very able and eloquent address. In alluding (said the rev. gentleman) to the private personal history of Burns, our motto and our maxim is contained in the words of Shakspeare—

> "Nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice."

That Burns had faults—grievous faults—the more dangerous because of his genius—faults which, in his own words, "laid him low and stained his name"—that he had such faults, we are not here to deny; our eulogium this evening shall not be fulsome and false, but generous, just, and true. A thorough Christian Scotsman will ever read the narrative of his life with the mingled feelings of pain and pride. The perusal of his personal history awakens feelings

similar to those which must arise in the breast of one when reading the official war dispatch announcing the death of a brother or friend fighting manfully for the honour of his fatherland—he is proud of his bravery, he is pained by his fall. So of Burns—we are proud of his manly patriotism, his magnanimous self-dependence, his unaffected sympathy with the sorrowing, the desponding, and despairing, his generous and overflowing love for all his fellowmen, his withering invective and righteous indignation against all that savoured of the low, the tricky, and the cunning, as well as the hypocritical and dishonest, his masterly exposures of Pharisaical cant and religious imposture, the stern, unbending, and indomitable front which he ever, with an almost Herculean energy, presented against injustice, together with his firm and fearless efforts to advance and extend the interests of that cause which has rendered our sea-girt isle the palladium of freedom, the asylum of the oppressed and expatriated, the refuge of them whom a high-handed despotism had "doomed to die"—that invaluable and imperishable cause—a cause so closely and indissolubly interwoven with the fibres of the mental, and moral, and physical constitution of every leal-hearted Scotchman—the cause of civil and religious liberty all the world over. Proud of all this, and justly proud of our national Bard, yet pained—profoundly pained—we are, that one so highly gifted by nature, so piously and religiously educated, should have allowed himself to be withdrawn from those hallowing influences of the domestic hearth and family altar, so graphically and touchingly described in his own inimitable and imperishable poem, "The Cottar's Saturday Night." I believe these influences were never forgotten, but were only in the turbid conflux of adverse circumstances partially effaced, when, with a nervous temperament early unstrung and afterwards harshly and heavily strained, the smartings of a spirit severely wounded, and the promptings of a morbid melancholy, drove him to excesses which, in the hour of calm reflection, none more than he bitterly repented and remorsefully deplored. I drop the curtain of charity over the memory of Scotland's noblest Poet, in the words of a sweet son of the Muses, now no more—

> "Owning his weakness,
> His evil behaviour,
> And leaving with meekness
> His sins to his Saviour.

I wish not to mar the pleasure of our happy social meeting—I wish not to throw a damp over our present enjoyments, but I cannot fail to remind you that when the Second Centenary of our national Poet is celebrated, it will be by our children's and our grand-children's children. One hundred years hence, others than we, or our immediate descendants, will be at the festive board enjoying far higher advantages than we, with philosophy, science, and literature incomparably transcendent over what we now possess, and I add the solemn and fervent prayer that the pilot-engine of this triple-locomotive will then and for ever be the religion of Jesus. (Loud cheering.) A number of toasts followed, interspersed with excellent songs from Mr. Smith and others, and the evening was spent in the best of harmony.

CRAIGSTON.—Burns' centenary was celebrated here by a ball at the home-farm of Craigston, got up by a committee of the Craigston tenantry. The spacious building in which it was held was kindly granted the use of by Mr. Pollard Urquhart, and was decorated with evergreens and holly, while suspended from the walls were several appropriate mottoes, made of leaves, in a style reflecting great credit on Mr. Steele, gardener, and his assistants. The ball, which commenced at eight o'clock, was attended by upwards of three hundred. At intervals, the company were enlivened by songs from several gentlemen, and, towards the close, a graphic sketch of the life of Burns was delivered by Mr. Robert Hay, blacksmith, Slap, which was loudly applauded.

CRAIL.—This event was celebrated by a dinner here in the Town Hall, to which about fifty gentlemen sat down—Provost Brown in the chair; Bailie Fowler and Alex. Bell, Esq., croupiers. After dinner the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given from the chair and heartily responded to. The Chairman then called for a special bumper to "The Immortal Memory of Burns," which was drunk in solemn silence. Then followed speech, toast, recitation, song, and sentiment, which were all enthusiastically applauded. Taken altogether, a most delightful evening was spent, every one vieing with his neighbour to add to the general harmony of the meeting. We cannot close this brief account of a happy meeting without paying a compliment to our new landlord of the Golf Inn (Mr. Moore) for the sumptuous dinner placed on the table—it being the opinion of every one present that a better they never sat down to. After votes of thanks to the chairman, croupiers, &c., the meeting broke up an hour or two before the "wee short hour ayont the twal."

CRAMOND.—Tuesday the 25th was celebrated here in honour of the national poet. Games were held in the park in front of Fair-

a-Far, and were well attended, and keenly contested. In the evening a large company assembled in the Royal Oak Inn, and partook of an excellent supper provided by mine hostess, Miss M'Ara, in her usual excellent style; of course the "great chieftain o' the puddin' race," with his honest, sonsie face, was not awanting. William Cadell, Esq. of Almond Bank, chairman; and Mr. Watson, schoolmaster, croupier. The Chairman, in an able speech, gave "The Memory of the Immortal Bard." Several appropriate toasts were given in the course of the evening, and many of Burns' songs were sung with great glee, and "Auld Langsyne" closed the meeting.

CRATHIE.—The great day of Burns' Centenary was celebrated in this quarter and surrounding district with great enthusiasm. At six o'clock in the evening a respectable body of farmers and others met at Inver Inn, and sat down to an excellent supper, prepared by Mrs. Leys. The chair was occupied by Mr. Wallace, builder, while Mr. Webster, wood-forester, Balmoral, fulfilled the duties of croupier with tact and ability. Among the gentlemen present were—William Herron, Esq., Newton of Crathie; J. Symon, Esq., Easter Balmoral; Mr. Stewart, farmer, Bulgaugh; Mr. J. Morison, Invergelder; Mr. Smith, manager, Lochnagar Distillery; Mr. John Morgan, jun., Abergeldie, &c., &c. After doing justice to a sumptuous repast, the loyal and national toasts were given in succession from the chair, and warmly responded to in true Highland fashion. The Chairman then, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," illustrated the worth of Burns in a very able speech. The Croupier then gave "The Sons of Burns" in a speech fitting the occasion, which was warmly responded to with all the honours. The after speeches were interspersed with songs, glees, and recitations from the works of the immortal bard; while Mr. George Williamson, Lochnayard, at intervals throughout the evening played some fine old Scotch tunes on the accordion, which were very much admired. Eleven o'clock having arrived, the company broke up, one and all delighted with the evening's proceedings.

CRAWFORD.—Upwards of thirty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner, at six o'clock, in Crawford Inn, when the table literally groaned with viands varied and delicious. The chair was ably filled by David Murray, Esq., Newmains, supported on the right by Mr. A. Cranstoun, on the left by David Menzies, Esq., Belfield. Mr. Cranstoun, Stonneyburn, officiated as croupier. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman gave the toast of the evening in a very appropriate, social, and talented manner, too lengthened for the reporter to give *verbatim*. Many other appropriate toasts were given, both from the chair, croupier, and other gentlemen. The songs were select, and chiefly of the Bard's own composition; the first was led off by Mr. N. Murray, in his usual musical style, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," which was received with deafening applause. Many other endearing songs were sung during the evening, and altogether there has not been such a happy, joyous meeting seen in the quiet village of Crawford since the coronation of Queen Victoria.

CREETOWN.—A public dinner was held in the Town-hall, when about sixty gentlemen assembled to do honour to the memory of Scotia's favourite son. Major Hannay of Kirkdale, presided; Mr. Lindsay, Ravenshall, and Mr. George Ross, Creetown, croupiers. After the usual loyal toasts, the chairman, in a neat address, gave the "Immortal Memory of Burns," which was drank in solemn silence. Many other appropriate toasts were given, and enthusiastically responded to, while songs and recitations greatly enhanced the pleasure of the evening. After a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman for having discharged his duties so efficiently, the company separated highly gratified with their entertainment. The dinner was both elegant and substantial, and reflected great credit on the culinary skill of Miss Margaret Rae, Creetown. The hall was then cleared for the ball, which was opened about 9 P.M., and attended by upwards of eighty couple of the youth and beauty of the district. The hall was artistically decorated by Mr. William M'Cracken, gardener to Capt. Grant of Barholm.

CRIEFF.—Tuesday the 25th, being the hundredth birthday of our national poet, Burns, business was for the most part totally suspended, and the day observed as a general holiday. A number of the members of St. Michael's Lodge visited Ochertyre in procession, during the day, but the weather was rather unfavourable. There were a number of entertainments in the evening, all of which were characterised with great enthusiasm, and passed off with the utmost success.

CURLING CLUB.—Tuesday the 25th, being the centenary of Burns, tweny-one of the members of this club sat down to dinner in M'Lean's Inn, here—Mr. Peter Lawrence in the chair; Mr. Duncan M'Laren, jun., acting as croupier. An elegant and sumptuous dinner was on the

table at six o'clock. After the company had paid ample justice to the good things provided for them, a number of toasts were proposed and warmly responded to. "The Memory of Burns" was then proposed, and was drunk with all the honours. A number of other toasts were also given, having special reference to curling, &c. During the course of the evening a number of Burns' songs were sung by the several gentlemen present, which added much to the night's enjoyment.

The brethren of St Michael's Lodge of Freemasons met in their hall on Tuesday, at one o'clock, and, preceded by the instrumental band, walked in procession to Ochtertyre, the seat of Sir W. K. Murray, Bart., and on their return sat down to dinner in their lodge. The duties of the chair were ably performed by brother Dr. Baxter, the R.W.M., and brother Thomson, S.M., in the absence of the depute master, discharged the duties of croupier. The cloth being removed, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and warmly responded to, after which, brother Thomson, in an independent and spirited speech, gave the "Memory of Burns," illustrating his remarks with passages from his life and writings, and forcibly defending his name from the accusations laid against him, and concluded his remarks amid much applause. The viands were prepared by Mr. M'Call of the Drummond Arms, and, as usual, to the entire satisfaction of all present.

A Liberal Treat in Honour of Burns' Centenary.—On the evening of the 25th, twenty-nine respectable individuals were entertained to tea in M'Donald's Crown Inn here, through the kind liberality of Mrs. M'Rae, Carshalton, Surrey, in honour of the centenary of the poet Burns. Mrs. M'Rae was a residenter in Crieff upwards of fifty years ago. She has a distinct recollection of seeing the poet. Mr. Peter Gilchrist, feuar, aged 89 years, occupied the chair. We may state that the aggregate age of seven persons present, amounted to upwards of 570 years. Tea was on the table at five o'clock. After the tables were cleared, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed and drunk with the utmost enthusiasm, the following, with other toasts, were then proposed —"The Memory of Mrs. Burns," "Mrs M'Rae," "Mr. M'Rae and family of Mitcham Common, London," "Son of Mrs. M'Rae," &c. The management of the entertainment was intrusted to Mr. John Cuthbert, and every arrangement gave general satisfaction. We must not omit to notice that the very sumptuous repast set before the recipients reflected great credit on Mr. M'Donald. The enjoyments of the evening were much enhanced by the singing of a number of Burns' songs. The meeting broke up at nine o'clock, every one appearing to be more happy than another.

Total Abstinence and Debating Societies' Soiree.—A soiree was held in the evening in the Weavers' Hall here, under the auspices of the Total Abstinence and Debating Societies, to do honour to the memory of Burns. The hall was gracefully decorated with evergreens, from Ochtertyre, by the tasteful fingers of Mr. Croucher, gardener there, and was literally crowded; some could not even gain admittance. A blessing having been asked by R. G. Dakers, the company partook of a hearty tea, accompanied with cakes and cheese; and which being over, and the tables cleared, Mr. Peter Gow was called to the chair, when the active duties of the evening commenced by James Dow singing, in his own quaint style, "The Social Cup o' Tea," which was loudly applauded. The Chairman then made some remarks as to the object for which they were congregated—to celebrate the hundredth birthday of Scotland's national poet—Robert Burns; not in the intoxicating cup, not with "the usual patriotic toasts," but by a "social cup o' tea," and congratulated the meeting on this derogation from the manners and customs of their fathers, as a change for the better. Addresses were subsequently delivered by Messrs. M'Ewan, on "Burns as a poet;" Thomson, on "Burns as a Man;" Scrimgeour, on "Burns as a Patriot;" and Dunbar, from Madderty, in a very humoursome and graphic style, on "Burns on Rustic Manners;" but of these addresses we are sorry that, owing to the press on space, we can only give a mere notice. In the absence of the waltz band, Mr. James Crerar played some favourite airs on the concertina; and a number of other musical friends contributed in no small degree to the hilarity of the evening, particularly Miss Katie G. D. Arnot, a young lady, regarding whose musical abilities it would be superfluous to say anything, as the long-continued plaudits and the encores of the audience sufficiently testified the approbation with which she was received. After various votes of thanks being awarded, and especially to Sir William and Lady Adelaide Keith Murray, of Ochtertyre, in procuring the decoration of the hall, the meeting dispersed, all seemingly satisfied with the night's proceedings. Numbers of those present conveyed away a memento of Burns, in twigs of an oak-tree—the oldest on Ochtertyre estate —which was growing there when the poet visited its lovely scenes.

Crieff Literary Society.—The members of the Crieff Literary Society met and partook of a sumptuous dinner, in the Drummond Arms Hotel, on the evening of Burns' centenary—Matthew Baillie Gairdner, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.,

in the chair. Throughout the evening a great variety of songs, chiefly Burns', were sung by Messrs. M'Ewan, M'Innes, M'Rostie, Graham, and several readings were likewise given from Burns' works by Mr. Knox. Many of the speeches were characterised with great ability. Dinner over, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been duly given and responded to,

The CHAIRMAN spoke as follows:—I rise to propose a toast to "The Memory of Burns." Thousands have met for a similar purpose to-night. The eulogiums which have been written on Burns furnish the truest monument erected in his honour. His dearest wish as a poet was—

> "That I for puir auld Scotland's sake
> Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
> Or sing a sang at least."

He did not come from ancestral halls or lordly palaces—a clay-built biggin' was his home. So ill constructed was it that its stability gave way. Burns and his mother had to be carried to a neighbouring house while it underwent the necessary repairs. His father was no ordinary man. From him, Burns seemed to inhale his independent spirit. His mother, too, was fond of legendary tales, and she may have been the means of aiding to form the youthful poet's taste for poetry. Burns was sent to school when he was about six years of age, and remained two years, which was all the regular schooling he received. The works, however, which he read in his early years show that his reading was of no superficial kind. He lived with his father till the age of twenty-five, and after his death, he and his brother took the farm of Mossgiel, since rendered famous as the residence of Burns. Here he first seemed to feel the stirrings of ambition. At this period, too, he met Jean Armour. Burns was always the victim of some fair enslaver or other. He loved Jean Armour dearly; Mary Campbell was a creature of his imagination. When he was forbidden Jean Armour's house, it must have put such a mind as his to the utmost distraction. But he loved her still. His prospects at this period became so dark that he resolved to leave his native land. Meanwhile he met with several friends, and the result was, that a volume of his poems was published in Kilmarnock. This changed his position. He rose rapidly to fame. He afterwards visited some of the finest scenery in Scotland, and at one time the Sma' Glen, Taymouth, Crieff, &c. He speaks of the romantic scenery between this and Aberuchill, to which place he drove. His reception must have been cold; it evoked nothing from his muse. His reception at Ochtertyre by the present kind-hearted baronet's grandfather was very different. His visit is recorded in the beautiful song, "Blythe, blythe and merry was she," and his lines on seeing wild-fowl in Glenturret.

"An original poem on Burns" by Mr. Duncan Graham, was then read, which was well received.

Many happy speeches and songs contributed to the admirable harmony of the meeting. "Auld Langsyne" was then sung, which terminated the proceedings.

All the festivals passed off with the utmost success and enthusiasm; and we are proud that, notwithstanding the stormy state of the weather, the inhabitants of the capital of Upper Strathearn testified their devotion so strongly to the gifted bard of Scotland, Robert Burns.

CROMAR.—A number of the working-men of the western district met at Mill of Logie, to celebrate the birth of Burns. The chair was occupied by Mr. James Clark, who rose amid much applause and gave a lengthened speech, dwelling at great length on the bard's principal productions. After supper, the Chairman gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," which was drunk in profound silence. The meeting was then enlivened by a number of Burns' songs being sung, the principal of which were "Auld Langsyne," "A man's a man for a' that," "Green grow the rashes." After a few other toasts were drunk, preparations were made for the merry dance, and in less than half-an-hour, the light fantastic toes of a dozen ploughmen, with as many of the fair sex, were tripping over the floor to the sound of the district fiddle. The meeting dispersed at a late hour in the morning, highly delighted with the proceedings of the night.

CROMARTY.—A soiree took place here on the evening of Tuesday, the 25th, in commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Burns. It was held in Ross's Hall, which was very neatly arranged and artistically decorated for the occasion. William Watson, Esq., one of the magistrates of the burgh, officiated as chairman, and introduced the object of the meeting in an able and appropriate address, with which were incorporated some of the favourite poems of Burns. Lieutenant Patterson gave a lecture on education and temperance, which was delivered with much effect. Mr. D. Ross, merchant, afterwards, in a forcible address, called the attention of the assembly to some points having a striking similarity in the lot and character of Robert Burns and Hugh Miller. Mrs. James Grigor presided at the

pianoforte (assisted by Miss Grigor, and Miss Humphrey, Bayfield, &c.), and conducted the musical part of the entertainment with much *éclat*, the greater portion of the pieces played, and the songs sung, being selections from Burns' works. The general arrangements of the soiree were under the immediate superintendence of Lieutenant Patterson, who, although an Englishman, threw into the whole festivities of the evening an enthusiasm worthy of a Scotchman. The meeting broke up at ten o'clock.

CROSSGATES.—To celebrate the centenary of the renowned bard of Scotland, a supper took place on Tuesday evening at seven o'clock in the Farm-house of Netherbeath, Crossgates —Mr. David Crichton in the chair; Mr. John Muir, croupier—the Chairman being supported by Mr. James Whyte, and Mr. Charles Carlow, manager, Cuttlehill Colliery, when about thirty of the admirers of the poet, ladies and gentlemen, sat down to an excellent supper prepared by Mrs. Crichton, to whom great thanks is due, the supper being got up altogether in a superior style, and the arrangements everything that could be desired. After supper and the cloth being removed, and the usual loyal toasts drunk, the Chairman then stated that the object of the meeting was to do honour to the father of Scotland's poets, and in a neat and highly complimentary speech upon the character of the poet as being worthy of our admiration and imitation, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of the Immortal Burns," who, though dead, yet liveth and speaketh in the heart of every true Scotchman, which was enthusiastically drunk in solemn silence, the whole company meanwhile standing. Mr. J. Muir then made a few remarks upon the true manliness, the dignity and true greatness of Burns, who had gained an immortal fame to himself—who had raised to himself a monument that would be lasting as time itself—whose character was truly national. He loved Scotland and Scotchmen; in fact, he was an enthusiastic admirer of everything connected with his native Caledonia, the friend and lover of freedom, and the enemy of tyranny and oppression. The evening being throughout "a nicht wi' Burns," it was spent in the most agreeable manner, nothing but harmony and good humour prevailing, every one present vieing with each other to add to the hilarity and pleasantness of the evening.

> "My heart, it was sae fain to see them,
> That even for joy I barked wi' them."

Toast, song, and sentiment followed each other in quick succession, until

> "The wee short hour ayont the twal,"

when the meeting broke up, all highly satisfied with the evening's enjoyment, and

> "Each took aff his several way,
> Resolved to meet some ither day."

CROSSHILL.—Determined not to be behind in doing honour to "Ayrshire's Bard," upwards of seventy gentlemen sat down to an excellent supper in the Schoolroom here. Mr. Wallace, teacher, Crosshill, ably discharged the duties of the chair, and Mr. M'Clymont, Balsaggart, officiated as croupier. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in a beautiful and appropriate address, proposed the toast of the evening, "The memory of the Immortal Burns." The toast was received with great enthusiasm. The croupier then gave the surviving relatives of Burns' family. He also gave the Lord of the Manor, Sir James Fergusson. The Peasantry of Scotland were next given by Mr. M'Creath, Garpin, and our Educational Institutions by Mr. Andrew Merkland. Several other toasts were pledged, in which due honour was paid to departed genius. We were favoured with several of Burns' finest songs by Mr. M'Crindle, Bairds Mill, Mr. M'Taggart, Crosshill, and several other gentlemen, which tended in a high degree to the enlivenment of the evening. After singing "Auld Langsyne," the company broke up about the wee short hour ayont the twal, and it was acknowledged by all to be one of the most enthusiastic and agreeable meetings they had ever the pleasure of attending.

CROSSMICHAEL.—The inhabitants of the village and neighbourhood, to the number of fifty-nine, celebrated the Centenary of the birth of the Poet by a public dinner in the Square and Compass Inn. J. W. Stewart, Esq., Culgruff, in the chair; Mr. W. Affleck, Nether Airds, Croupier. The savoury viands having been despatched, and the usual loyal toasts disposed of, the Chairman, in an excellent and suitable speech, gave "The Memory of Burns," which was drunk with due solemnity. Song, toast, and sentiment filled up the remainder of the evening, which quickly fled on the wings of enjoyment. The ladies also showed their appreciation of the Poet's genius by holding a tea party in commemoration of the event, which was most numerously and respectably attended.

CRUDEN.—Mr. Thomas Hutchison, our spirited and extensive cattle-dealer and farmer (never behind in anything of a lively and social

nature), entertained a party, comprising some of the youth and beauty of the place, and also a few gentlemen from Peterhead, who added greatly to the conviviality of the evening. Dancing was kept up to a late hour, and, at intervals, songs were sung by several of the ladies and gentlemen present, chiefly from the heart-thrilling effusions of the immortal Burns. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. M'Rae, seconded by Mr. Hay, and carried by acclamation, to Mr. Hutchison for his kindness, after which the company separated, highly pleased with their evening's enjoyment.

CUMBERNAULD. — The centenary of Burns was celebrated here by dinners, soirees, balls, and small evening parties. A select dinner party met in the Spur Inn in honour of the centenary of the immortal bard. Thomas Duncan, Esq. of Wester Dullatur, occupied the chair, supported on the right by Messrs. William Finlayson and David Thorn, and the left by Messrs. William Wilson and William Finlay. Mr. Thomas Inglis of Carrickstone discharged the duties of croupier, supported on the right and left by Messrs. John Whyte and James Shaw. After dinner, which was served up in excellent style by Mr. Greenhorn, the cloth was removed, when the Chairman in succession proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were responded to with the greatest enthusiasm by the large party present. Mr. Duncan, the Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, adverted to the genius of the immortal bard, and showed an intimate acquaintance both with his life and works, which he analysed with great correctness and felicity of expression. Suffice it to say that the toast was drunk with all the honours. Our space does not permit us to advert to the many excellent speeches delivered during the evening in connection with the toasts proposed. A number of the choicest of Burns' song were sung with great effect by some of the gentlemen present, and greatly delighted the company.

MASONIC SUPPER AND BALL. — On the evening of Tuesday, the Brethren belonging to the Lodge of St. Andrews, here, met in the Lodge Room to celebrate the centenary of the immortal Bard. Thirty-two of the Brethren sat down to dinner in the Inn of Mr. Charles Rochead. After the cloth was removed, the R. W. Master, Daniel M'Gregor, proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts with all the honours of masonry. The toast of the evening was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm. Some of the best and most popular of the songs of the Bard were sung during the evening by the Brethren assembled. The Lodge was closed at 10 o'clock precisely, and immediately thereafter the Brethren, along with their wives and sweethearts, retired to Mr. Calder's large hall, where dancing was kept up till an early hour. Altogether the meeting was one of the best held in Cumbernauld for many years.

CUMNOCK.—Here, as in city, town, village, and hamlet of our native land, the 25th was observed with commemorative festivities in honour of the centenary birthday of the once despised and neglected, but now revered and cherished bard of independence, Robert Burns. The soiree came off on the auspicious occasion with great *eclat*. And while we at this distant era are not able to realise the potency of that "blast o' Januar' win'," which a hundred years ago "blew hansel in on Robin," we may remark that though the 25th proved one of the most boisterous nights of the season, it failed to cool the ardour or damp the enthusiasm of the large assemblage which filled the capacious Parish School-room on this occasion. The duties of the chair were performed by Mr. Beveridge, writer, who was ably supported in ministering to the intellectual enjoyment of the meeting by Messrs. Wm. Thomson, Lugar; and M'Kinnon and Mitchell, of Cumnock; who severally addressed the meeting in terms suitable to the occasion. Many of the poet's songs were given in the course of the evening, and we doubt not the services of Messrs. Smith of Stranraer, Bryce of Ayr, and Wylie, White, and Wilson of Cumnock, were duly appreciated. The meeting, which was very agreeable, separated about eleven o'clock, and reflects considerable credit on the zeal and perseverance of the committee who undertook the management.

CUMNOCK (NEW).—On Tuesday evening, upwards of fifty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner, at three o'clock, in Mr. Logan's—Mr. Daniel Craig, Blackwood, chairman; Mr. James Gilmour, croupier; Mr Thos. Brown, land-steward to Miss Guthrie of Mount, vice-croupier. Mr. John Walker asked a blessing; and after all doing ample justice to the good things of this life, the cloth being removed, the Chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. The Chairman then gave the toast of the evening, at great length, and in an eloquent manner. In concluding, he stated that he hoped all would endeavour to follow out the wise precepts of the poet's calmer moments, to imitate his noble dignity of soul, his manliness of heart, and his independence of mind; and may we by our actions never taint that halo of honour which his genius has thrown around the work, the homes, and the hearths of the peasantry of Scotland. He then gave a piece

of original poetry, and proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of our immortal Bard, Robert Burns," which was drank in solemn silence. Song—"Rantin roving Robin," by Mr. A. M'Donald. The Croupier then gave his address on the character and writings of Burns. A number of other toasts and songs were given, and after the usual compliments, the meeting broke up.

Another dinner was held in the Crown Inn, Mr. Hugh M'Kerrow, flesher, chairman; Mr. Campbell, Dalgig, croupier. "The Memory of Burns" was given by the Chairman in an able speech. Numerous toasts and songs enlivened the evening. After singing "Auld Langsyne," all joining, the meeting broke up.

CUMNOCK (OLD).—Seventy gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Dumfries Arms Hotel. The chair was occupied by Mr. A. B. Todd, Wellhill, and Mr. J. Baird, architect, Cumnock, acted as croupier. The meeting comprised most of the leading men of the town and surrounding district. After partaking of an excellent dinner, and giving the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman gave "The Immortal Memory." He said—Burns is perhaps the greatest literary wonder that has ever appeared. Born in a lowly clay-built cottage, and nursed on the lap of poverty, with little time, and few opportunities for mental culture, and for ever struggling with the ills of life, he yet, by the strength of his genius, triumphed over every adverse circumstance, and raised himself to the very highest pinnacle of the Temple of Fame. (Cheers.) In the poetry of no other will you find so many truthful maxims, such noble sentiments, such exalted views of true greatness and goodness, such generous emotions, such glowing patriotism, such manly independence, such melting pathos, conjoined with such brilliant wit, and power of satire, all expressed in the most vigorous language and embellished by the most beautiful imagery. In these poems we have the most powerful denunciation of every form of hypocrisy, falsehood, and dishonesty, we have wailing for the oppressed, and the deep heavings of a benevolent heart for the injured, and we have pictures of virtue held up to us for imitation and admiration. (Cheers.) Could he have but foreseen the occurrences of this day, as with failing health and a wounded spirit he approached the end of his weary pilgrimage, how it would have cheered his sad heart, and kindled afresh the fading brightness of those eyes that were about to be obscured in the valley and shadow of death. He could not but know that he had written some things that the world would not let die; but he was too modest ever to dream that his name would become a household word in almost every land from Indus to the Pole, or that his productions would continue to exercise a mighty influence on the literature of the land, long after the hand which had penned them had crumbled into dust. (Cheers.) After some other remarks, couched in glowing language, the toast was enthusiastically pledged.

After other toasts and songs, the whole company joined in singing "Auld Langsyne," and the meeting separated.

A ball, attended by the youth and beauty of the town and neighbourhood, was afterwards held in the same place, which was kept up with great spirit till a seasonable hour, when the company broke up, every one highly pleased with the whole proceedings.

CUPAR-ANGUS.—Tuesday will be a day long remembered by Scotia's sons, over the length and breadth of the land. The good people in and around this locality met in the Strathmore Inn at 4 P.M., and sat down to a most substantial dinner, in honour of the memory of Scotland's own poet. The chair was most ably filled by Hugh Watson, Esq., Keillor; while the duties of croupier were alike ably discharged by J. Geekie, Esq., Baldowrie. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman gave the one of the evening. After adverting to Burns' early days, he said that it could have been desired that some of Burns' poems had not appeared; but still his manly virtues were conspicuous in his poems, and if he had his faults, we must bear in mind that we all had ours, and let him that was without sin cast the first stone. "The Memory of Burns" was then drunk in silence; but when the poetic genius of Burns was mentioned, the company, *en masse*, gave three times three for the never-dying genius. Other toasts followed in succession, when, after singing "Auld Langsyne," the company separated, after spending a very happy evening.

There was a festival in the Strathmore Hall in the evening, under the auspices of the instrumental band, and presidency of Mr. C. Baxter. Able speeches connected with Burns were delivered by Messrs. Stewart, Forbes, and Lamont. Singers—Messrs. Winter, Stewart, Slidders, and Ogilvie. There was a large attendance. Fruit and confections were served; and the dancers held on merrily until an early hour on Wednesday morning.—There was also an excellent soiree in the meeting-room of the Mutual Improvement Society—Mr. J. Geekie, president of the society, in the chair. Messrs. Robertson, Ferguson, Wilson, &c. gave appropriate addresses; and music, both vocal and instrumental, was not wanting. We looked in

upon this couthie and intelligent party, and joined in "God save the Queen" at two o'clock next morning, Mr. Donn leading with a splendid accordion. The shops, banks, offices, &c. were shut at two P.M.; and the bell of our venerable steeple tolled long in honour of Burns' centenary.

CUPAR-FIFE.—The Burns centenary celebration came off here under favourable auspices. The working men, amounting to 100, had a supper in the Guild Hall, served up by Mr. Sharp, of the Temperance Coffee-room. The proceedings commenced at seven o'clock—Mr. Christie, bookbinder, in the chair. After supper, they finished off with a ball, when dancing was kept up to a late, or rather early, hour. As they had secured the services of the fine militia band, a procession through the town was contemplated before supper, but, as it commenced to rain heavily at the time, this part of the programme was cut short. The more aristocratic part of our citizens celebrated the occasion by a dinner in the County Hall. Covers were laid for 140, and we understand that 141 gentlemen sat down to dinner. Ex-Provost Mitchell occupied the chair, supported by Bailies Douglas and Duffus, and John Mitchell, Esq., as croupiers. After dinner, about 40 ladies were admitted, and served with cake and coffee, whose presence tended to enliven the proceedings of the evening. After the cloth had been removed, the Chairman introduced the business of the evening, and gave the usual toasts; after which the following toasts and sentiments were proposed—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," "The Memory of Mrs. Burns," "The Sons of Burns," "The Land of Burns," "The Memory of Professor Wilson." Several suitable addresses were delivered, including "Man," "The Poet," with special reference to Robert Burns, by Mr. Stewart, writer; "The Religious Character of Burns," by Mr. Lochhead, teacher; and "Burns as a Patriot," by Mr. Hay, teacher. Several of the best songs of the poet were sung during the evening by Messrs. H. C. Clark, D. Ferguson, A. Patrick, G. Rennie, D. Russell, W. Hay, &c. After spending about five hours in the most happy and agreeable manner, the company broke up shortly before eleven o'clock. Although some of the leading members of the Committee of the Total Abstinence Society were present, and took a more or less active part in the proceedings, the majority of the Committee held aloof, not because they do not appreciate the merits and the genius of Burns, or are not fully sensible of the high honour he has reflected upon the land of his birth; but that, having lifted up a testimony against the drinking manners and usages of society, they considered it quite improper in celebrating this centenary to use the agent which, more than anything else, hung like a dark cloud around his chequered career, and hurried him to a premature grave. The scholars attending the Madras Academy met as usual in the morning, but demanded a holiday on the occasion. Representations having been made to the Trustees, they acceded to their request.

CYRUS (St.).—The centenary was observed here by a few choice spirits—an "enlightened few"—who had the good sense to assemble in one of our respectable inns, and "O'er reamin' swats that drank divinely," gave full vent to their patriotic and fraternal feelings in "Scots wha hae," "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," and "Auld Langsyne."

DALBEATTIE.—The celebration here was quite a success. The shops were all shut, and business of every kind suspended during the whole of the day. On an eminence to the north of the town a large bonfire was lighted early in the afternoon, whose lofty spires of flame were for some hours the observed of all observers in the district. At four o'clock upwards of one hundred and twenty gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Free Church School-room, Mr. Thomas Maxwell presiding, and Mr. Elliott of Maidenholm Forge occupying the vice-chair. In addition to the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Nature's Minstrel, Robert Burns," which elicited from the Chairman a series of remarks on the genius and poetry of the world-famed peasant, with a few extracts from his writings, confirmatory of the opinions the speaker held, there was a variety of other toasts given, all pertinent to the occasion. Each toast was followed with an appropriate song of Burns' production. There was a beautiful recitation given by one of the company. The Rev. Duncan Stewart, Dalbeattie, said grace and returned thanks. The dinner was provided by Mrs. M'Coskrie, of the Maxwell's Arms, and was both abundant and excellent.

Mr. Muir, of the Commercial Hotel, got up a sumptuous tea for the ladies of the place, who were determined not to be behind their lords in doing honour to the poet's memory, and of whom nearly one hundred partook of the cup that cheers but not inebriates, in the hall attached to the Commercial Hotel. By the time tea was finished the dinner party had

broken up, and the gentlemen naturally found their way to the ladies' place of meeting, where dancing was immediately commenced, and kept up with great spirit till "the key-stane hour o' night's black arch," when the company separated, all being highly satisfied with the entire proceedings of the jubilee.

DALKEITH.—The centenary was celebrated here by an admirable procession of the trades, and by two large public gatherings, a dinner in the Cross Keys, and a soiree in the Corn Exchange, besides a number of minor meetings in connection with some of the trades.

The soiree was presided over by Mr. Alexander Mitchell, merchant, who was supported on the platform by Messrs. Wm. Barrie, Ralph Elliot, James Tod, Wm. Thomson of Dalkeith Gardens, John Young, Hugh Gillies, Wm. Tod, John Wallace, George Blair, David Jerdan, Peter Buncle, &c. The Exchange Hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens, under the direction of Mr. Thomson of Dalkeith Gardens. The number present was upwards of 600, of whom about one-third were of the fairer sex.

The CHAIRMAN, in an admirable address, which was frequently applauded, proposed the great toast of the occasion. In the course of his remarks, he said—Our northern land has supplied its full proportion of illustrious men, warriors, divines, philosophers, and poets; but for no Scotchman except Robert Burns has there ever been such a national movement as the present. It was reserved for Robert Burns so to enshrine himself in the hearts of his countrymen as, at the end of three generations, not only to retain that proud position, but to be still growing in his country's love, and still adding to the lustre of his imperishable fame. I suppose there is not a hamlet, and not many hearths, in Scotland where at this hour some such tribute as we now bring is not being offered to the memory of Robert Burns. All ranks share in the devotion. The peer and the ploughboy, the countess in her castle and the rustic maiden in her straw-roofed cottage, join equally in a tribute to him by whose magic verses their tenderest and most secret affections have been so deeply and pleasingly stirred. Nor is the movement confined to Scotland, but extends to every quarter of the globe. The Centenary of our national bard will be observed, with more or less enthusiasm, on both the great continents, in every British colony, and on the broad bosom of every ocean —wherever, in short, there are Scottish hearts to throb to the sounds of Scottish song—wherever the vision of Scottish woods and waters rise up in the busy memory of her pilgrim sons and daughters. Burns is our great national bard, and has reached the highest degree of excellence in every department of lyrical poetry. He has sung the joys and sorrows of the Scottish peasantry with a degree of truth, tenderness, and power which no other native poet has approached. Nor is he less pre-eminent for the strength and subtlety of his intellect, the ardent patriotism and broad and irrepressible humour that breathes in so many of his works, his exquisite sympathy with external nature, and the truthfulness and beauty of his pictures of rural and domestic life. And while admitting that Burns had grave and serious faults, it is but right to say that these faults have been frequently very much overstated. His treatment of hypocrisy is unparalleled for its severity; but of humble piety he has said nothing but good. And, then, with regard to his social habits,—although Burns wrote many Bacchanalian songs, and was much too often in the public-house, he was never a systematic and habitual drunkard. His intemperate and licentious practices, too, were to a large extent the vices of the age, a circumstance which it is well to remember in mitigation of his offences, while it is also to be borne in mind that with his strong passions and feeble will he was peculiarly liable to fall before temptation. But, passing from this, let me say a few words on the peculiar merits of our author's poetry. Like all true poets, Burns had a profound sympathy with the aspects of external nature, whether these were grand or gloomy, beautiful or tender—a sympathy that awoke within him with the first stirrings of poetic life, and remained undimmed to its close. It is but seldom, however, in the writings of Burns that we meet with descriptions of external nature apart from their immediate connection with human life or human passions. But probably nothing has done more to endear the poetry of Burns to his countrymen than its strongly national and patriotic character. Love of country may be said to breathe in every line. It appears even to have dictated his choice of the Scottish dialect; it prompted his earliest efforts for poetic fame. Robert Burns is unquestionably and incomparably our greatest and best-beloved native poet. The influence of his writings on our countrymen at home and abroad is incalculable; and, notwithstanding the faults of some of them, that influence, on the whole, is salutary and ennobling. They sparkle with the light of genius—they glow with the genial and joyous warmth of human feeling; and have a strong tendency, therefore, to enlarge the national heart and to elevate the national character.

The meeting was afterwards addressed by Mr. Gillies, Mr. Tod, Mr. Barrie, and Mr.

Blair, and the evening was spent in a most agreeable manner.

At the Cross Keys, nearly a hundred sat down to dinner—L. R. Thomson, Esq., M.D., acting as chairman, and John Gray, Esq., Edinburgh, as croupier. The former was supported by Bertram Brown, Esq., of Hardengreen, and A. Gray, Esq., the oldest member present of the Dalkeith Burns Club—the latter by W. P. Anderson, Esq., and Thomas Alison, Esq. During the evening the militia and Buccleuch bands performed appropriate airs after toasts and songs, and the dining-room, which was completely filled with the company, was decorated with evergreens, through the kindness of Mr. Thomson, Dalkeith Gardens.

After the usual loyal toasts the Army and Navy were given, and replied to by Major Shaw, who said that he had served under Lord Clyde, and could vouch for all that had been said about that noble soldier.

The CHAIRMAN, on rising to propose the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," said—This evening, gentlemen, in all parts of the world, the celebration of the birth of Robert Burns will be held with all honour due to genius. Not only in Edinburgh, "Edina, Scotia's darling seat," and in every town and hamlet of Scotland—not only in England and Ireland—not only throughout many of the cities of continental Europe—not only in Calcutta, Bombay, and Delhi—not only in American cities north and south—but in whatever quarter of the globe British enterprise is to be found, there will be to-night men gathered together to do honour and justice to the memory of Burns. Never was any poet honoured in this manner before. How comes it? It isn't that he is the greatest poet. No! I take it to be the great fact of his possessing the conditions necessary for universal admiration—to his possessing what may be called a cosmopolitan soul! As Leigh Hunt has it, "He is allied to the greatest minds by his genius—to the gravest by his grave thoughts—to the gayest by his gay ones—to the manliest by his independence—to the frail by his frailties—to the conscientious by his regrets—to the humblest ranks by his struggles with necessity; above all, to the social by his companionship, and to the whole world by his being emphatically a human creature." (Applause.) His universal sympathy caused him, not only to grieve over the misfortunes of his fellow-mortals, but the fate of the "Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower"—the "Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', timorous beastie"—the sheep "smoored" in the snaw-drift—the "happing bird," with "chittering wing," on the frozen twig—ay, and even to pity the very "Deil himsel'." Our poet's want of hypocrisy—in other words, his honesty, was another reason why his memory is now calling forth this wide-spread jubilee. Here the Chairman quoted an apposite passage from Carlyle, and after telling his audience that he was not going to inflict on them any lengthened oration, and alluding to the sublime essay on the genius and character of Burns by Professor Wilson, a nephew of whom, he said, he was glad to see present, he made some striking valuable remarks on the "mixed character" of Burns' mental and moral faculties, and concluded by saying:—Whatever view we may take of his moral aberrations, and it is now clearly shown that in many cases they have been grossly exaggerated—there can be no doubt that his writings have exercised a greater influence over the minds of men than has been exercised by any other modern poet, and I speak for myself when I say that, so far as I know my own nature, I have gained much more good than evil from the perusal of the life and writings of this illustrious and gifted man. (Applause.)

The toast was drunk with tremendous cheers.

The Croupier gave "The Relatives of Burns;" Mr. Brown, "The Poets of Scotland;" Mr. Edwards, "The Poets of England and Ireland;" Several other toasts were given, many of Burns' songs were sung in excellent style, and the meeting separated at a late hour after having spent a most agreeable evening.

The brethren of the Dalkeith Kilwinning Lodge, No. 10, met in their own Lodge Room at five o'clock. Nearly fifty brethren assembled, and the lodge was duly opened. At six o'clock the brethren left the hall, and accompanied by the Buccleuch brass band, walked in procession by torch-light through the palace grounds, leave having been kindly granted by his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch. On arriving at the front of the palace, the brethren gave three hearty cheers severally for his Grace, the Duchess, and the other members of the illustrious family. His Grace appeared and expressed great pleasure in being so honoured by the masonic body of Dalkeith, and accompanied the procession from the palace till it left the grounds. They then proceeded through the principal streets of the town, and arrived at the lodge at seven o'clock, where a substantial dinner was awaiting them, to which the brethren did ample justice. After the cloth had been removed, and the usual patriotic toasts given, the respected R.W. Master, Brother James Thomson, in an able and feeling speech, gave the "Memory of our illustrious bard," which was drank in solemn silence. The hours passed cheerfully with songs and toasts with true masonic feeling. Among the excellent songs sung was "Auld Langsyne," by brother Urquhart,

to which he added three appropriate stanzas composed by himself, which were rapturously applauded. At ten o'clock the lodge was closed in ancient form, when a splendid ball took place, which was kept up till six o'clock next morning. The lodge had a piece of the original masonic flag which waved o'er the head of Brother Burns when he was first initiated a brother in the St. David's Lodge, Tarbolton.

DALLEAGLES.—A supper, in honour of the centenary of Burns, was held in Dalleagles School-room, under the auspices of the Debating Society, which meets in that place every fortnight. The meeting consisted of the members of the Society and a number of farmers and others in the neighbourhood. The chair was occupied by Mr. Railton, farmer, Dalleagles, Mr. M'Rae, teacher, acting as croupier. On the removal of the cloth, and the introduction of that

> "Which makes a man forget his woe,
> And heightens all his joy,"

the usual loyal and constitutional toasts were given and duly honoured. The Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, "The memory of Scotland's immortal Bard," delivered an address in rhyme and prose. Essays were read on the occasion by most of the members of the Society, on subjects more or less connected with the cause of the evening's meeting. Numerous pieces of original poetry were also read or recited at intervals during the evening. Song, sentiment, and recitation were tastefully interspersed in the evening's entertainment; and the hearty cheer and the loud huzza which greeted the mention even of the name of Burns, showed how enthusiastic and heartfelt was their admiration of our immortal bard.

DALMELLINGTON.—There was a dinner party of about fifty gentlemen, who met at six o'clock, in the Black Bull Inn—Mr. M'Whirter in the chair; and Dr. Candlish, croupier. The various usual toasts and sentiments were given, and heartily responded to, with all the honours; and the evening was enlivened by Mr. Grant, lately of Dalry, and other amateur vocalists, singing some of Burns' favourite melodies. The party broke up highly delighted with the happy proceedings.

DALRY.—The Dalry Burns Club held their meeting on the 25th, being their thirty-fourth anniversary in commemoration of the immortal Burns, under the same roof, and under the same hostess (Mrs. J. Montgomerie). On this occasion, the chair was ably filled by Archibald Gray, Esq., who, on rising to propose the toast of the evening, was heartily received, and on finishing his talented speech, in which he characterised the works of the bard as having a far greater influence than all the other authors of Scotland, in working a moral reformation upon her people, demanded a full bumper to "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns"—a sentiment responded to with a burst of applause which made the rafters ring. Mr. D. Cameron, teacher, officiated as croupier. The evening was spent in a happy and agreeable manner, song and sentiment prevailing by turns.

The Brethren of the Dalry Blair Lodge, to the number of nearly seventy, sat down to supper in their Lodge Room, which was served up in Mr. Walker's usual good style. After supper the lodge was opened in due form, when toast and song went round,—

> "But ere the business was half o'er,
> A gentle hint came to the door,
> 'Men, ye maun toast and sing no more,'
> And wha was it, but Forbes."

And in the lines of the immortal bard,—

> "Each ane took aff his several way
> Resolved to meet some other day."

DALRYMPLE.—The Dalrymple Burns Club held their thirtieth meeting in Kirkton Inn, to celebrate the centenary birthday of the poet. Between fifty and sixty gentlemen sat down to dinner, at five o'clock. In the absence, from indisposition, of Mr. Baird, Cassillismill, who was to have presided, Mr. Campbell, Knockjarder, occupied the chair; while Mr. Craig, Holmes, officiated as croupier. After the usual loyal and constitutional toasts, the Chairman, in a few brief remarks on the genius of Burns, his love of country, and his increasing fame, gave "The Memory of our Ayrshire Poet." (Drunk with all the honours.) The Croupier, in a neat speech, gave "Burns' Bonnie Jean," and sang "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." In the course of the evening, the memory of Sir Walter Scott, Byron, Ferguson, Sir A. Boswell, Sir Wm. Wallace, Sir G. Cathcart, and almost all our great Scotch authors, and Ayrshire patriots were pledged, accompanied with appropriate songs. "Winged with joy the moments flew," till about half-past ten o'clock, when the chieftain of the pudding race graced the festive board, and, being heartily discussed, the company joined in singing "Auld Langsyne," and parted remarkably well pleased with the night's proceedings. The dinner and liquors did great credit to Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, of Kirkton Inn.

A "Social Centenary Soiree," on abstinence principles, was also held in the Female School-

room, which was ably presided over by Mr. William Hart, Tannock Park. After partaking of tea, with its sweet concomitants, and after a short but highly appropriate address from the Chairman, several original and very clever poetical pieces, relative to the occasion, were read. A number of excellent and appropriate songs were also given by several of the company, which, together with some readings from the works of the honoured bard, and some social conversation, made it a very happy and agreeable meeting. After singing in concert "Auld Langsyne," and our gude "Queen's Anthem," they, at a late hour, dispersed—some to convoy their lasses, and others to think over their entertainment at their "ain fireside."

DARVEL.—However difficult it may be for some (through their own spectacles) to see how Burns centenary could be properly celebrated without the customary libations from the "Lethean cup," we are glad to testify that the feat was accomplished in Hastings' School-room here, on that illustrious evening. An entertainment was provided at one shilling, consisting of a sixpence pie, tart, orange, &c., with which a company of eighty were very agreeably regaled. The Chairman (Mr. R. Tarbet) and Mr. A. Wylie, from Belfast, gave addresses and verses upon Burns and his centenary. Mr. R. Lawson recited "Tam o' Shanter," and the "Twa Dogs;" whilst Messrs. Woodburn, Millar, Cleland, Bryce, and Morton, varied the evening's hilarity with original compositions, sentiments, and songs. A quadrille band at intervals admirably performed the airs of some of his imperishable songs. The frequent bursts of laughter and applause during the evening afforded indubitable proof of the pleasure at the meeting.

DELNASHAUGH.—Here there was a supper in the Inn, Dr. Creyk in the chair, and Mr. Stewart, schoolmaster, croupier. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in an able speech, gave the Memory of Burns. There then followed — Sir George Macpherson Grant, by the Croupier; T. Macpherson Grant, Esq. of Craigroy, by Mr. Robertson, Burnside; the Memory of the late Sir George Grant, by Mr. Grant, baker; the Chairman, by Mr. Hay; the Clergy, by Mr. Fleming, Marionburgh; the Younger Members of the Ballindalloch Family, by Mr. Burgess, Phonas; the Inveravon Mutual Instruction Society, by the Chairman; Mr. Fleming, as Factor for the district, by Mr. Fleming, Tomfarclas, &c.

DENHOLM.—Notwithstanding the tempestuous day, this village presented a scene of no ordinary character. About eleven o'clock forenoon the Instrumental Band proceeded round the village, accompanied by the villagers bearing the standards which have "braved the battle and the breeze" of many a political conflict in days gone by. The day being very unfavourable, the musicians, with part of the procession, retired to the east end of the Parochial School, and there, under shelter from the furious blast, again played a few of Burns' popular airs. The shades of evening began rapidly to close around, and ere long darkness prevailed; happily, however, it was not allowed long to continue, as the villagers quickly placed their lights in their windows, and darkness almost "flew away."

Soiree.—About half-past five o'clock group after group might have been seen wending their way to the Old Swan Inn ball-room, wherein a soiree was held in commemoration of the centenary of our national poet. The room was tastefully decorated, and filled to overflowing with a company of which Scotland's fair daughters formed a very conspicuous part,—bearing ample testimony to the amount of enthusiasm for the talent and genius of Robert Burns. The chair was taken a little after six o'clock by Mr. Robert Laidlaw. A blessing having been asked by Mr. William Oliver, the company, numbering 140, partook of a plentiful repast, which was served up in excellent style. The tables having been cleared,

The Chairman rose and addressed the meeting in a brief but very appropriate manner or the occasion.

Mr. J. Scott next addressed the company at some length on the early part of the poet's life, which was received with great applause.

Refreshments of oranges and other fruits were distributed abundantly during the evening; and the company were much enlivened with some of the poet's most popular songs, sung by Mr. J. Wilson and Mr. A. Oliver, accompanied on the accordion and flute, by Messrs. J. and A. Turnbull. Two humorous songs were sung by Mr. Oliver Taylor, gardener, which contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening, and the meeting broke up about eleven o'clock well pleased with the pleasure they had enjoyed at the Burns' Centenary Soiree.

Dinner.—A numerous party dined here to do honour to the memory of the immortal bard. At five o'clock seventy-five gentlemen sat down to a most excellent dinner, provided by Mr. Leyden. Mr. Haddon, Honeyburn, occupied the chair, the croupiers being Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Malcolm.

The Chairman proposed the toast of the

evening, The Memory of Scotland's Illustrious Bard, and spoke nearly in the following terms:—We are, gentlemen, met here this evening—the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns, Scotland's own and greatest poet—to show our respect for and honour to his memory. Burns could with an eagle eye pierce the gloom of the future, and see the day—*this day*—when his name would be revered and honoured by his country—that country of which he sung so sweetly and loved so dearly, whose scenes he painted so truthfully, and the manners of whose people he described with a pathos which is now resounding through all lands. Will we now follow him from the cradle to the grave? No; not now. Most of us have done that already; but we cannot help admiring the sturdy ploughman, with his seven pounds a-year, struggling to keep the auld clay biggin up above the head o' the parent pair. No mercenary was Robert Burns; he disdained to write for pay, and a hundred of his best productions were given to the world without reward. His life in Dumfries, where the cold shoulder was given to him by the rich and great, was not all that could be wished; but, gentlemen, we are not here to extenuate his failings, it is his good qualities and transcendent genius that we are met to exalt and admire. Let his failings warn us to avoid the sunken rocks and quicksands of this world, and aspire to all that is noble and loving in his character and life. Mr. Haddon then read some of the bard's finest pieces, which gave great satisfaction, and concluded in these words—I am sure, gentlemen, I am uttering the heartfelt feelings of every one present, when I say that we, as a people, are much indebted to Burns for the pure and elevating sentiment of much of his poetry, and that we are here assembled to do honour to his manly courage, indomitable perseverance, unflinching independence, and great and honoured name.

Various other toasts were given, songs were sung, and the evening was spent in a very happy manner.

DENNY.—The festival came off here on Tuesday evening, in the Odd-Fellows' Hall. The place of entertainment was fitted up in the most tasteful and elegant fashion, with festooned evergreens and paintings around the room. A water-coloured drawing of the immortal bard in full stature, the production of our respected townsman, Mr. John M'Donald, was placed above and behind the chair. The picture seemed to view with complacent delight the proceedings of the evening. The other arrangements were unique and complete. The hall thus ornamented, when filled with the "Honest men and bonnie lassies" of Denny, to the number of 280, produced the most animating and cheering feelings. The chair was taken at six o'clock by the Rev. Mr. Falconer, who was supported right and left by the Rev. Mr. Stevenson of Dennyloanhead, and Dr. Cuthell, Denny, respectively, surrounded by the committee. Around the platform, and on the same level with it, we observed Mr. John Gow of Milton and family; Mr. Robert Binnie and family; Mr. Thomas Grey of Stoneywood and party; Mr. John Gray of Hall and party; Mr. John Gillespie of Seamores and party; Mr. Shearer of Dunipace Mill, &c. &c. After blessing being asked by the Rev. Mr. Stevenson, the company partook of tea, served up in Mr. Carmichael's best style. The company was then cheered and reminded of Scotia's struggles for liberty by the animating strains of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," harmonised and sung by Denny vocal band, accompanied by the harmonium, over which Mr. A. Stark ably presided during the evening.

The Rev. CHAIRMAN then rose and addressed the meeting as follows:—We have assembled this evening to celebrate the centenary of the immortal poet, Robert Burns. And at the outset I must be permitted to say that I feel proud of my country when I consider that, although one hundred years have come and gone since the poet first beheld the eye of day, and although the snows of more than sixty winters have fallen upon his resting-place since "stern ruin's ploughshare" laid him low, yet, with an impetuosity of enthusiasm the like of which was never heard of before, wherever "Scotland's might and Scotland's right" are sung—and where will they not be sung this night—her sons and her daughters have rallied together to shower fresh laurels upon the honoured grave of their nation's bard. You, too, with a unanimity and zeal befitting the occasion, have prepared to add your meed of praise, while your programme bears witness to your determination, that this night no songs shall be sung save the songs of the poet—and no praises, save his, celebrated. Others will address you upon the golden lyre that charmed a nation's heart, upon the withering satire that forced hypocrisy "to hide its diminished head," and upon the posthumous fame that enshrines the memory of the illustrious bard. I shall not venture to trench on themes allotted to them, nor expatiate on fields which they will ably occupy. But I may be permitted, speaking from the place to which, with far too flattering voice, you have called me, to inquire into the causes of the great phenomenon which now attracts the gaze of the world—the honours as universal as they are enthusiastic, which after so long a lapse of time are now heaped upon

the memory of Robert Burns. For the sake of justice and for the sake of gratitude, then, has this demonstration been made. That Burns had faults great and glaring—"passions wild and strong," not unfrequently hurrying him into excesses of speech and behaviour—he has himself lamented. That he penned what he regretted and fain would have destroyed, is no less true. These were dark shadows in his otherwise noble portraiture. But who that saw him raised by the force of his own commanding genius from the lowly clay cottage on the banks of the Doon to the highest pinnacle of fame in the metropolis, even in its gayest days, would not tremble lest from so giddy a height he should fall or be precipitated. "It was a wonder that his head was not turned," said Dugald Stewart, the accomplished philosopher. Let us do justice to the memory of Robert Burns. He sprung into notice like a meteor in the midnight sky. His poems were to be found in the drawing-room of the peer, and in the humble cottage of the peasant, where perchance no other book was to be found save "the big ha' Bible," of which he sung so sweetly. Seven and twenty summers had not yet passed over his head when he was admitted into the society of the most learned men of the day, and invited to the festive boards of the nobles of the land. There he shone as a star whose radiance added lustre to the dignity of their assemblies. There he sat, though untutored in the polished arts of fashionable life, yet comporting himself as one of nature's own true nobility. There he listened in deferential silence to the voice of learning, while genius flashed from his big bright black eyes and sat enthroned upon his broad expansive forehead; and when, on invitation, he lifted up his deep melodious voice, every eye was riveted upon him, and every heart electrified with the easy, uninterrupted flow of eloquence that streamed from his lips, flashing and sparkling with the scintillations of his genius. Had rank and influence then lent their weight to procure for our poet an appointment suitable to the unpretending, although independent, aspirations of his heart, he might have continued to acquit himself with the dignity of the noblest. But titled rank would almost seem to have elevated him to lofty turrets, whence the broad field of ambition might be scanned, just to cast him down to his native earth with blighted hopes and blasted prospects. They took him from his plough, and honoured and petted and encouraged him to hope in their smiles; and, when their curiosity was satiated, they left him to return to his plough, with a commission in his hands to crush the rough and dangerous smuggler, and to enter into the distillery and into the public-house to gauge the articles of excise. Thus, with the golden cup of ambition dashed from his lips ere it had been scarcely tasted, and the cup of intoxication held out to him, there is not one amongst a thousand who would not have drunk it to the very dregs to steep his senses in oblivion. Not so did Robert Burns. He associated now with friends more lowly, yet more genial, leal, and true; and if sometimes he prolonged the midnight revelry, he never drank alone—never drank of a forenoon, and never unfitted himself for his complicated and multifarious duties, as an excise officer riding two hundred miles a-week, as a farmer working a stubborn soil, and as a poet still delighting to sweep Old Scotland's lyre. And it is now in the years of his honest poverty, rather than in the days of his delusive exaltation, that I love to trace the footsteps of the poet—to image him, with his plaid on his shoulders and his sword by his side, chanting the independent ditty—

> "I am naebody's lord,
> I'll be slave to naebody;
> I hae a guid braidsword,
> I'll tak' dunts frae naebody;"

or, lovelier still, sitting in that home where the eye that had flashed in the heat of controversy with the fire of the eagle's now melted into the love of the turtle's, and, with his wife by his side and his children by his knee, asking her to sing the song—

> "Contented wi' little and canty wi' mair;"

or (to prove that the love of Burns was no ephemeral emotion, but a sentiment that could not die) on the return of that autumnal day on which he parted for ever from his first fond love, his Highland Mary; moving about disconsolately as the hour of midnight drew nigh, throwing himself down upon the cold ground, gazing intently upon the bright evening star, the tears coursing down his cheeks, and his heart throbbing with emotion, until his feelings found vent in that most plaintive of songs—

> "O Mary, dear departed shade."

Yes; Burns had his faults, but he himself has taught you

> "Gently to scan your brother man,"

while he apologises for those faults, and reads a warning to you in the lines—

> "Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us,
> It would from many a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion.

Yet, with all his faults, he was one of our greatest reformers, for he was the reformer of

our national song, and effected such a regeneration of it, that what could not have been listened to by the ear of modesty before, is now heard with rapture by the ear of lovely purity. Had he lived, we cannot tell what poems the author of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" might have hymned; but he fell into an untimely grave at the age of thirty-seven. Neglected when living, he was honoured when dead. Thousands flocked to his funeral, and many went away in tears; and then many a lovely woman made a pilgrimage to strew flowers upon his grave. And it was a just tribute, too, for Burns deserved well of his country. He has done more to perpetuate its nationality, to enshrine its memories, and to promote its renown, than ever Scotchman did. Under his magic touch our scenery surpasses in beauty and grandeur that of other lands. Its cloudy sky is curtained with the warm drapery of heaven; its bleak mountains are gilded with happy radiance; its streams dance with conscious joy as they kiss the weeping willows and bound laughing from their embrace; its little birds sing the songs of their loves; while the poorest hut is converted into a temple of love and joy. Nothing that belongs to Scotia is beneath the dignity of his immortal numbers. "The Kail Brose of Auld Scotland" is noble fare; "The Haggis," "the chieftain of the puddin' race;" and "Scotch Drink" far beyond the wines of sunny lands. The "bonnie lasses" of his country are the loveliest on earth; and the "honest men" the bravest. The might of Scotland can bid defiance to the world; while 'tis from its religion, above all things, that "Auld Scotia's grandeur springs." Disdaining foreign aid, he will not clothe his verses in English—elegant and forcible as his English is. As a Scotchman, he must send down his poems to posterity in their native garb—the language of Scotland's old parliament and her pulpit and her bar. So that now, although it should cease to be spoken, it will be as immortal as the poems of Burns, and as classic as the Doric of the Greeks. Himself belonging to the humble peasantry, although, like

> "The lark that builds the lowest nest,
> Soars on the loftiest wing,"

he has contributed more to the amusement and happiness of the sons and daughters of toil than any other. For them he possesses a charm unknown in other poets. He speaks in their language, he enters into their feelings, or portrays them to themselves. Like the old masters he studied only from the living model; nor until he was familiar with it, in every lineament and in every feature, did he begin his happy delineation. He is, therefore, not only classical, because true to nature, but he speaks home to the heart, moving with ease its secret springs, as he incites to laughter, to tears, to indignation, or to love. He enters into the home of honest poverty, and inspires the poor with contentment as he teaches them to sing—

> "Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair."

He makes his appearance in the social circle, and as he joins hand to hand—he binds them in friendship while they sing—

> "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

He impresses us with the true dignity of man as he inspires us with the ennobling sentiment—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

and on the blood-stained banks of the Ganges now the weary soldier's heart is inspired with fresh courage, and his arm nerved with new strength while he listens to the glorious song,

> "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

He could well be permitted to teach contentment, for he had a wife and family to support on less than thirty shillings a-week; friendship, for he suffered the desertion of his friends; the real dignity of man, for he knew the vanity of trusting to earthly grandeur and lordly pomp; and patriotism, for Scotland neglected him, yet in spite of that neglect, when he stood on the field of Bannockburn, on the spot where Bruce planted the standard of liberty, he lifted his hat from his honoured brow and breathed to heaven a prayer for Caledonia. Yes, Burns deserved well of his country; and Scotland will then only forget him when she forgets herself. All honour to his memory. (The rev. gentleman was cheered loudly during the delivery of his speech and at its close.)

Dr. Cuthell spoke on "Burns as a Lyric Poet;" Mr. Cousland on "Burns as a Satirist." A poem for the occasion was recited by Mr. Dun. Many of Burns' songs were beautifully sung, and after "Auld Langsyne," by the whole company standing and joining hand in hand, the meeting separated, sorry to part and happy to meet again.

DINGWALL.—The centenary was celebrated here by a banquet and ball in the County buildings. The large hall was brilliantly lighted up for the occasion, and very tastefully decorated with flags and evergreens —principally by the exertions, we believe, of Major Hirst and Mr. Frank Harper. The company began to assemble at nine o'clock, and shortly after that hour the chair was taken by Sir James Mackenzie of Scatwell, Bart., who

was supported by Major Wardlaw, Belmaduthy; C. L. Mackenzie, Esq. of St. Martins, Provost of Inverness; John Maciver, Esq., Provost of Dingwall; Major Hirst; the Rev. Dr. Gibson of Avoch; and Dr. Miller, Dingwall.

The Rev. Dr. Gibson having said grace, the Chairman in eloquent and appropriate terms proposed the usual loyal toasts.

Sir James then rose and addressed the company as follows:—Ladies and Gentlemen—In rising to propose to you that toast, which is specially the toast of the night, I hope I may be permitted thus publicly to express to the originators of this demonstration how deeply I feel the great compliment they have paid me in placing me in the chair on an occasion of such national, such heart-stirring interest. (Cheers.) Though absent in England when the invitation reached me, and though somewhat uncertain as to the precise period at which I might have it in my power to return, I accepted the most gratifying proposal with pride and with alacrity, though not without serious misgivings as to my ability to do justice to so great an occasion. But, ladies and gentlemen, I felt I had no choice in the matter; for he must be a degenerate Scotchman indeed who could hesitate for one moment to respond to the invitation of any portion of his fellow-countrymen to do homage to the memory of one who was such a glorious representative of his country's genius; who was indeed the noblest peasant that ever trod the green sward or the heather hills of old Scotland. (Loud cheers.) Sprung from the people, born in an "auld clay bigging," brought up to "whistle at the plough," but at the same time nurtured in the paths of virtue, and under the guidance of religious parental love, Robert Burns rose, by the force of his genius, to distinction and influence, and won for himself a proud position in that greatest of all aristocracies, the aristocracy of merit. (Applause.) I do not mean to deny that Robert Burns had his failings, but I do mean to say that, "taking him all in all, we ne'er shall see his like again." (Cheers.) He chronicled the events which occurred in his own sphere of life not only with the brilliant imagination of a poet, but with the heart and soul of a man. Patriotism, tenderness, humour, friendship, sublimity, are the leading characteristics of his poetry; in it you find neither delusion nor affectation; neither exaggeration nor falsehood; and though, as I have already said, I do not mean to assert that all his poems are perfect, I do maintain they possess the greatest of all merits, life-pervading, life-breathing truth. (Great applause.) Though sixty-two years have elapsed since Robert Burns was gathered to his fathers at the early age of thirty-eight, the enthusiasm of his countrymen (and may I not say of his fair countrywomen too?) has in no degree subsided. The east and the west, the north and the south, the Highlands and the Lowlands, are now vieing with each other in doing homage to his memory, and I am proud to think that, as regards the north, the county town of Ross-shire has led the van in manifesting feelings so thoroughly national. (Loud cheers.) And is it surprising such feelings should still exist? Surely not, for no poet ever lived so constantly and so intimately in the hearts of a people. (Hear, hear.) Associating, as he did, the words and music of his songs with the every-day life of the Scottish people, and with the romantic and lovely scenery of their country, his compositions are peculiarly calculated to bind Scottish hearts to their native land, and to cherish those feelings which, under proper restriction, form the purest happiness of humanity. (Cheers.) It is thus that Burns' poems have been not only popular, but lasting; thus has been engrafted on the works of man some degree of that stability which belongs to the works of nature. It is thus that Burns' poetry is even now as familiar to the Scottish people as "household words." It delights them in their prosperity; it comforts them in their adversity; they know that those who, in the spirit of Burns' poetry, love their homes and their fatherland; they feel that those who, in the spirit of Burns' poetry, fear God and honour their sovereign, may walk as equals with any noble in the land, however proud his lineage, however great his name—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a that." (Loud cheers.)

I have said that the leading characteristics of Burns' poetry are patriotism, tenderness, humour, friendship, sublimity; and who can doubt this who is at all familiar with his beautiful style? Does not "Bruce's Address to his Troops" (more generally known as "Scots wha hae") overflow with the most glowing patriotism? Sir James then alluded to the report that Burns was a Republican and a Revolutionist. He believed there never was a greater calumny uttered, and in refutation read the patriotic song, beginning—

> "Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" &c.

Sir James then continued—I knew with what cordiality you would respond to this sentiment, and you will therefore fully appreciate the beautiful lines of another celebrated poet, who says:—

> "Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;

Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
If once destroyed, can never be supplied."

(Cheers.) But, to return to Burns, what can be more perfect as a specimen of tenderness, and of the purest love and fidelity, than that beautiful song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," addressed, as you know, by the poet to her who became his wife, and to whom he was a most devoted husband. Then there is "John Anderson, my jo," the words of which breathe a strain of connubial bliss which is as undoubtedly moral as it is deeply affecting. As a specimen of Burns' humour, "Tam o' Shanter" stands pre-eminent. The next characteristic is friendship—

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweetener of life, and solder of society."

(Cheers.) As a specimen of the fidelity of his friendship and the depth of his gratitude, what can be more touching than his "Lament for the Earl of Glencairn," who was one of Burns' chief benefactors. [Sir James here read the poem.] I have said sublimity was another characteristic of the poetry of Burns; and permit me to ask what can be more sublimely beautiful than "The Cottar's Saturday Night," which, as you are aware, represents Burns' father and his family at their evening devotions. Of this masterpiece it has been truly said, "It is charged with those sacred influences which connect the human heart with Heaven." (Cheers.) Sir James read some of the more striking stanzas of the poem, dwelling with particular emphasis on the concluding stanzas, and then resumed. I have now finished. I am deeply sensible how inadequately I have performed the duty your kindness intrusted to me, but I have the consolation of knowing that no eulogium which the greatest orator could pronounce could add to that enthusiasm with which, not only here—not only throughout Scotland, but in distant climes, and in every country to which an adventurous spirit has attracted her sons—will the centenary of Robert Burns be this night celebrated. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you "The immortal Memory of Robert Burns." (Sir James was repeatedly and loudly cheered during the delivery of the above address, and the toast was received with the greatest enthusiasm.)

Provost Maciver, after thanking Sir James for his eloquent address, then proposed as a toast "The relatives of Burns"—his two sons and his nieces — inheritors of his blood and name, and who were bequeathed by the poet to his country.

Dr. Miller gave "The Lady Anne Mackenzie and the other Lady Patronesses," which was acknowledged by Sir James.

Major Wardlaw then rose and proposed the health of the Chairman, Sir James Mackenzie. (Great cheering.)

Sir James, in acknowledging the toast, alluded to the infrequency of such meetings as the present, and regretted that there were so few of them. He would suggest an annual meeting. (Cheering.)

The banquet having concluded, dancing commenced, and was maintained with great vigour till an early hour in the morning. During the evening some of Burns' finest melodies were sung by Sir James Mackenzie and others —"Green grow the rashes," "John Anderson, my jo," "Scots wha hae," "A man's a man for a' that," and "Auld Langsyne."

This celebration was a great success. The rooms were crowded by a large and fashionable audience. Amongst those present, besides the gentlemen already mentioned, were: Lady Anne Mackenzie; Mrs. Douglas of Scatwell; Mrs. Wardlaw; Alex. Matheson, Esq. of Ardross, M.P.; H. M. Fowler, Esq. of Raddery, and Mrs. Fowler; G. G. Munro, Esq. of Poyntzfield; Mrs. L. Mackenzie of St. Martins, and party; Mrs. Grogan of Inverness; the Misses Gibson, Avoch; the Rev. P. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Mackenzie; Hugh Davidson, Esq. of Cantray; Mrs. Fraser, Brackla; Rev. C. Mackenzie, Contin; Lieuts. Grant and Williams, &c.

Mr. Macgillivray's band was in attendance, playing appropriate tunes after the toasts and supplying the dancers with a selection of appropriate and excellent music.

DOLLAR.—On Tuesday the 25th a half-holiday was observed here in honour of our national bard. Joy and glee sat on every countenance, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed at both the festivals held in the town; this was especially the case at the large and influential meeting in the Campbell Hotel, where the enthusiasm and happy feeling was very much promoted by the great tact and good humour of the chairman, Dr. Lindsay, aided by the equally efficient services of Dr. Strachan and John M'Arthur Moir, Esq. of Hillfoot. The chairman gave the toast of the evening, "The immortal memory of Robert Burns," which was received with such enthusiasm and rapturous applause as proved that every one present had a leal and true Scottish heart. The pleasures of the evening were greatly diversified through the alternation of speech and song. Mr. Moir contributed in no small degree to the enjoyment of the evening, by his numerous recitations from the works of Scotia's best-loved bard.

A large bonfire was erected by the young folks of Hillfoot House, on the top of Gloomhill, and after partaking of haggis and pies prepared by the amiable and generous lady of Hillfoot for the occasion, dancing was kept up till "a blast of Januar win'" sent them hame to enjoy the sports and comforts of their ain firesides.

In commemoration of the hundredth birthday of Burns, Scotland's gifted son of song, a party of working men, to the number of twenty-three, sat down in Mr. Dickie's, Old Town, to a substantial repast, — Mr. William Tainsh, chairman; Mr. Robert Kirk, croupier. The room, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion, presented a snug and comfortable appearance,—

> "The win' without might rair and rustle,
> They didna min' the storm a whistle."

Justice having been done to the good things of this life, and the usual preliminary toasts proposed and disposed of, the Chairman rose, and in a few brief but happy remarks, gave the toast of the evening, "The immortal memory of Scotland's peasant poet, Robert Burns." The toast was responded to in a characteristic and becoming manner. Toast, song, and sentiment then went round, Mr. John Blackwood, violinist, played several Scottish tunes with his usual exquisite skill and taste. Throughout the evening the greatest good humour and good feeling prevailed, while happiness and satisfaction reigned in every bosom. The supper, with its varied accompaniments, was of the highest order, while the attention of Mr. Dickie and his assistants to the comfort of the company was all that could be desired.

DOUGLAS.—The Burns Centenary was celebrated here by a public dinner, within the Douglas Arms Inn, upon Tuesday the 25th Jan. The attendance was numerous and highly respectable, and the evening was spent with the greatest hilarity and harmony, interspersed with excellent specimens of recitation and songs *apropos* to the occasion. Mr. Hamilton, Millbank, presided, supported on the right and left by Mr. Scott of the commercial bank; Mr. Gillespie, Gateside; Mr. Patterson, Glentaggart; Mr. Swan, Collierhall; Mr. Thorburn of the city bank; and Mr. Scott, Braehead, &c. Mr. Wood officiated as croupier, supported on the right and left by Messrs. Park, Maxwell, D. Thorburn, and More. After the usual preliminary toasts, the Chairman rose and said,—Gentlemen, the next toast which I have now the honour to propose is the great toast of the evening,—a toast which I approach with profound humility,—yet, at the same time, I ought to feel proud that my feeble voice should at this moment be mingling with so many of my fellow countrymen, in doing honour to the memory of that illustrious genius, whose productions have sunk so deeply into the hearts of Scotia's sons,—whose productions have for more than fifty years contributed to amuse, enliven, and instruct the inmates of every village, hamlet, and cottage throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, and have found an honourable place in the palace of the great, as well as in the lowly cot of the poor. After some other remarks illustrative of the causes which had led to the universal appreciation of the poetry of Burns, the Chairman proposed the toast of the evening. Among the various suitable toasts proposed by the gentlemen present, Mr. Park, in his usual pithy and graphic style, gave "The Memory of Allan Ramsay," as the great prototype of Burns. Mr. David Thorburn gave "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott." Few meetings of this kind have occurred in which so much good humour and kindly feeling prevailed; and from the excellent arrangements made by the committee of management the comfort of every one was duly attended to. The only regret was that the hour approached too soon when "Tam maun ride."

DOUNE.—The idea having been mooted of celebrating the centenary of Scotland's celebrated poet Robert Burns, the members of the Kilmadock Agricultural Association and Doune Curling Club resolved to unite together, and, throwing their separate interests aside, join heart and hand in the great and popular celebration, at the same time giving a cordial invitation to all who revered the memory of Scotland's bard to unite in the celebration, doubting not that a large assembly would join in the movement, the result proving the correctness of the anticipations. Mr. M'Farlane, Doune, occupied the chair; Mr. Dewar, Doune Castle, and Mr. M'Lachlan, Milton, discharged the duties of croupiers. After the loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in a concise and perspicuous address, gave "The Memory of Burns"—the bard of hall and cottage—the bard of independence and patriotism—the bard in whom true genius shone both in song and poetry. The toast was received with long and enthusiastic cheering. Throughout the evening appropriate toasts, songs, and recitations were given in happy succession — some of Burns' songs being sung with beautiful and telling effect. The meeting broke up at a late hour, fain to meet but wae to part. Dinner was provided by Mr. Menzies, Woodside Inn—the Scotch haggis, sheep head and trotters, among other dishes, figuring on the board.

DUFFTOWN.—No fewer than three different public entertainments were held here, and one and all of them numerously attended by the most respectable inhabitants; and it is even asserted that after all the public halls had been engaged a number of old gentlemen were very much inclined to take to a barn and do honour to their favourite poet by partaking of the haggis he has celebrated, and drinking to his immortal memory. We have had dinners, suppers, gatherings, and balls many a time, but never anything equal to this. Excitement, enthusiasm, gossip, and scandal were at their highest pitch for weeks, and when the day at last arrived we were afraid that it was too much for us to give anything like an adequate representation of our feelings, and no doubt so it was; but had any one come and taken but a peep into each of our lively companies he would have not only seen but felt that in Dufftown Burns was appreciated and his memory cherished.

To begin with the meeting in Innes' Hall. Here everything was got up in the most gorgeous style. The decorations were very much admired, and the supper and entire arrangements were such as to reflect the highest credit upon Mr. Webster, who had charge of these matters. At the end of the Hall, where the Chairman sat, was a fine arch of evergreens, and in the opening between the columns hung a large painting of "the auld clay biggin'" where the poet was born, and over it a gilded harp half hidden by the bushes, and entwined with "holly boughs" and Scotch thistles. At the other end, behind the croupier, was a corresponding arch, encircling a large painting of the poet's "resting place" in Dumfries, and on the side wall, opposite the orchestra, a picture of his coat of arms, on a white ground, tastefully surrounded by spruce, holly, and ivy. From the ceiling waving festoons of ivy were suspended, with a number of oranges temptingly peeping from among the green leaves, while around the whole hall the spruce and holly bushes were tastefully spread. The gasaliers, too, were in holiday attire, and when their whole flood of light was expanded, the place looked more like a garden of Eden than a hall in Dufftown. Beside the unusual exertions made in decorations, the fact that the principal ladies in the quarter had been invited to supper added much to the *eclat*, and made the meeting not only the most brilliant but altogether the greatest novelty of the kind ever witnessed in Mortlach. Dr. Grant occupied the chair, and Mr. Geddes, Glass, acted as croupier. Among the strangers present were the Rev. Mr. Mason, and Misses Mason, Botriphnie; Mr. Thurburn, and Misses Thurburn, Keith; Mr. William Asher, Keith; Mr. Simpson and Mr. Mitchell, Montreal; Miss Marquis, Fochabers, &c. Supper, which included "the chieftain o' the puddin' race," over, and the house warmed by the usual loyal and patriotic toasts from the chair, the Chairman after a long and eloquent speech proposed the toast of the evening. Mr. Hepburn then sang, "Rantin', Rovin' Robin," in his own masterly style. The Croupier then gave Burns as a Husband and Father, Mr. Webster then proposed Burns as a lore Poet. "My Nannie O" was then sung by the band. Mr. Little gave Burns' Independence as exhibited in his Correspondence. He believed that the individuality of his character was equally, if not more fully, brought out in his correspondence than in his poems. Mr. Thurburn, Keith, gave the living Poets of Scotland. Mr. Cowie gave the Clergymen, coupling the toast with the Rev. Mr. Mason.

Mr. Mason said it might be thought that he was out of place, but he would be very sorry to find that the time would ever come when any clergyman would be out of place at such a meeting as this, or in doing honour to the memory of a man of genius like Burns. Differences existed between Burns and some of the clergymen of his day; but he had ever found these were men of particular idiosyncrasies of temper, and perhaps of not too much intellect, and who provoked the satire of the bard by many of their eccentricities. Many of the best and most gifted of the clergymen in Edinburgh were among his correspondents and warmest friends, and for these Burns ever cherished the warmest feelings and highest respect. Dr. Grant expressed his impatience to get the ball opened, which was soon done, and the spirit-stirring notes of the band soon put "life an' mettle in their heels."

A Soiree and Ball were also held here in Wilson's Hotel. The attendance numbered upwards of 250, including a good many members of the Total Abstinence Society—Mr. William Craib, New Castle of Balvenie, in the chair. Addresses were given by Mr. John Symon, jun., saddler, and Mr. Stewart, Malt-Kiln, on the Life, Character, and Genius of Burns; and a number of songs were sung in the course of the evening. A ball followed, and dancing was kept up till an advanced hour in the morning. The music was conducted by Messrs. John Myren and Robert Green, jun., Auchindown.

The Freemasons and other inhabitants of Mortlach took supper together in Mr. A. Craib's Inn, Dufftown—Mr. John Grant, Dullan Cottage, in the chair, and Mr. A. Forbes, croupier. The supper, including a Scotch haggis, was served out in style by Mrs. Craib.

The Chairman, after the usual loyal and pat-

riotic toasts, craved a bumper to the memory of Burns. He (the speaker) had the honour of being the oldest freemason in Mortlach. Giving an outline of the poet, he observed that, among other poems, Burns composed his addresses to the Deil, to Death and Dr. Hornbook, while returning from meetings of Freemasons at Tarbolton, and that when the poet was about to leave his native country for Jamaica, he wrote a beautiful song to the Brethren of that Lodge, and expressed sorrow for leaving them in the following words—"By that *hieroglyphic* bright, which none but *craftsman* ever saw," &c. Through the kindness of Captain Brown, Tullich Cottage, (whose health, amid many other local toasts, was heartily drunk to,) his piper was in attendance during the evening, and played happily suitable airs to each toast. The supper was followed by a hearty dance.

DUMBARTON.—On the evening of the 25th, a party of six-and-twenty admirers of our national bard sat down to dinner in the Elephant Hotel. The chair on the occasion was ably filled by R. G. Mitchell, Esq., procurator-fiscal; supported on the right by Provost Risk, and on the left by Mr. T. M'Intosh. The duties of croupier were discharged in an efficient manner by Dr. B. M. Richard, supported on the right by Mr. James Ure, and on the left by Mr. Henry Adams. After the usual loyal toasts had been disposed of, the Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, alluded, in a brief but pointed manner, to the seemliness there was in celebrating, with world-wide rejoicing, the centenary of a poet, not more remarkable for the brilliancy of his genius than the depth, purity, and comprehensiveness of his love—qualities which distinguished him, he would not say above our other national poets only, but above the poets of any other nation whatever. The main features of Burns' character and writings were enlarged upon and commended by the Chairman, with much appropriateness; while, to vary the usual routine—and it was certainly not the least attractive feature of "the speech of the evening"—he introduced before closing the very suitable song, "There was a lad was born in Kyle." At its conclusion, "The Immortal Memory of Burns" was drunk with the greatest possible enthusiasm. Among the other toasts proposed were "Honest men and bonnie lasses," by the Croupier; "The Scotch Regiments in India," by Mr. C. Riddell; "The Peasantry of Scotland," by Mr. R. U. Lowe; "The prosperity of Dumbarton," coupled with the health of the Provost, who, having acknowledged it, proposed "Our Educational Institutions," coupled with the health of Mr. Hay, the recently-appointed teacher in the English and Classical department of the Burgh Academy. Mr. Hay having replied, proposed "The memory of Sir Walter Scott." Next followed "The Literature of Scotland," by Mr. J. Irving; readings from the "Twa Dogs," by Mr. J. M'Lean; "Our Representatives in Parliament," by Mr. John Denny, town-clerk; "The Committee of Management," by Mr. T. M'Intosh; acknowledged by Mr. Irving, who also proposed "The Memory of Tobias Smollett, a son of Dumbartonshire." "The health of the Chairman" was proposed by Mr. Henry Adams, and that of "The Croupier" by Dr. Grahame. The entertainment of the evening was greatly added to by the appropriate songs sung by the Chairman, Mr. Ure, Mr. Riddell, Provost Risk, Mr. James Denny, Mr. Whyte, Mr. James Rankin, Mr. Callan, and Mr. Archd. Denny. The dinner was of a truly first-class description, and reflected the highest credit on the host, Mr. Norris. Altogether a happier or more harmonious company has rarely assembled in the burgh, and we are sure that all present will entertain the most pleasant recollection of it for a long time to come.

DUMBARTON ODD-FELLOWS' FESTIVAL AND BALL.—The Loyal Dixon Lodge of Odd-Fellows in Dumbarton celebrated the centenary of Scotia's bard, on the evening of the 25th, by a grand festival and ball, in their Lodge-room, Artisan Place. The attendance, particularly at the close of the soiree, and at the ball which succeeded, was large and respectable. Mr. Charles Stewart, P.P.G.M. of the Lodge, presided, supported by Mr. Geo. Bell, Mr. John Grant, and other office-bearers of the Society.

The hall was gaily decorated for the occasion, and had a lively and graceful appearance. Surmounting the platform, and on each of the side walls, were beautiful canopies draped with scarlet cloth, and representing the name, &c., of the Lodge in gold letters—"Loyal Dixon Lodge of Odd-Fellows: No. 1901, M.U."—and the mottoes, "Integritas," "Veritas," &c. The other parts of the room were ornamented with evergreens and the insignia of the order, while the beautiful white silk flag of the Lodge, with the Union Jack in the corner, hung gracefully from the roof about the centre of the room. The Bonhill Quadrille Band occupied a place in front of the platform, and in the course of the evening played a selection of appropriate airs with fine effect.

At eight o'clock the Chairman commenced the proceedings by delivering an able speech. He said—It is an undisputed fact, that, as time advances, the fame of Burns increases, and that is the surest sign of true greatness. Never was such a general fervour displayed on any

similar occasion. The feeling is universal—high and low, all are eager to do honour to the bard of Scotland. That Burns erred, as had been said—that he had the frailties of humanity as we all have—no sensible man will deny. Had he come into the world with a robe of superhuman righteousness, he was not our brother—he was above us. But a "clay biggin'" was his birth-place—his school was the "harvest rigg" and the "ploughtail"—the lark singing her song at heaven's gate his model—and universal nature the source from which he drew his inspiration. As it was, he was just what nature made him, and for that we love him. If the lessons which he taught were better understood, we should have less Pharisaism and cant; we should not have one saying to his neighbour, "Stand back, I am holier than thou." If a duchess felt herself, as she says, "carried off her feet" with the witching gracefulness of his conversation, and Edinburgh professors elbowed each other in eagerness for his company—if travellers encroached upon his privacy, and his good nature gave them audience, and evil to himself resulted from it—is the blame altogether his? He might have been strong in resolution, but he was one of Eve's children, and she was beguiled in Paradise. The Chairman resumed his seat amidst great applause.

Services of tarts, fruit, &c., &c., in great abundance, were distributed in the course of the evening, agreeably diversified by a number of excellent songs, recitations, &c., by Messrs. Alexander Hodge, T. Muir, J. M'Leod, A. Phillips, T. Paxton, J. Livingstone, Pollock, Cairdy, &c., and several airs on the concertina, executed with great taste, by Mr. J. Black. About eleven o'clock the hall was cleared for dancing, which, under the able direction of Mr. Hodge, as master of the ceremonies, was kept up with great spirit till far in the morning.

The Dumbarton Lennox Society's Festival.—This Society held a centenary meeting in the Abstainers' Hall, on the evening of the 25th. The hall was crowded with a most respectable company. A large sprinkling of "bonnie lasses" graced the festive board. Mr. Irvine, president of the society, occupied the chair.

After a liberal supply of tea and accompaniments, the evening's proceedings were commenced by the Chairman, who opened with an able and interesting speech, briefly reviewing the progress of the Society, and eulogising the Society for its resolution to celebrate Burns' centenary.

Mr. James M'Kay then gave an address on the "Genius of Burns," revealing a matured mind, and a thorough acquaintance with the bard's works.

Songs and recitations followed with great acceptation. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" was rendered very well by Mr. Edward M'Intyre.

Mr. James Tierney then gave an address on "Passages in the life of Burns," sketching with vividness his birth, his boyhood, and youth—his first love and first lyre—descanting largely on his erratic career, with light and graceful touch—concluding with a notice of his career in Edinburgh, amidst the applause of the meeting.

Mr. Donald Macintyre gave an address on the life and character of Burns. He said:—Robert Burns has raised the standard of the poetry of our land. He was the purifier of religious faith in an age of sectarianism and infidelity. How fearlessly and how well he lashed these moth-eaters of that sacred faith which our forefathers shed their blood to maintain and uphold! It is a popular idea among a great many of his countrymen, and no less a popular error, that such pieces as "Holy Willie's Prayer" and the "Holy Fair" have a tendency to inspire a feeling of contempt for sacred things, and that Robert Burns has railed and mocked at religion with a levity unworthy of his name. These productions were the scourges that swept away the corruptions that had been interwoven with holy things, and which disappeared before his withering sarcasms and pointed satire. That Robert Burns had a great reverence for true piety no one can with truth deny. He cherished a deep feeling of love for his kindred, and those whom he honoured with his friendship. As a husband, he was affectionate and tender; as a father, he was indulgent and kind. He had a heart susceptible to every fine feeling that adorns humanity. He had a tear for his "Maillie"—he sympathised with the mouse when he had driven it from its little home in bleak December, when winds were snell and keen. Mr. Macintyre then eulogised Burns for the noble spirit of patriotic independence which he had so consistently manifested, and concluded his address amidst loud cheers.

Songs and recitations followed in quick succession till a late hour.

This demonstration in honour of Burns was particularly characterised as being that of the working men.

An original song, prepared for the occasion by Mr. James M'Kay, was sung during the evening by Mr. Williamson, with great acceptance.

Soiree of the Dumbarton Choral Union.—The members and friends of this Society celebrated the Burns centenary at a soiree in

the E. U. Hall. Mr. Newlands officiated as chairman, and Mr. Moodie as vice-chairman. After an excellent service of tea, &c., had been partaken of, the Chairman introduced "The Memory of Burns."

The evening was spent in the most agreeable and harmonious manner; and of the many meetings held to do honour to Burns, there were few, if any, happier or more successful. A great variety of songs, many of them Burns', were sung in good style; and addresses, conversation, &c., diversified the proceedings.

SUPPER AND BALL OF THE DUMBARTON MECHANICS' INSTRUMENTAL BAND.—The members of this musical association, with their wives, "lasses," and friends, met in their practising hall, to celebrate the Burns centenary. Mr. Alex. Gilchrist acted as chairman, and Mr. Matthew Corbet, leader and master of the band, officiated as croupier. After partaking of an excellent supper, provided by Mr. Dale, baker, the evening was spent in an agreeable manner, due honour being done to the memory of "Scotia's bard." The proceedings were wound up with a ball, the dancing being kept up with great spirit to an early hour of the morning.

TRADES' MEETINGS.—In addition to the Burns centenary meetings above noticed, the sawyers, engineers, painters, and other bodies of tradesmen, held separate meetings, at all of which due honour was paid to the memory of the poet. The tailors met in Mr. Robertson's —Mr. C. Clark in the chair, and Mr. T. M'Cann in the vice-chair. The evening was pleasantly spent.

DUNBAR.—One of the largest, most respectable, and successful social meetings that ever occurred in Dunbar, took place in the Corn Exchange, in honour of the one hundredth birth-day of Scotia's bard. The hall was most tastefully decorated with evergreens, liberally supplied by the neighbouring gentry, and the Duke of Roxburgh sent two of his gardeners to assist in the decorations. At seven o'clock the chair was taken by Bailie Wood, R. W. Master of the Dunbar Castle Lodge. Upwards of 200 sat down to dinner. About twelve o'clock the assembled company rose, and with one accord joined in that touching strain so dear to the heart of every Scotchman, "Auld Langsyne;" after which the Chairman vacated the chair, and the company broke up, each and all delighted with the "Burns Banquet," which will long be remembered with pleasure in our ancient burgh.

DUNCRIVIE.—A large and respectable audience, admirers of our national bard, convened in Mr. Allan's large loft, for the purpose of commemorating the 100th birth-day of Robert Burns, our ever-to-be-remembered Poet. Mr. Doig being unanimously invited to discharge the duties of the chair, which he did in a very able manner, bestowed eulogiums on the illustrious bard of Caledonia both as a poet possessing a genuine understanding of human nature, and as a man of true moral courage and highest independence of mind. The chairman by request sung one of our bard's favourite songs, "My Nannie, O." After the company were served with pies, they then proceeded with the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," which was drunk with great enthusiasm. Many appropriate songs were sung by several individuals, after which the floor was cleared for a dance, which was kept up with great spirit to the well-strung violin of Mr. D. Doig, who put life and mettle in their heels. Never was a happier company met to do honour to any man than the assemblage on the above night. "Auld Langsyne" was led off by Mr. A. Keltie, the whole company joining in the chorus, and at an early hour the meeting broke up, extremely gratified with the evening's proceedings.

DUNDEE.—A public Festival, commemorative of the Burns Centenary, took place in the Corn Exchange Hall. Upwards of 2,000 were present; and such was the demand for tickets, that a hall twice the size would have been easily filled. Alexander Stuart Logan, Esq., Sheriff of Forfarshire, occupied the chair; and on the platform were Sir John Ogilvy, Bart., M. P., Sheriff Henderson, Sheriff Ogilvy, Rev. George Gilfillan, Provost Jobson, Bailies Webster, Hean, and Welch, Dean of Guild Hean, Charles Guthrie, Esq., of Taybank, P. H. Thoms, Esq., of Aberlemno, Alexander Wighton, Esq., Grange of Barry, William Thoms, Esq., John Sturrock, Esq., John Sturrock, jun., Esq., George Ll. Alison, Esq., Thomas Neish, Esq., David Small, Esq., Thomas Couper, Esq., William Reid, Esq., &c.

The proceedings were commenced with a Scottish overture by the orchestra, introducing "Auld Langsyne," "Scots wha hae," &c., composed expressly for the occasion by Herr Hermann.

Sheriff LOGAN, who was received with great cheering, then delivered an eloquent and spirit stirring essay on the life and writings of the poet, of which we regret that our limits only permit us to give a few extracts. He said,—Some one, I forget who, has said that of all contemporary men Burns was the most fit to have guided the destinies of his country. Of that I shall say nothing; it being much easier to blame, than to be, a great statesman. Thus

much, however, is certain that, apart quite from the creative faculty and the sympathetic temperament which made him a great poet, he possessed, in the way of general intellectual capacity, what would have made him a distinguished man in any department of human exertion. (Hear, hear.) . . . . . Much as we owe to Burns, we owe still more to truth; and in practical morals there can be no greater mistake than, when dealing with the aberrations of a man of distinguished genius, to ascribe them to other than the true causes, which causes, indeed, will usually be found to be precisely what operate like results in the case of more ordinary men. (Cheers.) Burns was the offspring of pious parents; and in particular his father, in many respects a remarkable man, was in no respect more remarkable than for the care with which he instructed his children—not merely in human learning, but in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. His labour, as regards his eldest son Robert, though indeed not altogether in vain, was far from being quite successful. At no period of his life indeed, was he other than a man of strong religious sensibilities and of impressions even; still I greatly fear—indeed after much inquiry, anxiously directed towards the issue least unfavourable—I have been forced to the conclusion, that at no time of life later than his early manhood was he under the influence of sound or solid religious convictions. That he saw and felt the beauty of holiness, and that for the time he could even experience something of its power, the "Cottar's Saturday Night" forbids any one to doubt. But that his own Christian faith—belief, that is to say, in the cardinal points of Christian truth, without which Christian faith does not exist—was at the same time wavering and weak, at the best, indeed, an affair of sentiment rather than of substance, we have, on his own confession, more evidence than enough. In what the great practical error of his life consisted every one knows so well that I need not even allude to it; but that he should unhappily have fallen into it need not surprise any one who, knowing something of the headlong strength of his natural passions, knows also that they acted without the effective restraint of a sound religious belief. Launched as he was on the sea of life—and with such passions as well as such powers, what a sea was that to Burns!—a thoughtful observer, however he may grieve, can no more wonder at the moral shipwreck which partly at least ensued, than he would wonder at the literal destruction of an actual ship, adventured upon a tempestuous ocean without either a directing helm or a guiding compass. There are two matters which I feel that I must notice. I say must; for that, on such an occasion as this, they should be placed on a proper footing, on which in many quarters they do not at present stand, is due at once to Burns himself as well as to what he ever valued more even than himself, the country and the countrymen of Burns. With that matter, which affects the latter of these, I shall deal first. I allude to the opprobrium, long and industriously cast upon Scotland, for having stooped to the imputed degradation of permitting her great poet to be created, and to continue, an exciseman. (Hear, hear.) In 1796, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a great English poet, but also a man who never did much for himself, and for whom England, his country, never did anything, thus sung of Burns, and, as connected with him, of the most exalted of the countrymen of Burns—

"Is thy Burns dead?
And shall he die unwept, and sink to earth
'Without the meed of one melodious tear?'
Thy Burns, and Nature's own beloved bard,
Who to the 'Illustrious of his native Land
So properly did look for patronage.'
Ghost of Mæcenas, hide thy blushing face!
They snatched him from the sickle and the plough
To gauge ale-firkins.

O! for shame return!
On a bleak rock, midway the Aonian Mount,
There stands a lone and melancholy tree
Whose aged branches to the midnight blast
Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough
Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be exhaled,
And weeping wreath it round thy Poet's tomb.
Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grow,
Pick the rank henbane and the dusky flowers
Of nightshade, or its red and tempting fruit,
These, with stopped nostrils and glove-guarded hand,
Knit in nice intertexture so to twine
The illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility."

This strain came forth in 1796, being the very year in which Burns died; and its echo, doubtless much deteriorated in quality, but also much augmented in volume by many a prolonged and dissonant bray from inferior vocalists, has at intervals been more or less audible down to the present hour. It is high time, therefore, that it should now be put to silence; and, as I am firmly convinced that the original key-note is essentially a false one, I shall be happy should I be able to contribute somewhat towards that good end. (Hear, hear.) First of all, then, I regard it to be a sound axiom of moral economics that it is no part of the duty of those who direct the public affairs of a country such as ours to provide employment for, or otherwise directly to reward, a man of genius; further, and as a corollary, that such a man gets all that is his due provided that his countrymen accept his efforts, with considerate candour while their quality is as yet unknown, and, that when known and seen to be good, then with warm and cordial approbation. Beyond that neither

government nor people are bound to go; and to excellence, particularly to excellence of the highest order, it would, indeed, be fatal were either to presume to advance further. Genius, however much to be admired and even honoured, confers on its possessors no dispensing powers in reference to matters of universal obligation. In particular, it does not absolve them from the seemingly hard but truly merciful condition, which imposes on every man, born into a world where labour and self-support are the necessities of all, the duty of doing for himself what he cannot allow to be done by others for him without loss of self-respect as well as independence—the duty, I mean, of supporting himself, and those whom he is bound to support, by the labour of his own proper hands or head. (Cheers.) So Burns himself was accustomed to think; and, as he thought, so likewise he acted. [The learned Sheriff then touched upon the poet's exciseman life—noticed how faithfully he did his duty in serious cases, and how he would pass kindly over small things, thus]—From Professor Gillespie we learn that on a fair day in August, 1793, in the village of Thornhill, a poor woman, Kate Watson by name, had, for that day only, and doubtless by the particular desire of a thirsty population, converted without license her cottage into a public-house. "I saw the poet," says the Professor, "enter the door, and anticipated nothing short of an immediate seizure of a certain greybeard and barrel, which, to my personal knowledge, contained the contraband commodities our bard was in quest of. A nod, accompanied by a significant movement of the forefinger, brought Kate to the doorway or trance, and I was near enough to hear the following words distinctly uttered:—'Kate, are you mad? Don't you know that the supervisor and I will be in upon you in the course of forty minutes? Good-bye t'ye at present.' Burns was in the street and in the midst of the crowd in an instant, and I had access to know that the friendly hint was not neglected. It saved a poor widow from a fine of several pounds for committing a quarterly offence by which the revenue was probably subject to an annual loss of five shillings." (A laugh.) The incident, preserved by Allan Cunningham, is as follows:—"The poet and a brother exciseman one day suddenly entered a widow woman's shop in Dunscore, and made a seizure of smuggled tobacco. 'Jenny,' said the poet, 'I expected this would be the upshot. Here, Lewars, take note of the number of rolls as I count them. Now, Jock, did you ever hear an auld wife numbering her threads before check-reels were invented? Thou's ane, and thou's no ane, and thou's ane a' out—listen.' As he handed out the rolls he went on with his humorous enumeration, but dropping every other roll into Janet's lap. Lewars took the desired note with much gravity, and saw, as if he saw not, the merciful conduct of his companion." (Cheers.) The following is the circumstance preserved by Mr. Train:—"Jean Dunn, a suspected trader in Kirkpatrick-Durham, observed Burns and Robertson—another exciseman—approaching her house on the morning of a fair, slipped out of the back door, apparently to evade their scrutiny, leaving in her house only her attendant for the day and her daughter, a little girl. 'Has there been any brewing for the fair here to-day?' demanded the poet as he entered the cabin. 'O no, Sir,' was the reply of the servant, 'we hae nae license for that.' 'That's no true,' exclaimed the child, 'the muckle black kist is fu' o' the bottles o' yill that my mother sat up a' night brewing for the fair.' 'Does that bird speak?' said Robertson, pointing to one hanging in a cage. 'There is no use for another speaking-bird in this house,' said Burns, 'while that lassie is to the fore. We are in a hurry just now; but as we return from the fair we'll examine the muckle black kist.'" (Laughter.) [After declaring his belief that there was no foundation for the charge that Burns was a drunkard, he concluded]—Before I sit down, allow me to say that, in place of being open to censure for our proceedings this evening, the object, which by those proceedings we desire to accomplish, is altogether a good and grateful, a just and honest, and therefore a thoroughly right and proper object. Hard words in various quarters have been thrown out against any solemn recognition of the hundredth birthday of Burns, and it has even been said that such as join in its commemoration are guilty of the great sin of false worship. The imputation is foolish as well as untrue. To honour human genius is not sinful, if the sentiment proceed from worthy motives; and any such tribute to one who has for sixty years been in his grave must be at least disinterested. Our object this evening is simply to pay a debt, which in the opinion of most has lain over too long already. But, as fortunately the moral emotions by whose exercise our sensitive human hearts are elevated and made better, and by which, in order to that end, they have been so thickly sown, can undergo no prescription, and are subject to no statute of limitations, our debt, from having been delayed so long, has only been rendered now more justly due. In your name, therefore, and for myself, for all the delight and instruction which we and three generations of our fathers have derived from his ever-memorable poetry and songs, by means of which, harmoniously working to a good and common end with the writings of

other authors like minded though differently gifted, they and we were rendered eminently happier and therefore better men, I hereby devoutly thank Robert Burns. (Great cheering.)

Mr. CHARLES C. MAXWELL delivered an eloquent address as chiefly illustrating the "Cottar's Saturday Night."

The Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN, on rising, was received with repeated and long continued rounds of cheering. He said:—I rejoice, Sir, to be present at the meeting to-night, and to know that I do not stand alone among the clergymen of Scotland in doing homage to the genius of our great poet. In many other of the towns and cities of Scotland which are this night honouring themselves in honouring Burns—Dunfermline, Dumfries, Perth, Edinburgh, and Glasgow—I observe that ministers of all denominations—and some of them of great eminence in their profession, as well as in general literature—are appearing on the platforms of Burns' festivals, and doing so, not merely because they have been invited, or that the cause is popular, but from spontaneous enthusiasm. (Cheers.) The religion we profess, Sir, is a religion of charity and long-suffering, of love and hope—a religion which sympathises with all genuine excellence, beauty, and intellectual power; and all these qualities of our holy faith combine in teaching its ministers to pity the fallen, to be charitable to the erring, to hope all things, bear all things, and believe all things in reference to noble natures, even when partially eclipsed—

> "Gently to scan their fellow-man,
> Still gentler sister woman,"

—to do this without sacrificing one atom of moral feeling or of Christian principle; and, on the other hand, to acknowledge the claims of great genius wherever it is to be found, without compromising the far grander claims of the writers of the word of God. And I may say still farther, that I have no sympathy with the rancorous abuse which some clergy, both in England and in Scotland, have been heaping upon the memory of Burns—an abuse springing in some of them from one-sided habits of view—in others from religious zeal pushed to fanaticism—in others from sheer envy and malignity, or from the spirit of contradiction—and in a few from downright stupidity, their attacks being just the baa of certain animals against the author of a certain well-known poem. (Laughter and cheers.) I noticed, Sir, with astonishment, in to-day's paper, a statement reported to be made by an Edinburgh clergyman, whom I and all of us greatly respect, namely—that Burns "never loved a woman but to betray her, and never made an acquaintance among either young men or women, but he injured and corrupted." Now, Sir, not even my profound respect for the eminent name of William Lindsay Alexander will prevent me from denouncing this, if the report is correct, as a gross calumny. (Great cheering.) Did Burns betray Highland Mary? I have heard this asserted, but asserted only on suspicion—a suspicion that could only have entered foul and prurient imaginations. (Cheers.) What I know is that Mary Campbell died while preparing for her marriage with the poet, and that Burns addressed her as "Mary in Heaven." Would he have done this had she been his victim? Who ever ventured to hint that he betrayed Charlotte Hamilton? And would Dr. Alexander specify a young man whom Burns corrupted? It was not his brother Gilbert or William. To the one he repeated on a Sabbath day the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and to the other, a humble saddler in London, he wrote letters of kind and brotherly counsel. It was not James Candlish, student in physic, to whom he writes, expressly warning him against Spinoza, and saying that he has, after some doubts, returned to revealed religion. It was not Alexander Cunningham, to whom we find him inditing that noble letter where he describes his soul in a stormy day rising up to "Him who walketh on the wings of the wind." And it was not Robert Ainslie—even in youth, the devout, the pious—and who in after life produced that useful manual, "A father's present to his children." And I cannot but wonder how a man of Dr. Alexander's great German lore should set Goethe above Burns—Goethe, whose life, as every well-read man knows, was that of a systematic sensualist—who went in cold blood to practices on which Burns was hurried by passion. And yet even of Goethe, I would not say what he says of Burns, that "he never loved a woman but to betray her," although he did betray some in a manner from which the soul of the Scottish poet would have shrunk back in abhorrence. There was once a clergyman to whom Dr. Alexander and myself, and indeed all ministers now alive, might look up—I mean Edward Irving—and I know that while he detested Goethe (while admitting his extraordinary powers) as a Pagan idol, he has in his orations poured out a noble panegyric and lamentation, both blending together in the unity of love, over Scotland's ploughman bard. (Loud cheers.) Burns, Sir, as a man, had his faults, and as a poet his limitations. He did not, like Milton, maintain his life and his song to the same high pitch, nor did he ever produce any large elaborate master-piece of genius. To gain the Miltonic position he lacked learning, experience of men and manners,

elevation of moral nature, as well as length of life. Nor had he that wondrous imaginative faculty of Shakspeare, which, had Burns possessed, would have enabled him to make his smallest poems typical of universal truth, and overflowing with everlasting significance. But the quality of Burns which entitles him to his truest fame—great as were his gifts of humour, pathos, sense, and fancy—and which like a shield protects him from all his enemies, intellectual or moral, is his nationalism. He was the poet of his people—elected at once by Nature, circumstances, his own and his country's choice as the bard of Caledonia. (Cheers.) In this spirit he sung the well-known lines—

> "Even then a wish, I mind its power,
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Shall strongly heave my breast,
> That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
> Some usefu' plan or book might make,
> Or sing a sang at least."

(Loud cheers.) And let it be remembered that the poet who identifies himself with a country in his sympathies and his song, identifies himself with it in its work, wisdom, and valour. It becomes his quite as much as he becomes its. Even as an algebraic sign stands for a multitude of inferior numerals, so the name of a single genuine poet stands at once for the millions composing a country, and for the country which includes the millions. There are thousands of the human race who know little of Persia, except that there the poet Hafiz sung. There are many that never heard of Ionia or of Chios, except that on one of their shores was born Homer—

> "The blind bard who on the Chian strand
> Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
> Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

Ireland, in some quarters of the globe, is chiefly known on account of its miseries and its Tom Moore,

> "The sweetest lyrist of its saddest wrong."

And I know that to many in England, Wales, France, Germany, Italy, America, India, and China, the name of Scotland has little interest, except as associated with these two—for we fortunately have two representatives of our national character and genius—Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns. (Loud cheers.) Here, Sir, I dare challenge a comparison between this country and our sister in the south. She has produced many noble spirits, such as Spencer, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Byron, and Coleridge, with some of whom I would not compare the Scottish ploughman in point of genius, any more than of culture; but none of these—not even Shakspeare—can be called the Poet of the English nation. Spencer is the poet of Fairy land, not of Mother Anglia. Milton is the poet of Heaven and of Hell, and these are not peculiarly connected with England. Dryden is the poet of the Court and age of Charles II., and that Court and age were not fair specimens of the country. Byron fought like Harry Wynd for his own hand, and is mainly the representative of his own moody passions, one-sided power, dark unrest, and shallow infidelity. Coleridge belonged to what he himself calls

> "Cloudland, gorgeous land"—

and you might read his works for a long time without being certain, except from the mere diction, whether he came from England or Germany, shall I say from the earth or the moon! Shakspeare was of all time—he was an Englishman by accident—a man by condescension—a cosmopolitan by courtesy—by nature he belonged to the universe, in the broadest sense of that term. (Cheers.) But Burns and Sir Walter were "Scotch of the Scotch." They lived, moved, and had their being in the atmosphere of their own country—national tradition was their life and revenue—the red heather was their regal crown—the thistle of Scotland, "the thistle sae green," was their poetic sceptre—the mountains of their native land, from Criffel and Corsincon, to Benlomond and Bennevis, were their chosen thrones—(loud cheers)—and they both deliberately and gloryingly sacrificed much that was universal in their powers to the special purpose of celebrating the country of their birth, and

> "To Scotland gave up what was meant for mankind."

And if they gave up so much for Scotland, what should Scotland do for them? What, especially, should it do for Burns, who, to parody an expression of Byron's—

> "Did for *love*, what others did for *hire*"—

who sung of Scotland during his brief but brilliant career, and sung of nothing else, and was rewarded—how? Why, first, to be sure, by the rapid sale of a large edition of his poems, and his admission into the aristocratic circles of the land, where he, by his conversational eloquence, electrified duchesses, silenced moderators of the General Assembly, and surprised fashionable circles into humanity, enthusiasm, and tears—(cheers)—rewarded, secondly, by a far more exceeding great reward, unbounded popularity among the peasantry and the artizans of his country, who, as Elliott says—

> "Gave him more than gold;
> They read the brave man's book"—

and admired it as a perfect picture of their life, in its joys and sorrows, heights and howes, depressions and aspirations, folly and wisdom, faults and virtues, as well as for its marvellous genius. (Great cheering.) So far all was well. But then came the reaction. The people did not tire of their poet; but the aristocracy tired of their plaything. They had bound this Samson in golden chains, and brought him into their convivial assemblies to make them sport, but they found that though in chains, he was a Samson still; dangerous in his bondage, strong in his humiliation—and that, though they had bound his limbs, they had not been able to blind his eyes. And then they gradually drew off from him; when he knocked at their doors, they were not at home. Treated formerly like a fiddler at a feast, the feast now dispensed with the fiddler, and to excuse themselves, they exaggerated his real errors, and ascribed to him failings that he never had. They, however, although it was chiefly one of their number, the kind-hearted Glencairn, did raise him one step in the social scale—they made him a gauger. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) They appointed him to rummage stores, to gauge ale firkins, to inspect the making of tallow candles, to unload cargoes of Jamaica rum, and to chase smugglers over the dales of the Nith, and the mountains of Galloway. (Laughter.) The giant feeling himself insulted, but not daring, on account of his wife and "wee anes," to resent it, retired growling to his Ellisland Den, and thence to Dumfries, and after a few years' struggle with hard labour, poverty, fierce passions, and comparative neglect, closed his miserable career at the age of 37. And then, when kindness could be of no earthly service to him, a stir of sympathy, subscription, and stone-cutting, arose in the land. He had asked for bread, and he received a stone; ay, and soon the other part of the sentence became applicable to him, he had asked for fish, and he received a serpent, the serpent of foul-mouthed detraction and hissing calumny. (Cheers.) And what availed it to his shade, that in a "late remorse of love" Scotland provided for his widow, cherished his children, and erected splendid monuments to his memory; he was away! the last sounds in his ear being the importunate demands of creditors for certain paltry sums of money, if not the cries of his famishing children for bread. It was thus that up to the beginning of this century Scotland rewarded her greatest bard. Let me here, however, say once for all, that I am no apologist for the errors of Burns. (Hear, hear.) Some years ago, if I may be pardoned a personal allusion, I underwent much obloquy for what was deemed undue severity to his character. But I am not here, however, to say peccavi, but to say that it is difficult to look at two sides of a question fairly, or at once, and that I am not proposing Burns as a model of every virtue, or denying that, in some instances, both in life and in pen, he grievously erred; and let all, especially the young, be warned by his fate, and shun his follies. But Scotland loves him, not on account of, but in spite of, his errors; and in so doing she cannot help herself. (Cheers.) She must honour him as she is doing in all her borders to-day, because, first of all, he was her greatest natural genius, and potential man; because, secondly, he possessed many high and noble qualities, being an honest man—a true man—a man of rugged independence—a man of warm heart—(cheers)—and a man who, at times at least, showed a fervid respect for the Christian religion, and sang one strain which has, I know, made many erect family altars to their fathers' God — (loud cheers)—and, because, especially, he loved the people, protested against their wrongs, sang their sorrows and joys, fanned the glow of their well-placed love, sympathised with their toils, and strove for their elevation. (Cheers.) And therefore all ranks, high and low, all creeds and denominations, all varieties of opinions, nobles, cottars, cotton lords, artizans, churchmen, dissenters, teetotallers—(laughter)—and men of Mason Lodges; ay, and many Englishmen, Irishmen, and foreigners, are this day commemorating the centenary birthday of Burns; and doing so, not in riot and revelry, but in calm, sober, although merry and multitudinous assemblages, like the present. Scotland has this day proclaimed an act of oblivion to her poet's errors; she may remember them to-morrow and be instructed and warned by them, but to-day she cries out in the language of the poet, a little altered,—

"Seek not to-day
To draw his frailties from their dread abode."

To-day let there be solemn silence in reference to all that was unworthy in his life, and loud, reverberated, and enthusiastic applause as to what was noble in his character and immortal in his song. (Cheers.) I recur a moment to my text; Burns was the poet of the people; not the slavish pet of the aristocracy, as Southey, Scott, and Wordsworth, to some extent all were,—not, on the other hand, as Byron and others, the flatterer of the people's passions, the encourager of their every wild and ungovernable wish, and the shaker of their faith, he told the people wherein their great strength, like his own, lay, namely, in themselves. He sung "A man's a man for a' that." (Cheers.) He

darted his withering scorn upon those who had pelf, power, and rank, without brain, heart, or worth. He sung—

"D'ye see that birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha stares, and struts, an' a' that?
Though thousands tremble at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that!"

(Laughter.) He slept during his brilliant course in Edinburgh with a writer's apprentice, an old Mauchline friend. He married a wife, not from the proud dames who fawned upon him, but one of his own order, a mason's daughter, Jean Armour. When living in the country, he busied himself in erecting libraries for his fellow workmen, and in founding debating societies, where he himself figured, measuring his stalwart strength of genius against the powerful intellect of the weavers, the grieves, and the shoemakers around him. Above all he hailed the advent of advancing liberty among his countrymen, and saw their ripening fitness for it. He saw and sung—

"A man o' independent mind
Is king o' men for a' that!" (Cheers.)

And in these lines I cannot but see a prophecy of our present time, when, if the people be but true to themselves, industrious, sober, disposed to learn, to labour, and to wait, they may soon rise, I cannot tell how far, in the scale of social progress, and of social power, and realise the old adage, "Vox populi vox Dei—the voice of the people is the voice of God." (Cheers.) Burns, sir, has had no poet or song-writer entirely worthy of following in his steps. Still it would be unjust not to remember the impulse he has given to Scotland's national and popular poetry, written in Scotland's own expressive language. A whole host of sweet singers have since arisen, to sing in chorus with the Bard of Coila—

"Auld Scotland's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Fra Southron billies."

Need I name Tannahill, the poet of "Gloomy Winter's noo awa';" Alexander Wilson, the author of "Watty and Meg;" M'Neil, with his "Scotland's Scaith," and "Waes o' War;" or, in our day, Lady Nairn, the authoress of the "Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," and "He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel;" James Ballantyne, author of "Castles in the air," and "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew;" Hogg, the immortal shepherd of Ettrick, with his "Kye come hame;" Rogers, with his "Behave yoursel' before folks;" Robert Gilfillan, with his "Why did I leave my hame;" John G. Lockhart, author, amid his many other immortalities, of "The broad swords of Auld Scotland;" William Thom, the author of "The Mitherless Bairn." But one will I mention dearer than the rest, because his name is connected with our own town; I mean Robert Nicol. (Cheers.) "Unstained and pure," says Ebenezer Elliot, "died in Nicol, Scotland's second Burns." Yes, perhaps of all modern Scotch poets, he approached nearest to Burns in nature, in strength, and simplicity, and has surpassed him in purity and elevation of tone. And he lived two years in Dundee, from 1834 to 1836. I knew him not; he having lived ere I became a resident here, but some whom I now address probably remember his pale face and bright eyes, as passing meekly along your own streets, or seen behind the counter of a humble circulating library in, I think, Castle Street. He, too, in his own sphere, and up to twenty-four years of age, at which early period he died, was the poet of the people—nay, he perished in their cause. Both Burns and Nicol were in different ways the martyrs of the aristocracy; the one losing his constitution in singing at their feasts, the other—more nobly—in wielding his midnight pen against their tyranny. (Loud cheers.) And I call on you now, as Dundee men, to rank the name of the Perthshire Poet, and your former fellow-citizen, the author of "Bonnie Bessie Lee," "Orde Braes," "The Bursting of the Chain," "We are free," and other immortal melodies, near, if not beside, the older and still more distinguished names of Scott and Burns, whom I have ventured to proclaim as Scotland's two noblest and most national poets. (Loud and repeated cheering.)

Miss Robertson then sung—"My heart is sair;" Mr. Milne gave "Highland Mary," and "For a' that and a' that;" Miss Fleming, "My tocher's the jewel;" "Scots wha hae," and along with Miss Robertson, the duet of "O wert thou in the cauld blast." "Where are the joys I have met," was given by the People's Chorus; and Master Carl Rosi performed another grand fantasia, introducing "Gala Water," "Duncan Gray," &c., &c. Mr. Thomas Powrie was announced to read "Tam o' Shanter;" but a communication had been received stating that, on account of severe indisposition, he would not be able to be present.

Mr. William Thoms rose and said—Ladies and gentlemen, an agreeable duty has been imposed upon me, in which I calculate on receiving your cordial and unanimous support. It is to propose that the best thanks of this assembly be tendered to the learned gentleman who has this evening so ably presided over us. (Cheers.) I have to acknowledge, on the part of the Com-

mittee, the readiness and courtesy with which he complied with their invitation—(cheers)—and I cannot but consider it fortunate that we have thus had an opportunity of listening to the singularly able and eloquent essay which was read in your hearing. (Cheers.) It is pleasant to find that amid the engrossing engagements of an arduous profession, he has not lost his taste for the more genial pursuits of poetry and song. (Cheers.) And although he holds a high official position amongst us, I congratulate the meeting that no occasion has arisen for the exercise of his judicial authority. (Laughter and cheers.)

The CHAIRMAN rose and said—I thank you warmly for your kindness. I never had to discharge a more agreeable or a more easy duty in my life. The appearance of this vast assemblage has been throughout most striking, and its conduct has been most admirable. (Cheers.) I thank you warmly again for your kindness, and I am glad to see, by the way in which you received the vote of thanks, that you are of opinion that a man may be a strict disciplinarian in his proper functions, and may even have to do things disagreeable in another function, and may yet, without going out of his sphere, mingle with those over whom in a certain sense he is placed in their innocent and rational enjoyments. (Loud cheers.) Before we sing "Auld Langsyne," I beg to propose a vote of thanks to the speakers. (Cheers.) Of Mr. Gilfillan I need say nothing. He is, and may he long continue to be, "a man for a' that." (Cheers.) In regard to Mr. Maxwell—who, I believe, never addressed so large an assembly before—he showed good nerve, good sense, and good taste—qualities which, I have no doubt, on some future occasion, when his services may be required, will render him acceptable. As for the musical performers, they need not my eulogy; but this I will say, that as "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," some of the songs they have sung to-night, although the tones have left our ears, the sentiments will tingle in our heart-strings. (Cheers.) One word to my young friends in the gallery. They have exhibited something better than their music — moral courage and determination. (Laughter and cheers.) King Robert the Bruce, after having lost seven battles, was lying in a barn an outcast and desponding, and for one moment that independent mind having lost its balance, the independence of Scotland was in suspense. He saw a spider, after failing eleven times to reach its object, succeed at the twelfth time; and was thus encouraged to persevere and also succeeded. I am glad to see that my young friends in the gallery have been acting on the same principle, whether they ever heard the story of the spider or not. I would just give them one word of advice, and that is "practise, practise, practise." (Cheers and laughter.)

"Auld Langsyne," along with Mr. Taylor's additional verses, for which the prize had been awarded, were then sung, the entire company joining, which terminated the proceedings of the evening.

All the vocalists performed their parts well; but Miss Robertson is worthy of special mention for her admirable rendering of the songs assigned to her in the programme. There were, perhaps, too few of Burns' festive and cheerful songs in the programme; but we believe it had been intended to give these in the encores, for which, unfortunately, there was no time.

OPERATIVE LODGE, No. 47.—The members of this lodge celebrated the centenary of the birth of Burns by a substantial dinner, provided by brother James Denholm, to which about eighty sat down. The lodge hall was beautifully ornamented for the occasion. Above the R.W.M.'s chair was a bust of Burns, and on draperies of green and gold were appropriate mottoes from the works of the poet. The lodge was opened at seven o'clock, and after the routine toasts were gone through,

The R.W.M. brother Fairweather gave the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns." He said:—Wardens and Brethren,—I believe all the meetings held to-night throughout the Land of Burns, will be animated by one soul, for all are assembled to do honour to one of Scotland's greatest and most gifted sons. (Cheers.) Can a worthier tribute or a higher honour be paid to any man, than for a whole nation, from the humblest cottar to the proudest peer, to unite on the centenary of his birth in one clear expression of heartfelt admiration of the genius of him who, by his matchless songs, delights every one at his own fireside? No other country possesses a poet so deservedly dear to the hearts of the people. (Cheers.) Sprung from the very bosom of the people—living and dying among them—the heart of Burns lay wholly with them. His songs, speaking to the peasantry in a language they could understand, exercised a refining, a purifying, and an ennobling influence on their habits and feelings. His muse chose the lowliest and most familiar subjects; but, touched with the inspiration of his genius, they stood out beautified and glowing in the light of the truest poetry. (Cheers.) He sung of love, that passion which moves alike the hearts of the whole human race, in the most tender and pathetic strains. He sung of friendship, which unites soul to soul. He sung of independence, which makes a man a man for a' that. He sung of patriotism, which makes a

man "do or die" in defence of his country. Burns as a poet lives, and will live, constantly and intimately in the hearts of the people, because he mingled much of the business of life with his verse, and the reader finds every throb of his heart—the feeling, or sentiment, or passion which possesses him—brought forcibly and clearly out in language which he himself could never have used, but which expresses exactly his own position. His songs and poems partake of his own many-sided mind—they are soft, mournful, tender, pathetic, humorous, or outrageous in their fun, but all full of the glorious genius with which he was endowed so largely. (Cheers.) In his sublime poem of "The Vision," he represents Coila, the Muse of Scotland, as crowning him—the peasant—as the Poet of Caledonia; and faithfully did he fulfil his mission. He poured out the visions of his inspired fancy with a lavish variety, a natural simplicity, and impassioned power, truly marvellous. (Cheers.) Brethren,—I need hardly remark that the name of Burns is a household word among us. His works occupy an honoured place in every house. What a wealth of sweet enjoyment to the toil-worn labourer — what pleasant remembrances of rural scenes—that small volume possesses. The songs in it have a charm beyond all other songs, which makes them welcomed and cherished alike in the lowliest cottage and the most lordly hall. It has been said—and can anything mark more strongly the popularity and immortality of Burns' songs?—that, should the printer's ink dry up, ten thousand melodious tongues will preserve them to remote generations. (Cheers.) Since the poet's death, brethren, monuments have been erected to his memory—select clubs have observed the anniversary of his birth—to-night the whole nation of Scotland, and our kindred in all parts of the world, are doing honour to the dear Ayrshire ploughman. But during his short life of thirty-seven years he built in his poems and songs a memorial to his own fame, more enduring than structures of stone or statues of marble—a memorial of admiration and love which advancing time will never destroy—nay, rather, which it will brighten and deepen. (Loud cheers.) As you all know, brethren, Burns as a man was not perfect. So far removed from ordinary men in his heaven-born gift of genius, he was yet linked to them by his human frailties. He himself was keenly aware of all his failings, and bewailed them more than his bitterest detractors. Let us think only of him as the warm-hearted friend, the honest and independent man, the kind husband and father. Before requesting you, brethren, to drain your glasses to the memory of Burns, allow me to say that the poet deserves especial honour from us, as a member of our ancient order of freemasonry. (Cheers.) He seems from the records of the lodges with which he was connected to have been a diligent, inquiring, and active mason, and his labours were appreciated by his brethren, for as depute-master he often "presided o'er the sons of *light*." His generous and social disposition—his intelligent and witty conversation—his broad-hearted sympathy with nature, animate and inanimate—his love for the universal brotherhood of man—all fitted him for being an honoured and useful member of freemasonry. (Cheers.) We can easily understand how the brethren of St. James' Lodge, Tarbolton, were affected to tears, when he, much moved himself, recited his affecting "Farewell," on the near prospect of his departure to the West Indies. Among masons Burns met with men of rank and power, who were kind to him in many ways during his chequered life, and he met also some of the greatest minds of the day. They were friends who appreciated and helped him, and in a great measure first made him famous. We are proud indeed that his name was inscribed in the roll of our ancient order, and may we all emulate him in our diligence, zeal, and warm-hearted sympathy. (Loud cheers.) Now, brethren, as I do not wish to detain you longer, I call upon you to drink to the memory of Burns, the poet, whose immortal strains are sung by the maidens on the heathery braes, and beside the crystal streams of our land—by the ploughman as he walks behind his team—by the town-labourer at his daily toil—by the sailor when far from home, with the wild waves dashing round his vessel—by the soldier on the eve of battle—by all, wherever dwelling, who speak our native tongue. (Cheers.) I call upon you to drink to the memory of Burns, the man who has our sympathies for his sorrows and trials—our love for his kindly heart and manly independence, and our pity for his errors. (Cheers.) I call upon you to drink to the memory of Burns, the mason, who deserves from us especial honour, as one of the brotherhood of that "mystic tie" which binds man to man throughout the world. (Great cheering.)

Toast, song, and music characterised the rest of the evening, which was spent in a happy and harmonious manner; and after the singing of "Auld Langsyne" by the brethren the lodge was closed.

St. David's Lodge.—The members of this lodge dined in the Royal Hotel—George Milne, Esq., in the chair, E. Erskine Scott, Esq., and L. Ll. Alison, Esq., croupiers. After the preliminary toasts, the Chairman introduced the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," in an eloquent speech, sparkling with

genuine humour and characteristic originality. The other brethren contributed to the general harmony by songs, recitations, or readings of Burns' works, after which the lodge was opened in due form, and the celebration continued with masonic honours. Mr. John Wilson in his own person performed the functions of an efficient band, "discoursing sweet music" on the cornopean and pianoforte simultaneously to the great delight and satisfaction of the party present. In the course of the evening, an *original* "apostrophe to the shade of Burns" was spoken by one of the brethren.

DUNFERMLINE.—Never has Dunfermline, even in periods of greatest political fervour, witnessed a more enthusiastic demonstration than that of the 25th.

At an early hour, flags streaming from the principal public works gave the usual holiday indications. The bells of the Abbey and Town-house rang merrily all day, and at three o'clock a numerous procession, consisting of the United Burns Club and the trades, accompanied by two bands of music, promenaded the principal streets. In the evening the St. John's and Union Lodges walked by torchlight, though, from the high wind and heavy rain falling, the sight was less effective than such processions generally are.

Succeeding the afternoon procession, the soiree in the Music Hall took place at six o'clock. The hall was densely filled, about 800 being present; Bailie Whitelaw in the chair, supported by Bailie Duncanson, the Rev. Messrs. Young and Hutchinson, E. Beveridge, J. Davie, and Wm. Sharp, Esqs., and Messrs. Brown of the Grammar School, and Thomson of the Commercial Academy.

The Rev. Mr. Hutchinson then offered thanks, after which a service of tea and its customary accompaniments were served.

The CHAIRMAN stated he had received letters of apology from several gentlemen, including the Rev. Charles Marshall, who expressed their sympathy with the meeting, but regretted that circumstances prevented their being present. After tea, the Chairman rose and made the following introductory remarks: — Ladies and gentlemen,—I feel highly honoured by being called upon to preside over this large and respectable meeting, assembled to do honour to the memory of our National Bard. Come of the working classes—reared in poverty, and early inured to toil—all his feelings and sympathies were akin to theirs, and he sang of the loves and joys, the hopes and fears, the cares and sorrows of their work-a-day life in gushing strains of sweetest melody. Hence the hold he at once obtained on the public mind in this country; a hold and an influence ever deepening and extending, till at this moment its vibrations are felt on every shore and in every land where Scotchmen are to be found. The love of the Land of Cakes led him, it has been truly said, to sing of all things Scottish—from her mountains to her field mice—from her forests to her daisies—from her rivers to her burnies—from her heroes to her haggises—from her nobles and poets to her "Jolly Beggars"—from her churches to her smithies, and all found expression in flowing numbers and graceful verse. What wondrous deeds of prowess have been achieved by our Scottish Brigade under the inspiration of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," let Alma's heights, and India's Sepoys tell! What social and festive meetings of the Scotch at home or abroad, new style or old style, can part without "Auld Langsyne?" What man among us is so dead to all that is pure, lovely, and of good report, that he can read "The Cottar's Saturday Night" without wishing from his inmost soul that every home and every hearth in our land were so consecrated? Burns died at the early age of thirty-seven, but in his short lifetime he gave to the world "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." His fame grows brighter and brighter as time rolls on, and the universal festivities of this day prove that he lives in grateful remembrance in the hearts of his countrymen, and in the hearts of all, of every country, who can appreciate the nobility of the man who dignified labour, and taught honest poverty to stand erect in the face of the world. (Great applause.)

The Chairman then called on Mr. SHARP, who, in an address on the "Times of Burns," spoke of the social and intellectual influences of Burns' age, the great men, statesmen, philosophers, and poets, who were his contemporaries. He considered that Burns was neither better nor worse than the men of his age, and thought if Burns had been a better man he would have been a worse poet, as a model man could no more write some of his best poems than a teetotaller could write "Tam o' Shanter;" and if we took into consideration the character of the songs which Burns' songs supplanted, we would give him the credit which was accorded to a Roman Emperor, who found Rome wood and left it marble. Burns found the songs of his country a mass of obscenity and ribaldry, and he took the base metal, and by the alchemy of his genius transmuted it into pure gold. He then replied to the charge of Burns being irreligious and a scoffer. He owned that he was a scoffer, but then he scoffed at the false professors of religion, at cant, bigotry, and hypocrisy, at that spurious Christianity which

neither did justice, loved mercy, nor walked humbly. If it was irreligious to reverence God and love man, Burns was irreligious; if to teach that the atheist's laugh was a poor excuse for an offended Deity, and that honour and honesty were God's patents of nobility, was irreligion, then Burns was irreligious; but our Anglo-Saxon tongue gave no such interpretation of the term.

The Rev. Mr. YOUNG followed in an eloquent and impassioned oration, of which we have only space for a brief extract from the peroration:—"But what has he done?" say some. He has given us songs such as no other country possesses—songs which shed a joy over Scottish life, and make our homes more cheerful and happy whether we dwell in the manse, the mansion, or the cottage. Look at "Scots wha hae." Did it never thrill your soul? Did it never fan your love of freedom, and lead you to rejoice in your birthright? Ay, and to stir the Scottish blood that is in you, and to nerve your arm if need were to fight for your country and her liberties against all who should assail them? He has done much to beget and cherish in the hearts of his countrymen a spirit of manly independence and manly bearing in the presence of their social superiors. The man who wrote "A man's a man for a' that" did not write in vain. Burns' history tells the great, the gifted, and the good to struggle on, for the time will come when the reward they have struggled for will come—when the seed they have sown will yield its fruit.

The remainder of the proceedings were spent very pleasantly in toast, song, and sentiment—and after singing "Auld langsyne," the assembly, on the suggestion of the Rev. Mr. Young, gave three lusty cheers for Her Majesty the Queen, and thus was finished one of the most interesting and enthusiastic meetings ever held within the ancient burgh of Grey Dunfermline.

DINNER OF THE SENIOR BURNS CLUB.—The members of this club, one of the oldest in Scotland, met in Milne's Hotel at four o'clock, when thirty sat down to dinner—Walter Brown, Esq. of Colton, in the chair; P. Matthew, Esq., Gallowbridge Hill, croupier. Among the gentlemen present were—John M'Donald, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal; James Kirk, Esq., Transy; James Carr, Esq., Bank of Scotland; James Melville, Esq., Torryburn, &c.

UNITED BURNS CLUB DINNER.—At eight, the United Burns Club dined in Queen Anne Place Hall, which was most tastefully ornamented for the occasion. Mr. Wm. Sharp, President of the Club, filled the chair, Dr. Whyte and Mr. Thomas Blair acting as croupiers. The Chairman, after the usual loyal toasts, gave the toast of the evening in an appropriate speech, and "The Memory of Bonnie Jean," and the "Land of Cakes," were given by the croupiers. Treasurer Morrison proposed, in an eloquent and appropriate speech, which was listened to with the greatest attention, "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott." Mr. W. Stewart proposed the "Early Patrons and Friends of Burns." Mr. Menzies, Land Surveyor, then gave "Professor Aytoun, and the Living Scottish Poets." Several other toasts were given in the course of the evening. After each of the toasts, appropriate songs, selected from Burns, were sung. The company numbering nearly a hundred, passed a happy and agreeable evening.

MASONIC DINNER.—In the Masons' Hall, Maygate, the Union and St. John's Lodges dined—Deputy R.W. Master James Beveridge, St. John's Lodge, in the chair; R.W. Master Thomas Stevenson, of the Union, croupier. The chair and croupier were supported by Brothers David Birrell, Thomas Tuckett, Andrew Beveridge, and D. M'Intyre. The usual loyal toasts being given, "The Memory of our Bard" was proposed, and drunk with all the honours. During the evening, Sir P. A. Halkett was affiliated a Brother of St. John's Lodge.

These meetings were the only ones of a public nature, but many gatherings of a private kind took place in all parts of the city. The inhabitants of Dunfermline were of one heart in commemorating the hundredth birthday of the greatest and noblest of Scottish poets.

DUNKELD.—In addition to a dinner and ball at Birnam Hotel, and a concert and ball in our Masons'-Hall, a select party of young men met on the 25th of January in the Royal Hotel to render their humble tribute to the bard of their country. A superb supper being duly discussed,

The CHAIRMAN (Mr. James Brodie, junior), appropriately commenced the convivialities of the evening by calling on the company to join him in drinking a bumper to the "Memory of Burns;" after which he reviewed, with exquisite taste, the claims of the poet on our sympathies and honour, illustrating his remarks by reciting a portion of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and the verses addressed "To Mary in Heaven." In the course of a pleasant evening, the company proved, by songs grave and gay, by the recital of the burning sentiments of patriotism, the noble language of manly independence, the broad humour and exquisite pathos in which Burns moved his fellows alternately to laughter and to tears, that the genius of the bard had lost none of its wondrous power over the human heart.

A working-man's celebration of the centenary was held in the Masons'-Hall, with dancing and singing at intervals. Selections from Burns' songs were sung, and the proceedings lasted from eight o'clock evening, until five o'clock next morning. The entertainment was conducted by Messrs. G. Lauder, A. Brown, and H. Fraser. Mr. Patton's band played Neil Gow's reels and strathspeys in a very superior style; and the vocalists were Miss M'Coll, Messrs. A. Patton, J. Menzies, A. Stewart, and H. Fraser. Refreshments to suit all palates were handed round occasionally; and we must say, that a more harmonious and agreeable party has not met in our town for a number of years.

DUNLOP.—A soiree was held here, in the Free School-room, in honour of Burns' centenary. The large room was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. The chair was filled by Mr. Somervail of Hopeland Mills.

DUNNING. — The villagers of Dunning, like the inhabitants of other places, celebrated the centenary of Scotia's Bard in a mode and manner worthy of his fame and genius. Although they had no public procession or outward demonstration in honour of the poet, they appeared second to none in admiration of his genius, and high esteem of his worth.

A public dinner took place in the Kirkstile Inn, ably presided over by Mr. Andrew Paterson, land-steward to the Right Hon. Lord Rollo, who was supported on his right and left by Mr. Welsh and Mr. Alexander M'Donald, his Lordship's butler and gamekeeper. Mr. James Morrison, farmer, Rossie, did the duties of croupier, supported by Dr. Young and Mr. Donaldson, teacher. A blessing having been invoked by Mr. James Boag, farmer, Millhaugh, and justice done to the many good things provided, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts attended to, the Chairman in an eloquent speech proposed the toast of the evening, which was drunk in the most enthusiastic manner, and was followed by vociferous cheering, which lasted for a considerable time.

The croupier gave the relatives of Burns, which was rapturously received. Other toasts followed, as Lord Rollo, Lady Rollo and Miss Rollo, and the other members of the Rollo family—the Heritors of the Parish—Clergy of the Parish—Teachers of the Parish—Agricultural Interest—His Lordship's Factor, John Conning, Esq. — The Town and Trade of Dunning — The Ladies — The Press — The Chairman — The Landlady, Mrs. Robertson. Songs were sung between the toasts with great glee, principally from the poet's works. The instrumental band, in an adjoining room, discoursed sweet music between the toasts, mostly airs set to the poet's songs, which produced a fine effect upon the party. The large room was most elegantly decorated for the occasion. On the wall, behind the Chairman, was the motto, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," surrounded with laurel and other floral ornaments; while the viands and liquors provided were of the most sumptuous and varied description, fully sustaining Mrs. Robertson's already justly-earned reputation. We never witnessed such an amount of hilarity and good feeling as pervaded the whole evening's proceedings, which continued until the very threshold of Forbes' inexorable hour.

While one party met in the Kirkstile to pay their tribute to the poet's memory and genius, another very large, respectable, and influential meeting (in which there was a very considerable sprinkling of the fair sex) took place in the new Town-Hall for the same purpose. Peter Hill Graham discharged the duties of chairman in a very able and talented manner, giving a pithy and talented opening address on the characteristics of the poet. The night's proceedings consisted of addresses, songs, and recitations, all from the bard's works, some of which were sung in character. The musical society did their part well, as also a number of amateur vocalists and reciters, among the latter of which we specially mention the names of James Rutherford and William Somerville as being rapturously applauded. The addresses, which were of a very high order, on the beauties of Burns, his wit and humour, his sympathy with the working classes, were delivered by Messrs. Fisher and Kippen of Crieff, and Mr. James Taylor of this place, and were highly appreciated by the audience, who gave hearty signs of their approval. The hall, beautifully decorated for the occasion, was crowded almost to suffocation, and so great was the demand for tickets that double the number could have been sold. The bill of fare was so attractive, and so great was the enthusiasm of the inhabitants to testify their love and esteem for the poet and his writings, that the hall was filled in the course of a few minutes after the doors were opened. A goodly number were present from the adjoining parishes of Auchterarder, Gask, Forteviot, Aberdalgie, and Forgandenny.

During the evening, deputations from both meetings visited each other, and were received in the most enthusiastic and gratifying manner, and both passed off in such a way as to please the most zealous of the poet's friends and admirers. We omitted to add, that on the front of the platform was suspended a beautiful por-

trait of the poet, surrounded with a garland of flowers and ivy, which was eagerly gazed on by the audience.

DUNOON.—The centenary was celebrated here by the brethren of the Dunoon Argyle Lodge.

DUNSE.—A very large and enthusiastic party of the admirers of Burns in this town dined together on Tuesday in the Swan Hotel —Bailie Crawford presided, and the duties of croupiers devolved upon Messrs. James Thomson and James Cunningham. "The Memory of the Immortal Burns" was given in an effective speech by the chairman, and a succession of toasts followed, prefaced by remarks which did credit to the heads and hearts of the speakers, every one appearing, in the poet's own words, to have "kittled up their rustic muse" till it "streamed and richly reamed," in the outpourings of true Scottish feeling. A number of Burns' best songs were sung during the evening with much expression and taste. The dinner was entirely a "town's meeting," and was the largest, most intelligent, and orderly of any ever held in Dunse. Several other meetings were also held in the town in honour of the event, and in every case the utmost harmony of feeling prevailed.

DUNTOCHER.—A large number of the admirers of our national bard, belonging to Duntocher and the neighbourhood, met upon Tuesday evening, 25th January, in the house of Mr. James Johnston, to celebrate the centenary of our national poet. The room was splendidly decorated with evergreens and shrubs, and the initials of Robert Burns were suspended from the chandelier, made up of the gowan he loved so well. The chair was taken at a quarter past seven o'clock by Mr. James D. Grant, who introduced the business of the evening by a neat address, dwelling upon the genius and worth of Burns. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given, and responded to with enthusiasm, the Chairman proposed the toast of the evening, "The memory of Burns," which was drunk in silence. This was followed by the national anthem, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." "The poets of Scotland," given from the chair, was responded to by Mr. John S. Tulloch, who, in the course of his remarks, showed that poetry tends to the elevation of man. An original song was sung by Mr. Alexander Russell, made for the occasion. "The health of Alexander Dunn, Esq., our respected employer," was then given and responded to with enthusiasm. This was followed by the celebrated poem of the bard, "Man was made to mourn," by one of the company, who delivered it in so able and touching a manner, that it drew forth bursts of approbation. Afterwards, toast, story, and song enlivened the meeting; and after an evening spent in the feast of reason and the flow of soul, such as each declared he had nae spent before, "each took aff his several way, resolved to meet some other day."

DYSART.—The Working Man's Festival was held in the Subscription School, on the evening of Jan. 25th, the number present of both sexes being upwards of 450. The greatest credit is due to the workmen in the employment of Provost Normand, for their spirited efforts in carrying out the celebration of Burns' centenary,—for, had it not been for these workpeople, Dysart would have been alone among the other towns and villages which were celebrating the hundredth birthday of one whose undying name is an honour to Scotland and to Scotsmen. The Chairman, Mr. William Skinner, addressed the meeting, with a short, glowing eulogy on the genius of Burns, which was followed by Mr. Charles Cumming singing "There was a lad was born in Kyle." Mr. John Fraser and party sang "Scots wha hae," in admirable style. "My Nannie, O," was sung by Mr. James Brodie in a masterly manner. David Young, millwright, next addressed the meeting at some length, showing a lively appreciation of the genius of Burns, and introducing some capital anecdotes, from among which the following may be quoted: "On a beautiful summer Sabbath morn, Robert and I (says Gilbert Burns) were travelling to Ayr, and on the road overtook an old man travelling in the same direction. The old and new light doctrines about this time were causing much controversy. Robert and the old man firmly debated the question, my brother advocating the new light, this reverend sage the old light. My brother finding the old man more than his match, says, 'Come awa, Gibbie, I've met the apostle Paul this morning.' 'Na, na, my young friend, ye hae na met the apostle o' the Gentiles, but I hae met ane o' the wild beasts he fought wi' when at Ephesus.' On one occasion, a wag in the company overheard Burns and a friend talking about the funeral of a townsman which was to be on the following day, the wag, in a very polite manner, asked the poet for the loan of his 'sables.' Surveying him from head to foot, Burns answered in the negative, but, says he, I'll furnish you with a substitute; take your character and throw it over your shoulders, and that will be the blackest dress you can wear."

Mr. David Briggs sang 'A man's a man for a' that;" Mr. Grahame sang "Now westlan'

winds;" Miss Robertson sang "Of a' the airts;" and Miss Anderson, "The Birks of Aberfeldy," in beautiful style; Mr. William Robertson sang (Vedder's) "Rhymin' Robin, rantin' Robin," which was received with much applause. Singing and reciting succeeded each other until a quarter past eleven, when the meeting, which was both large and respectable, separated.

The centenary was also celebrated here by a dinner in the Town Hall, which was filled to overflowing.

EARLSTON.—The popularity of the celebration of this event caused an excitement in this village quite unprecedented. The whole of the shops were shut, and a complete suspension of business took place throughout the afternoon. Three o'clock was fixed upon as the hour for the procession, but long before that hour people were crowding in from every quarter. It was understood that the procession would start from the public reading room, around which the people gathered until the numbers became quite imposing. Exactly at three the instrumental band announced in cheering strains that the hour was come when that debt of *gratitude* due to Scotia's dearest bard must be paid. Hundreds joined arm in arm and proudly followed the beating drum and numerous flags that were wafted to the breeze. The procession over, the band sat down to dinner—the most conspicuous dish being one containing the great 'chieftain o' the puddin' race.' Little after five o'clock the band again paraded the streets, and when the hour of meeting approached, they led the van to the Messrs. Wilson's mill, where the large flat now used as a store-room was comfortably seated in a very short time after the doors were opened; the place was completely crowded, there being little below 700 of an audience. The chair was taken at half-past six o'clock by Mr. George Wood. The evening's entertainment commenced by the whole audience singing "Auld Langsyne;" after which the Chairman spoke as follows:—I believe it is generally understood that when a stranger is invited to attend a party, he is formally introduced to the company by one of his friends. Thus a pleasing duty devolves upon me this evening, to introduce to you a very unexpected guest; but though unexpected, I am sure made heartily welcome by all. In this guest we have none other than the immortal Burns, the great moving spirit and presiding genius of this meeting. I believe that this bust may be confidently relied upon as a correct likeness of the original, and in saying this no higher compliment can be paid to any artist. I have great pleasure in informing you that we are wholly indebted for this valuable present to Mr. Currie of Darnick, who has also honoured us with his presence here to-night. I therefore request that this meeting tender to Mr. Currie their warmest thanks for this handsome gift. (Loud and continued applause.)

Mr. Currie advanced to the platform and thanked the meeting for the manner in which they had responded to the thanks proposed to him.

The Chairman then rose, and eloquently proposed the toast of the evening.

The following gentlemen who occupied the platform were in their order introduced to the meeting:—Messrs. Wm. Shiels, Wm. Robertson, J. Watson, Wm. Mercer, G. Fisher, Wm. M'Vitie, T. Walker, and T. Happer, who, in addition to reading select pieces from the poet's works, gave short addresses upon the life and writings of Burns, amongst which many an able argument was shown in defence of his highly honoured name.

The meeting broke up about eleven o'clock by singing the national anthem to two stanzas composed by Mr. James Sanderson, of Earlston, in honour of this memorable occasion.

ECCLEFECHAN.—Nowhere was the centenary celebrated with more real enthusiasm than in Ecclefechan. At first, supposing that demonstrations upon the occasion would be confined to the metropolitan and county towns, it was not mooted to have anything of the kind here until nearly the end of last week. Yet so heartily was the proposal, when made, responded to, that a party of upwards of eighty met on the evening of the 25th, at dinner, in the large new school-house, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. Mr. Wm. Sharpe, of Knockhill, was chairman; and Messrs. Ewart and Graham, of Ecclefechan, were croupiers. The ordinary preliminary toasts were given, and then "The Immortal Memory of Burns" was proposed in his usual able and felicitous manner by the chairman. It was followed by other appropriate toasts, and by songs from various parties. Altogether the meeting was one the like of which, for number, unanimity, and enthusiasm, has seldom, if ever, been held in Ecclefechan.

ECHT.—Burns' Centenary was celebrated here by the workmen at Dunecht House, giving an amateur theatrical performance, &c. The attendance was numerous and respectable, there being upwards of 300 assembled in a commodious loft, provided through the kind-

ness of Mr. Samuel Farquhar. On the rising of the curtain, Mr. Kidd, Teacher, Waterton, stepped forward, and in a neat address, mentioned the cause of the meeting, following up his observations by some well-timed remarks on the works of Burns, and thereafter singing a few of his most choice and popular songs in a masterly way. The play of Rob Roy then commenced; the various parts being well executed, especially those of Rab, Baillie Nicol Jarvie, and the Dougal Cratur; in fact, all acquitted themselves so admirably that we refrain from farther particularizing; merely adding that the dresses and accoutrements were handsomely got up, and were deservedly much admired. The after-piece, viz., Gilderoy, being also well performed, was deservedly much applauded. At intervals songs and recitations enlivened the meeting; Mr. Kidd and others ably doing the former, while Mr. Adam Philip, Upper Mains of Echt, added much to the evening's amusements by the efficient manner in which the latter were performed. The proceedings closing a little after the "wee short hour ayont the twal" by the whole company singing "Auld Langsyne," the audience with one accord joining in the chorus.

EDDLESTON.—The centenary here was celebrated by a public dinner, in the Parish School-room—the Rev. A. J. Murray in the chair; W. H. Bayly, Esq., croupier. Upwards of sixty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner provided by Mr. Mathieson of the Crown Hotel, Peebles. After the cloth was removed, the Chairman, in felicitous terms, proposed the toast of the evening, which was enthusiastically received. Toast and song followed in quick succession, and the evening was spent in a pleasant and harmonious manner. The dinner-party terminated with a ball, which commenced at nine o'clock, and dancing was kept up with great spirit until an early hour next morning.

The young men of the parish of Eddleston, determined not to be behind their neighbours in celebrating the centenary of the birth of "Scotland's ain poet," held a public ball, at which about fifty assembled, on the evening of Tuesday the 25th, in the barn at Boreland, kindly granted for the occasion by Mr. Plenderleith. The company broke up at a very late hour in the morning.

EDINVILLE.—A company of about seventy ladies and gentlemen sat down to an excellent supper in the school-room here—James M'Kerron, Esq., Lyntean, in the chair; with A. Richardson, Esq., J.P., and A. Innes, Esq., Lyne, croupiers. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in an able speech, gave the toast of the evening. All went off in a happy manner, ending with an excellent ball.

EDZELL.—On the 25th, between forty and fifty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner in the hall of the Star Hotel, to celebrate the centenary of our great national poet. The duties of the chair were ably discharged by Mr. Ayre, Edzell; while Mr. Robertson, Westside, and Mr. Guthrie, banker, efficiently acted as croupiers. The Chairman, in a special bumper, gave "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." Among other toasts given during the evening we may notice "The Scottish Peasantry," by the chair; "The Poet's Surviving Sons;" and "The Memory of the late Lord Panmure," taking special notice of the generosity of that nobleman as the benefactor of the poet's widow. During the evening the Chairman and Mr. Forrest read several of the poet's best productions; and some of his popular songs were given by Messrs. Belford, Scott, Forrest, and others.

ELGIN.—In Elgin, the centenary of Burns was celebrated in a manner as enthusiastic and picturesque as anywhere in Scotland. Although nominally only observed as a half-holiday, business was virtually suspended throughout the day—every one being deeply interested in the proceedings, and having little inclination to work. Considerable preparations had been made to celebrate the event; and so numerous were the flags required on the occasion, that some of our painters had been working all night for a week past, in order to meet the demand. Throughout, affairs were conducted in a very enthusiastic manner; and we are glad to say that, to the credit of our townsmen, very general order and decorum was preserved.

The Young Gentlemen's Ball took place in the Assembly Rooms, on the 24th. There were upwards of 100 persons present, and the ball was one of the most brilliant ever held in Elgin.

According to previous arrangement, a grand Masonic and Trades' procession took place on the 25th. The parties intending to join the procession, met at twelve o'clock in the New Markets—their respective places in the procession having been previously decided by ballot. For days before, the greatest activity and spirit prevailed among the various craftsmen of our good city—the result of which was only seen as the various bodies began to assemble.

The number of persons who walked in procession could not be much less than a thousand; and from first to last the greatest order and decorum were observed.

At four o'clock, between 170 and 180 of our

citizens sat down to dinner in honour of the occasion. Sheriff Cameron occupied the chair. The croupiers were—Provost Grant; Mr. John Gordon, R.W. Master of the Kilmolymock lodge; and Convener Mackenzie. The Rev. P. J. Mackie said grace and returned thanks.

The Chairman gave the health of the Queen, of Prince Albert, and the other members of the Royal Family; and the Army and Navy.

The Chairman introduced the toast of the evening by a very graphic sketch of the life and character of Robert Burns, after which he continued:—Why have we met here to-night? To celebrate the centenary of the most extraordinary man of modern times. A ploughboy, born and bred in the very humblest class of society, with the scanty advantages of education which I have stated—he culled the beauties of nature as he found them strewed around the cottage he inhabited, or the field he ploughed, and he wove them into garlands of imperishable beauty; or his vivid fancy converted the homely girl of the district into the greatest beauty, by impassioned strains raising his Highland Mary and others to the rank of deities. (Cheers.) But it has been said he contaminated his muse by singing the praises of those rural beauties in strains more warm than delicate, and one of his critics, if I recollect well, objects to this warmth of expression, because he appeared to wish to strain the beauty at once to his breast, in place of laying languishing odes at their feet like a court poet. The criticism in point of literature probably is correct, but did Anacreon not write warm love sonnets? Did not also Tom Moore, and did not Horace write odes, many of which the fastidious think are as well clothed in a dead language? Then, again, the religious world is scandalised by two or three of his earlier productions, where he has given rein to the exuberance of his fancy and his powerful satire, and lashed what he conceived to be hypocrisy or pretension with unmerciful severity. Now, what is satire but the exposing the follies and the foibles of others in the strongest colours; and I believe it will be admitted that a feeble satire is a very vapid and milk-and-water draught. I therefore maintain that though those poems are bold and daring, yet when one considers that the battle of the old and new light was raging about the country, it is not to be wondered at that this enthusiastic man, then little above twenty years of age, should, when he got hold of fun, have his joke against hypocrisy and superstition, or that the pharisaical hypocrisy of William Fisher should be exposed in Holy Willie's Prayer. These offences, be it recollected, were perpetrated before his visit to Edinburgh, where his taste was chastened if his morals were not improved. His more moral and more chastened productions are principally composed thereafter. But it is well known the charm of this gifted man was not alone in his poetry. There was fascination in his conversation. The lightning of his eye was always the forerunner of some flash of wit or humour; while his melodious voice varied with the subject, whether satirical or social; or scorching his opponent with the vehemence of sarcasm; and it is admitted on all hands that he was received by the fair sex at all times with the greatest cordiality, from the highest to the lowest, so that the famous Duchess of Gordon said she never was so led off her feet as by Burns' conversation. But, Gentlemen, how does it happen that on this day, one hundred years since the birth of this ploughman bard, not only all Scotland, but where the English language is spoken, or where our countrymen are, from Australia to the shores of the Pacific, their hearts are stirred like one man to do honour to his memory! Gentlemen, he has told you himself, in his dedication to the members of the Caledonian Hunt, that the first direction he got from the Genius of Poetry was to sing the loves of his native soil. From his character, as I have studied it, and endeavoured, though feebly, to depict it to you, it was a labour of love, and how well he has done it, the innumerable songs he composed tell—which are sung in every continent of the world, to the delight and solace of all parties. Were I to attempt anything like a criticism on those, I do not know where I should begin, and I fear that my slight knowledge of them would soon tire you, as many of you are, I am sure, much more familiar with them than I am, and I trust we shall be delighted by hearing various of them sung to-night. (Cheers.) But it is not the love passages alone by which those songs are filled; there are many of reckless fun and humour, which seem, as it were, dropped unconsciously from his pen; but on running over an index of the songs, the beauties are so numerous and various that I must forbear, and leave the delightful exercise to yourselves. But if our great poet has been accused of a few slips of thoughtless raillery, and a few blemishes which are thought to trench upon too sacred ground, has he done nothing to compensate for such faults, even admitting them to exist. It appears to me that there was in the original constitution of Burns' mind a considerable tint of melancholy. This bias was originally, I have no doubt, a little fostered by a deep Calvinistic feeling which pervaded old William Burns' mind—and this feeling of melancholy was evidently accompanied by a nervous temperament; and those two infirmities, in an otherwise highly gifted mind, probably when accompanied with de-

pressing poverty, accounted for much of the irregularities of his after life. But let us take up any of his numerous poems, and his epistles to his familiar friends, there is scarcely one where you do not find some deep moral reflection—frequently accompanied with the most appropriate scripture allusions. (Cheers.) The Sheriff concluded by asking the company to drink the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns. (The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm—the Band playing "Auld Langsyne.")

Many admirable speeches and excellent songs contributed to make this meeting most agreeable and memorable. We cannot refrain from adding the speech of the Rev. Mr. Mackie, in acknowledging a toast to the "Clergy of all Denominations." Mr. Mackie thanked the company for the manner in which they had drunk the health of the clergy. I am sorry (continued the rev. gentleman) that of the seven or eight clergymen who labour in this town, there is only present the humble individual now addressing you. (Cheers.) While I consider it my duty to discharge the more particular duties of the ministry—to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ and Him crucified, to reprove the sinner and to visit the widow and the fatherless, I consider it no less a duty and a privilege to meet my fellow-townsmen on such occasions as this, to show that we are of the same bone and flesh as the people we address every Sunday from the pulpit. (Hear, hear.) I think that the clergy, of whatever denomination, do not do justice to themselves if they forego the pleasure of attending such meetings as this. Wherever such meetings are convened, the clergy will be received with respect, and their presence will have a wholesome influence. (Cheers.) I came to Elgin a very young man. I came when about twenty-three years of age; and you, Sir, were one of those who called me to the important charge which I now hold. I have received from all classes—from Free Churchmen, Dissenters, Independents, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics—so much kindly feeling, that I would be most ungrateful, indeed, if I did not cherish to the people of Elgin feelings of affection and gratitude. (Cheers.)

Mr. Mackie again rose, and, in proposing the "Peasantry of Scotland," said—The toast which has been put into my hands requires few words to commend itself to your regard. Met, as we are, to celebrate the centenary of Burns, it is most becoming that the peasantry of Scotland should not be overlooked. The great poet sprung from them, and in his songs he celebrates them in strains which come home to the feelings of thousands, and find an echo in every well-regulated and constituted mind. (Cheers.) The peasantry are an honour to their country. They have contributed to their country's wealth—they have converted barren heaths into fertile fields—and have produced, in spite of climate, crops of luxuriant grain, which will cope in abundance with the fairest provinces of the civilised world. Not only have they done this, but, by their reverence for God and the ordinances of His appointment, they have "exalted" this country among the nations of the earth. (Applause.) They have taken advantage of its educational institutions, and have scattered the seeds of knowledge far and wide. They have carried into practice the eternal principles of honesty, and are trusted with the management of their masters' property to such an extent, that peculation and the false balance are words almost unknown in their vocabulary. (Cheers.) They have done their duty as citizens, and their patriotism is such that in the hour of their country's danger they have laid aside their ploughshares and girded on their swords to fight in defence of right against might, and maintain liberty against oppression. They have shed their life-blood in defence of their Queen and their country, and they have stood in the midst of danger with a courage and a determination as unflinching as the rocks of their native land. (Cheers. The band playing "Speed the plough.")

ELGIN (NEW).—The Magistrates and Council of this thriving little village having resolved to celebrate the centenary of Burns by a public supper, and the inhabitants generally having taken up the matter, nearly fifty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous repast in the work-shop of Messrs. William M'Kissack & Son, millwrights and engineers, which was kindly placed by them at the disposal of the Council, and nicely fitted up for the occasion.

Mr. James M'Kissack occupied the chair, and Provost Brown acted as croupier. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the CHAIRMAN said:—One hundred years have passed this night since our Scotch bard first entered on this earthly stage. It is now to do honour to his memory we are assembled here to-night—and well worthy is his memory of such from Scotchmen; for what poet has given his countrymen such lasting memorials in their native tongue. No language will touch the feelings so ready as his native expression. To Burns are we indebted for such, and his love for Scotland. The herd-boy on the hill-side can chant and sing his country's songs and lyrics in expressions familiar to him, which but for Burns would have been unknown; and what fireside or evening company has not been enlivened by the stirring strains of Burns? Who can spend

a night in looking over his works without feeling a pleasure in

"Crooning o'er some auld Scotch sonnet,"

or in bright imagination seeing witches and warlocks in a dance by some auld howlet biggin'. Burns was a man of singularly independent mind, and every verse he wrote bears the impress of the feelings of his heart. I fear I am better at making mills than making speeches, so I will now call upon you to do honour to "The Memory of our Immortal Bard, Robert Burns," and long may his memory be cherished in his native Scotland. (The toast was drunk in solemn silence.)

Various toasts followed, and several of Burns' best songs were sung, and a number of recitations given with great taste and effect, and thus a very happy evening was spent.

ELLON.—The great day was duly celebrated at Ellon by a dinner in the afternoon and a ball in the evening, both of which were held in the Town-hall. The whole proceedings of the day were conducted with the utmost propriety, but with the greatest enthusiasm.

At three o'clock a highly respectable body of gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by Mr. Ellis of the New Inn. The chair was occupied by Mr. Hay, Tillydesk; Mr. Milne, Mains of Waterton, and Mr. Cowie, Cromblybank, were croupiers. The usual loyal toasts having been duly honoured, the CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast of the day, in a speech of some length, remarked upon the extent and universality of the movement that had that day taken place, to celebrate the centenary of Scotland's national poet, not only in his native land—in every city, town, and village "from Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's,"—and not only on British soil, but throughout the civilized world—such a tribute of respect and honour—such a world-wide ovation—as, he believed, had never before in the world's history been accorded to any single individual. More especially wherever Scotchmen had found their way—(and where had they not found their way?)—would the name of their country's poet be that day remembered. On the farthest shores of Asia—in Chinese and Indian isles—in many an Indian city, from the Hoogly to Bombay, and from Madras to Lahore and Delhi—and along the banks of the blood-stained Ganges—would they assemble that day to do honour to the Scottish peasant. They owed much to Burns—not as a nation only, but each of them individually. How had they all admired, and read, and read again, his graphic descriptions of the manners and customs of their native land, and of the scenes conjured up by his own fertile imagination—with what zest had they enjoyed his trenchant satire and his unrivalled wit and humour in "Tam o' Shanter," "Death and Dr. Hornbook," &c. And how had they felt all their finer feelings touched as they had read—and read again—the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Man was made to Mourn;" and he envied not the leaden soul of the man who had not, at some time or other in life, found vent for his warmest and most refined and tender feelings of affection in those songs—so sweet and so musical—so plaintive and so tender—those love songs of Burns. We will not, said the Chairman, drink to the memory of Burns in silence as to the dead; for Burns cannot die: he is immortal! I give you simply—"Burns,"—with all the honours to his great and glorious name. (Great cheering.)

Many speeches and songs followed, and by eight o'clock, the comfortable and commodious Town-hall of Ellon was well filled by a select party of youth, beauty, and fashion—not only of Ellon and the surrounding country, but from Aberdeen, Peterhead, &c. Dancing was kept up with great spirit till an early hour next morning, when all separated, highly delighted with the proceedings of the evening.

Mr. Morrison, who had afforded admirable and appropriate music during dinner, &c., conducted the music at the ball to the high satisfaction of the company.

FALKIRK.—The dinner, by which this event was celebrated here, came off in the Red Lion Hotel. The large room was elegantly decorated with evergreens, festoons of which depended from the cornices. The tables, in addition to the substantial viands which had been provided by mine host, were decorated with silver vases filled with flowers, and presented a very handsome appearance. The viands themselves we need not describe, further than to say that, in addition to everything appropriate to the season, there were two excellent specimens of the "great chieftain o' the pudding race." Provost Kier presided with his usual ability, and the vice-chairs were ably filled by Bailie Adam and ex-Bailie Wyse. The quadrille band of the Falkirk Foundry was stationed in an ante-room, and discoursed excellent music during the progress of the evening, and the town's bells rung a merry peal while the dinner was in progress. On the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed by the Chairman, and

cordially responded to by the company. In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns,"

Provost KIER spoke as follows:—In rising to propose the toast of the evening, I do so with very peculiar and altogether very different feelings from any that I ever experienced before. When I think of the great name whose memory we have met this day to commemorate, and how utterly unable I am to express in language that will convey to you how deep and warm are my feelings for the greatness of our immortal poet, I certainly could have wished some other in my position who would have done more justice to the toast. As my official position as Provost of the burgh is the reason why I am placed in this honourable chair, it is an honour which I will never forget. I believe that a demonstration, such as this day has seen, never took place in our land before; but is it to be wondered at, when we know that the fame of Burns is co-extensive with the literature of the world, and his memory enshrined with love in every household? At this moment, while I am addressing this meeting, there are assembled over the land, in every town, and almost in every village, countless thousands of men and women, young and old, dining, dancing, and singing, each in their own way doing honour to the memory of him who has left a legacy to the sons of toil, that gladdens and cheers the heart, and brings joy to every fireside. How proud should Scotia's sons be of the universal testimony thus offered to the genius of the ploughman poet, who, although of humble birth, stands high as a giant towering over the magnates of the land—so high, indeed, that our Robert Burns is by far the greatest that ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in humble life, and in a manner, I grieve to say, neglected by his country; but now, after the lapse of sixty-three years, he is regarded as the glorious representative of the genius of his people. (Cheers.) He was really and truly born a poet. I may speak of our poet as having warm affections: he loved all and every one with whom he associated. In one of his letters he says, "I would wipe away all tears from all eyes if I could, and I do all I can." Never was a truer friend. Although conscious of his great superiority over the companions of his youth, yet at no time did he ever forget those first friendships; and although flattered and pampered by the great, this did not prevent his affections clinging around the poor whom he had known and loved in his early days. (Cheers.) He was a man of independent mind. Read his song, "A man's a man for a' that." I may quote his own words, where he says that "The patronage he received was honourable, and he felt it to be so, but still it was patronage;" and had he, for the sake of it or its givers, forgotten for a day the lowest of his friends, how could he have borne to read his own two bold lines—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

(Cheers.) It would be wrong on my part were I to take up the time of the meeting longer. Everything I could say has been said better by others; and knowing that all present are intimate with his works, his character, his genius, and his worth, I will finish my remarks by saying that, for all his sins and shortcomings he bitterly repented, and forgiveness is promised by the Giver of all good, and shall man dare to be less merciful? I ask you to drink a bumper to "The Memory of Burns," our own immortal poet. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Many appropriate toasts, prefaced with much feeling and eloquence, enlivened the evening; and after the various songs mentioned in the programme had been sung, the company stood up and sang "Auld Langsyne;" after which they broke up at half-past ten, with "Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again," and the band playing "Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'."

WORKING MEN'S FESTIVAL.—The working men in this district had a grand festival in Bank Street Chapel. The Messrs. Kennard & Sons, Falkirk Foundry, generously contributed the platform, which was finely decked with evergreens by Mr. James Don, gardener to James Russell, Esq. of Arnotdale, the latter gentleman handsomely furnishing the evergreens. Right above the seat of the chairman there was placed a colossal head and bust of Burns, painted for the occasion by Mr. James Stewart, artist, and the work reflected great credit upon that gentleman. Beautiful silk banners, furnished by the Messrs. Kennard, representing the three nationalities—Scotland, England, and Ireland—were displayed on each side of the portrait, their brilliant colours contrasting finely with the evergreen arches which constituted the background of the platform. The artistes engaged for the festival were—Miss Aitken, Theatre-Royal, Glasgow; Miss Marianne Smith, from the Glasgow Concerts, &c.; Mr. Julian Adams, the celebrated pianist; Mr. Rennie, leader of psalmody, West U. P. Church; and Mr. H. Weir, the favourite local comic singer.

The chair was occupied by William C. Hepburn, Esq., who delivered an eloquent lecture on the life and genius of Burns, in the course of which he said:—Whence this universal hom-

age? whence this love and respect? whence this potent sentiment, which for the time being dominates thus over the hearts of people of all ranks, conditions, and ages? Mere intellect and genius could not of themselves, however exalted, thus stir the human heart. These could produce wonder, awe, respect, but other qualities are required to draw forth the love which has elicited the demonstrations of this night. It is to the noble qualities of the man rather than the peerless gifts of the poet that the homage of this day is accorded—to that truthfulness which dignified his life even in its darkest moments—to the emphatic detestation of the mean and unmanly, which at all times he expressed—to the tender sympathy which glowed in his bosom with weakness and suffering—and to that stalwart independence which never once bent to flattery nor fear. We have been told by reverend lips that this commemoration is an idolatry of intellect, a deification of man. It is no such thing. It is the godlike which was incarnated in this man that we commemorate, and that will be a bad day for the world when the great qualities which Burns possessed cease to call forth a commemoration such as the present. I would ask those men who condemn these festivals to sit in judgment upon their own hearts, and see if their hostility to Burns does not proceed from that spiritual pride, and that deification of self, upon which a greater than Burns has pronounced an emphatic denunciation. While we cherish in our dearest remembrance the deeds of the patriot, while we hold in our highest estimation the memory of that statesman who, by the splendour of his talents, the rectitude of his conduct, and the wisdom of his policy, has given stability to the institutions of a country and happiness to a people, while human gratitude is accorded to a teacher of noble lessons, of virtue, courage, independence, and truth, so long must we admire a poet like Burns, whose songs bind our hearts more firmly to our country, make us cherish more deeply those national and individual rights and liberties which our fathers purchased for us with their blood, and remind us that nobility in man is not dependent upon the outward circumstances of his lot. Working men especially have a right to be proud of Burns, and are bound by the greatest possible considerations to revere his memory as the man of all others who has taught them self-respect. His genius is the exclusive property of no one class, but much of his teaching is specially addressed to those who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

Miss Aitken read "The Cottar's Saturday Night" with a force and appreciation of the spirit of the poem, which drew down the warmest plaudits of the crowded audience; and in "Scots wha hae" she fairly electrified her hearers. This lady also read the fine poem "The Mountain Daisy," and a portion of "To Mary in Heaven," with exquisite taste and feeling. Miss Smith in every one of her songs achieved a decided success, proving still more emphatically the correctness of the opinion, that as a singer of Scotch songs, more especially of the songs of Burns, she has no living superior in Scotch concert-rooms. Mr. Rennie was loudly applauded in all his songs. Mr. Weir also accomplished wonders, not only as a singer, but as a reader. His rendering of "The Haggis" would have satisfied Burns himself, and satisfied the audience so much that he had to repeat it. Mr. Julian Adams performed in his usual efficient style.

The chapel was crowded in every part, and so great was the demand for tickets after every one had been disposed of, that the chapel could have been filled twice over. We have, in fact, never seen the enthusiasm of the "bairns" more emphatically displayed with reference to any event.

FETTERCAIRN.—The commemoration of the first centenary of the natal day of the immortal bard of Scotland, Robert Burns, was celebrated at Fettercairn, on Tuesday, in a manner becoming the auspicious occasion, and the respect and gratitude cherished by the inhabitants of the village and district for the genius and inimitable poetry of the great poet. A numerous party sat down to an excellent dinner in Mr. Lindsay's Inn—Sir John S. Forbes in the chair, supported by Mr. A. C. Cameron, Mr. John Durie, Denstrath, Mr. Smith, Balmain, and Mr. D. Durie, Fettercairn. Major M'Inroy of The Burn acted as croupier, and discharged the duties with his accustomed ability and tact. After dinner, the Chairman proposed in succession, "The Queen," "The Prince Consort and the Royal Family," and "The Army and Navy." Sir John next proposed the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," in a highly eloquent and effective speech, in which he traced the genius of Burns, and pointed out the peculiar characteristics and striking beauties of the inimitable effusions of the Poet of Scotland. The toast was drunk with enthusiastic applause; and Mr. J. Durie sung in fine style, "Robin's awa." Altogether, the celebration was very successful, the evening was spent with great harmony and hilarity, and will be doubtless long remembered by those who had the happiness to be present.

FETTERNEAR.—Burns' centenary was celebrated in this usually quiet neighbourhood

in a style worthy of, and in keeping with, the occasion. A party of about fifty, farmers and others, met to dinner in the School. The duties of chairman were very efficiently performed by Mr. Black, schoolmaster, ably supported by Mr. Taylor, gardener, as croupier, who contributed greatly to the hilarity of the evening. The Chairman gave, in an appropriate speech, "The Memory of Burns," whose character he beautifully portrayed. The croupier, after some excellent remarks on Burns and his writings, gave "The health of the Poet's Sons." A choir, got together on a few days' previous notice, contributed greatly to the entertainment of the evening by singing several of Burns' admirable songs in excellent style. The youth and beauty of the district, to the number of about 200, celebrated the event by a spirited ball in the evening.

FOCHABERS.—The Burns centenary was celebrated here by two parties—the one in the Gordon Arms Hotel, and the other in the Star Inn. Both were well attended, and passed off in the happiest possible manner. At the Gordon Arms, Mr. Lilly, overseer of salmon fishings, was in the chair, and Mr. John Grant, innkeeper, acted as croupier, both of whom performed their respective duties with much intelligence, taste, and feeling. Several good speeches were delivered in the course of the evening, and the hilarity of the meeting was enhanced by the singing of some of Burns' best songs by Mr. Mitchell, jun., and two or three others of the party.

FORFAR.—This great national festival was celebrated in Forfar with all due honours. At three o'clock the steeple bells began to ring a merry peal. The meetings were many and various. The only public one, which was held in the Town Hall, was decidedly a bumper, the hall being completely filled; and the Provost occupied the chair. In introducing the toast of the evening, the Provost (James Craik, jun.) made an eloquent speech of considerable length, going over in detail the principal points in the poet's life, and alluding in feeling language to the part that the late Lord Panmure took in providing for the family of the poet. In the course of his speech the Provost made the following remarks:—Gifted with an imagination of the finest quality, possessed of a command of language that seems perfectly inexhaustible, and with a large stock of common sense and prudence to guide him in the proper arrangement of his materiel, he has all the elements of a great poet. But besides he is especially the poet of the people. He is not one of the upper ten thousand, who sing of the joys and sorrows, the habits and pursuits of those beneath him as hearsay things, giving them a false or distorted colouring, from want of intimate practical knowledge. Belonging to the people by birth, and by predilection too, having studied them in all their aspects, in their loves, their hates, their joys, their sorrows, their virtues and vices, when he awoke into song his feelings gushed forth with a fullness and freshness, a truth and pathos, that charmed while it astonished. The people by him were never misrepresented, and hence placed unbounded confidence in him. They honoured him when alive, and revere his memory now that he is dead. "The Cottar's Saturday Night" is one of the noblest poems in any language, and as we read it, and remember that the picture here so beautifully drawn was by no means over-coloured, but, in fact, a true representation of the family to which he belonged, and besides, that it was a picture which delineated the mode in which the week was closed at hundreds of cottars' firesides at that day, need we wonder that the man who sketched it with so masterly a hand was all but idolized by the class whose tone of morality he exhibited in so pleasing a light.

The Free Masons had also a numerous meeting, presided over by their R.W.M., Dr. Edward. In fact, the meetings were so numerous that to describe them all would be endless. The ladies even could not forget that the poet was an admirer of the fair sex; and they, too, had their meeting in honour of the occasion. Taking the celebration all in all, the 25th was a day that will long be remembered in Forfar.

FORRES.—The Burns centenary was celebrated here with great enthusiasm. There was first a grand procession of the trades, who were marshalled at the Court-House at one o'clock, and marched through the different streets of the town. The procession, when formed, extended, three abreast, from the cross to the west end of the town, and, with their sashes, aprons, and other insignia, had altogether a most picturesque and splendid appearance.

After the walk, the different trades adjourned to their respective inns, and dined in honour of the occasion.

A dinner took place in the Assembly Rooms of the Mechanics' Institute—Bailie Mackenzie in the chair. The croupiers were R. Davidson, Esq., and W. Sclanders, Esq. The Chairman, after giving the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, proposed the "Memory of Burns" in a glowing speech, in the course of which he said: Apart from the deep fountain of enjoyment which Burns has bequeathed to his kind, he is, through his works, a great moral teacher. If he has lashed hypocrisy, meanness, and vice

with merciless severity, his works glow with every manly and generous sentiment, and have done much to elevate the mind and purify the taste of his countrymen. (Hear, hear.) Gifted by Nature with great talents, she also imbued him with strong passions, but before harshly condemning one who is now nearly threescore and ten years in his grave, we must make just allowance for manners and customs prevalent in his time, and of which the young of the present day have faint conception. True Christian charity, instead of drawing his "frailties from their dread abode," would rather draw a veil over what cannot be excused—(hear)—but which, when compared with the influence for good which his writings have exercised, and still will exercise, are but as dust in the balance. (Great applause.) But if the merits of the poet are great, great also is the recognition. The ovation this day paid to his memory is unparalleled in the annals of our literature. (Cheers.)

It is needless to say that the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. Several of Burns' songs were sung during the evening.

The company had a very pleasant meeting, after which they adjourned to the Concert Room, where the Misses Wilson of Aberdeen sung a selection of Burns' songs, accompanied by the piano. The hall was crowded, and the singing of the Misses Wilson gave much satisfaction.

The proceedings of the day passed off with the greatest quietness and decorum.

St. John's Lodge.—About 40 of the brethren of this Lodge sat down to dinner in the Lodge in Tolbooth Street—the R.W.M. in the chair. Mr. James Gillan, flesher, secretary, croupier. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of, the croupier, in an excellent speech, gave "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was drunk in solemn silence. "The Sons of Burns" were then given by Mr. James Hendry. Other toasts and sentiments followed, and several songs were sung with a spirit known only to the brethren of the mystic tie. The dinner, prepared by Mrs. Fimister, was substantial and first-rate, and gave great satisfaction.

The Carpenters dined in the Eagle Inn, Mr. Wm. Boyne, carpenter, in the chair; Messrs. John Ross and Alex. Mackenzie, croupiers. The dinner, furnished by Mr. Royan, was elegant to a degree. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been done ample justice to, "The Memory of Burns" was proposed by the chairman in a well-set speech and warmly responded to, as was also "The Surviving Relations of Burns," by Mr. Alex. Mackenzie. "The Provost and Magistrates" were given from the chair, and thanks for the use of the Court House. A number of songs were sung in capital style, and other toasts followed till about ten o'clock, when the happy party broke up.

The Hammermen assembled in the Eagle Inn to dinner—Mr. Charles Rose in the chair, and Mr. Christie, croupier. After a dinner which called forth great encomiums on Mr. Royan, the worthy host, the tables were replenished with whisky punch. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts being disposed of, the Chairman, in appropriate terms, gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was drunk with all the honours. Several other toasts of the family, &c., were given and responded to. The happiness and hilarity of the evening was greatly enhanced by Mr. Christie singing a number of choice songs, among which those of Burns predominated. After spending the evening with great conviviality and good feeling, the party separated at nine o'clock—good night having been at that hour proposed from the chair.

The Bakers dined in Naughten's Inn, Mr. Findlay, confectioner, in the chair, and Messrs. L. Bell and J. Ferguson, croupiers. The dinner was excellently prepared by 'mine hostess,' and gave high satisfaction. The usual preliminary toasts were given, and then the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," was proposed from the chair. A number of songs were most efficiently sung by the chairman and others, and after a night spent in hilarity and enjoyment, the meeting broke up.

The Shoemakers dined in the Castle Inn, but as we have not been furnished with the particulars, as of the other trades' meetings, we are unable to refer to details.

The Band of Hope Committee.—A number of the committee of the Temperance Band of Hope met in the Coffee House on the evening of the 25th—Mr. John Jenkins, president, in the chair. After tea there were a number of speeches delivered, recitations given, and songs sung, even till an early hour in the morning, when the members left, fully persuaded that there was much more real enjoyment in the participation of social intercourse over the cup which cheers but not inebriates, than in that "enemy which men admit into their mouths to steal away their brains."

FOWLIS-WESTER.—On the evening of the 25th, the centenary of Burns was celebrated in the school here, under the auspices of the Total Abstinence Society. Mr. M'Diarmid opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks, and President Galloway, the chairman, addressed the numerous assemblage on

the poetry of Burns. The merry dance then commenced, to the well-tuned and well-played strains of Messrs. Malcolm and M'Ara. The whole of this happy evening's proceedings were characterised with great good harmony and friendly feelings, and at an early hour the company parted, chanting sweetly and merrily the bard's lovely national air, "Auld Langsyne."

FRASERBURGH.—Here the bells were rung at intervals during the day, and many of the inhabitants hoisted flags. In the forenoon, about 160 of the poor in town and neighbourhood were furnished with a supply of good things in the Commissioners' Hall. The funds for this purpose were provided by public subscription.

In the evening, Mr. Gordon Lyall delivered a lecture in the Commissioners' Hall, on 'Home,' in the course of which he treated of the genial influence of the writings of Burns. To hear this lecture, the largest audience ever we have seen in the above hall convened, the number present being upwards of 600. Mr. Ewing, of the Free Church School, occupied the chair. The lecture was a complete success, the audience being now convulsed with laughter at the humour and now carried away by the eloquence of the speaker. This is the first time Mr. Lyall has treated his townsmen by displaying his powers in this direction, and we are sure there is not one of his hearers who does not sincerely hope it will not be the last.

FREUCHIE.—The inhabitants of this place held a meeting in the School-room on Tuesday evening, in honour of the immortal Burns. There were upwards of 200 present, and great numbers could not be admitted for want of room. Every one present was served with a portion of Scotch haggis, &c. About thirty of Burns' songs were sung in grand style. A meeting where more harmony and innocent amusement prevailed, we are sure, was not held anywhere that night. The evening's proceedings were brought to a close with a few hours' dancing, to the enlivening strains of our instrumental band.

Another party, twenty-five in number, met in the Female School-room to celebrate the centenary. They were amply supplied with roast beef, puddings, liquors, &c. Mr. James Scott, merchant, occupied the chair; and Mr. Daniel Law, church-officer, acted as croupier. After a number of the choicest songs of Burns had been sung by some of the ladies present, and by Mr. George Forsyth, dancing was commenced, and kept up until a pretty late hour, the music being supplied by the brothers Wilson. Altogether, it was one of the happiest nights ever spent in this place by a few friends.

FRIOCKHEIM.—The Centenary banquet in this village was a most successful and respectable affair. Shortly after seven o'clock the company assembled in the West School, which was conveniently fitted up and tastefully decorated for the occasion. About 130 of both sexes were present. Mr. A. R. Laing of the Glasterlaw Manure Works, occupied the chair, and was supported by Mr. Duncan of Legaston Quarries; Mr. Grant, millspinner; and Mr. Pullar, banker, Arbroath. Messrs. William Clark, millspinner, D. Falconer, farmer; and D. Paterson, shoemaker, filled the croupiers' chairs. After supper (at which of course the haggis was a prominent dish), and the loyal and patriotic toasts,

The CHAIRMAN proceeded to propose the toast of the evening. He said—*A great name* must Robert Burns' indeed be, when we, standing on the threshold of the second century since his birth, can from that vantage ground review his public claims, and accord to him an almost unqualified veneration. One hundred years—a century with a most eventful history—have fled since the birth of him whom we delight to honour as the Poet of Scotland, and who by his mighty genius rose from the humble rank of a ploughman to become the "observed of all observers." This day one hundred years ago, the tender infant, the first-born of William Burns (an immigrant from the neighbouring shire of the Mearns), first drew breath within the humble clay biggin' at Alloway. No heaven-piercing salute awoke the echoes of the neighbouring and now classic "Banks and braes o' Bonny Doon" to welcome the little stranger; but a "cauld blast o' Januar' wind" alone "blew hansel in on Robin." The Latin proverb, that a poet is *born* and *not made*, became strikingly illustrated as the child grew up in years. His natural genius urged him to repair a defective education, and his thirst for knowledge was doubly strengthened by an all-absorbing wish which accompanied him from his early years, that he

> "For poor auld Scotland's sake,
> Some usefu' plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least."

At all times this aspiration appears uppermost in his thoughts. At the plough amid the scenes of nature, in the midst of the family circle at home, and abroad among his companions, this desire of his heart was in constant though quiet operation. His contemplative and acute intellect was ever impressed with touches of

nature or of character, which bided their time to find expression in his fervent writings. All Burns' poetry exhibits an unmistakable spirit of truthfulness and manly earnestness; and to this and to the characteristic that his ruling desire to do something for "Auld Scotland" creeps out everywhere must be attributed, in a great degree, the extraordinary success of Burns in possessing himself of the ardent affections of his fellow-countrymen. Many of our popular, especially our modern, poets exhibit a marked straining after effect, and their effusions are frequently the mere productions of the *head;* but those of Burns were always the poetry of the *heart.* The impression left on their perusal is that of warm sympathy with the writer. Whether he be satirical or serious, whether he sings his love of country, love of women, ay, even love of drink; whether he express contempt of cant or contempt of foolish pride—in fact, whatever he says, you feel—he *makes* a Scotsman feel—a fraternal sympathy with his sentiments. To the great facts that this spirit of sincerity and the Scottish element so strongly predominate in the poetry of Burns are to be attributed this day's commemoration. Is it not an extraordinary and most gratifying sight this day witnessed, not only "frae Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's," but throughout the great globe itself, of one universal demonstration in honour of this disinterested and gifted son of Auld Scotland? A whole nation—the whole world—prostrating itself to do homage to the genius and to reverence the memory of a ploughman bard! Never in history has such a spectacle been presented. It is indeed a grand sight to find unobtrusive merit receiving an ovation such as the greatest monarch or conqueror never received, and of which the very greatest would have been proud. This high position of our poet has only been reached by slow stages. The neglect of poets during life has been long proverbial; and many of you cannot fail to recall the sarcastic couplet referring to the father of Grecian poetry—

"Seven cities claim the birth of Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread."

I would not, however, be inclined to apply this sarcasm too harshly in reference to the case of Burns. Recognition of genius is almost always of slow growth; and while we regret that the favours of fortune were doled out capriciously on him during his short life, we ought to bear in mind that his writings had not reached the hands of the general public, and were then read principally by one class, and chiefly to gratify the curiosity, which their appearance from the pen of a plain ploughman had excited. A fictitious interest consequently at that time attached itself to his writings, for the public mind had not had opportunity to appreciate the innate excellencies of his compositions. Daily since then, however, have his poems ingratiated themselves in the Scottish heart, until now in this our day and generation have they become household words to all Scotsmen. After some farther remarks on the individual characteristics of our Poet's writings, the Chairman concluded by calling on the company to drink in silence to the "Memory of Robert Burns."

Altogether the meeting was a most respectable and most successful affair.

GALASHIELS.—The day was observed as a holiday after 2 P.M. The whole of the population turned out, and all appeared anxious to do honour to the occasion. The *devoirs* of the day were divided; and we shall as briefly as possible give the details of the public ceremonies in the town of Galashiels.

THE PUBLIC DINNER AT ABBOTSFORD HOTEL.—Upwards of fifty assembled in the Abbotsford Arms large saloon, which was very appropriately decorated in honour of the day. At the Chairman's seat, in a recess, was erected a life-size bust of our immortal poet, fresh from the studio of Mr. Currie of Darnick, and the original of which was placed on the same occasion in the Crystal Palace. The bust of Burns was encircled with a chaplet of holly and berries, under a canopy of chastely arranged evergreens, and busts of Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson were also crowned with poetic bays. The whole arrangements, though simple, were highly effective and appropriate.

The chair was taken at 4 P.M. by Dr. M'Dougall, who had on his right hand John Cochrane, Esq., Chief Magistrate, and on the left John Pringle, Esq., writer. The croupier's seat was filled by Mr. A. Rutherford, writer, supported right and left by Mr. J. Stalker and Mr. Adam Thomson. The dinner was served up in excellent style, and the whole arrangements were carried out with such alacrity and good taste as to call forth a very decided expression of opinion as to the hearty and considerate manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Toward had entered into the spirit of the event.

The CHAIRMAN proposed the various loyal toasts—that of the "Army and Lord Clyde" being given and received with unbounded applause.

The CHAIRMAN then rose, and said—The

special toast of this evening is to the memory of our own immortal bard, Robert Burns—one of nature's noblest sons—whose works have lived for eighty long years in the hearts and homes of Scotland; and whose fame and genius will live so long as Scotchmen are true to Scotland, and so long as the human heart beats with kindred love and sympathy. After a lengthened review of the state of literature in Scotland and its literary men at the advent of Burns, the Chairman observed—Burns pre-eminently possessed the comprehensive power of genius—a faculty or gift of nature which elevates man to a region in which he intuitively perceives the divine relations of being, and in which Truth, always coy, permits her lovely features to be seen and known. Whether at morning dawn or in the tempest—on the heathery moor and fell or by the purling water-brook—by the ingle of the virtuous peasant or in watching the changes of the glorious firmament on high—genius tracks the pathway of divine harmony and beauty—leading from nature to its Almighty author. Thus does she become the bright medium by which the highest and noblest attributes of the human soul become the common property of mankind. The genius of Shakspeare was all comprehensive of human nature—embracing within its grasp every mood and state of the mind—"every diversity of rank, age, and sex, down to the exquisite prattle of childhood—the king and the beggar—the hero and the pickpocket—the sage and the idiot, speak and act with equal truthfulness." On the other hand, the genius of Bacon enabled him to descry through the misty and murky atmosphere of a time-honoured but false philosophy, the ceaseless and irresistible power of divine law—regulating all things, from the smallest fly which dances in the sunbeam, to the mightiest spheres which circulate through space. But to the genius of Burns, nature added the garment of love, clothing his whole nature with a radiance and beauty which shine in every line and thought of his immortal poems. No poet has ever surpassed him in the power by which he renders things, apparently the most common and indifferent, objects of love and interest. Born in poverty, and reared in a family where every Christian duty was strictly adhered to—where prudence, self-sacrifice, and devoted toil were the stern dictators of their fortunes, he, at an age when other youths are left to their gambols and play, was toiling early and late to maintain the position of a worthy and venerated parent—incurring physical toils of such a severe nature (at his age) as strained his heart and laid the foundations of that disease which brought him, after years of untold suffering, to an early grave. Amidst it all, like a hero, he toiled on gallantly and cheerfully; and during his "scrimped leisure hours" poured forth poems which not only led captive the hearts of his rude contemporaries, to whom they were first communicated, but which have also warmed the hearts of all who have since perused them. This period of his life was to him the most happy and satisfactory, for in it his habits and his nature were in complete harmony—his glorious idiosyncrasies were undefiled by the world. Cast among the peasantry of Scotland, he not only realized his position as one of themselves, but he ennobled their habits, consecrated their pursuits, and dignified his country by poems full of vigour and manly beauty, and which will continue to glorify them so long as they are faithful to the habits and virtues which Burns so exquisitely illustrated. One of the most marvellous characteristics of his genius was his power over "our ain gude auld Scotch." With the rude Doric of Scotland Burns expressed every sentiment and emotion which can influence or touch the human heart—with it he made every line *a picture*—every verse a history. In his hands the language of Scotland became the most perfect and the most powerful in expression belonging to any country—and associated with his genius it will live throughout all ages. (Cheers.) No artist ever painted natural scenery with such force and truth. His pictures are not only perfect as exquisite sketches of nature—they are at the same time jubilant with life. The song of the lintwhite and mavis—the croonin of the cushat fill the air with melody—to the bleat of the lambkins which play owre the braes, while nature in her green mantle arrays with a robe of loveliest beauty and purity that graceful maiden—whose bright image occupies the foreground. Scotland for centuries before his day was rich in those heartfelt lyrics which stereotype the genius and idiosyncrasies of her people. The heart of Burns was made drunk with the nectar and sweetness of Scotland's wood-notes wild; and, in the intoxication of genius, he seized the unclaimed melodies and spirit of his native land, and clothed them in forms of loveliest grace and purity. In them we have depicted the pure rays of the morning dawn of life—when the aspirations of love—the dream of life's happiness—the glowing and brilliant hopes of a future—the poetry and love of nature—are all made subordinate to the one object of the soul—the casket of all life's hopes, lovely woman. (Loud cheers.) No man has rendered those intense and divinely appointed relations of mankind in pictures so true, so beautiful, so precious, as Robert Burns. But it was not at the threshold of life that he con-

fined his sympathies and his genius—he entered the cottage of the peasant, and there, in lines of matchless power, ennobled and consecrated the virtues and religion of Scotland's peasantry. In his "Cottar's Saturday Night" we have a poem, for graphic description, pure feeling, and religious pathos, unequalled in any language. If Burns had never written another line than this noble poem, his genius deserved the universal anthem which the hearts of his countrymen have sung this day. The heart of Robert Burns was all-comprehensive of man's most sacred and hallowed feelings—there is not a virtue which is not manifested in his works. The poems of Burns recall to the careworn man of the world the healthy and happy influences of his youth, when nature was all loveliness and beauty to him—when religion and love glowed in his heart—when "the lark, between light and dark, blythe wakens by the daisy's side, and mounts and sings on fluttering wings,"—and when the green hills and rejoicing nature, waving her leafy locks, made his heart bound with hope into a bright futurity—alas! but too frequently quenched in the seething whirlpool of life. Even to such the pages of Burns never fail to refresh and sloken the weary and thirsty heart with draughts of pure feeling and love. The crime of blasphemy has been laid to his charge in Holy Willie's Prayer, and in the Holy Fair. Do you believe that Burns would treat religion with contempt? No, you do not. (Cheers.) A nature so honest and glorious as his was, could not for one moment endure to see hypocrisy stalking forth with a sad face and upturned eyes, while all within was dark-seething passions and sensuality. That prayer was nailed to the door-post of the hypocrite to warn others from a sin at once the most grievous to the interests of religion, and to man's best nature. This day we have met, not to do honour to a dead man, but to a living genius—a genius who still waves over our heads the banner of Scotland's faith—of Scotland's worth—of Scotland's homes and happiness—who inscribed love, honour, and independence upon its waving pendant—(renewed cheers)—and his memory will live so long as the hearts of Scotia's sons can be attuned to harmony and love by the notes from that harp whose strings were not derived from earth, but sent to proclaim in words which ravish the heart, that, after all, man can do only one thing for himself—that is, to be "an honest man, the noblest work of God." The eloquent speech of the Chairman was illustrated throughout by appropriate quotations from the poems of the bard. The toast was received with tremendous applause, after the subsiding of which, Mr. John Crosbie sung, with fine effect and spirit, the song of "A man's a man for a' that."

The next toast was proposed by the Croupier, Mr. Alex. Rutherford, who said—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen—The toast which I have the honour to propose is to the "Memory of Scott;" and I am sure that anywhere in Scotland, the land of Scott, and to an assembly of Scotchmen, such a toast cannot fail to be acceptable; but *here*, hard by the Tweed, the district that he loved so well, and where now all that is mortal of him rests, it has double claims upon our enthusiasm. Upon this occasion, Sir, it may be interesting to remember that Walter Scott may be said to have derived literary ordination from Robert Burns. Once, and only once, they met; yet short as was the meeting, it was characteristic of both. It was at Edinburgh, amid a host of literary celebrities, that the poet turned his dark eye upon the lame lad, and said, "You'll be a man yet." I need not say, Sir, that these words were prophetic, though Burns never dreamed they were to be so gloriously realized. He never dreamed that the pale boy before him was to become the greatest literary character of his age, and the Shakspeare of Scotland. Yet so it was. As in Shakspeare, so in Scott, we know not at which of his great qualities to be most astonished; whether at the splendour of his conceptions, or at the profusion with which he poured them forth. All the world seemed tributary to his mighty genius. The magician had but to wave his wand, and the past of every clime seemed to live again. The gentlemen of France were charging for the golden lilies; the fierce marauders of Germany were spurring through the passes of the Rhineland; the Hidalgos of Spain and the Chevaliers of Italy were doing battle for the honour of the cross upon the fields of Palestine; and, in our own land, the fiery cross was passing from hamlet to hamlet in the north, and all our borders were resounding with the clash of arms, and the heavy tread of the marchmen. He delighted to carry us back to the time when the deeds of arms was the staple incident of every-day life. It was his mission to bring vividly before us the past of the middle ages, and to make what Burke called the departed glory of Europe to return. But, after all, this is only the outline—the setting, if I may so speak, which contains those gems of his fancy, his wit, his humour, and those touches so true to nature, that are all within. Within the rough setting we have graphically painted all the feelings and the manners of every rank and grade of life. Here we have the stately courtesies of princes and courtiers—there, the lively jests and repartee of rustics; here the inimitable active hu-

mour of Eddie Ochiltree or Cuddy Headrig—there, the still more inimitable passive humour of Andrew Fairservice or Dugald Dalgetty. Here, there, and everywhere, we have the schemes and the phases of almighty love: and in "Ivanhoe," all instinct with the spear and the drum as it is, has he not "embodied in a Jewish maiden all our highest conceptions of female loveliness," and made a daughter of the despised race of Israel the very type and ensample of noble womanhood? (Cheers.) But, Sir, it were an endless task to pick single grains of wheat from a thrashing floor. It is beautifully said upon the tombstone of the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, who lies buried in St. Paul's, "If you seek his monument, look around you." Who does not feel that that simple gravestone, with these noble words, is a prouder monument than if a masterpiece of Canova had risen over the place of his rest? It seems to say—"In the shadow of that mighty pile—the offspring of his genius—what need of a monument to the dead? Look around you." So with still greater propriety, if not with so much literal truth, may we say of Scott—not that the monumental marble is awanting, for the sculptor's art has exhausted the pomp of woe, and the genius of Chantrey and Kemp have given

"Bond in stone and ever-during brass,"

that his lineaments will be handed down to posterity for ever; but if we would see his truest triumph—if we would behold his proudest monument—we must look through the homes and by the firesides of the many tribes and nations of two continents, all of whom his works, in their diverse tongues, have delighted, amused, and instructed. It is often, Sir, a melancholy subject of contemplation to turn from the genius to the man; but the man Walter Scott has nothing to fear from a comparison with the genius. There was nothing little about him—but singularly free from all envies and jealousies, often the besetting sins of great minds—he was a high-souled, noble-minded man, view him in what aspect we may. We all know the story of his life. With what a full tide all the rarest gifts of fortune seemed to flow upon him—there seemed to be no illusion in which he might not safely indulge. He had within him in that wondrous brain of his the potentiality of growing rich beyond even the dreams of avarice. As has been well said, he made the barren sides of Parnassus yield more lavishly than all the mines of Mexico or Peru. All this, Sir, we know, but we know also that there was a reverse; how adversity—withering, blighting adversity—came upon him as an armed man, and then, Sir, is it that we lose sight of the poet, the novelist, and the genius, in the man. He might have succumbed. No one could have blamed him if he had; but, like one of his own heroes, his resolute spirit disdained to yield without a struggle, and in old age, with failing health and the friends of his youth fast dropping around him, he set himself to liquidate the gigantic liabilities he might have legally left undischarged. He died, it is true, in the struggle, but not before he had, in the space of six years, placed £60,000 to the account of his creditors. (Hear.) Truly of him it may be said, that "his eye, even when turned on empty space, beamed keen with honour." The deeds of his life are the best commentary upon his own lines—

"Then, sound the trumpet, fill the fife,
And to the sensual world proclaim—
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

Well may we be proud, Sir, that a man great in so many walks—the great minstrel, and the novelist without even a brother near the throne—well, I say, may we be proud that such a man was a Scotchman, especially proud that he was a near neighbour—one who has walked in our streets, been a guest at our festive board, and was Sheriff of Selkirkshire.

The toast was received with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Wm. Dobson, in his characteristic manner, here recited the poem of "The Twa Dogs," which was welcomed with shouts of laughter and applause.

Mr. A. Fisher then rose and spoke as follows:—After the graceful chaplet which the croupier has laid on the mausoleum of Sir Walter Scott, it remains for me briefly to pay a generous tribute to the memory of the *third* man of letters whose name and fame will be dear to us while the Scotch or English language endures. Professor Wilson, if I may use the metaphor, forms the third corner stone of the imperishable pyramid which has been reared on the soil of our national literature. True, he was not a great lyricist, or song-writer, like Burns, though he was a poet of the truest stamp. He was not a great novelist or historian like Scott, though his tales of Scottish life have thrilled all our heart-strings, and the shadow of their plaintive sadness has moved many minds to melancholy, and many an eye to tears. But Wilson exercised in his capacity of critic an influence equal and sometimes superior to both, as the large-hearted, philosophic, and liberal expounder of the writings and thoughts of others. Next to Burns and Scott, he stands forth as the largest-hearted and most devotedly Scottish of any modern author. It was at one time complained that Wilson had written too

little for his gigantic powers—that his muse was fickle, and that all he had left were only a number of fragmentary, but great and magnificent, blocks, rough-hewn from the quarry of his fertile genius. That idea has been dispelled by the goodly volumes which his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, has given to the world, forming, as De Quincey prophesied they would, "a florilegium of thoughts the most profound, and the most gorgeously illustrated that exist in human composition." Indeed, we know of no man in any country who exhibits such a prodigality of talent of every order in his writings—from gay to grave—from sad to humorous—from simple to sublime—from homely truthfulness to high soaring philosophy—as does this gifted Scotsman so lately removed from amongst us. In many respects Wilson resembled Burns. In physical form the two were cast in Nature's noblest mould, though the extraordinary physical development of Wilson had something of an Apollonic grace, with a leonine deportment about it, which no description can convey. Both were ardently devoted to Scotland, her manners, her peasantry, her language, and equally hated all shams and hypocrisy as cordially as they hated fops, Cockneys, and Frenchmen. The patriotism of Wilson was of the most exalted and devoted order; and never is he more powerful than when dwelling upon this theme in his critical articles on the genius of Burns—of whom he was the warm defender, and the best exponent—warmer and even more heartily attached to the *character* of the man than his great apologist, Thomas Carlyle. For his noble vindication of Burns alone, his memory will ever be green in our hearts. As to his private character, those who, like myself, had the inestimable pleasure of sitting at his feet and enjoying his friendship, know how to estimate the great goodness, the tenderness, the simplicity, and the manliness of his heart. Hundreds of the youth of Scotland and elsewhere have been indebted to him for a word of kind encouragement, spoken in season, and have sprung forward on a noble career of fame, cheered by his praise. Mr. Fisher concluded by some interesting allusions to Wilson's connection with the Border district. The "Memory of Professor Wilson" was drunk with hearty cheers.

Mr. P. Coldwell gave "The Memory of James Hogg, and the Lyric Poetry of the Border."

Various other toasts were given, and the evening was greatly enlivened and varied by a number of excellent songs and recitations. The proceedings terminated at the eleventh hour by all singing "Auld Langsyne," and "each taking off their several way," sorry only that such an event is not likely to occur again in the life of any one present. The arrangements of mine host and hostess of the Abbotsford were admirable, and were properly acknowledged in a toast proposed by Mr. H. Monteath.

Dinner in Salmon Inn.—At this well-known establishment, on the 25th, a numerous company of operatives and others assembled to do honour to the ploughman bard, under the presidency of Mr. George Mercer, and John Marshall, croupier. There was a splendid display of all kinds of *comedibles*, including the "King o' the Pudding Race," and other favourite Scotch dishes.

The Chairman introduced the toast of the evening in a characteristic speech, of which we give an extract:—In order fully to estimate the character and genius of Burns, it is imperative that we glance at the history of the country about the time he wrote. Prior to his birth, there had arisen a religious controversy, which developed and brought about a revolution of ideas in the minds of many, and which doubtless took a strong hold of Burns' father, who had watched with great anxiety the issues of the contest. A few eminent men left the church, and others within her pale maintained the struggle for sound religion. Burns, evidently from the "Cottar's Saturday Night," did not espouse the side of the Calvinists, who introduced the system of tent preaching—which system was subjected to many immoralities, particularly at the dispensation of the Lord's Supper. To crush the serpent who had coiled his fangs round many, under the guise of superstition and hypocrisy, the bard buckled on his armour, and invoked the muse. He calculated with precision the power of his opponents, and laid bare, in the production of the "Holy Fair," all the naked deformity and baseness of the tent system. Some staggered at such an exposure, others railed and denounced Burns as a blasphemer and a drunkard—yet the production stood unopposed. A few honest spirits in every parish came forward and maintained the correctness and honesty of the strictures. The superstructure fell, and superstition and hypocrisy were crushed. The ploughman bard then stood forth as the champion and defender of a sublime and innocent religion. But was he rewarded for such disinterestedness? No, he was denounced as an aide-de-camp to Satan—with all the ridiculous epithets which man in a state of religious frenzy could indulge in. Conscious of the integrity of his purpose, and the honesty of his exposure, Burns looked on unmoved. He had not long to wait for another opportunity to expose the hypocrisy of an elder (known by the cognomen of Holy Willie). The character of this elder

Burns held up to the world as one of the most despicable. These exposures, rough and easy as they were, would not have produced their effects had they been written otherwise than they were. Their unmistakable plainness caused conviction—which conviction excited inquiry, and led to the onward progress of man. Thiers, in the history of the French Consulate, says that the first French Revolution advanced the civilization of Europe one century, so with the "Holy Fair," it hurried on liberty of opinion in Scotland. It had a twofold aim—viz., advancing and exciting the intellectual energies, and bearing down the superstition and hypocrisy of the time. The bard stands, therefore, in a noble light; and look from whatever corner we may, he is one of the Reformers of our country.

Operatives' Dinner.—The working men of the town celebrated Burns' centenary in the Old Bridge Inn by a public dinner, at which 170 persons were present. The dinner was supplied by Mr. Maxwell of the Commercial Inn. The chair was taken by Mr. James Wilson, and Mr. Robert Walker officiated as croupier.

Mr. James Wilson, the chairman, delivered a very eloquent address in proposing the "Memory of Burns," in the course of which he said: Gentlemen,—Destined to labour so many hours every day, we have no time to settle poetic excellency by those canons which the art of criticism has established. We learn promptly to seize on the vital points of Burns' poetry, because they appeal at once to our judgment and our heart. Burns' life naturally divides itself into two great chapters. From thirteen to twenty-three includes the first, and the second embraces all his future years. I think the history of that first chapter has yet to be written. You remember the statement of his brother Gilbert, how at thirteen he was inured to the labour of the barn—how at fifteen he was the principal labourer on his father's farm—how the advanced age of their loved father, and the toils and over-exertions for the sustenance of the family sank into the souls of these noble brothers—how the most frugal fare had to be economised in order to get all ends to meet—how this was continued for ten long years, and how the poet was always troubled with sick headache, and often with low spirits. In these ten years' endurance for his father and family, lies a great and heroic chapter of the poet's life, worthy of far higher praise than it has ever received. He was throughout this long period the gentle and loving brother—the watchful and obedient son—the noble provider for all. In Burns' endurance of his lot, we see no flying in the face of heaven, nor repinings—no senseless, though easy, tears, over his own fate disfigure his pages; and yet during the early and sternest period of his life, the bulk of his poetry was written. And did not our hero reach the very sublimity of the human position when, amid all this great and arduous work, his genius—fettered, constrained, restricted by circumstances, such as never were surpassed—rose superior to all, and gave us his works full of the dignity of human nature—the beauties of God's earth, and teaching a noble resignation to our fate? Where is the man who has done more? More has been written on the other chapter of Burns' life. I need only say, very generally, that it stretches out before me like one of those dreams in which pleasure and pain are so blent, that while we gaze on the one it passes into the other—a strange mixture of life and death and changing features—now the gay robes of bridal processions, and anon the cerements of the grave. It rises on our ear like the triumphant march from a battle field, but before we can catch the full symphony, it passes into the slow and shrill wail of a soldier's funeral procession. Some men have said they saw virtue pointing the finger warningly at the poet. I indignantly deny it. Our religion prevents all prayers for the dead. Pity it is that it does not also prevent the heaping up of calumny on the grave of departed genius. I may be allowed to add, that I feel little respect for the judgment, and far less for the moral worth of that man, who, standing by the side of Burns' grave, and looking down the sad and chequered path of the poet's life, can find room in his soul for other feelings than pity and reverence. Need I remind you that he never wrote for party purposes. He never tickled the world's ear for gold. He was true, earnest, independent, to the last. His patriotism was a passion ever within him. He scorned all meanness, was no hypocrite, but poured out all his soul in song, and kept no reserved seats in all his capacious bosom. His lyre was no wild impassionate dream of old worlds, but the hopes and joys and sorrows of the human heart, with which, like a glorious crown, he wreathed his country's brow to adorn it for ever. If his love of country, and his glorious Scottish poetry, thus give him a chief place in the memory of his country;—his pathos, his tenderness, his fine moral maxims, his sterling wisdom, give a wider basis for a more extensive fame and a greater reverence—a reverence wide as the whole human family, and enduring through all generations of toiling, struggling humanity. (This address was much applauded.)

The evening's proceedings terminated with a ball, which was very largely attended. The company did not break up till three o'clock.

SOIREE IN UNION STREET CHAPEL.—The soiree held in honour of Burns' centenary was a decided success. The house was filled to overflowing by an intelligent and enthusiastic audience; and, for the lack of proper accommodation, hundreds were prevented from enjoying the treat provided in the programme.

After tea, which was served up with great taste and order, Mr. Adam Cochrane, jun., manufacturer, who occupied the chair, opened the proceedings in a few well-arranged and appropriate remarks. William Hobkirk, Esq., addressed the meeting on "The Religion of Burns." Mr. J. Paton gave an oration on Burns. He spoke of his early life and home—drew a vivid picture of the leading traits of Burns' character, of the influence his songs and poetry have had upon his countrymen—and altogether held him up as a model, the standard which he had set up for the government of his own life. The address was loudly and warmly applauded throughout its delivery.

Mr. William Dobson drew forth thunders of applause in his recitations of "The Twa Dogs" and "Tam o' Shanter." Miss Armstrong sung "Highland Mary" and "The Lass o' Ballochmyle" with great taste and power. Many others of Burns' songs were sung. Mr. John Sanderson played at intervals a variety of airs upon the accordion. The grand finale—"Auld Langsyne"—was then sung by the audience, led by Mr. J. Thomson, when the meeting broke up after 12 o'clock.

VARIOUS.—Besides those meetings more fully reported, held in this town, there was a dinner of the working classes in Mrs. Leyden's Hotel, and the town's band also dined together in the same place. Also at the Railway Hotel a dinner was provided, where the chief item of the fare was represented by various "chieftains o' the puddin' race." In all the meetings good humour and harmony marked all the proceedings. The "brethren of the mystic tie" of the St. John's Lodge, Galashiels, resolved not to let the opportunity pass without doing reverence to the memory of their immortal bard. A good number assembled in the lodge-room of the Commercial Inn, where, under the presidency of Mr. W. Haldane, senior warden, the evening was celebrated in true masonic fashion. The toast of the evening was given from the chair with great spirit, and the R.W.M., Mr. Fraser, secretary, and other members, contributed greatly, by their speeches, songs, and sentiments, to make the event a notable feature in the rising success of the resuscitated lodge.

GALLOWAY (NEW).—At 4 o'clock on Tuesday, one hundred and twenty-five sat down in the Town-hall, New Galloway, to a substantial dinner, provided for the occasion by Mrs. Wilson of the Kenmure Arms, presided over by Wellwood Maxwell, Esq. of Glenlee, whose warmth of feeling towards the memory of the Poet, although at great personal inconvenience, brought him from Liverpool for the occasion, and whose oratorical and musical powers contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. Provost Muir and Thomas Barbour, Esq. of Dalshangan, croupiers. The loyal toasts were given from the chair. Song, "Scots wha hae," by Mr. T. Barbour. The memory of Burns was then proposed by the Chairman—song, "Rantin', rovin' Robin," by Mr. Ballantine. The Memory of the parents, wife, and relatives of the Poet, by Provost Muir. The Living Relatives of the Poet, by Mr. Barbour. The British Poets, by the Chairman. The Hon. Mrs. B. Gordon, by the Chairman. Recitation, "Tam o' Shanter," by Mr. Turner. Mrs. Maxwell, by Mr. Barbour; replied to by the Chair. The Clergy, by the Chair. The Schoolmasters, by Mr. Weatherly; Mr. Muir replied. The Peasantry, by the Provost. Recitation, "Cottar's Saturday Night," by Mr. Dalziel. The Plough, by Mr. Turner. Various other toasts were given. Songs were also sung by the chairman, and Messrs. Blacklock, Barton, Foulds, Shaw, and Barbour. A song and recitation, composed for the occasion, were given by the authors, Messrs. Anderson and Ferguson.

In the evening a ball was opened in the new room of the hall, which was attended by a large number of the youth and beauty of the district. At 12 o'clock upwards of 100 sat down to supper, provided by Mrs. M'Kelvie, Cross Keys. After supper dancing was resumed, and was kept up with great spirit until an advanced hour in the morning. The day was kept as a holiday, and there was a discharge of several pieces of ordnance placed on the heights of Knockdavie. The bells also rung a merry peal at intervals during the day, and the Union Jack floated from the spire of the ancient steeple; in the evening a splendid display of fireworks took place.

GALSTON.—Here, as in every other p'ace, the usual amount of demonstrations took place on the 25th, in honour of our National Bard. The principal meeting in the town was a soiree held in the U. P. Church, where upwards of 600 persons were present. Mr. R. Howat occupied the chair, and discharged its duties in a very efficient manner. He opened the meeting very appropriately by giving a short sketch of the life of the great Poet. Mr. Palmer, Mr. A. Howat, Mr. Jas. Hendrie, Mr. M'Donald, and Mr. Dudgeon, delivered some admirable addresses during the evening, principally on "The

Genius and Character of Burns;" the meeting was also entertained by a number of Burns' songs, the manner in which they were sung reflecting credit upon the singers, who were accompanied by a Quadrille Band which also varied the proceedings of the evening by playing several pieces during the intervals and while the refreshments were handed round. Altogether the meeting was worthy of the great national event which it had met to celebrate—the centenary of our immortal poet, the Bard of Coila.

There were several other meetings in the town though of a less public nature, one of which was a dinner in the Black Bull, where about forty gentlemen had met to celebrate the centenary in a somewhat more substantial manner than by buns and oranges. Mr. Bell, parish schoolmaster, occupied the chair, and Mr. Paterson acted as croupier. Another party also met in the adjoining hall of the same Inn. There was also a meeting under the auspices of the Galston Literary and Debating Society, in the house of Mr. R. Paton, innkeeper; while another party were assembled in the Loudoun Arms Inn. And as a grand finale to all the foregoing meetings, there was, what may be termed, a spree under the patronage of the colliers, so that, upon the whole, Galston has done her part in a very spirited manner on this occasion, and shown her love and admiration of the great poet, in the enthusiastic assemblies met to commemorate his genius.

GARGUNNOCK.—The centenary was celebrated here by a supper in Mrs. Hardie's. There was a numerous attendance, and the chair was ably filled by the Provost, while the duties of croupier were performed by a strong admirer of Burns. The toast of the evening was given in very felicitous terms by the chairman, and "The Memory of other illustrious Scotchmen" was proposed in an appropriate speech by another member of the company. Several songs were sung, and a piece of original poetry composed for the occasion was read amid great applause. A very happy evening was spent, and the company separated at a proper hour. The supper was got up by Mrs. Hardie in first-rate style.

GATEHOUSE-OF-FLEET.—A procession of the brethren of St. Stephen's Lodge, accompanied by the various trades, each carrying their appropriate banners, walked through the streets in marching order, having Scotia's music, the Highland pipes, to enliven the progress, followed by the fife and drum. The Masons' Hall was prettily decorated for a public dinner with evergreens, while the flags used in the procession were tastefully hung around the walls. One hundred and twenty-one sat down to a good substantial dinner provided by Mr. and Mrs. Houston of the Commercial Hotel; and among other good things the famous Scotch haggis was not forgotten as "chieftain of the pudding race." The Rev. J. Thorburn, U.P., occupied the chair, and Mr. Hume, builder, officiated as croupier. After the usual loyal toasts were given and enthusiastically responded to, the Rev. Chairman proposed the toast of the evening. His remarks were listened to with profound admiration, and we select the following passages:—Wherefore this pause in the stern business of life and the unison of heart in the congregated thousands to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns? We and others are not met to-night, gentlemen, to overlook or undervalue the honour due to other distinguished Scotsmen. High in her esteem Scotland holds the men who have risen to be chiefs among their equals—whether in the senate, at the bar, in the pulpit, or in the battle-field,—whether in sounding the depths of philosophy, investigating and unfolding the laws of science—in augmenting and embellishing literature—in mechanical invention—in the cultivation of art—or in the diffusion of knowledge, whether by the press or by oral instruction. But the stillest stream runs deepest: and while others have dazzled and awed admiration by the brilliancy of their talents or the might of their achievements, Robert Burns, without glare or noise, has found his way down to the deepest fountains of the hearts of the people amongst whom he was born, lived, and died. Far as his fame had spread during his short life-time, it was not till after his death that the full force of his genius was felt, and the strength of the hold which he had got upon Scottish hearts and homes. Now that he has got beyond the reach of living detraction, the very remembrance of his faults combined with the adversities of his lot, only serves—and that sad remembrance will ever serve—to deepen the sense of his more than compensating excellencies which constitute the enduring monument of his name. We are not met, gentlemen, to-night to hold up to admiration either the grave faults or the freaks of folly in our Scottish bard. And yet, in judging these, may it not be true that but for the celebrity of his name, he would have escaped a large amount of renown. It is demanded, besides, in forming an impartial estimate of the darker shade in the personal character and writings of the poet, that account be taken of that dread depression hereditary in his constitution which from his youth preyed upon him, and with which none but those

similarly afflicted can sympathize—the customs and spirit of the age in which he lived—and the perilous influences which played around him. Some, indeed, with hare-brains, or with that keen perception to discern evil rather than good in others, see nothing in Burns to be admired, because, forsooth, in some things he is much to be blamed. The public voice of the world has assigned, notwithstanding, to Robert Burns his place; and in the language of Gilfillan, it will require the counter-verdict of another globe to alter it. His name is honoured because he loved humanity with a love so large, free, and intense, that we cannot help lamenting the bitterness that love must have felt when it met in many instances with a cold reception, perhaps in all with an inadequate return. Burns is honoured for the noble spirit of patriotism and manly independence which pervade his works. Our national poet is honoured because of that sunshine which he has shed upon the heads and homes of the tillers of the soil, and all whose brow sweats with labour, not as beings made to be taken and used up—but men who can furnish examples of nobility of mind, moral purity, devotion, piety, affection, as bright as are anywhere to be found. So long as the fires of the family altar are lighted up, a tender thought of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" will arise in the worshippers, breathed in strains of simple fervour and truthful solemnity. So long as Scotsmen retain their spirit of brave patriotism and independence, known and acknowledged over the world, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" will never be forgotten. So long as the sentiment of independence, for which Scotsmen are distinguished, exists, "Is there for honest poverty" will be one of their songs. So long as youthful friends meet, and unite, and recount to each other the past, "Auld Langsyne" will be the expression of their pledge. So long as the mountain daisy decks our green sward, the inspiration of Burns will be felt to rest upon it. So long as lovers meet, and the households of Scotland are blessed with wedded love, the virtuous songs of Burns will be sung. So long as the horse, the dog, the pet ewe, the sheep on the hills, the cattle in the meadows, and the birds are the companions of man, Burns will be honoured, for he loved and has a song for them all. We are met, then, this evening in concert with our fellow-countrymen, not to make an idol of our national Poet, but to say in the face of the world that no other country could have furnished a field for such an one as he; and that whilst we recognise it to be our duty to avoid the whims and hypocritical pretences which fired the satire of the rash pen of his youth; and to exemplify those fair virtues which he so truthfully paints: we esteem it to be no less a duty to adorn his bust in the temple of Fame for the sake of that genius which, of all the sons of Scottish song, he has most powerfully wielded for the ornament and guard of his and our dear "Auld Scotland."

Toast and sentiment went happily round, and many queer things were said and done, after which the company rose simultaneously at 9 o'clock to make room for a ball to be held in the same Hall. In a short time the scene was changed from dining to dancing to admit the fair sex to mix in the rejoicings of such an eventful day, and for hours the floor was occupied with "Lads and lasses mony O."

GATTONSIDE.—Here, on *the* day, a demonstration was held in the School-room, by way of a ball. This neat public room was on the occasion decorated under the very tasteful management of Messrs. John Johnstone, John Easton, and Robert Hope, the walls being almost literally clad with evergreens and holly, and the chandelier was so beautifully clothed with these winter shrubs that the whole thing partook rather of a spring appearance. In short, the entire artistic arrangements commended themselves to all having any pretence to the graceful and enlivening. At nine o'clock, Messrs. Easton, Fairbairn, &c., the three violinists, with our old friend John Anderson, and the big fiddle as Jack Tar once called it, struck up their merry strains, and the dancers speedily took their places. During the evening the fair girls of Gattonside enjoyed an evening dedicated to the memory of one who sang their charms so tenderly. Many excellent songs were sung—"Highland Mary," by Mr. Gilbert Thomson and his grandson; "Rantin', Rovin' Robin," by Mr. George Burnet; "Scotland yet," by Mr. James Welsh; "Ye Banks and Braes," by the entire assembly, numbering about a hundred. "My Nannie's awa'" was sweetly sung by Miss Bold. Mr. Robert Hope gave a recitation, which elicited well-deserved applause.

GIRVAN.—The Burns centenary was in Girvan observed with every symptom of enthusiasm and delight—in truth, the celebration was, in every point of view, not an ovation merely, but a perfect triumph. The occasion was ushered in by the ringing of bells, which continued pealing throughout the day, and by the display of flags, &c., from the vessels in the harbour, public works, and private dwellings. In the afternoon, the various trades mustered in the public green, and, having been marshalled in the order allotted them, went in procession through all the principal thorough-

fares in the town. They were accompanied by the Brass and Flute Bands, and were cheered again and again at different points of their progress. At the conclusion, the whole escorted the Freemasons to their Lodge-room, and here the other trades disbanded in the same orderly way in which they had convened. The brothers of the mystic tie now sat down to an excellent repast, served in Mr. Cowan's best style—Br. Wm. Scott doing the duties most efficiently of the chair. The memory of the immortal mason Burns was pledged with rapture, and the night was spent in such a manner as only merry masons can appreciate.

In the evening, also, the large hall of the Grammar School was the scene of unmingled gaiety and gladness. A ball, on the grandest scale we have ever witnessed in this quarter, was held in commemoration of the day, and it proved as successful as the most sanguine of its promoters could have anticipated or desired. The room was splendidly decorated for the occasion, and lighted up in the most inviting style. Above the orchestra were the words "Burns' Centenary," and alongside "Auld Langsyne"—both being formed of large letters composed of leaves of laurel. In other parts of the hall were such mottoes as these, all beautifully encircled with evergreen branches: —"Woodnotes Wild;" "Scots wha hae;" "Ayrshire Lasses;" and, on either side of the latter, the couplets—

"Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
My arms around my deary O;"

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

The attendance was a crush, comprising a fine specimen of our "Ayrshire lasses"—a complete blaze of beauty—while their partners contained in their number the most respectable young men of the town and neighbourhood. The ball was kept up till an early hour, when all departed more than delighted with the joys and pleasures of the night.

The most important gathering was the grand banquet of the Burns Club, which was held at five o'clock, in the George Hotel. The large hall, which was tastefully decorated, and at one of the ends of which was a fine bust of the poet, was crowded in every part, and more tickets could have been issued had room been found for a more numerous attendance. The chair was occupied by the President of the Club, J. B. Ross, Esq., Banker and Factor to the Duchess de Coigny of Bargony, supported right and left by Mr. J. L. H. Forrester, M.A., of the Grammar School; Bailie Clachar; Mr. J. Lawson, junr.; Mr. Wm. M'Connell; Mr. M'Garva; Mr. Kelly, banker; Mr. Hepburn, &c., &c. The croupier's seat was worthily filled by Wm. M'Morran, Esq., supported by the Rev. Mr. Corsan, Mr. Nelson, Mr. Hannah, Mr. Pringle, &c., &c. Grace was asked and thanks returned by Rev. Mr. Corsan.

On the removal of the cloth, the Chairman disposed of the ordinary and other loyal toasts in the following order:—The Queen; the Prince Consort, and rest of the Royal Family; Army and Navy; the Lord-Lieutenant of the County.

The CHAIRMAN then gave "The Memory of Burns," and delivered, with much feeling, the following address, which was received with hearty and continued cheering:—We have now come to the most important work of the evening, and I have to call upon you, one and all, to join me in pledging a bumper—a heartfelt, overflowing bumper—to "The Immortal Memory of Scotland's greatest Poet—Robert Burns." When I recall to your minds that this is not only the anniversary of the poet's birth, but the centenary—the hundredth anniversary of that great event—that epoch in our national annals—when I reflect that at the present moment this great event is being celebrated in every city, town, and hamlet, not only in Scotland, England, and Ireland, but by his countrymen in America, Canada, Australia, and, I may say, in every part of the habitable globe, wherever civilization has spread, or wherever a Scotchman has penetrated—and when I reflect also, that the most eloquent and gifted sons of our own day, in literature, science, and the arts, have this evening been enlisted to do justice to the memory of one of Scotland's most gifted, if not greatest sons—I need not say with what feelings of trepidation, approaching almost to awe, so humble an individual as you have this evening selected for the purpose approaches the subject, with any thought of at all doing justice to the theme, or with the idea of his voice ever being heard amidst the galaxy of those eminent living men—the most eminent that Scotland can produce—whose eloquence will this evening be brought to illustrate the life and writings of Scotland's greatest poet. While, gentlemen, I admit to the fullest that this is the case, and while I lament my own inability to do justice to the theme, yet I will yield to none in humble admiration of the poetic fire—the manly sentiment, the sturdy independence of him

"Who walked in glory and in joy—
Following his plough upon the mountain side."

A Scotchman of Scotchmen—An Ayrshireman of Ayrshiremen—born and cradled where

"Fairies light
On Cassillis Downans dance,"

within half-a-mile of the famous hero, who, while he thought

> "Kings might be blest, yet Tam was glorious,
> O'er a' the ills of life victorious."

Educated for years at the same village school which Burns attended for some time, and from a boy, when I could scarcely lisp my letters, till man's estate, I had the privilege of the society of two good maiden ladies, versed in all the credulity and superstition of the country lore, and who I suppose had as large a collection of tales and songs concerning ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantrips, giants, dragons, &c., as ever Burns' old woman had, and who used to recite the most popular of his poems, and sing the most bewitching of his songs. Can you wonder then that, like the most of my countrymen, the writings of Burns should still hang as a spell around my heart—that the history and traditions, the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native country, as sung by our native bard, should form part of its very life-blood—"beat in every pulse and tingle in every vein." The name and fair fame of Burns—the living, burning, soul-stirring strains which he poured forth—the general scope and tendency of his writings have, I am convinced, the more I study his life and these writings, been greatly misrepresented and misunderstood. But that name and that fame

> "Like the stream that runs,
> And as it runs, for ever will run on,"

will live, and live for ever, in the hearts of Scotland's sons. Did I say Scotland's sons only?—in the heart not only of every man worthy of the name of Briton, but in the heart of every man—ay, and woman, too—wherever the banner of freedom has waved, or civilization has ever or will ever penetrate. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder;" and while we celebrate the centenary of our poet's birth under our own vine, in our native land, we may fancy, but can never fully realize to our minds, the meeting on such an occasion as this, the fervent, soul-inspiring, home-sick eloquence with which the event will be celebrated by our expatriated fellow-countrymen in the Prairie, the Forest, or the Diggings—in far-distant lands by those who have "run about the braes" and "paidled in the burn," and who will this evening, I have no doubt, "be their pint stoup," and pledge many a cup to "Burns and Scotland" "for the days o' auld langsyne." (Cheers.) The name of Burns is a household word, and his poetry is familiar from the palace to the cottage in every region where the Scottish language is known. Gifted with powerful intellect, glowing fancy, generous affections, noble independence, and every mental endowment—who could seize the diversified scenes of quiet loveliness and wild grandeur, in which his native country abounds—who could paint the rugged mountain lifting its giant head amidst the clouds—the lake gleaming at its foot, like a diamond—the roaring waterfall—the winding river—the fertile valley—or "the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom"—who, I say, could paint such scenes like Burns? All came forth glowing in immortal verse—things of beauty and joys for ever. Yet sad and dreary was his fate. His sun went down while it was yet day, in clouds and darkness, before he had reached his thirty-eighth year. Although leading a life of poverty, he taught his countrymen, and all men, a lesson of honest independence. He never bowed down before mere titled greatness or worthless wealth, and in ever-living strains he asserted the dignity of manhood—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

Contempt for everything false and insincere was another of his characteristics. His patriotism also was heroic. Never did the love of country burn with a warmer glow than in Burns. "A tide of Scottish prejudice," as he calls it, "had been poured along his veins, and he felt it would boil there till the floodgates shut in eternal rest." True, we are told Burns had his failings. To say that Burns had vices is but another way of saying that he, like other men, was human; but for his errors, his human weakness, men might have esteemed him more than mortal—a very demigod. But we forget that this day's demonstration, here and in other lands, is not in honour of the sins of Burns, but of his genius and his writings. If we are never to pay a tribute to genius, never to say to poets, "blessings be on thee, and eternal praise," except in the case of those whose lives and writings are pure from stain, we shall pay honour to no man's memory. We are told "the wisest man the world e'er saw," was in many respects "sublimely foolish;" the sweet singer of Israel, though a man after God's own heart, sinned, repented, and sinned again with a high hand. But can it be said that Robert Burns was, in some sense, a sinner above other men, and a man at whom, therefore, every other man is entitled to cast a stone. It is not so; in his weakness he was pretty nearly an average Scotchman. We see his faults in more than their real magnitude, because he stood high in view, and too wantonly scorned concealment. Be his faults what they may, hypocrisy was

none of them, and he had an utter detestation and hatred of those who cloaked their failings, whatever they might be, under the zealous performance of religion. One word and I have done. It has become the habit of late in certain quarters to decry Scotland and everything belonging to Scotland—to merge Scotland as it were in the common nationality of England. True, you may unite Scotland to England by a band of parchment (and God forbid that ever I should see them disunited)—you may even try to incorporate Scotland with England as Nicholas did Poland with Russia—you may, as he did, attempt to erase her name from the map of Europe, or suppress even her very language if you will; but notwithstanding of all this, so long as the names of Bruce and Wallace and Burns shall live as they have done, and their deeds and fame remain engraven on the hearts of Scotland's sons, Scotland shall still remain as distinct, as separate, as free and independent a nation as on that day when Bruce emancipated her on the blood-stained field of Bannockburn. All honour, then, to him

"Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim."

Drink with me, therefore, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

The toast was received and drunk with great enthusiasm. Many other toasts were given, with songs and recitations interspersed, and the festivities of the evening were kept up till a late hour, when, after joining in singing "Auld Langsyne," the company separated.

WORKING-MEN'S TEMPERANCE SOIREE AND CONCERT. — The Committee of the Girvan Working-Men's Total-Abstinence Society celebrated the centenary of the great national poet by a grand soiree and concert in the Free Church School-room here. This soiree and concert was long looked forward to as an outlet to the working-classes, and we are happy to report that they availed themselves largely of the opportunity. There could not be less than 250 present, exclusive of the Girvan instrumental brass band, and others forming the acting *corps*. The doors of the place of meeting were thrown open about six o'clock, and long before the chair was taken (seven o'clock), the house was crowded to suffocation. The band, in their splendid uniforms, and composed of some of the most respectable of the inhabitants, opened the entertainment with "Auld Langsyne," which was rapturously received. The chair was taken by Mr. John Robertson, Writer, who delivered a very able address on "The Genius and Poetry of Burns." Mr. Blair of Fushieton spoke on Burns as a "Song Writer." Tea and fruit were served, many speeches were made, and songs were sung, and the meeting, which was of the most enthusiastic description, did not separate till nearly "the wee short hour ayont the twal."

GLENCAIRN.—The centenary of our national bard was celebrated in this sequestered and now thinly peopled vale with true highland enthusiasm. About 4 P.M., tenants, householders, and ploughmen from Benaan to Morven, to the number of nearly forty, assembled at Gairnshiel Inn, and sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by Mrs. Cameron. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been proposed and cordially responded to, that to the memory of Burns was prefaced by an original essay on his life, character, and writings, and also by Campbell's ode on the same subject. A very suitable piece of poetry in the Scotch dialect, composed by an inhabitant of the Glen for the occasion, was afterwards read. In the course of the evening various choice songs, by Burns and others, were sung. The whole was appropriately concluded by a ball, at which the merry dance was kept up with great spirit for many hours.

GLENISLA.—A meeting to celebrate the Burns centenary took place in Mr. Crombie's Inn here, on the evening of the 25th. An excellent supper, including a *haggis*, "great chieftain o' the puddin' race," was prepared for the occasion, and served in Mr. Crombie's usual liberality and good style. Mr. J. P. Macphail, parochial schoolmaster, took the chair; and Mr. Brough, corn-dealer, officiated as croupier with good tact and ability. "The cheerfu' supper done," and the cloth being removed, the Chairman proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were drunk with all the honours. Mr. Macphail afterwards gave the toast of the evening, "The immortal memory of Robert Burns." He gave an accurate and biographical sketch of the poet in a lengthened and learned speech, in the course of which he eloquently spoke of Burns' merits as a poet, and the misfortunes which attended him. He also mentioned that Burns spoke a good deal more of the truth than many who were opposed to celebrating the centenary. The whole company evidently felt profound compassion and esteem for the immortal bard of Caledonia. The toast was drunk in breathless silence. Mr. Brough, in a long and elaborate speech, gave "The Press, and the intellectual Improvement of Glenisla." The toast was received and drunk amid loud and deafening cheering. James Clark, yr., Esq., Inverkeithing, gave "The Ladies of Glenisla," in a neat and humorous speech. The toast, of course, was drunk with

great enthusiasm. Mr. Robertson, farmer, Auchinleish, proposed "The Health of Mr. Macphail," and conveyed to him the thanks of the company for the manner in which he discharged the duties as chairman. Mr. Macphail replied. "The Health of Mr. and Mrs. Crombie" was proposed by the Chairman, who spoke in high terms of Mrs. Crombie for the admirable manner in which the supper was got up. Mr. Crombie replied. The Chairman also proposed "The Health of Mr. Brough." Several young men sang a number of Burns' songs, including "There was a lad," &c., and "John Barleycorn," and likewise entertained their audience with recitations from distinguished authors. The greatest harmony and hilarity prevailed during the proceedings, and the party broke up about the good hour of Forbes Mackenzie.

GLENLUCE.—The curlers of Glenluce held their annual dinner on the evening of the centenary in Mrs. M'Micking's Inn, presided over by Dr. M'Cormick; Mr. M'Culloch, Whitefield, croupier. They enjoyed a fine social meeting; and in the course of the proceedings "The Memory of Burns" was proposed in an able speech by the Chairman.

GLENOGIL.—The festival in memory of our national poet was celebrated at Chance Inn, on the evening of the 25th, with all due honour. The chair was admirably filled by Mr. J. Scott, blacksmith, assisted on the right by Mr. T. B. Main, and Mr. John Kennedy, Easterogil, and on the left by Mr. James Robbie, Glennoran, and Mr. James Black, Mains of Ogil. Mr. John Ormeston acted as croupier. By nine o'clock about fifty ladies and gentlemen, including the principal farmers in Glenogil, sat down to supper; and, after ample justice was done, the loyal and patriotic toasts were attended to. The Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, gave a brief account of the life of Burns and his education, craving a bumper to his memory, which was responded to with more than ordinary enthusiasm. Mr. T. B. Main made some beautiful remarks on his character and genius, which was responded to with loud and renewed cheers. Among the many toasts that were given was "The Health of the Chairman," by James Black, Mains of Ogil; "The Health of Mr. T. B. Main," by Mr. Robbie, Glennoran; "The Committee" by Mr. Kennedy; "The Ladies," by the croupier; "The Landed Proprietors in Glenogil," by Mr. T. B. Main; "The Tenant Farmers," by the Chairman, coupled with the name of Mr. Davidson, Milton of Ogil, all of which were duly responded to. Several of Burns' best songs were well sung. Dancing was kept up till an early hour, when the company broke up, returning a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair for their kind services. The whole affair was conducted in a becoming manner, highly creditable to all concerned.

GLENRINNES.—The folks in this district got up a ball, which was numerously attended, many of the heads of families being present and mingling in the dance. Mr. Macconachie, Mid Balandy, addressed the company on "the toast of the evening." Mr. John Hay discoursed the music with his wonted spirit, and the ball lasted until a far advanced hour in the morning.

GOUROCK.—The centenary was celebrated by a dinner in Mr. Paton's Hotel—Mr. John Kilpatrick in the chair. "The Memory of Robert Burns," and other toasts, were given. The evening was a very happy one.

GRANGE.—A soiree was held in the Parish School-room—Mr. A. Riddoch, merchant, Berryton, in the chair. The attendance numbered upwards of 200. The room was suitably decorated, exhibiting numerous appropriate mottoes, and a painting of Tam o' Shanter. Music, vocal and instrumental, was forthcoming at intervals. The Chairman, in the course of his humorous address, alluded to the enthusiastic demonstrations of 1844. Mr. Stephenson, Edingight, also addressed the meeting, his subject being—"There was a lad was born in Kyle." Mr. George Donald, Burnmouth, gave a song on the anniversary of Burns. Mr. Geo. Riddoch sang "Green grow the rashes O." The Ladies gave "I'm ower young to marry yet." The remainder of the programme runs as follows:—"Man was made to mourn," recited by Mr. Ronald, carpenter, Edingight House; "A man's a man," sung by Mr. Stevenson; "A' the airts," by Mr. Geo. Donald; "Ye Banks and Braes," sung by the ladies; "Highland Mary," sung by Mr. George Donald; "Tam o' Shanter," recited by Mr. Ronald; "Thou hast left me ever Jamie," sung by the ladies; "Scots wha hae," sung by Mr. Stevenson; "Hallowe'en," recited by Mr. Ronald. A number of songs were sung with spirit by Messrs. Arthur Forest, Crannach; Geo. Webster, Cairnhill; and James Ingram, Goukstone. The proceedings were wound up by "Auld Langsyne," from Mr. Geo. Riddoch.

GRANGEMOUTH.—On Tuesday evening, a large party of gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Zetland Arms (Mr. Wallace's), in honour of the hundredth birthday of Robert Burns. Henry Baird, Esq., Abbot's Grange, presided, and Messrs. Thomson, New-

ton Mains, and Thomas Morrison, Middlefield, officiated as croupiers. Among the gentlemen present were R. P. Newton, Esq., factor to the Earl of Zetland; William Walker, Esq. of Wholeflatts; John Robertson, Esq., Bowhouse; John Watson, Esq., Mumrills; Rev. J. Lambie, U. P. Church; A. Thomson, Esq., &c. &c. After the disposal of the loyal and patriotic toasts,

The CHAIRMAN introduced the toast of the evening in an able speech, in the course of which he remarked:—It is related by the greatest orator and statesman that this country has seen (the late Charles James Fox) that amidst the turmoil of political and other cares, he used to cheer and solace his mind by reading the works of Robert Burns; and I appeal to this company who have seated themselves around this festive board to commemorate the centenary of his birth, is there a throb, is there a vibration in this bosom that he has not touched? Yes, he has taught man to respect himself—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

His songs have cheered the ploughboy at the plough; and has he not directed the flame of pure and honourable love. Need I remind you of an incident that occurred in our recent struggles in the East. Upon one occasion our brave countrymen were greatly overpowered by numbers, when the fate of the day almost trembled in the balance, that noble war ode of Scotia, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," fell upon our brave countrymen like magic, when the gallant 78th sprang into the deadly breach and added another trophy to the martial renown of old Caledonia.

Other toasts, songs, and recitations followed, and the company, after singing "Auld Langsyne," separated at half-past 10 o'clock.

CENTENARY BALL.—Arrangements were made by a few young men connected with the port to celebrate the anniversary of Burns' natal day by a ball, which accordingly came off in the New Hall, and, considering the other sources of attraction, was pretty well attended. The hall was tastefully hung round with flags of all nations, having a very trig, smart appearance. At one end of the room was hung a large flag or banner with "Burns, our Scottish Poet," painted in tasteful lettering. At the other end was another banner having the words "In memory of Burns" painted on it, both done by Mr. T. Allan. The latter had the Masonic symbols displayed over it. Johnston's Quadrille Band was in attendance, and dancing commenced about nine o'clock, and was kept up till five. A great many of the leading and new dances were gone through, and in the course of the evening the band played a waltz piece composed specially for the occasion by Mr. Johnston himself, and very much admired. Refreshments were served in an anteroom, and before the meeting broke up a toast was drunk to the memory of the immortal bard; and the company, after singing together "Auld Langsyne," led by Mr. Jones, who had an active hand in the preparations, separated about six o'clock.

SHIP TAVERN.—About thirty gentlemen met in Mr. M'Gilchrist's, Ship Tavern, to celebrate the centenary. Mr. Henry Rodger, harbour master, presided, and a huge haggis was duly discussed. Many appropriate toasts, in addition to the essential one of the memory of Burns, were given and responded to.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY'S FESTIVAL.—There was a social meeting in the Earl of Zetland's large schoolroom, presided over by Mr. William Campbell. The school was beautifully decorated with evergreens, and there was an arch of the same spanning the breadth of the school. The motto, "Auld Langsyne," in large letters of turned evergreens, was displayed along the wall, and a number of flags and devices were placed about. A substantial service of tea and cake first; addresses by Mr. Campbell, Mr. John Arnott, Rev. J. Lambie, on Burns; also several recitations from Burns' works, and a number of his songs and other pieces by various members of the company, which numbered nearly 100.

GRANTOWN.—A party of gentlemen in this village, resolved to contribute their quota of honour to the memory of Scotia's national bard, supped together in Dunbar's Hotel, at eight o'clock in the evening of the 25th—Mr. Stewart, banker, in the chair, supported by Mr. Fleming, banker, Dr. Blaikie, Mr. Gordon, merchant, &c. Mr. Grant, Lagg, croupier, supported by Mr. Fraser, Auchernack, Dr. Orchard, Mr. George Harvey, Mr. Macpherson, merchant, &c. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were disposed of, the Chairman, in a brief but eloquent speech, gave the sentiment of the evening—"The Memory of Burns," which was drunk with becoming respect. The toast of "Lord and Lady Strathspey, and the other members of the Seafield family," was proposed from the chair, and enthusiastically responded to. The Croupier next gave "Colonel and Major Burns, the sons of the poet." It was no ordinary position these much-esteemed gentlemen were placed in by the world-wide demonstration of respect towards their father's reputation and writings. It was most befitting that the people of this district should celebrate

his birth-day, for the streets of Grantown were trodden by the feet of Robert Burns. A number of appropriate toasts followed, and some good songs were sung.

GREENOCK.—Burns' Club Celebration of the Centenary in the New Town Hall was a most decided success, and will long be remembered. At six o'clock precisely dinner was served in a manner which did the greatest credit to Mr. Glover, who catered on the occasion. Provost Duff ably occupied the chair, supported right and left by Mr. James MacFarlan, president of the Burns' Club, Mr. T. O. Hunter, Councillor Adam, Messrs. J. K. Gray, Robert Wright, D. M'Nicoll, John A. MacFarlan, John Macdougall, — Cole, D. Milne, J. M'William, &c. &c.

James Stewart, Esq., Bailie Grey, William Curtis, Esq., and John Douglas, Esq., ably fulfilled the duty of croupiers.

Amongst the company we observed Messrs. John Scott, yst., James M'Lean, T. P. MacCallum, John Adam, Colin M'Millan, Captain Hamilton, Robert Hendry, Dugald Campbell, Stewart Allison, John Duff, James Milne, James Morrison, John Morrison, Robert Muir, Thomas Boag, Robert Boag, &c., &c.

The gallery was well and fashionably filled by the ladies, who were admitted about seven o'clock, and whose entrance was the signal for the most rapturous applause. Many of them were also accommodated with seats around the area of the hall.

The CHAIRMAN, after giving in succession the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family, and Her Majesty's Ministers, each of which was most warmly received, then proposed the Army and Navy. Notwithstanding the long peace which had intervened since the great battles of the last French war, the events of the late Russian war, and also since then of the Indian struggle, have proved that there is no consequent deficiency in the army; and he felt sure that should any intruder approach our shores, the navy would also show themselves equal, with their wooden walls and walls of iron, to repel every attempt that might be made against us. He would now propose the toast, adding a cheer for Sir Colin Campbell (a voice —"and Sir Houston Stewart").

Colour Sergeant DREDGE returned thanks for the toast, regretting that the duty had not fallen upon some other member of his profession. He would say, however, that both branches of the service would be always found ready, as in the Crimea, to discharge their duty in the defence of their country. (Cheers.)

Mr. JAMES M'FARLAN then rose and said—Worthy Provost, croupiers, ladies, and gentlemen—It has been well said that if one knew nothing of the forefathers of our Scottish hamlets, but the pure and affectionate songs and ballads, and the wild and pathetic airs of music which they loved, we should know enough to convince the most bitter detractor that we come of a race of men, strong, healthful, happy, and dignified in the genial spirit which they seem to have acquired from nature through the external impressions which our land of mountain, valley, streamlet, and flood are so well calculated to produce. In other countries men have been from all time distinguished as being of peculiar classes. Labour in these countries has been thought to debase the mind and to chain down the energies and aspirations of the working classes to a degree that has been held sufficient to account for their want of that deep, calm, pure, and reflecting power of mind, that is not only the result of leisure and study, but a condition of calm thoughtfulness and self-possession, which it is the chief aim and object of education to attain. The mind must be freed from prejudice, and from envy, and from all ignoble feelings before progress can begin. I claim for my countrymen of every class, without distinction, the proud inheritance of having this self-reliant, calm, inquiring, and dispassionate gift of being able to see themselves as others see them. There may be exceptions to prove the rule; it is, however, of national peculiarities that I speak, and of course what I say is of the Scottish type of character. Individuals may have their shortcomings in this as in other countries, but I maintain that no people have shown themselves so capable of high culture as the Scotch. It is of little consequence where you may look for the material to be operated upon. You will find men at the plough, on the hill side tending sheep, in the carpenter's shop, in the mason's shed, or in the engine manufactory, behind the counter, and at the merchant's desk, who only require the means of study and advancement to make them fill with credit and honour any situation to which, in the providence of God, a free, loyal-hearted man may be called. This, I say, is not a distinction merely, it is the distinction, the intellectual Scottish brand, if I may use the expression, which gives to the Scottish man the citizenship of the world. (Applause.) I have but expressed in general terms what men of all countries have admitted. The pedants have asserted that this intellectual superiority, or equal division throughout a large population of intellectual power, is to be attributed to the parish school system; the ministers of religion receive also much of the credit, and perhaps they deserve much credit for their zealous labours and great independence, in many a trying time. I

shall, however, neither give all the credit to the schoolmasters nor to the ministers. Had schoolmasters to deal with a labouring class who were hereditary dunces, they would make but little impression on the nation. Had our ministers to deal with a thoughtless, a stupid, or an unimpassioned and degraded people, their exertions would have brought forth but little fruit. No, the truth is, that the genius of Scotland is an inheritance which belongs to no rank, and which has thriven in spite of the poverty of the country, or the isolated position in which many of the population are reared. Our poets have been the greatest workers, they have given us national lyrics full of tenderness and truth. They have given us ballads to fire the imagination and to soothe the affections, to make the heart leap with patriotism and love of country, and to make us look to our own firesides for everything that can be beautiful or ennobling; yes, *our* poets, mark the distinction; *our* poets sing of the lonely shieling and of the humble peasant girl. They know of no artificial tastes, or vulgar conventionalities; they sing of the heart and of the affections; their language is truth, it is the language which the heart holds with nature and itself; sometimes, like human passion, it is full of tears; and sometimes, like human frailty, it indulges in ridicule, or wails in sorrow. Yes, gentlemen, our poets have been great teachers, and it is but natural that their works, embalmed as they are in imperishable beauty, should be highly prized by a thoughtful people, for whom they have done so much. After what I have said you will be prepared to admit, and I hope I am carrying you with me, and that I am but expressing your own thoughts when I say that I think it unnecessary to dwell on that humble cottage and its associations, on that clay biggin' built by William Burns' own hands, in the parish of Alloway, near the town of Ayr. Why should I call that cottage humble? It has been consecrated by the birth of genius. You all know that in the little dwelling to which I allude Robert Burns was born, just one hundred years ago—again, I ask why did I call that cottage humble? I have claimed for all ranks of Scotchmen equal intellectual powers. Why, then, not allude to the humble cottage as a matter of course? He belongs to the world who was born in that Scottish home a hundred years ago. His name like his genius is imperishable, he has thrown a halo of glory around all Scotland, and that cottage, the Brig o' Doon, and Alloway's auld haunted kirk, are but gems set nearly in the centre of the grand intellectual illumination. While it sheds a glory upon our dear Scotland, it also warms the heart and stimulates the brain of every man of true feeling on earth, whether he be of our own country or a foreigner. He has only to be a true man. If so, Robert Burns speaks to him in the language which the heart holds with nature. In every clime and in every country, whatever be the language spoken, or the manners which obtain, the passions and affections are alike. A bald translation of the poetry of Burns might lose its power, but the translator could not but feel the warmth of the author's genius, although he thought in a foreign language, and studied our great national bard with the aid of a dictionary. Yes, gentlemen, Robert Burns was a true poet, and therefore a king among men. As I have said, his having been born in a cottage only proves that in Scotland nature neither knows nor owns the difference which may be thought to exist in some countries between palaces and cottages. To call Burns a peasant poet is absurd. Great as was Lord Byron he was not so noble. Burns was a ploughman and an exciseman, but even in this respect he was a teacher, as every true poet is, and must be. He showed us that the discharge of ordinary homely duties does not detract from a man's dignity, or from the greatness of his mind. He is not a great man who neglects the most ordinary duties that come to his door as it were to be discharged. Through hard trials he never cringed; he took care of his own house, did not deny the faith, and battled like the most ordinarily endowed man—this I take to be a grand feature in his character. In writing to his friend Mr. Dalrymple, he used this strange and pointed simile—I don't pretend to give the words but merely the expression as illustrative of how he battled in the discharge of his ordinary duties, and to show how much he valued the proper discharge of these:—He said, "I can't say I am altogether at my ease when I see anywhere in my path that meagre, squalid, famine-faced, spectre poverty, attended, as he always is, by iron-fisted oppression and leering contempt, but I have sturdily withstood his buffeting many a hard laboured day already, and still my motto is *I dare*." This was the man, gentlemen, who, born in a cottage, felt and acted throughout life as if he had been born in a castle. That was an accident that happens frequently, for great Scotchmen are as often born in cottages as in castles; and I am sure that Robert Burns would have thought as I do, that the Ettrick Shepherd might have left the theme unsung in which he used the words alluding to the Alloway Cottage,

> "But here in cauldrife lowly den,
> Unheeded by the great and gay,
> Was born the prince of Scottish men
> That ever tuned the rural lay."

No, sirs, no house was ever cauldrife or lonely

where Burns had a chair, at least James Hogg never should have said so. The "prince of Scottish men that ever tuned the rural lay," has consecrated everything to which he directed his pen, and no lesser hand, however tender, should smooth his rough places or try to pity his lot. Just think, sirs, how much out of place such whimpering is. If Burns suffered, Scotland is sorry with a manly sorrow; and we are here this day, a hundred years after his birth, to protest against the bare assumption of the world that he, our great poet, is not appreciated; and if he were neglected, we are now making an atonement throughout the length and breadth of our native land, which he so dearly loved, and which we are so proud to associate with his memory. His genius has lived down and soared above all detraction. His faults, like his mortal part, are in the dust, but even while on earth, he atoned for and blotted out his sins against established usage. Has he not left us this verse:—

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame,
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name."

Gentlemen, has he not atoned? On that head let us be for ever silent. "Nature," said Thomas Carlyle, "bestowed Robert Burns on us with queenlike indifference. She cast him from her hand like a thing of no moment, and it was defaced and torn asunder." But, sirs, Burns was not defaced and torn asunder without doing a great work for his country and for mankind; "he made man's life more venerable, he gave us a glimpse of a warm, kind soul, full of inborn riches and of love to living and lifeless things." That should be to us a great example, and should teach us, and does teach us to thank God and take courage, to have noble aspirations, and to feel for our brother man with all the warmth of friendship which should spring from the cultivation of patriotism and Christian charity. It is not for me to take up your time farther, by passing in review the wonderful creations of our own noble bard. That these are felt to be at once illustrious and humanizing is evidenced by the work which Scotland performs this day. She holds as a high festival the centenary of the poet's birth. As president of the Greenock Burns' Club, I have the honour to call upon you to give it a formal recognition. Gentlemen,—I ask you to pledge in respectful silence the Memory of Robert Burns.

The toast was drunk in solemn silence, after which Mr. Little sung "Rantin', Rovin' Robin," which was well received.

Mr. Cole, a member of the Burns' Club, read a poetical address to the genius of Burns, which was loudly applauded. The Chairman then called on Mr. Robert Muir for "The Cottar's Saturday Night," which was well rendered. The effect was heightened by the veteran admirer of Burns requesting the Provost to personate Mr. Aitken, to whom the poem was originally dedicated.

Mr. Gow sang "My Nannie O:" after which Mr. David Milne, in an eloquent speech, proposed "Shakspeare and the Poets of England." Many other toasts were given, songs were sung, and on "The Burns' Club" being proposed, Mr. Colin M'Millan stated that the first Burns' Club established in Scotland was in Greenock in 1802. They met at the Henry Bell Tavern, then kept by a Mrs. Cottar, and from the night of meeting the assembly was called "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

The proceedings then terminated with "Auld Langsyne," in which the whole company joined.

LODGE GREENOCK ST. JOHN'S.—This Lodge celebrated the centenary in the Hall, Cathcart Street, which was very beautifully decorated with flags and evergreens, arranged by Brothers William Tough and Donald Sinclair, in a manner which reflected the highest credit on their taste. Alexander M'Master, Esq., R.W.M., ably occupied the chair, and was supported on the right and left by Brothers Robert Morison, J. M. Tronson, R.N., John Cleland, Malcolm Keith, Robert Blair, Duncan M'Alpine, Andrew Boag, &c.

About 100 gentlemen sat down to dinner—an excellent repast—in which the haggis formed a conspicuous item, and which was provided by Mrs. Wallace, Buck Head Inn, in her usual good style. After the cloth was removed, the Chairman proposed the Queen, to whose many admirable qualities he paid a high tribute of respect, and afterwards gave "Prince Albert and the Royal Family." Both toasts received all the honours, and were enthusiastically responded to. The Chairman then proposed "The Army and Navy," which was heartily cheered. Dr. Tronson, H.M.S. Hogue, returned thanks.

Song—"Rule Britannia."

"Her Majesty's Ministers" was proposed by Brother Clark, and heartily responded to.

The Chairman gave "Lady Octavia Shaw Stewart and Family," which was received with enthusiasm. He said that her Ladyship, since she had come to this locality, had proved herself well worthy of esteem and respect from the highest to the poorest classes of the community. So deep was the interest she took in the poor residing near Ardgowan, that, in very inclement weather, and when her state of health

hardly warranted her doing so, she went daily among them in order to relieve their wants, and she never went from Ardgowan without leaving instructions that their comfort should be attended to during her absence. (Applause.)

Song—"Green grow the rashes O."

Brother ROBERT BLAIR then rose and said—I esteem it an honour of no ordinary kind to have been deputed to propose the toast of the evening—"The Memory of Brother Robert Burns, the Scottish Bard." No man of this country, nor of any other country, ever before knit together the hearts of all classes, rich and poor, learned and illiterate, at home and abroad, for the common object of desiring to honour one individual memory. Well may we feel proud of the universality of this moment to do justice, for it is but justice after all, to the memory of our "Brother Robert Burns." To say that Burns was a wonderful man would be to use a very tame expression—that he was a prodigy all will admit; and, when we consider the circumstances of his birth, in a lowly cottage by the roadside, a cottage reared by the hands of his excellent father, the struggles of that father and son together with the cold blasts of poverty, and the subsequent elevation to which the son attained, as the acknowledged bard of his native land, how true to the very letter was the prognostic of the honest midwife when, this day one hundred years, she, in the hour of his birth, exclaimed—

"He'll be a credit to us a',
We'll a' be proud o' Robin!"

(Cheers.) Apart from his poetic genius, one of the causes, and not the least perhaps, which has called forth such universal admiration of Burns, is the manliness and honest straightforwardness of his character—his struggles, even from the early age of fifteen, with one dire misfortune after another, and yet the uniform detestation with which he regarded everything that had the most distant approach to servility or meanness. When we see him compelled to witness the distress of the good old man his father, while suffering in silence the "factor's snash," and the demands of an imperious landlord, he himself, all the while, toiling far beyond his years, at the flail and the scythe, to lighten his parent's burden, how forcibly it is borne in upon us that of the "milk of human kindness," he was a partaker in a very remarkable degree. (Loud cheers.) It is said that wonderful as is the poetry of Burns, his correspondence is more wonderful still; but when we consider his lyrics in particular, and observe the pathos, the earnestness, and the sublimity there displayed, we see, as it were, the man's own heart, and he communicates to us, sensibly, something, however small, of the fire and of the feeling which, in such superabundant measure, were treasured within his own breast. (Cheers.) And now, looking back at our brother struggling with misfortunes from his very boyhood; his indomitable perseverance in midst of abounding difficulties; and above all, when we see him in the metropolis in 1786, actually overwhelmed with invitations from the noble, the fashionable, the witty, and the learned, our astonishment is, not that at times he yielded to temptations, such as few men have ever had presented to them, but that through life, and to the day of his death, the manliness, the independence, and the kindliness of his character shone out bright above them all. (Great applause.)

Song—"Rantin', Rovin' Robin."

During the evening many toasts were given, several of the brethren sang appropriate songs in excellent style, and a capital orchestra, led by Brother Wallace, discoursed admirable music. Brother Cameron, piper to H.M.S. Hogue, also enlivened the proceedings by playing several national airs in a most spirited manner.

The Ardgowan Curling Club celebrated the occasion by a dinner in the George Hotel—William M'Clure, Esq., President of the Society, occupied the chair, and James Gilchrist, Esq., vice-President, officiated as croupier. In the course of the proceedings the curling stone of "Tam Samson" was presented to the Club, who resolved to commemorate the gift by placing on the stone a silver plate bearing a suitable inscription.

Several other parties were held in the various hotels in town, in all of which the same spirit of happiness and hilarity prevailed.

GRETNA.—The centenary was celebrated at Gretna Green by a soiree and ball, held in the Parochial School-room. There was a large and respectable attendance. About 130 ladies and gentlemen partook of "the cup that cheers but not inebriates." After tea, Mr. David Carlyle was unanimously voted to the chair, the duties of which he discharged to the satisfaction of all present. He delivered an excellent address, which occupied about an hour in delivery. Several songs and recitations followed in rapid succession. Dancing commenced about half-past eleven o'clock, to the soul-stirring strains of Mr. Harkness' band, and was kept up with unusual spirit till five o'clock next morning.

HADDINGTON.—In East Lothian, the 25th of January was held as a holiday almost uni-

versally. On many farms no work was done, on others one-half the day was kept, and dinners, suppers, and dances in the evening, were the means taken to celebrate the centenary of the poet in every hamlet and village. The shops were shut in Haddington at two o'clock. There was a dinner in the George Inn, at which Provost Roughead presided, and Mr. Robert Richardson, Master of the Mason Lodge, and Mr. Hope, Fenton Barns, acted as croupiers. A considerable number of the company wore the insignia of the Masonic body, and nearly eighty gentlemen were present. Provost Roughead passed some high encomiums on our national bard, and stated how glad he was that Haddington was not behind the other towns in the kingdom in doing homage to his genius, particularly as the poet's brother, Gilbert, resided long in the immediate neighbourhood, and his mother's last resting-place was Bolton.

Mr. Hope, Fenton Barns, in proposing the toast of the evening, said—I do not for a moment doubt your warm reception of the toast of the day, "The immortal memory of our national bard, Robert Burns." I yield to none in my pride and admiration of Burns as a great poetic genius, and a man of unsurpassed intellectual endowments, but I have grave doubts of my own ability to say some words fitting for this great occasion. It may be said of Burns what he so forcibly said of another—"he held his patent of nobility direct from almighty God." A poor labouring man himself, as his forefathers were, he became the poet of peasant life, and men saw that that life was ordained of God, and fitted to train men for the glories of an hereafter. He concentrated the floating beauty which teems in our world, and embodying it in his powerful language, he made it patent to the most uncultivated minds. Burns is truly the poet of humanity; he teaches reverence for our common nature. It is not alone amidst the great and noble, but the poor and toil-worn that he found beautiful and touching themes. Like Shakspeare, his words apply to all time—they speak from the heart to the heart of man. It is not this or that passing scene, but he embodies the hopes, the fears, the aspirations, and the passions of our common humanity. As long as the hearts of our race continue to wake to the throbbings of love, so long will the words of Burns give a true picture of the individual feelings that may animate us, whether in joyful anticipation or in doubt, despair, or in assured success. Does he sing of the fullness of feeling of a cottage maiden, or paint the love and gentleness, the grace and purity, of Highland Mary; or does he place before us those looks and those tones inspired by a mother's heart—in every such circumstance we find ourselves using his language to give proper utterance to the feelings of our species. It is now sixty-three years since Burns died, and seventy-three years since the first edition of his poems was printed at Kilmarnock; they were hailed with rapture then, and I may assuredly say that time has only deepened the impression of their value, and shown they are imperishable. Innumerable editions of his works have appeared, some of them beautifully and expensively illustrated. His poems and songs are to be found alike in the cottages of the humble, and the drawing-rooms of the great. It is not easy to overestimate the influence he has had in stimulating the growth, and aiding the expansion of the national mind. He has made our Scottish tongue a classic language, and where is the Scottish heart that does not beat more warmly for his country when he hears "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," or feels more determined for honour, integrity, and freedom, when he exclaims "A man's a man for a' that!" Dr. Currie wrote the first biographical account of him shortly after his death; it is on the whole well and kindly done, but it could scarcely be said that the doctor knew the poet personally, and some things are stated of him that he admitted with a doubt, but which succeeding writers have enlarged and embellished, pretty much in the way of the story of the three black crows. Like all great men, if he has had warm friends, he has also had implacable enemies, who have foully libelled his character. I am far from saying Burns was perfect; he was a man, and like all mortals, I doubt not, frequently an erring man, but the ascertained facts regarding his life and circumstances render it perfectly impossible that he could have been guilty of one tithe of the excesses charged against him. But let us admit the supposition for a moment that he was as black as he has been painted, coupled with the truth that no genius, however splendid, is any excuse for breaches of the moral law—it is not his vices that we have met to honour, but his immortal genius, and the good that was in him. It is often said that there is much in his writings gross and indelicate; but consider the period in which he lived, and the general tone of feeling and morals, I may almost say the example set by the highest of the land, and this need not be wondered at. Few parents now would put the novels in vogue in those days into the hands of their children, and the miserable stories styled the sayings of George Buchanan, Wise Willie, and Witty Eppie formed the reading of the working classes, can it be doubted that even the worst of Burns' poems

had on all classes a beneficial and refining tendency. It has been said that Burns, towards the close of his life, was perpetually and habitually under the influence of alcohol, and liable to all the moral irregularities which such a state of existence implies. I have said this was first insinuated by Dr. Currie, and subsequently became incorporated, with additions, in subsequent lives of the poet. This is wholly unsupported by any reliable evidence, and, besides, we are in possession of facts that render such a broad statement perfectly untenable. The evidence of Collector Findlater is very strong in his favour. He says his connection with Burns commenced immediately after his admission into the Excise. The superintendence of his behaviour was a branch of his especial province, and he warmly testifies to his unremitting attention to business, which certainly is not compatible with perpetual intoxication. From all I can gather, the sum of the charge against Burns in this respect amounts to this, and nothing more, that when he met friends whom he liked, he was apt to prolong the social hour beyond the bounds which prudence would dictate. Consider, too, that until he was twenty-seven years of age, he never had more than £7 a-year for clothes and every luxury, and that the years he lived in Dumfries he had only £70 a-year, that he had a wife and four children, and often a horse to keep to assist him to gain that sum, and that when he died he had not quite £20 of debt, the greater part of which was incurred in the purchase of a volunteer uniform obtained shortly before, and it must be seen that these convivial excesses or drunken revels must have been not a little magnified. That he was incapable of relishing domestic life or rational society is equally an error. We have the evidence of those who possessed the friendship of Burns, that no one could be more affectionately attentive to every conjugal and parental duty, and we have the testimony of his wife, Mrs. Burns, "that she never heard a harsh word from her husband, and never saw a frown upon his brow." I am mortified and ashamed to think it necessary to make these few remarks on the moral character of Burns. We have seen undisguised vices enthroned in power, without one countervailing virtue, in comparison with which the blemishes of Burns were like a glowing twilight to utter darkness. But he has fixed his own errors and failings in imperishable verse, and his enemies have pointed them out and exclaimed, "See what he confesses to!" But his vaunted inebriety was more poetical than real. His boasted doings at Nance Tannoch's were met by that worthy exclaiming, "Him drink! I scarcely ken the colour of his siller." A worthy farmer also, who was neighbour to him, said to some who made apologies for him, "Make apologies for Burns! Why, take half his good and all his bad, and divide it amongst twenty of them, and it will make them all better men." After a graphic sketch of the life of Burns, Mr. Hope concluded his speech as follows:—It is on his songs, as we believe, that Burns' chief influence as an author will ultimately be found to depend; nor, if our Fletcher's aphorism be true, shall we account this a small influence. "Let me make the songs of a people," said he, "and you shall make its laws." Surely, if ever any poet might have equalled himself with legislators on this ground, it was Burns. His songs are already part of the mother tongue, not of Scotland only, but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-coloured joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice* of that joy and that woe, is the name and voice which Burns has given to them. Strictly speaking, perhaps no British man has so deeply affected the thoughts and feelings of so many men, as this solitary and altogether private individual, with means apparently the humblest. If Burns has done this for all Britain, he has done more for Scotland, for he was a true Scotchman. To use an agricultural simile, his nationality, like cream on milk, floats on the surface of all his works; he himself said, a tide of Scottish prejudice had been poured along his veins, and he felt that it would boil there till the floodgates shut in eternal rest. He has influenced our whole literature, rendering it more national and patriotic. Travellers, too, from all quarters of the globe visit Scotland, not to see the birth-place of our kings and statesmen, but to visit Ayr, the Banks of the Doon, Alloway's Auld Haunted Kirk, and every shrine hallowed by the ploughman's muse. What though narrow-minded, selfish bigots cry out infidelity! His "Cottar's Saturday Night," his "Prayer on the Prospect of Death," and other of his writings, poems and prose, rebut the charge; and as to his faults and failings, he was a man. Let those without sin fling the first stone. His detractors may do their best and say their worst—we are proud of his genius and our country. Then hurrah for the memory of our immortal bard!

Mr. R. Scott Skirving gave "The Memory of the Poets of Scotland;" Mr. Durie, Standingstane, "The Peasantry of Scotland;" Mr. Taylor, Carfrae, "The immortal Bards of England and Ireland." Various other toasts were given, songs were sung, and the meeting altogether was one of the most enthusiastic ever held in Haddington.

HAMILTON.—The 25th January, in honour of the centenary of Robert Burns, was held here as a gala day. Early in the forenoon the instrumental and flute bands made their appearance in the streets. The grocers closed their places of business all day. The drapers and others had their shops closed for the most part by two o'clock, and although the rain, wind, and hail fell fast and furious, the spirits of the natives seemed determined not to be damped.

Meeting in Saffronhall Church.—The United Societies had a Soiree in Saffronhall Church, at six o'clock,—Mr. A. Robertson in the chair. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Rev. J. B. Robertson, and other friends. The company were enlivened by the musical performances of Mrs. Jackson, Mr. Cecil, Mr. Jas. Yuille, and Mr. A. Richmond. Mr. Crosby, from High Blantyre, recited an excellent Poem of his own composition, in honour of the occasion. Mr. J. Cross, poet, author of "A Paraphrase on the Mausoleum," also recited a piece on Burns, which elicited great applause. The audience, which was large, and composed chiefly of the working-classes, seemed to enjoy themselves, and separated about eleven o'clock. A supply of excellent tea, fruit, &c., was served up.

Dinner in Mr. Craigen's Hall.—Upwards of 140 sat down to dinner in the large hall of the Hamilton Arms Hotel (Craigen's), and about 20 more dined in other parts of the house, in honour of the Poet Burns. The dinner, which was of the most *recherche* description, was served up by "mine host" at five o'clock, which did him much credit. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Matthew Bowie, teacher, supported right and left by Mr. James Mitchell, and Mr. John Small. Messrs. Millar, coachbuilder, and M'Alister, jeweller, Glasgow, acted as croupiers, supported by Messrs. M'Kill, druggist, Hamilton, watchmaker, Courtney, grocer, &c. After doing justice to the good things provided, and the cloth being removed, the Chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. Mr. Taylor next gave a recitation composed for the occasion. The Chairman then rose, and, in a speech of great length and power, proposed the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns, the Peasant Bard of Scotland," drunk in solemn silence. Mr. Wm. Courtney sung, "There was a Lad was born in Kyle." Mr. Inglis also sung with telling effect. Mr. David Parker, a local celebrity and poet, here introduced a piece of his own composition, the recital of which told with powerful effect upon the company. The evening was spent amid song and sentiment. The company broke up after singing "Auld Langsyne" in full chorus. Mr. M'Gilvray, dressed in full Highland costume (late piper to Captain Aikman, of Ross,) enlivened the proceedings with many select Highland and other airs performed on the bagpipes. The room being cleared for dancing, the youngsters and some "wha clawed grey heads" began tripping it upon the "light fantastic toe," till a late hour in the morning, to the mirth-stirring strains of an excellent quadrille band, provided for the occasion. On the whole, a pleasanter evening could not be imagined—there was not a case of inebriety.

Festival in the Commercial Inn.—On the evening of the 25th, a party of gentlemen, numbering 35, met in the Commercial Inn (Mr. N. Galloway's), to celebrate the centenary of Scotia's National Bard, Robert Burns. The chair on the occasion was ably filled by Provost Nisbet, supported by Messrs. Rankin, Cassels, Millar, Thorburn, Keith, Naismith, and Roberton. The duties of croupier were creditably performed by our worthy townsman, Thomas Henderson, senior, Esq., supported by Messrs. Maxwell, Young, Wilkie, Turner, and Paterson.

After dinner, which was of a first-class description, and reflected the highest credit on Mr. Galloway, the company joined, under the leadership of Messrs. Thomson and Gray, in singing, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

The Chairman, after giving the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns," in an able speech.

The evening was spent in a very happy and harmonious manner, and broke up at eleven o'clock, the whole company joining in Scotland's National Finale, "Auld Langsyne."

A Masonic Festival and Ball, in honour of the centenary of our national bard, was held by the Hamilton Kilwinning, No. 7, St. John's Lodge of Freemasons, in the Masons' Hall here. After the brethren had partaken of an excellent dinner, served up by Br. R. Walker, grand steward, most substantially, and the cloth removed, the usual masonic, loyal, and patriotic toasts were drunk, when

The Chairman, R.W. Master John Henderson, rose and said—Being a ploughman, Burns' inspiration was derived from the fields, woods, and streams of his native land, and gained a reputation in all countries, exceeding that of every other poet, from the fact, that he was the poet and painter of nature. To us, who in this country can judge of the fidelity of his pictures, it is not surprising that his fame should be so great, for he brought them home to our feelings, and it is this that makes all Scotland so enthusiastic in their praise of Burns. But there is one point in connection with Burns, which I would mention before sit-

ting down, and that is, no man added more dignity to the spirit of Freemasonry than did our departed brother. (Hear and cheers.) We find it stated by one of our first historians of the day, that the signs of the order were to be found on the pyramids of Egypt, and the bricks of Nineveh. Masons had long been accustomed to think that their order could be traced only as far back as Solomon's Temple; but it now appears that Freemasonry dated back to the time of Pharaoh, and even to that when Nineveh rose from the slime left by the deluge. These marks which were inscribed by the masons of by-gone days on their buildings, were placed by Burns on the Bible which he gave to Highland Mary. I have to request that in drinking this toast you will do it with the customary solemn silence, and in true masonic style, "The Memory of our Immortal Brother, Robert Burns."

Song—"Burns' Farewell to Tarbolton Lodge," by Br. M. Walker, junr.

Other toasts, interspersed with appropriate songs, were given during the evening, and the lodge was closed at half-past seven o'clock.

Masonic Ball.—Shortly after eight o'clock a grand full-dress assembly was convened, which was attended by above 70—the brethren being in full masonic costume. The youth and beauty of the town was fully represented by the fairer sex present. The party tripped upon the light fantastic toe till four o'clock on the following morning, when they severally wended their way homewards.

In accordance with the evening's joyful proceedings, the masonic body excelled all others, in giving lustre and effect to the scene by illuminating the front windows of their hall with three beautiful transparencies, executed in oil colours on canvas, by the hand of a well-known and distinguished artist, Mr. Dudgeon, of Glasgow, and which, throughout the evening, called forth numerous on-lookers outside, who stared with admiration and delight.

HAWICK.—The long-looked-for day was ushered in with all the strength of a "Januar wind," but though the clouds were rather foreboding, there was little rain. At an early hour flags were hoisted on several places both in Hawick and Wilton, and in the course of the forenoon, there was little thought of except preparation for the afternoon's festivities. The Sax-horn band turned out and played for upwards of two hours a selection from the airs of Burns; and, notwithstanding the somewhat unpleasant state of the weather, it was followed by a large crowd. The bells rung out a merry peal, and all was joy and rejoicing. By two o'clock, the factories were closed, as well as the shops and business offices, and the streets, between that time and four o'clock, were filled with parties moving to their respective places of entertainment. As a whole, there has never been any festive occasion more heartily entered into here by all classes. The whole of the entertainments passed off with great spirit, not a few of them appropriately finishing with a ball, for the special benefit of the ladies.

Tower Hotel.—The principal dinner took place in the Tower Hotel, and was numerously and respectably attended. In order to prevent overcrowding and confusion, the tickets were limited to 80, but as the hour approached, the demand for tickets became so great that it was thought necessary to extend the number, and considerably more were sold. The dinner was on the table at four o'clock, and the rich array of good things provided for the occasion amply testified to the desire which Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick had, that nothing would be wanting on their part to make a dinner worthy of the admirers of the bard and of themselves. The duties of the chair were ably discharged by the Chief Magistrate, Bailie Paterson, while those of croupier were no less ably discharged by the junior Magistrate, Bailie Turnbull, supported by the Rev. H. Scott Riddell.

After the removal of the cloth the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given by the chairman and croupier, including "The Lord Lieutenant of the County," by the croupier, and "The Member for the County," by the chairman.

Mr. John Wilson, manufacturer, then gave "The Magistrates and Town Council of Hawick."

Bailie Paterson acknowledged the toast, and alluded to the object of the meeting in a highly eloquent and powerful speech. He did not mean to encroach upon the prerogative of the poet who was to address them, as he was quite aware that genius alone could rightly interpret genius; but, yet as common mortals could be thrilled by the poet's song, he thought he might say a few words on the occasion, Scotland was the land of song, and with her grand and rugged scenery she was, indeed, a "meet nurse for a poetic child." To give full expression to the joys and sorrows, the loves and hopes, which lie hid in the human heart was the work of the true poet. The bard who could evoke the tender sympathies and call forth from a nation's heart the mighty response to all that was good and true was deserving of all honour. Bailie Paterson alluded to Allan Ramsay and his "Gentle Shepherd," and although years had passed away, that sweet pastoral was still cherished and admired by the youth of Scotland. Robert Ferguson was

next enlarged upon, who, although he sang of city life, yet performed well his task. His poem of "Gude braid claith," while intended chiefly for those in superfine, was not to be ignored by those in fustian. But a greater than those was at hand. Heaven struck a light in a lonely cottage, and the Ayrshire plough-boy rushed upon the stage. He sang of the joys and sorrows, the griefs and sympathies of the people, in a way in which they had never before heard, and at once took his place as the poet of the poor. The light of his life has long been quenched, but the light of his genius would remain to latest ages. Much, too much, had been said regarding the faults of Burns, but, to-night, he would not draw his frailties from their dark abode.

The Rev. H. Scott Riddell next gave "The immortal memory of Burns." In doing so he wished to enter somewhat fully into the character and genius of Burns. He thought that too much had been said of Burns in a slap-dash, off-hand style as it were, but he had an idea of treating the subject in a philosophical manner. He had accordingly prepared a paper on the subject, and he thought by this means he would give more information than by an off-hand speech. Mr. Riddell then proceeded to his task, and spoke for nearly an hour and a half. Of course, we do not pretend to give even an epitome of an oration at once highly characteristic of its author and complimentary to our great national bard. Burns had long gone from us. His earthly career was short but bright. His own dark forebodings with regard to his untimely fate proved much more true than the anticipations he had with regard to his fame. It could be said of Burns what could be said of few others, that while he had entwined his memory with his native land, he had also established his fame throughout the world. The groundwork of Burns' fame was that he took for his theme the human heart. The heart which he thus took was no particular one. It was the national heart. This heart, however, could not be found anywhere but in Scotland, and within the circle embraced by the British sea. It was not to be found in Italy, in Russia, in India, or, indeed, anywhere else. Of all these lands Burns would have said—

"What are they, the haunts of the tyrant and slave?"

The freeborn Briton despised and "viewed with disdain" these lands. As for France it had certainly at first beguiled him for a little, but it was only for a little. He had enough of shrewd tact and solid understanding to perceive the utter worthlessness of anything which might emanate from that quarter. He thought that the standard of human nature was the human heart, and it was the Scottish heart that he fixed upon as his standard, as it is to be found among the "heights and howes of auld Scotland." The heart of other nations sets little value upon liberty and independence. The Scottish heart, however, prized love and friendship, love of liberty and love of bravery, a bravery which will plant its foot on the field of the brave. Among all its defects and all its deviations, it has alway maintained a strong determination in the cause of liberty. It is not a little to the credit of Scotland that it holds what many lands have lost. Had it been the lot of Burns he would have followed to the field the noble Scottish heroes of old, as willingly as he had celebrated their deathless actions. Burns sympathised intensely with the grand principle of liberty. Every heart knows "Scots wha hae." The songs of liberty had gone forth to other lands to tell the tale, and there was no saying what the effects might be. Right or wrong he had always accustomed himself to think Burns not only a national poet, but the only national one. Mr. Riddell then entered upon the faults of Burns. All who had spoken and written about him had made too much of these faults. If no man was to be honoured except the guiltless, there would be few indeed. Burns had great abilities, and he erred to the extent of these abilities, and many things conspired to keep his faults before the public. If he was in the valley he was hunted to the hill, if on the hill, back again to the valley. But all this did not make the errors of Burns greater to him than those of other men to them. In some degree, however, Burns' passions seem to have been stronger than his mind. It was the strength and feeling in Burns more than anything else that gave Burns a love for poetry. One remarkable peculiarity was his rare power as a humourist. He met with subjects for his humour in every-day-life, but still he kept closely to his text, the national heart. Like all true poetry Burns' effusions pertained more to the heart than the head. There are wants in the human heart which can only be filled up by true poetry. With regard to many of his songs he found it necessary to adapt them to the habits and feelings of the times. The agency which Burns wielded may seem a simple one to many, but it was not so. After considering the genius and character of Burns at great length, Mr. Riddell sat down amid great applause.

Song—"A' the airts," Mr. George Hobkirk.

Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle," Mr. Robert Laidlaw.

Mr. Robert Fraser gave "the songs of Burns," and Dr. Brydon "the town and trade of Hawick."

Various toasts were given, among which Mr. Webster gave "The living Bards of Scotland," coupled with the name of H. S. Riddell. In the course of an eloquent speech he remarked—At the present moment there are in Paisley more poets than are to be found in the whole of England. Prolific as Paisley is in poets, it is, however, by no means to be sneered at. Good things have come out of Paisley. Need I mention that to it we are indebted for Alexander Wilson, the Scottish poet and American ornithologist, for Robert Tannahill, than whom a sweeter singer is not to be found in the annals of the Scottish muse, and last, though not least, for John Wilson, the "old man eloquent" of "Blackwood" and the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." But, gentlemen, throughout the length and breadth of Scotland—

"Frae Maidenkirk to John o' Groats,"

the whole land is melodious with the lays of living bards. There is scarcely a scene of beauty or of grandeur which has not been enshrined in song, and brought home to the hearts of the people, endearing still more to them

"Auld Scotland's howes and Scotland's knowes,"

the

"Hills where Ossian dwelt,
And Coila's minstrel sang."

Among such a galaxy of honoured names as that of the living bards of Scotland, to which I might draw your attention, it is no small honour, to stand in the foremost rank. This honour I need scarcely tell you, is held, and has been deservedly won, by our respected guest of this evening, the man who sang "Scotland Yet," and the "Hames o' our Ain Folk," Henry Scott Riddell. Known and appreciated by every lover of poetry and song, by every leal and true-hearted Scotsman who venerates

"Auld Scotland's micht, and Scotland's richt,"

he is yet dearer to us as one of ourselves, as the "Bard of the Borders," who has "waked to ecstasy the living lyre," and sung, as few have sung before him, of all that is bright and beautiful, of all that is great and glorious, in the Scottish character. Let us hope, gentlemen, that, although now "lyart and grey," he may long be spared to enjoy his well-earned fame, and to hear his soul-thrilling and truly patriotic lyrics sung by an admiring, an independent, and a happy people.

Mr. Riddell briefly replied.

Some excellent songs were sung, and after singing "Auld Langsyne," under the able leadership of Mr. Geo. Hobkirk, the company adjourned to make preparations for the ball. During the dinner, and through the course of the evening, an excellent band, under the leadership of Mr. Teal, discoursed sweet harmony.

The ball company assembled about ten o'clock. The assembly was one of the finest which has been seen for many years. The appearance of the ladies on the scene was the signal for renewed life and vigour, and dancing was kept up with great spirit till an early hour in the morning.

A Soiree was held in the large hall of the Commercial Inn, on Tuesday evening, to celebrate the centenary of Robert Burns. The attendance was about 400, the house being crowded in every part, and many were refused admission for want of accommodation. The walls of the room were decorated with evergreens, arranged with great care and taste. On that part behind the platform, and in full view of the meeting, was a large picture of Burns at the plough, with his cottage close by, the picture being encircled in large characters with the motto—"The rank is but the guinea stamp, the man's the gowd for a' that." To the right of this was a sketch, almost as large as life, of "Tam o' Shanter and his grey mare Meg, at the key-stane o' the brig," where "Nannie flew at Tam wi' furious ettle, though little wist she Maggie's mettle." To the left was a sketch of two lovers, representing the love poetry of Burns. Above these sketches the wall was beautifully ornamented with evergreens, arranged in the form of a pair of extended wings, which overhung the whole, and a great number of small lamps were suspended against the wall, which added much to the general effect. Altogether the decorations were superb, and said much for the taste of Mr. Guthrie, by whom we understand they were designed, and chiefly executed.

The proceedings commenced at five o'clock, when the chair was taken by David Dundas Scott, Esq. On the platform were Mr. Walter Wilson, of Orchard House; the Rev. Mr. Munro; the Rev. Mr. Thomson of the Old Church; Mrs. Wilson, Orchard; and the ladies and gentlemen who were to take part in the musical and other proceedings of the evening. After a service of tea,

The CHAIRMAN remarked that, while this festival was held in other countries only as the centenary of the birth of a great poet, here it is that of a Scottish poet—as a national festival. Yet it was one interesting to the whole world; for it were a mere affectation of modesty to deny the unquestionable superiority of Scottish national music. This was universally admitted. But while other nations as well as the Scotch were under unusual obligations to the poet who had so successfully purified those

fountains of national melody—fountains that would pour forth their treasures to generation after generation, to the end of time—we were most of all benefited by those inappreciable labours of our great national bard. Burns' qualities as a poet would be fully described by others in the course of the evening, and he was unwilling to anticipate what they might better say. But there was one remark he might be allowed to make. Among the many obligations we owed to Burns' genius, not the least was the manner in which, by the powers of association, he had beautified and endeared to us, not what was already beautiful in our native land, but much that was tame, commonplace, and even unsightly. Take "The Cottar's Saturday Night." See the time he chooses;—a dreigh November night—nothing very beautiful in that—the scene a common Scotch homestead, with no architectural charms to set it off; perhaps with a good many dubs about the door. Yet what a scene of exquisite beauty does Burns make out of these material elements! A golden thread passes through the entire tissue of the tale, and makes it lustrous. First, we have the love of the toddlin' wee things meeting their father, and the father's love in return; we have the mutual love of the guidman and guidwife to each other; the pure affection of their daughter's lover to Jenny, and Jenny's in return. And so on it goes, until we come to the family worship, which brings us to the love of all to their God and Saviour, and the love of God and of our great Fellow-sufferer above for the souls thus engaged in his worship. The golden thread that passes through and brightens the whole is love. Take another instance. What more unsightly than one of our Lowland Scotch muirs after a wet winter sunset. All is squash, squash below. Around you have the wide, lonely muir, broken only by the moss hags, on whose black edges that most unsightly of all unsightly plants, the muir-thistle, lifts its tall stalks, and waves its head sullenly to the blast; and bounded by low hills, with none of the bold picturesque outlines of the mountains of the north of Switzerland. Above you have the cloud-laden sky, and in your face the blattering rain. Such a scene for a poet to choose, and yet all these unsightly objects he has endeared to us by that exquisite song, which you are to hear to-night—"My Nannie O!" After some other pertinent remarks, the Chairman concluded his speech as follows:—Those who harp upon Burns' immoralities forget the immense obligations Scotland and the world owe him for the infinite pains he took in purifying the fountains of Scottish song for his own and all future generations. In order to judge of our obligations to him in this matter, let any one look over our older collections of Scotch songs. I daresay they are not worse than those of other countries; but while the tunes in other cases were, with few exceptions, not worth the preserving, in this case the tunes were imperishable—they were sure to keep those fountains flowing as long as there were ears for fine music to drink in their exquisite melodies. Thus a vast amount of coarseness, indelicacy, and downright stupid nonsense was in course of being perpetuated, and temptations were constantly presented to introduce into the best-ordered families—in the shape of songs for the voice, the flute, or the piano—an intolerable amount of disgusting ribaldry and trash. Well, after convincing yourselves of this, take Burns' correspondence with George Thomson; read of the infinite pains he took to separate the precious from the vile—to preserve all that was exquisite to the ear, and along with that as much as possible of what was really worth preserving in snatches of ancient ballads or more modern songs, which had become fragmentary or corrupt from neglect and the intermeddling of gross poetasters. See, too, the result. I don't say that there is absolutely nothing objectionable in the whole collection; but I do appeal to Burns' own letters in proof that it was his constant effort to keep out everything that was objectionable, and that his success has been immense.

The Rev. Mr. THOMSON spoke on "Burns as a Patriot." He began by saying that in one respect he thought Burns was no patriot. His example and precepts as to the use of intoxicating drinks were, in many respects, injurious to the best interests of his countrymen. He was not there, however, to dwell on defects; the grave should cover every error, and from its peaceful bosom should spring only fine white snowdrops of fond regrets and tender recollections. From the example of departed friends we should select the good, the beautiful, and the true, and allow the sinful to lie buried in the tomb of oblivion. Burns spent his life chiefly in rural scenes and rural occupations, and cultivating for his country the simple effusions of his rustic muse. During the thirty-seven years and five months he sojourned in this world, we look in vain for those warlike scenes in which Tell, Wallace, and Bruce were engaged, still we may understand he was a true patriot, when we consider the battle he waged for freedom of thought—the manly, independent truths he taught—the mighty influence of his songs in giving to Scotland a distinct nationality. The distinguishing characteristic of Burns was, his intense love of everything Scottish. Scotland was to him the

land of his forefathers, his hopes, his affections, his language, his home, his hearth, and his heart. Thus, having a patriot's love, a patriot's sword would not have been wanting if required. A foeman's footprint on the green sward he loved so dearly would have been to Burns the impress of pollution, and would have been washed out at the price of all he held dear. Mr. Thomson illustrated his remarks by appropriate quotations from the poems of Burns.

Mr. John Guthrie delivered an excellent address on "Burns the Pioneer." Mr. Peter Laidlaw gave a brief address. The Rev. Mr. Munro made a few remarks. Mr. Murray, Academy, then delivered an address on "Burns and the Scottish language." Mr. Alex. Hogg made a most eloquent speech, drawing a parallel between the life and character of Wallace and Burns, tracing the homage paid them by all classes to their having been intensely desirous to promote the welfare of their fellow-men.

At intervals throughout the evening, Messrs. Brown, Stainton, and Young, and Mrs. Squarey, Mrs. Davidson, and Miss Godfrey, sang a number of Burns' best songs, of which the company showed its appreciation, by the enthusiastic cheering with which they were received. Messrs. Lawrie, Killin, W. Murray, and Tough, gave recitations from the writings of Burns, which also contributed greatly to the enjoyment and amusement of the meeting. The Quadrille Band was also present, and furnished its share towards making the soiree one of the greatest and most successful ever held in Hawick, and in rendering it in some degree worthy of so great an occasion. After the usual votes of thanks to the Chairman and others, this great gathering broke up at half-past eleven o'clock. The Committee awarded a special vote of thanks to Mr. John Guthrie for the tasteful manner in which he gratuitously decorated the room. At the close of the soiree a ball followed, which was kept up till an early hour.

Other Entertainments.—Besides the two principal ones, there were numerous others, of which we can give little more than the places where they were held. In the Crown Inn a large party sat down to dinner, and were ably presided over by Mr. Thomson, Roughheuch Mill. Another large company, from Weensland, dined in the Plough Inn, and another in the Ewe and Lamb. The Half Moon Hotel had also a party, and the Railway Hotel, Wilton. At several of these places there were balls. Many of the workshops had convivial meetings of their own, and there were few who in one way or another did not celebrate the hundredth birth-day of our national bard.

HELENSBURGH.—The Helensburgh centenary festival, in celebration of the birth-day of Burns, was held in the Queen's Hotel. The hour of meeting was six o'clock, and shortly after that time about one hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner. Provost Drysdale occupied the chair, and M. J. Martin, Esq., factor to Sir James Colquhoun, officiated as croupier. Among those present we observed Drs. Marshall, Skene, Hendry, and Dale; Bailie Breingan, Councillor Stevenson, ex-Bailie Webster, Glasgow, Messrs. William Thomson, J. Stewart, J. Thomas, D. M'Farlane, Torr, D. Waddell, R. D. Orr, George M'Lachlan, William Spence, L. M'Lachlan, D. Baxter, W. More, J. B. Allan, William Macdonald, J. Lindsay, Woodend, James Buchanan, James Kelly, Andrew M'Farlane, F. Campbell, William Paterson, J. Neilson, Row, &c., &c.

The sumptuous and abundant repast provided by Mr. Williamson having been duly discussed and the tables cleared,

The Chairman gave, in succession, the usual preliminary toasts of the "Queen"—followed by the company singing "Scots wha hae"—"Prince Albert and the Royal Family," and "The Army and Navy;" after which he called upon

The Secretary, Mr. D. Baxter, who read letters of apology for absence from Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Bart., and William Colquhoun, Esq., of Luss; the Revs. J. Lindsay, Helensburgh, and N. Brodie, Shandon; Dr. Smellie, and Messrs. Andrew Oswald, R. D. Heywood, N. Macnish, and W. Bryson.

The Chairman then rose to propose the next toast on the list, and in doing so he said he found himself in a peck of troubles. The company could see what the next toast on the list was, and he had been looking about for some days past for some one to propose it who could do it justice, but failing to find any one willing to undertake the task, it had fallen to him to do so. By way of preparation, he had taken an hour or two to look over the biography of Burns, in order to be able to say something appropriate on the occasion, but, unfortunately, he had lost the paper on which his speech was written. The speech, indeed, seemed to have had very lofty aspirations, for having placed it in the inside of his hat, which had been blown off with the wind, the bit paper flew clean over a three-storey house, and he had seen no more of it. (Laughter.) This, however, would force him to set a good example by making his speech short. Burns was a most extraordinary man. Like his own much-loved Caledonia he had been somewhat rough in his life, and perhaps in his manners. Like others, the poet had his faults, and Burns was not the man that

would thank them for saying otherwise. Burns was becoming better known and appreciated, and he believed that he would continue to rise in the public estimation as he had done during the past century. (Cheers.) It was not his (the Chairman's) intention to expatiate on the genius of Burns. There were, however, several things he would mention which endeared him to Scotchmen. Burns had a strong love of nature; an intense love of his country—he was every inch a Scotchman, and had a noble and independent spirit. He was a prince—nature had made him so—and his influence was felt in whatever company he might move amongst. Besides all this, Burns was not only a poor man, but was also an ill-used man. He was a ploughman, and that he considered no disgrace; but to the shame of Scotland, be it said, he had been allowed to live poor, and die on the very brink of want. After some further eulogistic remarks, the Chairman concluded by proposing the toast of "The Memory of Burns."

The sentiment having, as usual, been responded to in silence,

Dr. Dale, after remarking that he was, perhaps, the only Englishman present to do honour to the Scottish bard, read an original poem appropriate to the occasion, and resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

Dr. Hendry proposed the next toast, "Literature, Science, and Art," and in doing so, not only made an excellent speech, but sung a song of his own composition, which called forth a most cordial burst of applause.

Mr. J. B. Allan, in an able speech, gave "The Poets of Scotland."

The toast having been duly honoured, and replied to by Dr. Dale,

Mr. Duncan M'Farlane rose, amidst loud applause, to propose "The Peasantry of Scotland." He said he was proud to bring before them such a toast—proud, because he was sure it would be well received. There could be no surer test of the state of a country than the condition of its peasantry; and the peasantry of Scotland, he was happy to say, would bear comparison with the peasantry of any country in the world. The life of the peasant was calculated fully to develop all his faculties; and men who stand high in all the various professions had sprung from the peasantry. The works of Robert Burns, he held, had done much to inspire the peasantry of Scotland with a noble ambition to do their duty. His writings had also stimulated the smaller class of farmers to be pushing and enterprising, so that they might not find themselves among "the poor tenant bodies scant o' cash," who had to "bear a factor's snash."

Several other toasts were given, and during the course of the evening a variety of songs appropriate to the occasion were sung in excellent style by Bailie Breingan, Dr. Hendry, and Messrs. M'Ilveen, Wilson, and Smith. The company were also favoured with a recitation from Mr. A. Munn; and the Helensburgh Flute Band, which occupied the orchestra, discoursed appropriate music in a creditable manner between the toasts.

Altogether the Helensburgh Burns' Centenary Festival passed off with great *éclat*, and will long be remembered with pleasure by the many admirers of the peasant poet who assembled to do honour to his memory on the occasion.

HOWNAM.—The centenary of our great national poet was celebrated here in a manner worthy of the occasion. A number of gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Shepherd's Arms Inn. Mr. Gray, Sharplaw, occupied the chair; and Mr. Rutherford, Bearhope, officiated as croupier. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of, the Chairman, in a few excellent remarks, proposed the immortal memory of Robert Burns, which was pledged in solemn silence. A number of other toasts followed, and during the evening a number of admired songs were sung by several gentlemen —Mr. Burnet, Greenhill, singing with fine feeling and effect the "Lament for Burns" and "Scotland's Hills;" while Mr. Davidson, teacher, sung very sweetly "Ye banks and braes o' Bonny Doon," "My Nannie O," and "Afton Water." The company, after spending a happy and pleasant evening, separated at a seasonable hour. Another party, to the number of thirty-two, sat down to a substantial supper in Mr. Samuel Hall's Inn. Mr. James Davidson, Southcote, the noted border wrestler, occupied the chair—the duties of which he discharged in a very satisfactory manner. With toast and song the company enjoyed a few agreeable hours together.—In another apartment a number of ladies, who admired the genius of the Bard, partook of tea—which was served up by Miss Chisholm in her best style.—A ball afterwards took place, when the inspiring strains of Messrs. Mills and Dunn put "life and mettle in the heels" of old and young, who kept up a succession of reels and *contre* dances until an early hour in the morning.

HUNTLY.—On the 25th, being the centenary of Burns, there was a half-holiday here. The shops were shut, and the boys of the town had their bonfire and fireworks in the Square. Several parties met in different places to sing some of the poet's songs. Mr. T. Taylor, pro-

fessor of dancing, from Aberdeen, having had a school here, held his ball also in honour of Burns. The dancing was in the first style, and was kept up to a late hour in the morning. The music was of the first-class and under the guidance of Mr. Taylor, with a choir from Aberdeen. The ball was well attended, and Mr. Taylor's scholars did great credit to his professional abilities. The hall was decorated with evergreens and mottoes, and a splendid portrait of the poet holding the plough. There has not been a ball in Huntly for a number of years that has given greater satisfaction.

HURLFORD.—In common with other villages, a great many parties convened on Tuesday, to do honour to the memory of the immortal Burns. About thirty of the respectables partook of an excellent dinner in Mrs. Barr's Inn. A most jovial evening was spent, each one evidently doing his utmost to enhance its hilarity. Toast and song went cheerily round, till Forbes—that bugbear to jollity—told the hour for retiring. The duties of the chair were most admirably discharged by Mr. James Murdoch, shoemaker; and those of the croupier by Mr. J. Love of Crookedholm.

INNERLEITHEN.—The celebration of this festival commenced by the gentlemen intending to take part in the proceedings assembling at the Parish School, where they formed themselves into a procession, and proceeded to promenade the principal streets of the town by torch-light, headed by the Innerleithen and Traquair Instrumental Band. Thereafter, about seventy sat down to an elegant and substantial supper, provided by mine host of St. Ronan's Hotel. Mr. Bathgate, banker, Innerleithen, ably filled the chair, supported right and left by the Rev. Messrs. Mackie and Dobson, Messrs. Brown, Burns, Inglis, T. Dobson, Newlands, Bonar, &c., &c.; while Mr, Lyle, parish schoolmaster, efficiently discharged the duties of croupier, supported by Messrs. Miller, A. Dobson, Fox, R. Euman, Keddie, &c., &c. After the cloth had been removed, and the usual loyal toasts given and heartily responded to,

The CHAIRMAN, in a most able and eloquent speech, proposed "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," and in doing so he spoke as follows:—I think you will agree with me that the enthusiasm exhibited throughout the country at the present time in connection with him whose hundredth birthday we are met to celebrate, is, to say the least of it, something very remarkable. I may almost say that throughout broad Scotland there is not a city, town, or hamlet where the lovers of poetry and song are not at present met for similar purposes with ourselves. And not in Scotland alone, but in many other lands has the same enthusiasm been manifested. The great cities of England have many of them their Burns' festival to-night. Our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic are even more enthusiastic than ourselves; and I question much if the Burns' excitement be one half as intense in Edinburgh or Glasgow, or even in Auld Ayr itself, the poet's natal soil, as it is in New York and other cities of the New World. Nay, for anything I know to the contrary, in the midst of nations kindred to him neither in blood nor language, there may be at this moment commemorative meetings among his fervid admirers similar to our own. A sentiment so universal—an enthusiasm so world-wide—must have some good and worthy foundation. There must be something eminently appropriate in celebrations such as we are engaged in to-night, otherwise it would not have found such favourable and immediate acceptance among an overwhelming majority of the people. A sincere and genuine admiration of our great national bard is the moving spring which has called us together this evening, and not us only, but many thousands of our countrymen throughout the world. We honour all our heroes, and all our worthies, in every department of excellence and worth; we would not deny to one of them an iota of his appropriate meed of reverence and praise. We are as proud, nay, it may be, prouder, of Wallace and Bruce, of Knox and Melville, of Walter Scott and James Watt, than we are of Robert Burns. We would not, if we could, rob one of those mighty dead of their due honour, to give it to our peasant poet. But every kind of greatness and excellence demands its own peculiar style of being honoured, and what might do for one would be unsuitable to another. John Knox would not have thanked us for a commemorative banquet. He would have pointed to the Protestant pulpit and the Protestant Church and cried—That is the scene with which my honour is associated. James Watt would not have thanked us for a commemorative banquet. He would have pointed to the mighty steamers which plough the unfathomable deep—or to the railway termini—or to the factory engine, and said—With these my name and honour are associated; keep improving these if you wish to do me honour. The mode we have adopted to celebrate the centenary of Burns is not the way to do honour to such as I have named, but it is just by the friendly gathering and the social song that we can render appropriate honour to our great

song writer. And where is it that his power is most visible, and his memory most dear, than just in the social gathering, when all old animosities and distinctions, and jealousies are for the time forgotten, and when

> "Man to man the table roun
> Can brithers be, an' a' that."

It has been well said, the great popular poet is the greatest man of his people. Homer was the greatest man of Greece, and Burns is the Homer of Scotland. A thousand years shall not have dimmed his glory, but refined his worth. The Chairman then gave "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

The toast was received and drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. The other principal toasts of the evening were, "The Memory of Robert Nicol," by the Rev. Mr. Mackie; "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," by the Croupier; "The Health of the Poet's Sons," by the Chairman; "The Memory of the Ettrick Shepherd," by the Croupier; "The Health of the Chairman," by the Croupier; and "The Health of the Croupier," by Mr. Brown. Eloquent addresses on the genius and poetry of Burns were delivered by the Rev. Mr. Dobson, and Mr. Proctor; and Mr. John Scott, a native poet, read, amid loud cheers, some original lines composed for the occasion.

INSCH.—Early in the day flags with appropriate mottoes might be seen streaming from many of the house-tops about Insch; and at one P.M. (thanks to the liberal-minded masters) business was entirely suspended for the day, even in spite of "a' the lengthened sage advices" of Holy Willies and such like moral reformers. By two o'clock most of the young men of the village, being summoned by the "tap of the drum," assembled in Mr. Robertson's Hotel to discuss the substantial merits of a real Scotch haggis—Mr. John Diack, druggist, being called upon to preside. After doing full justice to Mrs. R.'s excellent preparations, the Chairman called for full "bumpers," and in a neat and graceful manner gave the toast of the day—viz., "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was drunk with all the honours. The Chairman next gave "Prosperity to the Merchants of Insch," coupled with the name of Mr. Roger, who had so generously granted those in their employment the half-holiday. Mr. Roger having replied, a number of Burns' finest songs were then sung in a very lively and spirited manner. The party shortly after adjourned.

In the evening a festival was held in Mr. Russell's Hall—Mr. Geddes in the chair. After partaking of an excellent tea, provided by Mr. Robertson, Mr. John Gartley delivered a very able address on the "Biography of Burns," giving a brief sketch of the poet's short but chequered career. Dr. Mackie then read with great taste our poet's incomparable "Tam o' Shanter," after which Mr. John Diack delivered a first-rate speech on the "Poetry of Burns," shortly reviewing a few of the poet's best pieces, and summing up with a eulogy on his genius. He was followed by Mr. Alexander Roger, jun., who was loudly applauded on reciting "The Epistle to a Young Friend." The next speaker was Mr. William Davidson, tailor, who made a few remarks on the poet's capabilities of connecting high moral reflections with insignificant events, and pointing out the noble, independent, and patriotic spirit which characterised the poet. Mr. John Collie made a few remarks on the "Love Poetry of Burns," and concluded by reciting "The Cottar's Saturday Night," which was warmly received, as also the Chairman's recitation of "Mary in Heaven." The last speaker, Mr. Alexander Sangster, Moch, on the "Elevating Influence of the Writings of Burns," stating that, with some exceptions, they were such as could be read by all classes of society.

The musical part of the entertainment was well sustained throughout the evening, and formed no little source of enjoyment. A selection of the poet's finest songs were sung with great taste and feeling by Drs. Mackie and Gray, and Messrs. Mitchell, Benzies, and others, and last, though certainly far from least, a few of the "bonnie lasses of the Garioch" sang, in true style, "John Anderson, my Jo," which was received with thunders of applause. After the usual vote of thanks, the whole audience joined in singing "Auld Langsyne," when the meeting broke up at a little past ten o'clock, all highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

A ball was also held here in the Aberdeen Commercial Company's granary, kindly granted for the occasion.

INVERAVON.—On the evening of the 25th the poet's centenary was celebrated here by a supper in Delnashaugh Inn. The chair was ably filled by Dr. Creyk, Georgeston, supported by Mr. Fleming, Marionburgh, and Mr. Robertson, Burnside. Mr. Stewart, schoolmaster, acted as croupier. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman gave the memory of Robert Burns, giving an outline of his life, and bringing out with great humour, clearness, and effect, the prominent features of his character. A number of toasts followed, including Sir G. Macpherson Grant, by the croupier, and acknowledged by Mr. Fleming; Thomas Mac-

pherson Grant, Esq., of Craigroy, by Mr. Robertson, Burnside; the Memory of the late Sir G. Macpherson Grant, by Mr. Charles Grant, baker; the Chairman, by Mr. Hay, tailor; the Clergy of the Parish, by Mr. Fleming; the Junior Members of the Ballindalloch Family, by Mr. Burgess, Phonas; Prosperity to the Inveravon Mutual Instruction Society, by the Chair; Mr. Fleming, the district factor, by Mr. Fleming, Tomfarclass; the Press, by Mr. Ellice, &c., &c.

The supper and spirits were of the most sumptuous character, reflecting great credit on mine host and hostess. A number of Burns' songs were sung, and the meeting broke up about 11 o'clock.

INVERKEITHING.—Burns' centenary was held here with all honour. There were two meetings. The bells sent forth a merry peal; and in the evening, the brethren of St. John's Lodge had a grand procession by torch-light, headed by the instrumental band; they were accompanied by the representatives of the different trades, carrying banners, &c., after which they met in the lodge, and were there joined by many others. Provost Miller, R.W.M., in the chair, who, in his usual eloquent and felicitous manner, proposed "The Memory of Robert Burns," when a number of his best songs, readings, &c., were given by a number of gentlemen present. After which a vote of thanks to the Chairman, &c., was given. The meeting separated, having spent the evening in a very happy and harmonious manner.

A Soiree was also held in the Town Hall, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens. Mr. Wm. Miller, jun., occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with a very concise and appropriate speech, after which songs, speeches, readings and recitations were given with great feeling and humour, by amateur gentlemen of the burgh and district. The hall, which was filled to overflowing (many being unable to obtain entrance) with a mixed company, were merry and happy all; the many "bonnie lassies" present gave a life and impetuosity to the sociality. After singing "Auld Langsyne" together, with three cheers to the memory of Burns, the Chairman, the performers, and the lassies, the company separated at 11 P.M. We never witnessed a happier meeting in the auld burgh —many expressing a wish that the annual as well as the centenary anniversary should be held.

INVERKIP.—Seventy gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Commercial Inn, which was handsomely decorated with evergreens. The chair was taken by the Rev. Thomas Brown, minister of the parish. The duty of croupier was ably discharged by Mr. Brunton. The numerous toasts, including, of course, "The Immortal Memory," were pleasantly interluded with choice selections from the songs of the peasant bard. At nine o'clock the company adjourned to the ball, which was given in the schoolroom of the village. Upwards of 300 were present.

INVERNESS.—The weather proved most unpropitious here on Tuesday. Rain, sleet, and snow poured all day, and though it had been intended by nearly all the shopkeepers to give their assistants a half-holiday, very few felt disposed to avail themselves of this kindly intention, and for the most part business proceeded as usual.

The members of the Inverness Curling Club dined together at the Caledonian Hotel—the President, Colonel Houstoun of Castlehill, in the chair; and having offered to all desirous of joining in the demonstration an invitation to attend, a very large body of the citizens of Inverness and neighbourhood assembled on the occasion. Colonel Houstoun was supported by Mr. May, C.E., Mr. Dallas, Town-clerk, and Mr. W. Carruthers, as croupiers.

After a substantial curlers' dinner—consisting chiefly of beef and greens—the Chairman, in very happy terms, proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were cordially responded to—Lieut. Cameron, of Tallisker, returned thanks for the Army and Navy.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed the toast of the evening. After some preliminary remarks he said—The 25th January 1759 gave birth to one of whom his country is justly proud, and it is very gratifying to find that, countenanced as they are by the large party of friends and acquaintances collected round these tables, the Inverness Curling Club has acted wisely in holding this demonstration, thereby doing homage to the memory of a countryman whose poetry and songs have become the chief literary glory of Scotland. (Loud cheers.) This is an occasion on which, in every city, town, and village throughout this vast empire, wherever Scotchmen are to be found, meetings are being held in celebration of the event. This day the name of Robert Burns will be on every Scottish tongue, and this night his songs will be sung amidst the enthusiastic plaudits of thousands—songs that have become the most intimate and familiar expression for the sentiments of our nation, and raised high above that of the poets of succeeding times the fame of Scotland's bard. (Loud cheers.) I think I must now bring my remarks to a conclusion, for I cannot be forgetful of a warning we have received, as

to the serious errors we are guilty of in holding this meeting. I would refer to an advertisement which appeared in last week's *Courier*, our excellent local paper, wherein very serious charges are laid at our doors, for we are accused of idolatry, and Heaven knows how many other sins. (Great cheering.) Be all this as it may, to me it appears very evident that the author of the paragraph in question has yet to learn that "toleration for the opinions of others is true Christian charity," and that whether it is that of a Milton or that of a Burns, genius and talent will ever, in this country, command admiration and homage. (Prolonged cheering.) Admiration for the poetry of our national bard has collected us here this evening, and, as Scotchmen appreciating the land of their nativity and independence, we are met together to commemorate the first centenary celebration of the birthday of a countryman, whose affections were ever concentrated in his native land, and his genius ever employed in her praise. Holding it, then, to be no very great idolatry or sin to offer, as we now do, a simple tribute to departed greatness, I ask of you to join with me in drinking to the memory of Robert Burns, who, though dead in body, is still alive with us in song, whose name is therefore to be received with three times three and Highland honours.

The toast was received with tumultuous cheering and with Highland honours.

Mr. Roy here struck up "Auld Langsyne," in which the whole company joined with great enthusiasm.

Mr. May proposed the health of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Lord Lovat, more especially in his capacity as patron of the Inverness Curling Club. The toast was given with curling honours, and cordially responded to.

Mr. Dallas had the next toast assigned to him, namely, "Curling and the Caledonian Curling Club."

Mr. Wisdom here favoured the company with a spirited curling song, which was warmly encored.

Mr. W. Carruthers proposed the Provost and Magistrates of Inverness, which was responded to by Bailie Andrew Fraser.

Mr. Macewen gave the Inverness Curling Club, to whom the strangers were indebted for an opportunity of joining in this demonstration of respect to the memory and genius of Burns.

Mr. Dallas returned thanks. The few allusions to curling in Burns' works were so pithy and appropriate that he could not deny himself the pleasure of believing that Burns, who delighted in all manly out-door sports, was also a "keen, keen curler." He was glad to say of the Inverness Curling Club that it was in a more prosperous condition at present than it had ever been in before.

The Chairman said — All members of the Curling Club would, he was sure, join him in the next toast. They had been honoured by the presence of a great many friends and acquaintances, who sympathised with their wish to do honour to the memory of Burns. He wished to dedicate a bumper to their health, and to say that the members of the Club were exceedingly glad to have their company on the present occasion, hoping that many of them would cease to be strangers before another year passed. With the toast he begged to couple the name of a gentleman who had come many miles to be present, and who belonged to a very old Highland family—Dr. Mackinnon of Corry. (Loud cheers.)

Dr. Mackinnon returned thanks. He was determined to be present at any demonstration that might take place in Inverness on this occasion, for having been some thirty years of his life in foreign countries, he could say that nothing so much soothed the pains of exile, as the fine national poetry of Burns. (Cheers.) The chairman had done no more than justice in passing so high an eulogium on the poet, and he trusted he might be allowed to say that he was pleased by nothing in the speech from the chair, more than by that part of it in which he had a fling at the "unco guid." (Cheers.) Who should blame or find fault with the man who wrote the "Cottar's Saturday Night"—whose goodness and genius was that very night celebrated all over Scotland, one of the most virtuous nations on earth? Very often had he, when in India, taken up a volume of Burns' poetry, and never did so without feeling his nationality quickened—never without finding fresh cause to be proud of his native land. (Loud cheers.) In the *Scotsman* he had seen some verses that morning which recalled the feelings with which he used to read Burns' poetry in India; and one of them was as follows:—

"And wherever the exile doomed to roam,
For his country and kindred only yearns,
'Mid the treasured thoughts of his heart and home
Be the echoes rung from the harp of Burns."

He begged to thank the company for the honour done him, and for the opportunity given him to join in the national demonstration in honour of their greatest poet. (Cheers.)

Captain Turner proposed the health of the Chairman, and passed a warm eulogium upon his qualities as a "keen, keen curler," and as their chairman at this and every other social meeting where he did the Club the honour to

preside. The toast was drunk with "curling honours," and the chairman returned thanks.

Several other toasts and a number of excellent songs were given in course of the evening, but the majority of the meeting adjourned at half-past eight o'clock to the festival held in the Northern Meeting Rooms, under the auspices of the Inverness Mechanics' Institution.

The festival was completely successful. The room was crowded by about 600 ladies and gentlemen, and the entertainment went off without a hitch. Sheriff Thomson, President of the Mechanics' Institution, occupied the chair, and delivered a short but exceedingly appropriate address on the character and works of Burns. He said—At this moment several thousands of our fellow-countrymen are doing the same thing as we are now about to do—commemorating, in a variety of ways, the fact, that on this day one hundred years, a genuine poet was born to Scotland—not that our country may not boast of many such, but on that day was produced one who is *par excellence* the Scottish bard. That we have met to do this, requires no apology. We are, as the Mechanics' Institution, a body of persons associated for mutual improvement and intellectual enjoyment. In this view, the most appropriate method for us to celebrate the centenary of Burns, is by making it a literary evening, in which we may contemplate the character and genius of the great poet. We are here not to celebrate his many errors, but to commemorate his genius; yet his personal character, were it merely a psychological phenomenon, is not unworthy of our study. We shall there find, along with poetic genius of the highest order, a strange association of great virtues with great weaknesses, exquisite sensibility and tenderness, the most fervid passion, wonderful power of humour and sarcasm, and, more strongly, perhaps, than any other quality of mind, strong common sense, with a most manly truthfulness, and an utter scorn for whatever appeared to him (erroneously, often, no doubt) to be hypocritical or unreal. But all these qualities were neutralised in practice by the weakest self-indulgence, total want of restraint—alternately giving full play to the passion of the moment, and indulging in spasmodic and most pathetic outbursts of bitter remorse. When we contemplate all this, we shall learn at least a lesson of charity, and rather than pass too severe a sentence, we shall be inclined to drop a tear over so much genius and strength, mixed with so much weakness. So much for the man. As to the poet; he is at the same time one of the most truly local and national poets that ever lived—thoroughly catholic, he is at the same time thoroughly Scotch. But I must not dwell upon this, for you are about to hear something much better than anything I can give you—one of the finest pieces of criticism in the English language—Mr. Thomas Carlyle's Essay on Burns; and after that, we shall have a few specimens, read and sung in the true racy Doric, of his best effusions.

The Secretary (in the unavoidable absence of the gentleman originally appointed) read a portion of Carlyle's Essay on Burns, and thereafter the company were treated to a number of excellent songs, all Burns', and to select readings from the poet's works. "Tam o' Shanter" was read by Mr. Scott, Rector of the Royal Academy, and the "Cottar's Saturday Night" by Mr. Leslie, also of the Academy. Bailie Shaw favoured the company with the song, "A man's a man for a' that," and was loudly encored. Mr. Turnbull, of the Holm Mills, sang "John Anderson, my jo;" and Mr. Roy, Mr. Cameron, Mr. Kennedy, and Mr. Pirie, all belonging to the same establishment, together with Messrs. Donald, Alexander, and James Fraser, Bridge Street, formed an excellent amateur band of vocalists, who gave nearly a dozen of Burns' best songs with admirable spirit and effect. Mr. Wisdom presided at the pianoforte, and also took part in the singing, much to the advantage of the entertainment. "Auld Langsyne" formed a grand finale, in which the whole audience took part. At the conclusion, a vote of thanks to those who had come forward on this occasion was proposed by Mr. Mitchell, C.E., and cordially replied to, and a special vote of thanks was awarded to the Sheriff for his well-timed address, and for the manner in which he had occupied the chair.

A number of the Brethren of the St. Mary's Caledonian Operative Lodge of Freemasons met in their Lodge, under the auspices of Depute-Master Mackenzie, and spent a happy evening, enlivened with toasts and songs.

In a different but very practical and benevolent way has the Mackintosh of Mackintosh signified his sympathy with the movement in Scotland. On the morning of the 25th, a letter was received from the gallant Chief by Mr. Colin Davidson, shipowner, authorising a grant of a hundred barrels of coals to each of our three charitable institutions—the Infirmary, the Dispensary, and the Ragged School. This handsome donation is given to mark the Mackintosh's sympathy with the demonstrations taking place in Scotland on occasion of the Burns centenary.

Royal Academy.—Like almost every other institution in the country, the Academy kept Tuesday as a holiday. But to give the pupils a practical knowledge of the reason why the holiday was appointed, such of them as might

find it convenient were invited to attend for an hour in the forenoon, to hear a short summary of the life of the poet, and to sing a few of his most spirit-stirring pieces, which had been previously printed and circulated among them. Accordingly, the teachers met in the public hall of the Academy at eleven o'clock A.M., where the vast majority of the pupils had already assembled, along with a goodly number of their parents. The Rector, Mr. Scott, read a very succinct and interesting sketch of the poet's life, interspersed with well-chosen extracts from his works—much to the gratification of his audience, both young and old. This concluded, the pupils, under the able guidance of Mr. Leslie, English master, sung the selection of Burns' poems already referred to, after which they sung "God Save the Queen," and then were dismissed to enjoy the rest of the day as their varied dispositions might lead them.

INVERURY.—In Inverury there was a dinner in the Kintore Arms Hotel, at five o'clock. The large room in which the party dined was richly and appropriately adorned. Besides an abundance of evergreens, there were three paintings, which had been executed for the occasion by Mr. Russell, Aberdeen. One was a very fair portrait of the poet; the other represented Tam o' Shanter "clearing the keystane o' the brig;" the third was a copy of the familiar engraving of the genius of poetry throwing her mantle around Burns at the plough. The entertainment was at once most sumptuous and elegant, a matter which it may be almost a work of supererogation to mention, as Mr. Annand's character as a purveyor is worthily celebrated. The haggis formed a prominent feature among the edibles. An excellent band was in attendance, one of the performers varying the music with tunes on a piano.

Altogether upwards of a hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner. John Blaikie, Esq. of Craigiebuckler, occupied the chair; the Rev. Dr. Bisset, Bourtie, acting as croupier. Among the company we noticed Wm. Partridge, Esq. of Ardmuro; Rev. Mr. Ross and Mrs. Ross; Mrs. and Miss Bisset, Bourtie; Rev. T. Annand, Keith; Rev. Mr. Davidson; Rev. Mr. Peter and Miss Peter; the Rev. Mr. O'Connor, Catholic Chapel, Inverury; the Rev. Mr. Wilson, do., Fetternear; A. G. Blaikie, Esq.; Bailie Annand; and Bailie Allan.

The Rev. Mr. Davidson said grace, and the Rev. Mr. Ross returned thanks.

The Chairman gave the Queen; Prince Albert, &c.; the Army and Navy, coupled with Captain Imlah, who acknowledged. Then followed the Lord-Lieutenant of the County (all the honours).

The CHAIRMAN again rising to give the toast of the evening, said:—We are met to celebrate the memory of Robert Burns, our countryman, who was born this day a hundred years ago, and who has been removed from us for upwards of sixty years, having died, if I recollect properly, in 1796. If we reflect for a moment on the wonderful events, and the number of important incidents that have occurred since that time, we may well wonder that the recollection of his memory should be so fresh. (Hear, hear.) I should be very unwilling to reckon one-fifth of the great events, or mention one-fifth of the celebrated names of those that have flourished since Burns was born. About the time of his birth, we had only one possession in India, where Lord Clive was commencing his brilliant career. At that time we had not lost our American possessions, and the victories of Lord Nelson and the great Duke had still to be gained. Lords Eldon and Stowell were living, and were associated with the boys of Newcastle. Lord Erskine's great eloquence, so celebrated in the legal profession, had not been heard, and our bench was presided over by a Mansfield. James Watt was not known, and the wonderful discovery of which he was the author had yet to produce its many important results. The spinning jenny, which has produced so many changes, had not been invented by Arkwright; nor for many years were there in the department of divinity such names as Principal Campbell, as Dr. Inglis, (the "pillar," as he was named by the boys of his school, and as his son is still named in another capacity. We had not heard of Sir Harry Moncrieff, nor of the fervid eloquence of Andrew Thomson, and the colossal strength of Chalmers, nor for fifty years afterwards did Dr. Duncan Mearns begin to be known. (Cheers.) The institution of Blackwood's Magazine had not taken place, and our literature had not been enriched by the productions of Francis Jeffrey, Walter Scott, Professor Wilson, Dugald Stewart, and Henry Mackenzie. All these names are names to be long remembered. (Cheers.) But as time rolls on and marks a hundred years, I do not suppose that Scotland would celebrate the centenaries of these as she is now celebrating the centenary of Burns. (Cheers.) He surpassed the whole of them, for there was something in him that enters into our feelings that must put all these men to a side. (Loud cheers.) Robert Burns was a man who, although a century has elapsed since his birth, is only beginning to be thoroughly understood and properly appreciated. (Cheers.) But this is no uncommon circum-

stance. Sir Isaac Newton, a name held in the highest esteem by the inhabitants of the whole civilized world, is dead nearly two centuries, and yet it was but the other day that his statue was inaugurated at Grantham. There are few names such as Newton's, and in art there are few such names as Correggio Murillo; while, as statesmen, there are the two Lawrences, who will live for ever, nor can we forget the exertions of the second Pitt and Fox. Few men deserve to be remembered as these must always be remembered, but it is a striking fact, that a man, born not only without advantages, but with the greatest disadvantages, should keep a place in the eyes of the world more enviable than is possessed by any of them. (Cheers.) Let me ask what is it that has produced this? Is it not because he has written works that find a place in our hearts? (Cheers.) We have heard, indeed, occasionally some complaints regarding Burns' character. I say, Away with these things—(cheers)—he had the greatest disadvantages to contend with, and he lived at a time when these foibles were differently looked upon from what they are now. (Hear, hear.) But his works are genuine, and his memory still lives, and will continue to live in the gratitude of all his countrymen. (Cheers.) Never a man better understood human character than Burns did. It is in this that he excels all others. (Loud cheers.) But he was not only a poet, but a man of immense and varied ability, which he displayed in conversation so much to the admiration of his contemporaries. Of the warmth of his affections, of his eloquence in all moods, we have abundant testimony. (Cheers.) To those who speak lightly of the character of Burns' works, the best answer to make is to be found in the "Cottar's Saturday Night." It must be familiar to you all, but one passage I will read, and nothing, I think, can be better than this—

> "From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
> That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad;
> Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
> An honest man's the noblest work of God."

(Cheers.) I think that a man who gave vent to such expressions is well entitled to our admiration. (Cheers.) There was no man who ever loved his country better than Burns, and there is no man who is better loved by his country than Burns. (Loud cheers.) I don't know what may happen when another centenary of Burns takes place, but I feel that the sentiments of Scotchmen will not be altered even at that remote period. (Cheers.) I won't predict what may happen in Inverury, I don't know who may fill this chair, but I only know this, that the company will enter into enthusiasm equal to that which distinguishes this meeting. (Cheers.) I don't know what may become of this splendid edifice, but very likely this great hotel may be one of the particles of a great city, for we know well enough that Inverury will be a great city in these days. (Laughter.) I only hope that the minister of Bourtie of that day may be as much distinguished by his own great information, and by his own kindness, and by those feelings and talents which make Dr. Bisset the soul of this company. (Cheers.) If in these days the affections and sympathies of the people be as deep and sincere as ours are, then they will drink as heartily as we shall now do "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." (The toast was drunk in silence, when a cheer was called for and responded to with great enthusiasm. The band then struck up, "A Man's a Man for a' that.")

The CROUPIER, in giving "The Representatives of Earl Marischal, Burns' Ancestral Chief," said—That they all knew that the poet's father used frequently to tell how his forefathers had been long located in the North, where every man such as they followed his chief as a vassal. Their chief was the Earl Marischal, whose legal representative was the Earl of Kintore, on whose merits he (the croupier) made an eloquent eulogium. (All the honours.)

The CROUPIER, in giving the next toast, "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," in order to illustrate the ideas which at one time existed regarding poetry, said—That about three quarters of a century ago, a worthy schoolmaster published an admirable poem, which was criticised in the following terms:—"Odd man, fat a fine chiel oor dominie is, but I won'er he's sic a leeing crater. He has sent oot a book, an' it's jist a' fou o' havers." (Laughter.) He (the croupier) could excuse people of this kind who did not join in the Burns' demonstration, but there were others who might object to it, and he would only say in answer to these, that if he had thought it wrong he should not have been there. (Loud cheers.) That poets were fallible as other mortals was true, but there was something in their characters which claimed our admiration. What was it that made the great nations of antiquity contend one with another for years, but to prove a claim to the birth-place of their Homer, and why did the young warrior weep over the grave of Achilles because he had no Homer to celebrate his deeds? The same feelings, gentlemen, towards the poet which brings us this evening together to celebrate the centenary of Burns. (Loud cheers.) The man to whose memory they had drunk would have

been a great man, even if he had not been a poet. After the first twenty years of his life at the plough, Burns suddenly burst upon the literary world, having attracted the attention of Dr. Blacklock, through whom he was introduced to such men as the Earl of Glencairn. Well he (the croupier) might say, that if there was ever a man murdered it was almost Burns. He was brought into the best society of his day, he was corresponded with by learned and reverend doctors, who, after allowing Robert Burns to see the delights of such society, sent him away, finding for him no better occupation than, as he himself says, to "gauge beer barrels." Burns became a wrecked man, these men had murdered him, and are answerable for many of those failings over which humanity will kindly draw a veil. (Hear, hear.) The man whose memory he (the croupier) was to propose was one of a kindred stamp with Burns. There was something resembling each other in their characters, they were both possessed of

"Resolve, the stalk o' carl hemp."

(Cheers.) Burns was the child of misfortune; Sir Walter Scott was not. He was caressed by his country, so that it became a greater honour to be at Abbotsford than to sit at the King's table. (Cheers.) Burns' patriotism was shown in the "Cottar's Saturday Night" —(cheers)—and equally glowing and eloquent are the words of Scott—

"O Caledonia! stern and wild," &c.

These two men are in reality of the same stamp, and speaking of them let us not separate in the tomb those whom fate has joined, for,

"If we search 'mong living men,
Where shall we find their like again?"

The Chairman gave "The Ladies and Mrs. Bisset." (Cheers.) The band played, "Green Grow the Rashes, O."

Rev. Mr. Davidson, Inverury, in giving as a toast, "The other Poets of Scotland," after some introductory remarks, said—Scotland has been a land of song since the first days of the romantic race of Stuarts, who were ill fitted to rule a rough land, but well fitted to reign in the realms of taste and intellect. (Cheers.) The first James was one of the best of Scotland's poets, and how many moving lyrics have been written on the loves and troubles of his unfortunate descendants: that multitude of inestimable Jacobite songs, of which no land can show the like. (Cheers.) Of Burns' immortal predecessors, and whom he esteemed his masters in the art of poetry, who does not cherish the name of Ramsay for his "Gentle Shepherd?" —(cheers)—and who has not felt his nature melted into a finer mould listening to the exquisite verses of Tannahill, "The Braes of Gleniffer," or in the new life of spring time, when "gloomy winter's noo awa'," to that p nk of Scottish peasant poesy, "Auld Joe Nicolson's Bonnie Annie?" (Cheers.) The notes of Burns' muse have caused to be forgotten a host of poets, whose songs were in the mouths of the people before his day, among others Sir David Lindsay. But Burns is entitled to occupy the large share which he does in the eyes of posterity, for many of the old poems were unsuitable, while Burns' songs breathe purity of sentiment, notwithstanding the existence of some pieces which he deeply grieved that he could not take back and destroy for ever. (Cheers.) Burns introduced a greater purity of taste, and ever since his time our national songs have been of such a character that they could be listened to by gentle and unsullied ears. (Cheers.)

Various other toasts were given, songs were sung, and the company separated after singing "Auld Langsyne." The ladies, who had retired sometime before, were found in the drawing-room, and a quadrille finished up the evening's enjoyment.

A ball was also held at Port-Elphinstone.

IRVINE.—In one community of feeling with Ayrshire, Scotland, and the admirers of Burns throughout the world, we have done honour to his genius, and the noble spirit of independence he displayed. From an early hour numerous flags were flaunting in the breeze: and as arrangements had been made for a procession, the respective parties began to muster at two o'clock. The procession having been formed, marched off, the van led by the ancient order of carters mounted on horseback, and dressed in their Marymass fair attire. After them followed the trades, amongst whom the moulders from Perceton tilework, carried insignia expressive of their trade. A living personification of Souter Johnny, with knee breeks, red night cap, and leather apron, was exhibited by the shoemakers, whilst a miniature representation of the Souter and Tam o' Shanter was displayed, embowered in leaves of laurel. The rear was formed by the Brethren of the St. Andrew's Lodge in masonic costume, the whole forming a somewhat lengthened and highly respectable procession. On the line of march stood the house in Glasgow Vennel, where Burns was engaged as a heckler, and which was set on fire on new year's morning. Here the procession made a halt, the bands playing "Auld Langsyne." From thence they proceeded to the Half-way, and at the house where "Montgomerie the poet" was born,

another halt was made, and another appropriate air played. The one prevailing feeling being to do honour to creative genius, the next halt was made opposite to where Galt, the novelist, was born; the house of his birth having only last year disappeared, and on its site now stands the new building of the Union Bank. Another halt was made in honour of our Provost, and lastly at the Seagatefoot, old castle, where again "Auld Langsyne" was played. The procession having described the circuit of the town, returned to its starting point, when, after having played the "Queen's Anthem," and given three cheers for the Captain of the carters, the assembly immediately dispersed.

The members of the Irvine Burns Club held the Centenary celebration of the Poet's birth by dining together as usual in the King's Arms Hotel. About sixty gentlemen were present. Hugh Conn, Esq., chairman of the club, presided, and was supported on the right by Provost Campbell, and Rev. Messrs. Sommerville and Corsan; on the left by Major Brown, Captain Small, and Robert Montgomerie, Esq. of Craighouse. In the regretted absence, from indisposition, of Mr. Gardiner, James Hutchison, Esq., and J. Arthur Campbell, Esq., were called upon to officiate as croupiers, and were supported by John White, Esq., LL.D., Bailie Paterson, John P. Anderson, Esq., R. Miller, Esq., James Samson, Esq., J. F. Boyd, Esq., &c., &c. Among those present we observed W. M'Jannet, Esq., A. Longmuir, Esq., Captain Findlay, Dr. Shields, Dr. Caldwell, Charles Samson, Esq., James Goudie, Esq., James Dickie, Esq., John Allan, Esq., &c.

The Rev. Mr. Sommerville, on being requested to ask a blessing, repeated a very appropriate one composed by Burns. Ample justice having been done to an excellent dinner, at which the usual Scottish dishes were served, Mr. Sommerville returned thanks, and the cloth was withdrawn. The loyal toasts were given from the chair, each prefaced by a few cordial remarks, and were duly honoured. The band, which occupied the orchestra, and performed during dinner, played appropriate airs after each toast.

Mr. CAMPBELL then gave "The Army and Navy." He said—I know well that it requires no effort on my part to gain from you a warm and most cordial reception to the toast. I need not go to distant dates to point to you the chivalry and glorious deeds of those two noble arms of our service. I need only point to the mighty deeds performed by them at Alma, Inkermann, Sebastopol, or the Redan—(cheers)—and equally sure am I, that, had the navy had the same chance or opportunity as the army had, victory and glory would also have encircled their brow. I might point to a later date; look to that daring and glorious effort—nay, that mighty achievement gained by Lord Clyde and his little band, in rescuing so many of our countrymen's lives at Lucknow, or to the taking of Cawnpore and many other places in India, to rest satisfied that the safety of our country is intrusted to noble hands. And what a pleasing sight it is to look, Mr. Chairman, to your left hand and see two of our countrymen, now grown grey with years, but who spent the pride of their youth in serving their Queen and country, retired to spend the remainder of their days in ease and comfort. (Cheers.) Without saying more, I beg to propose "The Army and Navy, coupled with Major Brown and Captain Small."

Airs, "Hearts of Oak" and "British Grenadiers."

Major Brown very feelingly replied.

"Her Majesty's Ministers" was given from the chair; after which the CHAIRMAN requested a bumper to be filled for the toast of the evening. Glasses having been duly charged, he proceeded to say:—In rising to propose the toast of the evening, the immortal memory of Robert Burns, I beg in the most kind manner to thank the members of the Irvine Burns Club, for the high honour they have conferred on me in electing me to preside on this occasion. I think the most of you are aware that it was proposed that we should dispense with our meeting this year, and join our brother admirers of the great poet on the banks of the Doon—but I as your chairman thought otherwise, not I assure you from any vain or selfish motives of my own—but for the credit of this ancient burgh: and I am proud to say I was backed in my views by the almost unanimous voice of the meeting called for the purpose. Why, gentlemen, should the Irvine Burns Club give way to any club in existence. I think I can show you that the Royal burgh of Irvine has as high claims in connection with the illustrious Poet as any town in Scotland, saving perhaps the place of his birth, and Mauchline. If Robert Burns was an excise officer in Dumfries, was he not a flaxdresser in Irvine; but more than that, the Burns Club of Irvine, which is no upstart Club, but has existed for the greatest part of half-a-century, can boast of having had as its members many celebrated men, whose names have been immortalised in the works of this wonderful man. I may begin with Dr. Mackenzie, the early patron of the then young genius—he was the person who first introduced him to Lord Daer, and who was also the bosom friend of Gavin Hamilton, the kind-hearted and beloved friend of the Poet. Dr. Mackenzie was one of the magistrates of this burgh, a member of our Club; and has filled this chair which I now so

unworthily occupy. I may also mention David Sillars, whom Burns has immortalised as Davie, a "Brother Poet," in his epistles, where he calls him the ace of hearts, though mankind were a pack of cards; he also was one of the magistrates of Irvine, a member of this Club, and has likewise been your chairman. I might also mention Mr. Richard Brown, the young sailor companion, the poet speaks so highly of when in Irvine, with whom he used to wander and repeat his matchless poems in the plantations of Eglinton. Besides all this our Club can boast of as many original manuscripts and letters in the hand-writing of this great man as any Club in existence, for these reasons I think we are justified in holding our meeting here to-night. Gentlemen, in the few remarks I intend to make on the writings and genius of Robert Burns I will endeavour to show you that they have done as much to elevate Scotland as a nation in the eyes of the world, and her sons as a band of heroes, as all the sermons that have been preached, or all the articles, or essays that have been written by the cleverest men that have preached and written for the last hundred years. The great beauty of our illustrious Bard was, that he was truly national, he poured out his heart and soul for Auld Scotland, and her hardy sons of toil. In writing to Dr. Moore, he says, "the first two books I ever read in private, and which gave me more pleasure than any two books I ever read since, were the life of Hannibal and the History of Sir William Wallace. Hannibal gave my young ideas such a turn that I used to strut in raptures up and down after the recruiting drum and bagpipe, and wished myself tall enough to be a soldier, while the story of Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest." He says also in an epistle to Willie Simpson in Ochiltree, who made pretension to be a poet,

"We'll sing Auld Coila's plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown with heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died."

With such sentiments as these instilled into the minds of our youth, and nursed with them as they grow up to manhood, is it any wonder that our countrymen have been styled a nation of warriors? I see by the newspapers that after the bloody battles of the Alma and Inkerman, and the storming and taking of Delhi and Lucknow, the brunt of which was borne by a few Scotch regiments against multitudes of armed Sepoys, when stripping the dead before interment, in place of the Black Bread and Rakee, that was universally found in the haversacks of the Russian soldier in the Crimea, there was found generally in the knapsack of the Scotch heroes who had fallen, the Bible, and the works of Robert Burns,—fit companions say I, and with two such books properly understood, and fixed bayonets, our Scotch infantry can put to flight any troops in the world. (Cheers.) How often do you think, gentlemen, that the gallant General Neil, who was the brave among the brave, who was always to be found in the part where the battle raged the fiercest, and who received his education near the banks of the Doon, how often, I repeat, do you think he wandered in these classic grounds in the happy days of his youth, poring over "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," till he raised such a torrent of Scotch valour in his veins, that it boiled along there till the floodgates of life were shut in eternal rest on the bloody streets of Lucknow. I might say the same of that gallant young hero Lieutenant Nicol Graham, who was the greatest admirer of the poet I ever met, who received his education at your own Academy, and to whom (to the eternal honour of this burgh), you presented a sword, with which he went to India, and fell nobly fighting to stem the tide of mutiny and rebellion. These are only two samples of the heroes that have been raised by the writings of this immortal genius. If time would permit, I could mention hundreds more equally well deserving. The poet says in one of his beautiful verses—

"I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;
My mirth and guid humour are coin in my pouch,
And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch."

Yes, gentlemen, your freedom is a lairdship that has been handed down as the birthright of every Scotchman, by Wallace and Bruce, and Robert Burns has stamped it with the immortal seal of his genius, and wo be to any power on earth that dare attempt to deprive you of it. Gentlemen, I beg of you to pause, and reflect, and think, and look back. This night one hundred years ago, there was born in an auld clay bigging, on the banks of the Doon, a manchild. There was no stated physician in attendance on the lone mother, neither was there any minister of state there to welcome the young stranger, no, gentlemen, nothing was there but the houdie, and a few gossiping old wives. Per-

haps the young bantling was rolled up in the tail of an old drugget petticoat, and laid aside till the gossips keekit in his loof, and had their social cup of tea. That child was Robert Burns. Since that eventful night, this mighty empire has increased greatly in wealth and power, and has made great progress in the fine arts, and in science, and literature. Many great and eminent men have been born, and passed away from amongst us, but nothing has appeared that can approach Robert Burns as a poet and painter of nature. No, gentlemen, Donati's Comet that blazed lately, will, after a lapse of a few hundred years, return to blaze, and astonish, or delight, or perhaps to frighten future generations; but the equal of Robert Burns will, I am afraid, never appear on the earth again. At a masonic banquet held lately in Glasgow, where Sir Archibald Alison presided, the memory of Robert Burns was drunk in solemn silence, but I beg to differ from Sir Archibald on the present occasion. We are met to celebrate the centenary of his birth, not to mourn his death. I beg that you will pledge with me a flowing bumper to the memory of the immortal Robert Burns, with all the honours. The speech was received with great cheering from all sides of the house.

The Rev. Mr. Sommerville, in reply to the toast of the Clergy of Scotland, said—I would have been sorry and disappointed if, on an occasion of this kind, the clergy had been forgotten or omitted, though, in thanking you for the honour, I have a somewhat delicate and difficult duty to perform. As the worthy Bailie has just remarked, Burns sometimes did hit hard at the clergy, and I regret to say that some of the clergy, with rather a mean, pitiful spirit, try to take their revenge by hitting hard at poor Burns. Some, I say, not all; for we know that Burns, during his life, had warm friends among the clergy, and among them are now to be found many of the most enthusiastic admirers of his genius. Far be it from me to deny that Burns had his frailties and his failings, and these I have no wish to extenuate or excuse; but instead of parading these on every occasion, surely far better would it be, and far more Christian too, over his errors to draw the veil of charity, and drop the tear of pity. (Applause.) And to those, be they clerical or lay, who take, what I may call, such a savage delight in continually holding up to view the shady side of the poet's character, would I say, in the language of the Saviour, "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone." David, the shepherd-poet, sinned grievously and fell deeply; David repented, and was forgiven. Let us fondly and charitably hope that Burns shed tears of repentance too, and was forgiven by that God whose darling attribute is mercy, through the merits of that Saviour who came to save even the chief of sinners. (Applause.) But, Sir, I cannot in my heart believe that Burns was essentially a wicked or irreligious man. True, he directed the arrows of his withering ridicule and scorn against hypocrisy, and cant, and bigotry of every kind. He did attack, with unsparing hand, what was a mockery of religion, and more than once did religion a good service. But I do not believe that, in his bitterest satires, was he actuated by a spirit of hostility to true religion. We know that regularly was family worship maintained in his household, and other indications have we everywhere given, that the religious sentiment was strong within him. But on this I cannot here enlarge, only I must repeat it, I cannot believe that the author of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" was essentially, and at heart, a wicked or irreligious man.

A number of toasts were given, songs were sung, and no more enthusiastic or harmonious meeting took place on the long-to-be-remembered night of the 25th of January, 1859.

"Auld Langsyne" having been, according to invariable custom of the Club, sung by the company standing and hands joined, the happy gathering broke up about half-past ten, every one highly delighted with the proceedings and the night's enjoyment.

Albert Room Celebration.—At seven o'clock a party of 96, composed chiefly of tradesmen with their wives and sweethearts, sat down to an excellent supper provided by Mr. Mantel of the Wheat Sheaf Inn. The chair being occupied by Mr. Duncan Robertson, and Mr. William Gorman, croupier. After the guests had done ample justice to the good things supplied by the host, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and heartily responded to. After which the Chairman, in a brief and appropriate address, gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal memory of Burns," which was responded to with acclamation. Without wishing to be considered invidious, we cannot but mention how greatly Mr. Armour, builder, contributed to the hilarity of the evening. The poem of Tam o' Shanter was recited by Mr. Parker, merchant, in excellent style. Mr. Calvery's recitation of Watty and Meg was rapturously applauded. The toast of the Ayrshire Lasses having been given, was ably responded to by Mr. Dunlop, jun., merchant. After which songs, toasts, and recitations, followed in rapid succession, until the "wee short hour ayont the twal," when, after the health of the host and hostess, and votes of thanks to the chairman, and croupier, were given, the meet-

ing quietly dispersed, all seemingly highly gratified with the night's proceedings.

A ball also took place in the Royal Academy, at which a company of the young of both sexes enjoyed themselves to an early hour; and thus closed a day calculated to produce much solemn reflection, and which has been productive of great variety of opinion.

JEDBURGH.—The centenary of Scotland's bard was celebrated here on the 25th, with great enthusiasm. During the day the bells rung merry peals, and the Jedburgh brass band paraded the streets of the "guid all burgh," playing "There was a lad was born in Kyle," "A' the airts the wind can blaw," "Green grow the rashes," "Auld Langsyne," &c. The Committee for the dinner and ball engaged the large assembly room of the Black Bull Inn, which was densely filled. The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and on the wall behind the chair was hung a large lithograph of the poet, with the letters R. B. formed of evergreens. The dinner, which was provided by Mrs. Horsburgh, was profuse to excess, and well served. We understand that many persons were disappointed in getting admission, and so anxious were numbers to be present at the dinner that 5s. were freely offered for 2s. tickets. At three o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. Alexander Jeffrey, solicitor, Jedburgh, the historian of Roxburghshire, supported on the right by the Provost of the burgh, Bailie Thomson, Dean of Guild Stewart, Mr. Stewart, Ploughlands, Dr. Falla, Mr. Walker, teacher, &c.; on the left by Mr. M'Connel, Rector of the Grammar School, Mr. Elliot, solicitor, Mr. John Hilson, manufacturer, Mr. Haliburton, grocer, Mr. Smyttan Jeffrey, &c. Mr. A. O. Turnbull, solicitor, Mr. J. S. Fair, Langlee, Mr. Elliot, saddler, and Mr. Fergrieve, ironmonger, officiated as croupiers, supported by Bailie Cleaver, Mr. J. U. Somner, Mr. Craw, Mr. A. Easton, Mr. Young, Nisbet, Mr. A. Forrest, Mr. M'Lean, Mr. Sloan, Mr. J. Turnbull, Mr. Fish, &c. &c. Blessing was asked by the Chairman, and after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts,

The CHAIRMAN said—I rise for the purpose of asking you to dedicate a bumper to the memory of one of Scotland's greatest sons, whose name has long been a household word in every dwelling of the land, from the castellated mansion of the noble to the thatched-roof cot of the peasant; whose mighty genius will ever be appreciated not only in this

> "Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
> Land of the mountain and the flood,"

but in whatever clime our native tongue is spoken. What is taking place to-day warrants this belief. In almost every town, village, and hamlet of Caledonia and the isles thereof, the sons and daughters of the land are this day assembled to do honour to the memory of the bard. (Cheers.) On the other side of the Border enthusiasm is as great as on this; and, in the metropolis of Britain, thousands are at this moment exulting in the glorious poet, Burns. (Applause.) Beyond the broad Atlantic the same spirit prevails. While we are engaged in celebrating the hundredth birthday of Scotland's bard, the same thing is being enacted over all that vast continent—in its mountain tracts as well as in its cities—in the depths of its forests as well as on the margins of its mighty streams—the name of Burns is on every tongue. Go to India, the land of strife and blood, and soldier and civilian will be found this night recording their estimation of the man and the bard. Call in at the Cape of Good Hope, and our emigrant brothers and sisters will be seen commemorating the same event. Even the gold digger of Australia forgets for a while his search after gold, and turns his thoughts to his fatherland. The sailors of Britain, while ploughing the ocean, are not unmindful of the event. (Cheers.) But it is peculiarly fitting that we in this locality should have met to celebrate the birthday of Burns. According to an entry in his diary, he was a member of the corporation of Jedburgh. In it he lived some time, and enjoyed the hospitality of his brother burgesses, and left it in sadness. To the honour of the minister of the parish, Mr. Somerville, he received a warm welcome at the manse. One of his beauties, whom he celebrated in song, lived and died in the burgh; and at least one fair lady of this district was a talented correspondent. He wandered among the lovely scenes of this locality, and noted their beauties with a poet's eye.

> "Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
> And Eden scenes on crystal Jed."

The Lover's Lane and Blackburn he has described as fairy scenes. Blackburn is lovelier now by far than when the poet's eye rested upon it; but the Lover's Lane has disappeared for ever. It would have been a blot on the annals of Jedburgh had its inhabitants not assembled to celebrate the birthday of the bard, whose name is still rising though an age hath passed away since he died.

> "Aye young he lives, bathed in the freshest tint
> Of immortality, ill sought in adamant."

(Cheers.) Burns was the son of no mean father. He belonged to a class of men who had always proved themselves patriotic and independent. When Edward, with his mailed host, swept over Scotland like a mighty ocean wave, it was the small lairds, little tenants, their sons and peasantry, who stemmed the torrent and saved the independence of the country. At that time the nobles and gentlemen, where were they? Let the rolls of Edward answer. They, with a few glorious exceptions, had bowed their necks to the conqueror. It was to the same class of people that Scotland was at a future period mainly indebted for religious freedom. (Cheers.) Under such a father, Burns was trained up from earliest youth to the practice of whatever is amiable or lovely in our nature. As might have been expected from his training and temperament, he had strong devotional feelings. When not occupied with the labours of the farm, he wandered among the lovely scenes on the margins of the Ayr, listening to the songsters of the grove carolling their hymns of praise to the Creator; but his great delight was to wander in the midst of the tempest; to ascend a precipice to see the lightnings flash, and talk, as it were, with the spirit of the storm, in the belief that he was near to "him who walks on the wings of the wind." No doubt he committed many imprudences; so have the greatest and best of men in all times—in the garden of Eden as well as on the banks of the Doon. (Cheers.) To the human eye there are spots on the sun's disc—the brightest gem is sometimes dimmed. But we are not met here as the apologists of any errors of the man. We are assembled to celebrate his many virtues, and his great poetical genius. It is regretted by many able men that Burns had not received a classical education. I have no such regret; besides, I think, had he possessed all the learning of the schools it is not likely the nation would have risen as it has done this day, as one man, to do honour to his memory. (Cheers.) Though he possessed not the learning of Greece and Rome, he was a man full of knowledge, intimately acquainted with the Book of Nature and the Book of God; possessed of all that learning which was necessary to raise him to the very highest pinnacle of fame as a Scottish poet. (Cheers.) Had he been trained in the higher schools, would we have had these inimitable poems, "Tam o' Shanter," "Hallowe'en," "The Holy Fair," or "The Jolly Beggars," and many of his exquisite songs? I think not. (Applause.) It would rather seem as if there were only a certain amount of intelligence in the world, which, centring in one or two men, produces those stars in the world of mind, which at intervals flash across the intellectual heaven. If we compare mental power to the trees of the forest, we find here and there in the natural planted wood a mighty monarch, firmly rooted in some precipice—spreading forth its branches far and wide on every side, rearing its towering top to heaven; while in the forest, planted by the hand of man, and carefully cultivated, the trees are nearly all of one size, scarcely one larger than its fellow. The intellect of man requires difficulties and obstacles in its way to make it rise into genius. Adversity is necessary to call out the latent greatness of great minds. There are thousands of the present day who can write verses for every one who could do so a century ago; but not one with all the educational advantages of the age can equal Burns. Scotland can number among her children many sweet singers, but only one Burns.

> "For Nature saw him die,
> Then took away his lyre."

(Loud cheers.) It is singular that the generation to which Burns belonged—that is, from 1732 to 1802—produced no other poetical genius in Scotland; but in England Cowper appeared, and it is curious that he, too, shone alone. The fervid piety of the one, and the fervid passions of the other, gave wings to their poetry. The one was taught in the parochial schools of his native land, and the other was possessed of great classical attainments. Both were liable to the same malady, which led the one to attempt suicide, and the other occasionally to exceed. Many of Burns' poetical pieces are perfect gems. Most of his songs are beautiful in the extreme—so exquisitely fine as to be unsurpassed, seldom equalled, in any language. In humour, in tenderness, and sublimity, he excelled all other poets. (Applause.) But why dwell further on the beauties of his poetry. It is engraved on the hearts of the people of his native land, and will endure for ever. I propose, therefore, that you drink "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," with all the honours. (Loud and continued applause.)

Mr. M'Connell proposed "The Land of Burns" in an eloquent speech, in which the following passages occur:—I believe that the scenes which Burns has described in his native district, will be found, by the careful observer of nature, well worthy of the high, melodious, and pathetic strains in which they have been sung. The Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon, the Banks and Braes and Streams around the Castle o' Montgomerie, auld Coila's bonnie haughs and woods, the romantic Barskimming, and the picturesque Ballochmyle, with "Auld hermit Ayr," stawing through their woods, afford scenes of rare and surpassing loveliness, well fitted to awaken, and to fan into a living

flame, the smoking flax of the poetic genius, which burned, and still continues to burn, not with the fitful glare of the meteor, but as it were with the steady light of the sun. (Cheers.) The land of Burns has been largely indebted to its proprietors, its agriculturists, its manufacturers, its mechanics, and to the general spirit and enterprise of its people, who have brought every available power in science and art to bear upon its improvement. But of all the powers to which it has been indebted, to no earthly power has it been, or will it ever be, more indebted than to the power of the poetry of Burns. The former have improved it; the latter has ennobled and immortalized it, and given a name and a fame both at home and abroad to that district, which the poet graphically says,

"Lay like some unkenn'd o' Isle,
Beside New Holland,
Or whar wild meeting oceans boil,
Besouth Magellan."

"The unkenn'd Isle" is now known, and visited by all. Living there, as the poet did, and mixing, as we know he joyously did, with its people, and speaking out, as he did, for everything that was true, manly, and honest, and free and independent, and looking forward as he hopefully did, to the time "when sense and worth o'er a' the earth would bear the gree," and when a man would be valued solely for what he is in himself, he must have left his mark upon the people, and raised the tone of their society higher than he found it. (Prolonged cheers.)

Many excellent speeches were made, toasts were given and songs were sung, and after singing "Auld Langsyne," the meeting separated a little after eight o'clock.

The Balls.—The Committee appointed to make preparations for the demonstrations of the day, feeling that "no assemblage to do honour to the memory of Burns could be complete, which did not include our lovely Marys, and our bonny Jeans," wisely resolved that the dinner—exclusively devoted to the inferior sex—should be followed by a ball, in order that the fairer and more divine portion of creation might have an opportunity of participating in the pleasures of the glorious festival, and of realizing the truth of the immortal poet's words,

"What signifies the life o' man
An 'twere na for the lasses, O.

A Ball accordingly took place in the Assembly Room at nine o'clock, when the proceedings commenced. The room—tastefully decorated with wreaths and festoons of evergreens—radiant with the witching beauty of Jethart's lovely daughters, and ornamented by the presence of her braw lads, presented a spectacle of dazzling and surpassing loveliness—while the elegant dresses of the ladies—the chaste and modest purity of snowy drapery, mingling with colours, more brilliant and more gay, "lent fresh beauty to the scene." Upwards of 100 persons were present. The ball was opened by reels, followed by country dances, waltzes, &c.—the programme presenting an excellent arrangement of well-known dances. In the course of the evening the programme was exhausted and recommenced, and dancing was continued till about five o'clock. The utmost good feeling prevailed, excellent order was maintained, and merrily passed off in a manner creditable alike to the dancers and stewards—and thus closed one of the most splendid balls that ever took place in Jedburgh. Other balls were also held in the Harrow and Nag's Head Inns, where all parties seemed to enjoy the fullest delight. The youths of the town had their enjoyment in the kindling of a bonfire in the market-place, which was kept up, amidst the cracking of squibs, &c., for several hours.

JOHNSHAVEN.—The centenary was celebrated here on Tuesday evening by a soiree in Mrs. Lawson's hall, which was filled to overflowing. A torch-light procession was formed in the square at six o'clock, and perambulated the principal streets of the village, and onward to Brotherton, where three cheers were given to Mr. and Mrs. Scott, which were responded to by a stunning rebound from Richard Young's great gun. The assembly in the hall was constituted by seven o'clock, when tea, fruit, and cake, were served out. The chairman delivered an address on the life, writings, and personal character of the poet. Short addresses were also delivered by Messrs. George Davidson and John Burness, a distant relative of the bard. Several of Burns' most popular melodies were sung by Messrs. James Ford, sen., James Ford, jun., and Henry Walker. At intervals during the evening Messrs. Thomas Young and Isaac Norrie played melodies on the violin. The whole proceedings were brought to a conclusion by a dance for the delectation of the young people.

St. John's Lodge.—The masonic body of this place celebrated the centenary of Burns on Tuesday evening, by a torch-light procession, in which the general public joined, and by a substantial supper in Mr. Craigie's Hall. In course of the evening Mr. Alexander Middleton, R.W.M., gave an interesting account of Burns' life. A few of Burns' most popular melodies were sung by several of the brethren. A prize, consisting of a copy of the poet's works, was

given to the R.W.M. for his address, and another to Mr. James Lindsay, G.S., for his spirited rendering of "Auld Langsyne." A dance terminated the proceedings.

SUPPER.—A few of those parties who felt dissatisfied at the low price of admission to our public festival got up a supper party for themselves in Mr. Duthie's Inn, and the company enjoyed themselves well. Some of Burns' songs were sung with great glee, "Highland Mary" having been particularly well executed.

JOHNSTONE.—On Tuesday night upwards of sixty gentlemen connected with the burgh of Johnstone and neighbourhood assembled in the Assembly Rooms, adjoining the Black Bull Inn, Johnstone, (Mr. John Thomson's) to celebrate the Burns centenary. The chair was occupied by James Hamilton, Esq., one of the Burgh Commissioners, who was supported right and left by the Rev. William Gaff, Established church, Johnstone; James Salmon, Esq.; James Donald, Esq., founder; James Reid, Esq., writer; Joseph Braid, founder; and a venerable old man, Mr. David Miller, Johnstone, a living relic of the poet Burns, and one of the twelve Forfar and Angus volunteers who fired over Burns' grave, in the lower churchyard, Dumfries. John Salmon, Esq., factor to Ludovick Houston, Esq., Johnstone Castle, filled the croupier's chair, supported by John M'Donald, Esq., engineer, one of the Burgh Commissioners; David Jeffrey, Esq., builder; and Archd. Watson, Esq., Commissioner. The night was spent very happily, and the speeches excellent and appropriate.

JUNIPER GREEN.—On Tuesday a very respectable company of working men assembled in the Free Church School, and sat down to an excellent supper, provided and served in first-rate style by an active committee of their own number. Mr. John Russell occupied the chair, and Mr. John Barr acted as croupier. Addresses, songs, and tunes were given by several of the party, which, after enjoying a very happy meeting, broke up about midnight in the greatest harmony and good order, highly delighted with the proceedings of the evening.

KEITH.—Here the centenary of our national bard was observed with due honour. All the places of business, without exception, were shut after twelve o'clock. Of all the demonstrations the procession was the most attractive. Precisely at two o'clock, after being duly marshalled, the whole began to move to the lively airs of two bands of music. First came two couriers on high-mettled and gaily-caparisoned chargers; then came a plough, held by a sturdy son of the soil, in blue bonnet and plaid, and forming an admirable personification of our ploughman poet. The plough was drawn by two splendid horses. Then followed in regular order, pair by pair, fifty fine horses, gaily decked out with ribbons and trappings, and mounted by stalwart ploughmen in their best attire. The turn-out of men and horses did the farmers in the district great credit, who generously united with their friends in the town in giving all in their employment a holiday. Behind the cavalcade of ploughmen came the Strathisla Band; then the juveniles, to the number of several hundreds, and bearing numerous flags and banners, with appropriate devices and mottoes. Then came another band, followed by the different trades, with their banners and the insignia of their respective crafts. The hammermen—a numerous body—were preceded by Mr. Alex. Duncan, drawn in a splendid car, forming an excellent representative of Vulcan. The procession extended in length to about half-a-mile, and as a whole was highly creditable to all concerned.

The soiree in the evening was a decided success, the hall being literally crammed. There must have been fully 400 present. Robert Turner, Esq., M.D., occupied the chair. On the platform were also William Laing, Esq.; James Gordon, Esq., solicitor; and James Brand, Esq.

The CHAIRMAN said—Who amongst us requires to be told that the present is a memorable day in our country's annals—a proud day for Scotland in the eyes of the whole civilized world—the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns?

> "There was a lad was born in Kyle,
> But whatna day o' whatna style,
> I doubt it's hardly worth the while
> To be sae nice wi' Robin!"

So sings our bard in jocose self-depreciation, for, modest as true genius always is, he could not have been in earnest. Very different, at any rate, is the estimate of Scotland, his "auld respeckit mither," regarding the note-worthiness of this event; and often, before to-day, has the aniversary of his birth made the good dame jubilant "frae Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's." Nay, so dear to her maternal heart is the renown of her glorious "bairn," that she has long been well content to have her very name merged in his, to be known among the nations as the Land of Burns! An emphatic practical repudiation will the poetic "doubt" receive at her hands this day! Buskit braw in her whitest curch and newest roquelay, she is

at this moment assembling her living family around her, without distinction of age, sex, or condition, to unite in the public expression of their pride and gratitude that the illustrious dead was a "brither Scot."

Come to the gathering, enlightened worker with the brain. Come, thou of the "eagle eye," successful seeker of "science in her coy abode;" suspend the quest, and leave the closet for the festive board on this great day. The Ayrshire peasant was free of your guild while he lived. He burned, it is true, no midnight oil, but his philosophy came to him along the telegraph wires of genius, and the Erskines, the Blairs, the Mackenzies, and the Dugald Stewarts of his time were proud to acknowledge him as their compeer. He holds not, he never can hold, a meaner place with their successors; his throne, as a ruler in the realms of Mind, is set for all time, for truly and beautifully does the Bard of Hope characterise his marvellous utterances—

> "His lines are mottoes of the heart,
> His truths electrify the sage."

Come, noble of the land, whose virtues adorn your rank; the Ayrshire peasant was one of Nature's gentlemen. As he never bowed the knee to High Place, so he never disparaged High Place on its own account. "Poortith Cauld," although it buffeted him hard, never could tempt him to lend his talents to the setting of class against class. Not seldom, in his brief sun-burst of prosperity, had his "ploughman shanks" been under aristocratic mahogany, and he took away and proclaimed a favourable impression of your order. "I watch'd," he says,

> "The symptoms o' the great,
> The gentle pride, the lordly state,
> The arrogant assuming;
> The fient a pride, nae pride had he,
> Nor sauce nor state that I could see,
> Mair than an honest ploughman.
>
> Then from his lordship I shall learn
> Henceforth to meet, with unconcern,
> Ae rank as weel's another;
> Nae honest worthy man need care
> To meet wi' noble, youthfu' Daer,
> For he but meets a brother."

The poet tells you, no doubt, that

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that;"

an assertion of man's true dignity which was not meant to offend, and cannot offend, true nobility; it was part of the inspired man's mission to declare it to the world at large.

Come, Scottish husband and sire—from the desk, the counting-house, the workshop, the farm (this is the goodman of Ellisland's fête-day), the plough-tail, or your "howkin' in the sheugh." The Ayrshire peasant's warmest sympathies were with you in your hopes and fears, in your joys and griefs, in your steadfast gaze, amid them all, beyond the things of Time. How often, when life's battle bore hard upon you, and you found it difficult to "keep the heart aboon," has his strain, like a potent spell, summoned back

> "Firm resolve to lead the van,
> That stalk o' carle hemp in man."

And, the cloud of despondency cleared away, your breast has glowed with the thoughts which a kindred lot suggested to him—

> "I hae a wife and some wee bodies,
> They maun hae brose and brats o' duddies,
> I ken fu' weel my heart right proud is,
> I needna vaunt;
> But I'll sned besoms, thraw saugh woodies,
> Afore they want."

Come, then, and the douce goodwife aforesaid will be blythe to bear you company; "though some may say you're auld, John," she "ne'er can think you so." And, when at the accustomed evening hour, the honoured priest of the home-circle, you open the "big ha' Bible," and "wale a portion wi' judicious care," you need have no misgivings that you have in any degree unfitted yourself for your sacred office by keeping holiday in honour of Robert Burns.

Come, young aspirant after fortune, pushing Scots callant, with the world all before you. Wherever your future lot may be cast, whether your "weary foot" may hereafter tread the burning sands of the Tropics, or the snows of the Arctic Regions, the pathless Backwoods, or the new El Dorado, your reminiscences of home, with its gowan-besprent "braes," and the burn where, in happy childhood, you "paidled frae morning sun till dine," will find their fittest expression in the song of their country's bard; and not the least abiding of your home-memories will be the homage you have this day paid to the poet of "Auld Lang-syne."

Come, "poor but honest sodger," this is Scotland's field-day for him who sang of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" of Scottish prowess "when the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abra'm," and the veteran of Waterloo may well attend muster; Sir Colin's "Highland bonnets" may well be doffed in honour of their laureate.

Come, leal-hearted wooer, Rab Mossgiel has put many a honied word in your mouth which you are fain to utter when opportunity serves. She'll be here to-day, depend upon it; perhaps you two have made a tryst. A complete triumph over the favoured of the old folks, the

"coof wi' the claut o' siller," is in store for you to-day, for, when the ball opens, and they "kittle hair on thairms," you will have the field all to yourself—

"When will he dance like Tam Glen?"

And you, too, love-lorn swain. Take heart of grace, man, and come. No more nonsense about "loupin' o'er a linn." What more likely than that she will be here to-day, just as she

"Gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,"

for the sole purpose of meeting with you. True, she "kills you wi' disdaining," and "slighted love is sair to bide," but persevere, and "hae ye nae dread" she'll relent.

But have we no dissatisfied onlookers on this our day of national exultation? It must be admitted that there are a few. Our Burns, true of heart, and strong of hand, has nailed his bag of gunpowder, with its kindled match, to the Cashmere gate of Oppression and Social Wrong: he has raised the world's cry against Bigotry, Hypocrisy, and Sham—

"Putting in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world."

and, of course, has thereby made "the Emperor," and Legree, and Maworm, and Stiggins, his implacable enemies. The first cannot enjoy his favourite pastime of stifling the voice of liberty, selecting a convenient little room for his make-believe court of justice, one admitting of being packed by his myrmidons, who have instructions to watch for and eject any stray gentleman of the press who may steal in with his vile pen, ink, and paper,—but the unmannerly Ayrshire ploughman confronts him, telling him to his face, in the hearing of all the bystanders, too, that

"There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard
But they whom the truth would indite."

His Imperial Highness cannot undertake an expedition to plunder a defenceless "sick man," dragging his wretched serfs from their poor beds, keeping them alive with rye-bread, and stupifying them with *raki*, and marching them to shoot or be shot at the word of command—but the same obtrusive Ayrshire ploughman starts up in his way, and shouts in his unwilling ear that

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"

with many other unpleasant observations of the same sort.

Then, again, a "free and enlightened citizen" cannot go out, lash in hand, for a little sport on his own plantation, but he is sure to be waylaid by this same ubiquitous Ayrshire ploughman, disputing his right to "wallop his own nigger," or even to task him. The others are treated still more rudely. Has he hit you, Mr. Stiggins? The pestilent fellow with his "priest-skelpin' turns," has he hit you? Well, reverend sir, he smites sore, and it is the most natural thing in the world for you to retire to your place of fancied security, the pulpit, and there bellow and objurgate a bit under the infliction. But look around you, at this moment, and say which were the more hopeful endeavour—to level, by the force of your eloquence, Ben Macdhui or Ben Nevis, and fill up the channel of the Forth or the Tay with the rubbish, or to preach down Robert Burns! Milder dissentients there are, well-meaning, but, I humbly think, mistaken men, and we may respect their scruples, although we differ with them in opinion.

But this is no fitting time for parley with the detractors of Scotland's poet—her great voice—we may safely leave them to Scotland herself, and she is giving them her answer just now. Press we on to the general rendezvous, Cæsar's folks and Luath's folks mingling in the foremost ranks. Sympathisers from afar are with us; and they bring meet incense to the shrine of a prophet and promoter of that good day's coming,

"When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be and a' that."

But our privileged place is in the van. The poet is emphatically *our* poet. Scotland, her story, her people, is his theme. His "fairies" dance on "Cassilis Downans." His "ghaists and witches" held their dread orgies in "Alloway's auld haunted kirk" on that weird night, whose terrors only himself or Shakspeare could have adequately depicted. Our "preachin's," our "trysts," our "Hallowe'ens," our marriage-feasts and our death-beds are the favourite subjects of his verse. The conquering hero of his lay is "The Bruce of Bannockburn," the captive queen to whose longings, in her wave-girt solitude, he gave undying voice, is "Scotland's hapless Mary." The Ayr, the Lugar, and the Doon—our banks and braes, and our "burnies stealing under the lang yellow broom" are the cherished haunts of his muse. That immortal plaint, the dirge of the poor Highland lassie, woke its first echoes "around the Castle o' Montgomerie;" and his "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," unscathed by winter's blast, was glintin' bonnily in winter's sun upon our path to-day. Once more, then, Scotland to the vaward!

After several songs, recitations, and tunes had

been given in excellent style, Mr. Gordon moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, which was heartily responded to. The chairman, in acknowledging the compliment, said it only remained for him to move an adjournment of the present meeting till the 25th January 1959, "our engagements," he observed, "with the grim proprietor of the scythe, and the three-tae'd lister," would prevent most probably even the youngest of us from giving personal attendance on that occasion, but we might attend by proxy, in the persons of our descendants. (Cheers and laughter.) "Auld Langsyne" and "God save the Queen" were sung, and the meeting then separated.

KELSO.—The centenary of Robert Burns was celebrated here with a spirit and zeal which showed unmistakably that there is on the Borders, as in every other part of Scotland, a hearty appreciation of the genius which has made Scotland the envy of surrounding nations, and Ayrshire famous as the home of the poet. The day was observed here as a half-holiday, and during the afternoon the bands of his Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, the Odd-Fellows, and the Juvenile Temperance flute band, played, with considerable effect, several of the pieces of music which have been set to Burns' songs.

There were five convivial parties in the town in the afternoon, and in the evening a ball took place in the Corn Exchange, which was decorated for the occasion, and at which between 200 and 300 were present. The Tweedside Lodge of Odd-Fellows held their dinner in the Cross Keys Hotel; the Billiard and Reading-room Club met in the White Swan Inn; the Bowling Club and their friends dined in the Red Lion Inn; the operative Boot and Shoemakers supped in the Spread Eagle Inn; and a party of the tradesmen of the town dined in the Queen's Head Inn. All the meetings were numerously attended, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

KELSO BILLIARD AND READING-ROOM.—This dinner party numbered about forty, and was presided over by James S. Darling, Esq., W.S., chief magistrate of Kelso. The duties of croupier were discharged by Thomas F. Robertson, Esq. of St. Foin. After a very substantial dinner had been done ample justice to, the cloth was removed, and the Chairman gave in succession the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were drunk with all the honours.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said—Gentlemen, I now rise to propose the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns." How is it that from the Tweed to John o' Groat's House on the one side, and from the Solway to the Bullers of Buchan on the other, there has this day been spread one great banqueting table, round which, with one accord, people of all ranks have agreed to pay a tribute to the memory of Burns?—to lay aside their usual avocations, and to devote this day to the celebration of the centenary of Scotland's favourite poet? Is it with the view of paying homage to genius? I think not. For though Burns is our favourite poet, he is not our only poet—and in the other walks of literature we can boast of names that any nation might well be proud of—men of genius worthy the highest tribute of respect and admiration that a grateful country can bestow. Is this celebration then undertaken with the view of wiping out the stain which has rested on our country in consequence of our not having treated our poet well? Is it because we could not find a better situation for him than a gauger; and no better farm than one in which he was starving? A feeling of this kind I believe to be mixed up with this day's proceeding—that we are as it were seeking to make up for the neglect shown him during his life by paying a tribute to his memory that is altogether unexampled. But, admitting this to be the case, still the great moving cause of what is this day taking place is—not that Burns was a poet, but that he was emphatically *the* poet of Scotland. (Cheers.) Other poets have written beautifully, but what we all admire so much in Burns is, that his poems, and more especially his songs, come home so entirely to the hearts of Scotsmen. The beauties of nature, so pleasingly and truthfully painted, are all Scottish.—So also are the manners, the customs, the likings and dislikings, and superstitions, so amusingly and graphically given. And what is the greatest charm of all—they are given in our own Scottish tongue. (Cheers.) That is the reason why we this day assemble to do him honour, because he has immortalized our country, and has carried throughout the civilized world the name and the fame of Scotland. (Cheers.) It is impossible for any one not a Scotchman, to read either his songs or his poems without wishing to know something of the country and the people of whom and for whom they were written. (Cheers.) I have alluded to the treatment which Burns met with at the hands of his countrymen; but I do not think that this is to be attributed to the want of spirit and generosity on the part of the people of Scotland. Poor Burns fell on unhappy days; and I believe it was no wish of those who appointed him to the situation of exciseman, that he should continue in that capacity. He got that situation in the hope and promise that as soon as possible he would be promoted. But un-

fortunately a mark was set against his name that he should not be promoted. This arose in a great measure from misrepresentation; but it also arose from the peculiar constitution of the mind of the poet. He was, with many others, impressed with the idea that a new era was about to dawn on Europe in consequence of the revolutions that took place at the time when he lived and wrote. We know that in this country many partook of the feeling that the French were to become a far greater people than they were previous to the Revolution, and that they were to make the influence of their reformed institutions felt both in their country and in our own; and Burns, from a generous impulse, but in an unguarded moment, could not refrain from expressing himself warmly, and I have no doubt, eloquently, on the subject, in some of the social meetings which he attended. Intelligence was carried to head-quarters, and Burns became a marked man. But though the evil was done, Burns could not help feeling indignant at the manner in which he had been charged with holding principles with which he had no sympathy. He wrote a letter to one of the heads of the Board of Inland Revenue in firm, but dignified language; and as there is one part of it which shows Burns' real character, I may be permitted to read an extract from that letter. "Burns," he says, "was a poor man from his birth and an exciseman by necessity, yet he had a sterling sense of worth which poverty could not debase, and an independent British spirit which oppression might bend, but could not subdue." (Loud cheers.) Such is, I think, a portrait of Burns, and such is the man we are now met to honour. I might go on to say more; but as other points in the character of this illustrious man will be brought out by those who are to follow me in speech and song, I forbear; and conclude by asking you to drink a full and flowing bumper to the "Memory of Robert Burns." (The toast was received with the greatest enthusiasm.)

The Croupier proposed the toast of "The Sons of Burns." The Chairman gave in highly laudatory terms the toast of "The Duke of Roxburghe," which was drunk with all the honours.

Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart, advocate, proposed "The Peasantry of Scotland" in an eloquent speech, concluding as follows—We are told that ten cities claimed Homer as their own; but not ten but a thousand are clinging with fond affection to the memory of our peasant bard; and in every place where this centenary is being celebrated, there will a tribute be paid to the stern honour of the Scottish character, as exemplified in Robert Burns—(cheers)—and to our thorough independence as a country, which has never yet been conquered. (Loud cheers.) Scotland is like a great oak deeply rooted in her natural soil, and the songs and lyrics of Burns are like the winds that rustle sweetly among its branches; and let the clergy howl as they will, these leaves are this day being stirred to their very depths, and sending forth a melody which will cause the hearts of the Scottish peasantry to strike still deeper into their own Scottish soil. (Cheers.) I drink to their health as a great body of men—to their happiness and prosperity—to their continuance on Scottish soil—and I say, from the bottom of my heart, "God speed the plough." (Cheers.)

Other toasts were given, and several excellent songs sung with great spirit. The meeting was conducted with the utmost harmony and good feeling.

The Bowling Club Dinner.—The members of the Kelso Bowling Club and their friends met in the Red Lion Inn—Mr. George Craig, junior magistrate, presiding. The croupier's chair was filled by Mr. Thomas Mitchell, commissioner of police. A most substantial Scotch dinner having been done ample justice to, the cloth was removed, and the Chairman gave in succession the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were duly honoured.

The Chairman then rose to propose the toast "The Immortal Memory of Burns." In doing so, he said, few remarks were needed from him, as there could not be a doubt that the memory of Burns was a household word both in the palace and the cottage. There was not a Scotchman who would not be proud of the day they were now celebrating, and proud that he could claim kindred with such a genius as Robert Burns. Wherever his poetry was read, there the feelings were stirred, and the liveliest emotions of the soul called into existence. He was a Scotchman, and a son of toil, and on these accounts alone he was entitled to affectionate remembrance. He would not enter into the subject further, as there were many to follow him, but he would only say in conclusion that he could not do better than quote the words of that great bard, while assisting his father at the plough, that there the poetic genius of his country found him as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him. She bade him sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of his natal soil, in his native tongue, and tune his wild artless notes as she inspired; she whispered him to lay the precious productions of his great mind before his illustrious countrymen, for that the blood of her ancient heroes still ran uncontaminated, and that from her

courage, knowledge, and public spirit, he might expect protection, wealth and liberty. That unfortunately was not the case; but they could not forget that though he was ill used when in life, his name and his fame were immortal. It was to celebrate these they were that day met, and he called on them to drain a full and flowing bumper to "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

Mr. Mitchell proposed "The Sons of the Poet." The Chairman gave "The Duke of Roxburghe," which was drunk with all the honours. Other toasts were given. A great many of Burns' best songs were sung in first-rate style, and Mr. Riddell recited Burns' poem of "Tam o' Shanter" amid great applause.

The Operative Boot and Shoemakers, to the number of forty, sat down to supper in Mr. Stewart's Spread Eagle Inn, on the 25th. Mr. James Aitchison occupied the chair, and Mr. James Saddler was croupier. "The Immortal Memory of Burns" was proposed by the Chairman, and a number of local toasts followed. During the evening the company were enlivened by the singing of several of Burns' most admired songs. The supper was served up in a very excellent manner, and a very happy night was spent by all present.

Dinner in the Queen's Head Hotel.—A party of tradesmen of the town and their friends, to the number of about twenty, met in this hotel, and spent a very happy evening under the presidency of Mr. Andrew Middlemas, cork manufacturer. Mr. William Muir, an ardent admirer of our national poet, was present, and contributed much to the harmony of the meeting.

Tweedside Lodge of Odd Fellows' Dinner.—This dinner took place in the Cross Keys Hotel, and was very numerously attended. The chair was occupied by Dr. W. M. Mackenzie, and Mr. Murray, publisher of the *Kelso Chronicle*, was croupier.

The Chairman gave in succession the usual loyal toasts, which were drunk with all the honours.

Dr. Mackenzie introduced the toast of the evening, by giving an eloquent and graphic sketch of the life of the poet, concluding as follows:—In speaking of the intellectuality of Burns, we must remember that the very splendour of his fame as a poet has tended to obscure to us his vast attainments in knowledge, the depth of his learning, the extent of his mental endowments, and the great variety and energy of his understanding. We may often think of him as only the humble ploughman bard, but in reality he was a profound scholar. (Applause.) Burns was conscious of that genius he possessed which could quicken all knowledge, and enable him to wield it with power and ease, as is apparent to any one who has read "The Vision." The poetic genius finds its subjects both in the physical and in the metaphysical worlds, but does not confine itself to a mere prosaic description of these, but with a divine power, and, as if by inspiration, "makes all things new," oversteps the boundaries of material life; combines and blends these into new forms and affinities; and awakens new passions and emotions the most tender and sublime. (Applause.) The poetry of Robert Burns was a natural alliance with our best affections. It carries the mind above and beyond the weary beaten paths of life, to those of a purer element; it brings back the freshness of youthful love; it refreshes the weary, soothes the troubled mind, and by awakening a consciousness of what is pure and noble, has a clear tendency to spiritualize our nature. In a sonnet written in 1793 on his own birthday, Burns indicates the value he sets on the gift of poesy in these words:—

"I thank thee, Author of this opening day!
Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon orient skies!
Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joys
What wealth could never give, nor take away."

Or, in a more humorous strain,—

"Oh! fortune will ye gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, and whisky gill,
And routh o' rhyme to rive at will,
Tak' a' the rest."

One asked me what has Burns done for Scotland that such an ovation should be offered to his memory as that we are now making? The thrill that shot through my bosom—the flush which spread over my brow, had nearly prompted my tongue to words of hot haste—but a moment's reflection showed me that the heart which Burns had failed to move, the judgment which Burns had not impressed with admiration and esteem, were not likely to be awakened by words of mine; therefore with hanging head and amazed mien passed I on, still wondering if these were a Scotchman's words, or if they were merely parrot-like repetition of some vain Cockney who affected singularity — thereby hoping to pass for being clever and acute. (Applause.) Probably were it the brows of some successful sculptor or of some great painter we sought to decorate with laurels—such persons would press eagerly forward with the throng. And truly sculpture and painting are but forms of poetry, and the creators of such great works of art are well worthy of honour. The possession of a fine piece of statuary—the creation of Canova or Michael Angelo—or noble painting from the easel of Titian or Raf-

faelle, is indeed a proud and pleasant thing for its possessor—but what is it to all the world without, who cannot obtain admission to admire? But here is a monument—[holding up a copy of Burns' works]—raised by Burns' own unaided hand, which all the world can see at once—alike welcome to the splendid palace and the humblest cottage ingle side. (Great applause.) Here is a whole picture gallery at one view. Yes! pictures not merely addressed to the eye or mind for mere external form or comeliness—for delicacy of colour or correctness of outline—but going straight home to the heart, and calculated to raise there holier and happier enjoyments than any mere gratification of the sense of beauty can impart. Perhaps the great statesman or brave general would be thought by such a one as I named more worthy of fame? Ah! how often has our loved country been plunged in misery or steeped in debt by the hasty expression, or the obstinate refusal to withdraw a term of misunderstanding? How often has the hard-earned gains of the noblest sons of toil been squeezed out of them by excessive taxation to meet wanton expenditure by statesmen? And how many thousands of the bravest and best of our gallant countrymen have been mown down on the field of battle, or disabled for life, to satisfy some personal animosity or gratify unjustifiable ambition? Ah! let my friend accompany me to the field of battle. The fight is just o'er. Look at yonder haughty grenadier employed wiping the gore from his bayonet! Observe that stalwart Highlander removing the bloodstains from his good claymore! See that Scotch Grey cleaning the wounds on his gallant charger's shoulders, impaled as he had been on the bayonets of the compact square they had ridden through and through that day! Watch the demoniacal savagery which still agitates the expression on every face; revenge for their fallen comrades burns in every line—stern and blood-thirsty is their mien, when hark! what change comes o'er the spirit of the dream? Why does yonder grenadier lay down his uncompleted work, and turn aside with saddened air? Why does that stout Highlander fold his arms on his chest, and with face, prone to the earth, look no longer the conqueror but the vanquished hero? Why dashes yonder brave Scotch Grey his hand across his eyes to conceal those tears of which his cheeks were innocent till now? A Scottish drummer boy has crept round the back of the camp, and is drawing from his favourite flageolet one of those airs of auld Caledonia, which our own Burns has clothed in words and given soul. Which of these great ones has done most for human nature, judge ye? and if with me you adjudge the palm to the work of Scotia's Burns, then think not of the mortal man, but let the welkin ring with honest, hearty, triumphant Scottish cheers in honour of the immortal bard. (The toast was honoured with great enthusiasm.)

Mr. Gray proposed the "Peasantry of Scotland," observing that they were the most industrious and honourable class of men in their rank in the world.

Mr. W. Henderson gave "The Poets of Scotland," mentioning in particular the names of the Ettrick Shepherd, Thomson, and Leyden.

Mr. Heckford proposed the Chairman, stating that in his profession he was highly popular among the brethren of the lodge.

Other toasts followed, and the party, which was of a very harmonious and hilarious description, broke up at a seasonable hour.

KILBIRNIE.—In the evening the Centenary of Burns was celebrated here with great éclat, by ninety-four gentlemen who dined in honour of the great event, in Mr. John Law's large hall—great numbers having been disappointed in not obtaining tickets. The chair was ably filled by Mr. John Orr, supported by William Knox, Esq., Dennyholm; J. Orr, Esq., Lochridge; J. Mackie, Esq., contractor; and Mr. J. Watt, rope manufacturer; while the duties of croupier were ably discharged by Mr. Alexander Orr, supported by Mr. Robert Knox, merchant; Mr. Alexander Fyfe; J. Walker, Esq., net manufacturer; and Mr. Alexander Halbert. Very eloquent and stirring addresses were delivered by the chairman, the croupier, W. Knox, and Mr. Rennie. A piece of original poetry, introduced with a few anecdotes, by James Shedden, jun., kept the meeting for a considerable time in roars of laughter, while the excellent singing of Bryce Conn, R. Barbour, Mr. Wotherspoon, W. Orr, A. Lamb, R. Glasgow, and John Orr, added to the hilarity and enjoyment of the meeting. The evening was very pleasantly spent in social glee; mine host, Mr. Law, getting great credit for his excellent and liberal supply of roast beef and haggis. During the evening the Dennyholm instrumental band perambulated the village, and played a number of national airs which, by the poetry of the immortal bard, are now indelibly engraven on the hearts of all Scotchmen.

KILBRIDE (West).—No fewer than three meetings connected with the Centenary took place in our village. At one of these Captain Fullarton presided. The Chairman, on proposing the toast of the evening, spoke in a most enthusiastic manner regarding the great poet, whose writings were so truthful and of such intense and universal interest, and who shed

a loving light on our highest aspirations and most common-place duties and relations. Mr. Hugh Muir, who acted as croupier, in proposing "The Agricultural Interests," defended the farmers from the charge of timidity towards improvement. Mr. Logan, Kirkland, gave the "Highland and Agricultural Society," and showed how rapidly farming had progressed in his own place and time. Mr. Shaw, teacher, Parish School, in giving the "Press," said, that although the English newspaper originated about the time of the civil war, when the intense interest in news called forth a new instrument to communicate them, yet it had ever since been a safety-valve, telling the prime minister much that might otherwise have been told by conflagration or riot. Other toasts were proposed by Mr. John Crawford, Millstoneford; Mr. Macarthur, Crosshill: song and recitation combined to place the group within a charmed circle, so that the hour for facing the storm without came much too soon.

The members of the Thistle Lodge of Free Gardeners, to the number of 70, celebrated the evening by a supper in the Wellington Inn. A. Barbour, grand-master, occupied the chair; W. Wilson, senr., and D. Crauford, of Woodside, acting as croupiers. A blessing having been asked by the Chaplain of the Society, the company partook of a sumptuous supper, served up in Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie's best style. The usual loyal toasts were given and responded to with all the honours of the fraternity.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said,—We come now to the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns, the great National Bard of Scotland." He briefly adverted to the fact that their presence this night along with the thousands who were congregated far and near, wherever Burns' works were read, bore ample testimony to the truth that his works were not of that ephemeral kind which sink into oblivion as soon as their authors are consigned to the dust. He gave a short outline of the more prominent events in the short but chequered career of the bard; and though not for one moment endeavouring to conceal the fact that Burns, in the heat of his imagination, and the restless turmoil of his spirit, too often uttered sentiments inimical to the doctrines of morality, yet we should with a friendly hand draw the veil of sympathy over his failings, remembering that—

> "Tho' he went a kennin wrang,
> To step aside is human;"

Giving every allowance for his shortcomings, there have been many heartless and often groundless aspersions thrown upon his character. Who would characterize the man as an infidel that could give utterance to such sentiments?—

> "The great Creator to revere
> Must sure become the creature;
> But still the preaching cant forbear,
> And even the rigid feature.
> Yet ne'er with wits profane to range
> Be complaisance extended,
> An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
> For Deity offended."

In conclusion, he said that Burns was truly the poet of nature, and who, for native strength of thought, truthful delineation of human nature, depth of poetic feeling, stern independence of character, and nobleness of sentiment, deservedly ranks high in the Temple of Poetic Fame. (The toast was drunk in solemn silence.)

The Chairman next gave—"The Health of Colonel and Major Burns; and Burns' two nieces, the Misses Begg."

During the evening, a great number of the best of Burns' songs were sung. Several other toasts were given; also, a vote of thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie for the orderly manner in which all the accommodations of the evening were supplied. The company then sung in a body the pathetic strain of "Auld Langsyne;" and the Chairman having given, "Happy to meet, sorry to part, and happy to meet again," the meeting separated, all highly delighted with the harmonious and pleasant evening they had spent.

The Brethren of the Royal Arch Lodge of Freemasons, here, met in their lodge-room to commemorate this great and memorable event, when, on the lodge being opened in due form, preparations were made for a walk through the village. Early in the evening, the brethren formed into procession, preceded by the West Kilbride Instrumental Band, and perambulated the streets by torch-light; and, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, a large crowd followed. The very respectable appearance of the brethren, dressed in their peculiar mystic clothing and emblems, the fluttering of flags in the breeze, lighted up by the wild glare of the torches, had an effect grand and imposing. The brethren afterwards repaired to their lodge-room, not to discuss the frailties of the man, but to do honour to the immortal memory and genius of the departed bard. Song, toast, sentiment, instrumental music, mostly bearing on the memory of the world-famed poet, went round in succession. A more harmonious, agreeable, and happy meeting could not possibly have been held. The chair was ably filled by brother George Robertson, R.W.M. of the lodge, who, on this as well as on other occasions, had every requisite arrangement made for the comfort and

accommodation of the brethren. The meeting was greatly enlivened by the very efficient services of the instrumental band. When the hour of high twelve arrived, all present joined in singing "Auld Langsyne," when the proceedings terminated.

KILMARNOCK.—Here Tuesday was almost kept as a holiday. Many of the shops were shut the whole day, and by a little after mid-day the majority of the shops were closed. As agreed, there was a trades' demonstration, but the day was dirty and blustering, and this, we doubt not, prevented many from taking part in the demonstration. The Masons turned out, in official garb, more numerously than the other trades. Deputations from St. Clement's, St. John's, and other Lodges, were present, and took part in the proceedings, accompanied by a brass band. Mr. Barclay's men, of the Caledonian, turned well out, also accompanied by a brass band, and carrying with them several insignia of their profession.

A dinner took place in the George Hall, which was decorated with evergreens. The decorations were under the superintendence of Mr. W. Tannock, artist, assisted by Mr. Curdie, who completed the sketches. The general tone of the whole was that of lightness, chasteness, elegance, and airiness. The graceful evergreen festoons that were hung round the hall, set off and set out by the numberless rosettes that were intermingled with them; the noble, life-like portrait of Burns, with that feeling of dreamy genius that pervaded his countenance, as if partly absorbed in mental reverie in the production of some of his masterpieces, or partly gazing with complacent gratification and just pride on the scene before him; the beautiful water colours that portrayed the scenes of the principal events of his chequered and eventful career; the assembled guests, the sparkling wine, the wit, repartee, jest, and rounded period of eloquence issuing from the speakers' lips; all combined to make the room and meeting the most brilliant and successful that had ever taken place in Kilmarnock.

Archibald Finnie, Esq. of Springfield, our worthy and excellent Provost, very happily and ably officiated as chairman. He was supported on the right by Hugh Montgomerie, Esq. of Bourtriehill, James Donald, Esq. of Abbey Cottage, Dr. James Aitken, W. Tannock, Esq., artist, Dr. Thomson, Dr. Mitchell; on the left by Bailie Mack, J. H. Picken, Esq. of Hillhouse, James Wilson, Esq., banker, Dr. Paxton, F. C. Gross, Esq., procurator fiscal, Captain Hugh Brown, James Bunten, Esq., Nursery Hill, Alexander Smith, M.A., Academy. R. P. Adam, Esq. of Tour, very felicitously acted as croupier, and was supported on the right by Bailie Cuthbertson, J. Y. Deans, Esq., Kirkstyle, David Rankin, Esq., Barbadoes Bank, John Guthrie, Esq., Holmes, John Torrance, Esq., Mayfield, George Paxton, Esq., Richardland, Patrick Stirling, Esq., engineer, and Dr. H. Smith; on the left by Bailie Crooks, James Anderson, Esq. of Carthgale, Treasurer Sturrock, D. R. Andrews, Esq., Braehead House, John Sturrock, Esq., writer, James Black, Esq., banker, Stewarton, William Taylor, Esq., manufacturer. In the body of the hall we observed, acting as stewards, Councillor Bicket, R. M'Kinnel, Esq., Jas. Crooks, Esq., J. S. Gregory, Esq., John Baird, Esq., Robert Railton, Esq., James Meikle, Esq., John Graham, Esq., James Laughland, Esq., Hugh Reid, Esq., James Paxton, Esq., &c., &c.

In the absence of clergymen, the Chairman asked a blessing, and the company heartily partook of the abundance of good things set before them. The Croupier returned thanks.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the CHAIRMAN introduced the toast of the evening. He said—Mr. Croupier and Gentlemen—we have now approached, and I rise to propose the toast, to do honour to which we are this evening assembled—"The Immortal memory of Robert Burns." (Great cheering.) I shall not now apologise for occupying this chair. You are aware, Sir, and all the gentlemen present are aware, that I do so, at their solicitation, as a matter of duty in virtue of the office I have the honour to hold; for on no other ground could I pretend to preside over many who are infinitely better qualified than I am "to bear the gree," on this occasion. While, however, I owe my humble duty to "Auld Kilmarnock," I feel that "Auld Kilmarnock," owes a far deeper and more sacred duty to that illustrious name, with which she shall be for ever associated. I rejoice, therefore, to occupy this chair, and that—despite of all that antiquated prejudice has done again to disentomb the unfortunate failings of our national bard—you have come so nobly forward to vindicate and celebrate his claims to the admiration of his countrymen and of the world. We are not here, gentlemen, to approve of all that Burns ever did. We are not here to contend that his conduct was at all times worthy of himself, or that his character should go down to posterity as more than mortal. We are, on the contrary, free to admit that his faults and failings were great; but had they been otherwise they could not have been Burns'! All about him was great, and so were his failings. When the atmosphere of that mighty mind became disturbed by the intensity of its own mysterious workings, the

thunder and the lightning were of no ordinary character; but the clouds cleared away, there stood revealed the native majesty and serenity of his soul, and there broke forth those brilliant beams which shall irradiate and gladden the great heart of humanity till the end of time. (Cheering.) But, gentlemen, where is that name on the long scroll of fame against which nothing unworthy was ever made known? and are a hundred years not to suffice to have buried in eternal oblivion all that was mortal of that noble spirit, whose breathings shall ever brood over the hills and the valleys of our dear native land? (Cheering.) The glorious sun has his spots, and the silver moon her exhausted volcanoes; but are these always to be remembered when we enjoy the splendours of the one, or the melancholy radiance of the other?

"The cleanest corn that e'er was dight,
Will hae a pile o' caf in't." (Great cheering.)

I need not detain you, gentlemen, with any history of the Poet's career—it is well known to you all—better to many than to me—suffice it to say that his school days were spent very creditably to himself, notwithstanding the "upsetting of his trigonometry," by the early upheavings of those wonderful powers with which nature had gifted him. His youth was one of toil and care, and deeply did he feel, and earnestly did he exert himself to lighten the burdens of his worthy parents, but fickle fortune seemed to have starred him for adversity. Cast in his riper years, first, among those of his own class, where he was "King of a' the core;' and afterwards among the titled and the learned, how was it possible he could altogether escape the unfortunate usages of society, which were then so prevalent? But in all the varied scenes through which it was his destiny to pass, that noble independence of soul seemed never to forsake him. But what shall I say of his lofty genius? His endowments were of the most exalted character, and akin to that prophetic cast of mind which is found only in the highest orders of intellect, and closely allied to those of true inspiration. Witness the broad and enlightened views he had fore-attained on political, religious, and other subjects; and the intensity of his yearnings for the glorious day:—

"Its coming yet for a' that,
When man to man the world o'er,
Shall brithers be and a' that." (Cheering.)

But, gentlemen, why need I detain you on these points. The verdict of posterity is before you—and this day the name and genius of Ayrshire's Bard are being celebrated as far as waters roll, or winds can waft them. And, gentlemen, well does it become Auld Kilmarnock to rejoice on this great occasion. He was one of ourselves—he looked down on our fertile valley from the heights of Mossgiel—he attended our fairs and our markets—he brightened the society of many kindred spirits in the days of our forefathers, whose names and characters he has justly honoured; and our printing press had the privilege of first giving forth those heart-stirring strains, which now encircle the globe. All honour then "To the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." The Chairman saying the days of mourning being now ended, the toast was drank mid thundering and prolonged cheers.

The Chairman read a prize poem composed by Mr. Archibald M'Kay.

Dr. Thomson in a long and able speech gave the "Memory of our Scottish Patriots Wallace and Bruce." Drunk with great enthusiasm; Mr. Brown singing "Scots wha hae." Then followed "the Sons of Burns," by the Croupier; the "Memory of Sir Walter Scott," by Mr. Smith of the Academy, who referred with great effect to the literary history of the first half of this century. Mr. Rankine sang "Blue Bonnets over the Border." "Living poets of Scotland, coupled with the names of Alexander Smith and Archibald M'Kay," replied to by the latter gentleman.

Then followed other toasts with appropriate songs, after which a most successful and happy meeting terminated. After the dinner there was a ball in the George Hotel, at which 120 ladies and gentlemen were present.

Masonic Centenary Supper. — A large number of the brethren of St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 126, met in the George Hotel, to celebrate the centenary of Burns. At seven, P. M., the brethren sat down to a sumptuous supper, that reflected great credit on Br. Stewart, the host of the George, and to which the brethren did ample justice. The room was decorated with flags and banners belonging to the lodge, and various masonic insignia, amongst which was a large ornamental tree, on which was arranged a beautiful masonic device. Above the R.W.M. was a striking likeness of the Bard. The brethren appeared in full masonic costume, and the room, when lighted up, presented a most brilliant appearance. We may also mention that the lodge was tyled with Burns' own sword, worn by him when in the Dumfries volunteers, and which has been in the possession of the lodge these many years. After partaking of an excellent and sumptuous supper, and the cloth removed, the lodge was opened in due form by the R.W.M., Br. Wm. Caldwell; Brs. John Cogan and Wm. Kernachan, as senior and junior wardens. The usual loyal toasts were

given, the Queen's Anthem being sung by the brethren standing. The "Immortal Memory" was pledged enthusiastically, and all the speeches and proceedings were of the happiest kind.

COMMERCIAL INN MEETING.—A party of gentlemen, numbering about forty, met in Miss Wylie's, Commercial Hotel, to celebrate the Centenary of Robert Burns. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Malcolm, and Mr. A. Anderson officiated as croupier. After partaking of a sumptuous dinner, served up in Miss Wylie's usual first-class manner, the cloth was removed, when the Chairman, in a few and appropriate remarks, gave the usual and patriotic toasts, which were heartily responded to. The Chairman then in an eloquent manner gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was drunk in solemn silence. Mr. Peden in a neat and concise speech gave the "health of the Provost and Magistracy of Kilmarnock," which was properly responded to, and Mr. Matthew Anderson sung in a fine style some of Burns' finest songs. Mr. Moffat with great effect gave the "Cottar's Saturday Night." Mr. Oliver gave "The memory of Mrs. Burns." Mr. M'Dermid gave the "Town and trade of Kilmarnock," which was drunk enthusiastically. Then Mr. Loudon recited "Tam o' Shanter." The company separated after singing "Banks and Braes o' bonny Doon," and "Auld Langsyne," highly pleased with their night's entertainment.

CELEBRATION BY THE VULCAN FOUNDRY WORKMEN.—On Tuesday evening, the employées of the Vulcan Foundry Works met in the large pattern shop connected with the works, and after partaking of a liberal refreshment in the shape of cakes and Scotch haggis, the Chairman in a few suitable remarks introduced the toast of the evening, "To the memory of Burns." Several other toasts followed, and the evening was spent in a happy and harmonious manner, in singing the songs and reciting the poems of the Ayrshire Bard. The proceedings were brought to a close about half-past eleven o'clock, by the company singing "Auld Langsyne," when

> "Each took aff his several way,
> Resolved to meet some ither day."

DEMONSTRATION BY MR. BICKET'S WORKMEN.—The workmen in Mr. John Bicket's employment met on the 25th, in commemoration of Burns, in one of the workshops, which was kindly granted for the occasion. Great credit is due to the young men for the tasteful manner the shop was decorated with evergreens. Upwards of thirty sat down to a splendid supper—Mr. Peter Mitchell in the chair, supported on the right by Mr. John Thomson, and on the left by Mr. G. M'Kinnon. Mr. William Hamilton fulfilled the duties of croupier, supported on the right by Mr. James Draper, and on the left by Mr. James Gilchrist. The evening was spent with great joy in song and sentiment until an early hour.

CELEBRATION BY MR. BARCLAY'S MEN.—About forty engineers in connexion with Mr. Barclay's engine works, met in Mr. M'Whinnie's, Bakers' Arms, to celebrate the centenary of Robert Burns,—Mr. Allan Andrews in the chair, Mr. William M'Crouchie officiating as croupier. A number of gentlemen present contributed to the harmony of the evening with song and sentiment. The company separated at a seasonable hour, highly pleased. The dinner was in Mr. M'Whinnie's usual first-class manner, and for elegance and variety we have seldom seen it surpassed.

CELEBRATION BY MESSRS. PAXTON'S EMPLOYEES.—On this occasion the workmen in the employment of Messrs. George Paxton and Sons were entertained to a splendid supper by their worthy employers, in the brewer's premises. Mr. Hugh Wallace was called to the chair. After partaking of the good things of this life, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given. The Chairman called upon them to fill their glasses, and in a neat and appropriate speech, gave "The immortal memory of Robert Burns." Songs and toasts followed in rapid succession, till "some wee short hour ayont the twal."

CENTENARY MEETING IN MR. GEORGE ROOME'S.—Mr. George Aitken, chairman. Mr. Adam Crooks, croupier. After the usual loyal toasts of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the rest of the royal family, the army and navy, the Chairman gave, "The Memory of Burns, the bard of bards," in a very felicitous and pithy manner. After which Mr. James Robertson gave "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," doing him ample justice. Mr. John Sloan gave "The Memory of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd," with a brief account of his life and times. Mr. Andrew M'Lean gave "The living Poets, coupled with the health of Mr. Archibald M'Kay." Mr. Hugh Wight gave "The Memory of Robert Nicol" very happily. Mr. Adam M'Lean gave "The Memory of Taunahill." Mr. Hugh Roxburgh gave "The Town and Trade of Kilmarnock." Mr. Matthew Smith gave "Agriculture in its progressive strides." A happier evening was not spent throughout the country.

The Abstainers' Union had a social tea meeting in Robertson's Coffee-house. M. P. Gemmill presided; and there were fifty ladies and gentlemen present. The tea was served in the best style. Several short appropriate addresses were given, and some of the best of Burns'

poems were sung or recited, besides several negro, Highland, and local songs and duets, which were executed in a beautiful manner. The meeting broke up at a seasonable hour, after singing "Auld Langsyne."

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS' DINNER. — The United Literary Associations of Kilmarnock met to celebrate Burns' centenary in St. John's Masonic Hall, Sun Inn, which was finely decorated with evergreens, paintings, and flags. There would be about 120 present. Mr. John M'Kay very ably filled the chair, and Mr. Richard Thomson very happily officiated as croupier. The chairman asked a blessing, after which a substantial supper was partaken of, which did much credit to the taste of Mr. M'Dougall.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts,

The CHAIRMAN, in introducing the toast of the evening—the "Memory of Burns"—said —Scotland, above all other nations, can boast of a roll of fame, blazoned with the name of many eminent sons, who, by the lustre of their genius, have shed a hallowed glory upon our literature, our science, and our art. By the combination of their talents and indefatigable perseverance, they have raised their country to that high position which she now so deservedly maintains, and of which we as Scotchmen have just reason to be proud. But amongst all our illustrious men, there is not one whom we respect with such deep, earnest affection as Burns, the present poet—(cheers)—who, coming as he did at a time when our land was beginning to emerge from bigotry and prejudice, he, like the lightning's flash, gleamed amidst, and dispelled to a degree, the sullen darkness and superstition of the age; and through his all-powerful influence heralded to our nation the advent of a brighter and happier era. Endowed with a splendid imagination, a warm heart, generous affections, powerful intellect, ardent love of country, and sturdy independence, we need not wonder that Burns in his advent to the world was hailed with feelings of rapturous joy—that he was looked upon silently with amazement—or that his dazzling light, which still shines before men, should willingly have drawn them in his own day to kneel at his shrine. (Cheers.) Singing of the loves, the cares, and pleasures of humanity, his noble sentiments found a ready response in every honest bosom. He was looked to in his own age as a man of mind, lent to us as a teacher—

> "Underived, except of God."

Imbued with a deep love for nature—animate and inanimate—he drank deeply at her inexhaustible depths, and his glowing powers of fancy embalmed her every aspect in matchless song. The simplest of his sketches fall from his hand adorned with beauty and invested with that peculiar originality which is their charm. All are treated in sincerity, and clothed in the fervent language of truth. His finest pieces are indeed ennobling, and the moral reflections which are scattered throughout them become universally imbedded in our memories as precious gems: they are the appreciated inheritance of prince and peasant. In them we perceive no affectation, no hackneyed cant, no dissembling of the bard to appear what he is not; but all are true, and flow forth from a generous heart. In his deathless lyrics he has embodied the feelings of mankind; they strike the key note which starts the music in every breast. Where else can we find a martial song like "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled?" It is music itself, of that kind which makes us fear no enemy, and causes our blood to leap fever-tide. (Cheers.) What bard sings with such rapturous pathos of melting love, or more majestically mourns in manly eloquence over departed worth? who portrays the ridiculous with such "pauky" humour? who speaks of the scenes "O' auld langsyne" with such a kindly greeting, as "our ain Robin Burns?" Is his theme independence? then who scorns like him

> "The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes."

With prophetic voice he proclaims the true "dignity of man." What hand could wield the lash of satire with such power against canting bigots? With these qualities Burns became widely known, and to them we have, in a great measure, to attribute the manly tone which pervades society now. We look not to sordid wealth, but openly declare—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

Ever sensible that the great aims of genius should be exerted in elevating and enlightening his kind, Burns, with giant strength, applied his lever to raise society; and his potent influence in this respect is felt not merely by Scotchmen, but by a world, ready at all times to laud what is good. If, on the one hand, he praised what was good, on the other, he condemned much that was wrong, and consequently he raised a host of enemies, who have not died with his death. Hated by some whose profession should teach them to look with charity on the thoughtless follies of a neighbour, and at least to allow the ashes of worth to rest in peace, they should be taught, by the enthusiasm which exists at this time over the world, that Burns holds that place in the estimation of

mankind which he so well merits. Surely no one can, for a moment, believe that the author of "The Cottar's Saturday Night" was devoid of religious principle and feeling. He could not be silent when he saw religion disgraced by its worldly professors, who worshipped because it was fashionable, clad in the robes of base hypocrisy. His was a reverence of nobler faith; and ever alive to the importance of this eternal subject, he sang

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad."

It is much to be regretted that his light shone in such fitful glimpses through the clouds of adversity. His was a chequered, unrequited life, and his mighty spirit sank to rest, whilst all was dark and dreary around—

"Plodding the last sands of life, where not a flower appeared."

We cannot contemplate his neglected end without feelings of emotion; and yet we sincerely rejoice to witness the respect which is paid to his glorious memory in our own day. To-night shall a display be made, the most triumphant ever bestowed on men of genius. The most illustrious in letters shall assemble over the world to do honour to our ploughman bard, who, "though dead, still liveth," whose name shall be cherished with the warmest gratitude, and shall remain immortal in the affections of mankind. So long as love and friendship reign, so long shall the name of Burns be shrined in the bosom of humanity. Gentlemen, I ask you to honour, with three times three, "The Memory of Burns." (Great cheering.) Drunk with all the honours.

Mr. Loudon sang "Robin the ploughman."

Many other appropriate toasts were given, and songs were sung; and after singing together "Auld Langsyne," the company separated a little after "the wee short hour ayont the twal."

SHOEMAKERS' BURNS CENTENARY DINNER.—The shoemakers of Kilmarnock met on the evening of the 25th January, in the hall of the Victoria Inn, to celebrate the centenary of Robert Burns—Mr. Robert Pitt chairman, and Mr. James M'Kenzie croupier. Upwards of seventy sat down to a dinner which conferred great credit on the good taste and management of the worthy host, Mr. M'Pherson. At it was not forgot the "great chieftain o' the pudding race—warm, reeking, rich." The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens, interspersed with portraits of our bard, and several views taken from places which he has hallowed by his pen.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given, the CHAIRMAN rose to propose "The Memory of Burns," and said:—A hundred years this day have winged their flight into the past since he first drew the breath of life. This night will his name be remembered on every ocean where the British flag flutters in the breeze. (Cheers.) On every continent and island to which Scotchmen have gone, Scotchmen will meet this night to do honour to the memory of the Ayrshire bard. (Cheers.) Consider what he did, and could do, and then understand why we also are met to honour Robin. He looked with a poet's eye on every object, and endowed all with his rich fancy. At one time we find his fancy playing with heaven's artillery, and making lightning flash from pole to pole; at another, he beautifully describes the fragrant arms of the birch-tree, screening the dear embrace of the loving pair. At one time we find him in imagination with the Bruce of Bannockburn, charging his troops before battle in the most heroic, patriotic, and poetic strain that the world ever heard; while, at another, he presents us with the tree by the side of the river, mirroring itself in its shadowy, watery bed. In what mournful strains does he lament the fate of the mouse and the mountain daisie. With what life-like, living, and poetic strains does he sing of the habits and manners of the people. With what humour does he portray the Hallowe'en charms and spells, and produces something substantial in their stead. In the "Twa Dogs" he draws the pictures of the upper and lower classes in such a humorous and sarcastic strain, that we find no parallel to it in print. In the "Jolly Beggars" the scenes are laid amid low realities; but the songs are so appropriate to their characters, that the equal of it is not found in the English language, or in any other. (Cheers.) Endowed, as every true poet is, with great knowledge of the human mind, he levelled the terrible shafts of his satire against the ignorance, bigotry, and superstition of his times, and directed them with the precision of a Munro. I need not tell you here how easily our bard takes his place as president of the great republic of song. (Cheers.) Where, I may well ask, is it possible to find the loves, the fears, the joys, and sorrows of the human heart expressed in such living, burning, and enthralling words? Justly, then, may I ask you to drink, with honest pride, to the memory of the Bard of Coila. (Drank with all its honours.)

Mr. Alexander Boyd sung, "There was a lad was born in Kyle."

Toast and song went round, and the company enjoyed themselves till nearly the "wee short hour ayont the twal," parting in high glee, resolved to meet some other day.

BONNET-MAKERS' CELEBRATION OF BURNS' CENTENARY.—The operative bonnet-makers of Kilmarnock partook of a very sumptuous dinner in the Angel, in honour of our national bard—Mr. Simpson in the chair, and Mr. Thomson, croupier. The hall was decorated. Around the portrait of the poet was a wreath of evergreens and roses, with other pictures of places which Burns in his immortal verse has described. The cloth being removed, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given, likewise a toast to the Bonnet-Makers' Corporation, after which song and sentiment freely flowed. All went on with the greatest of glee, till Forbes warned the company it was time to depart.

About thirty of the principal employées at the New Works, and others connected with the Glasgow and South-Western Railway Company, met at supper in Mr. Wale's Rainbow Tavern. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Fraser, of the Works; while Mr. M'Donald, station-master, very happily acted as croupier. Mr. John Begg, nephew of Burns, attended this meeting of his fellow-workmen, and thus made it more interesting. There was also on the table an old teapot, a souvenir of Burns. It had been gifted by him and "Jeanie," his wife, to a sister of the latter, at marriage, and by her family carefully preserved as a relic of the great poet. The company used it on various occasions as a "toddy-distributor."

The supper provided by Mr. Wales was most abundant and sumptuous—served up in a superior manner, highly creditable to him and his establishment, and to which the company did ample justice. After the cloth was removed, the usual loyal and constitutional toasts were given and responded to.

In calling for a bumper for the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns,"

The CHAIRMAN, in his introductory remarks regarding the general character and early career of Burns, said:—The characteristic feature most notable in the actions of Robert Burns was his desire to do and to act independently of the frown of the great, the scorn of the little, or the scoff of the hypocrite, when the cause of truth was at stake. For this he has been revered, for this his name has become cherished and respected, and for this the generations of men yet to come will preserve that name untainted and unalloyed. Meanness with him was considered a crime; and whether in the palace, the lordly hall, the state, the pulpit, the society of rank, or the commonalty; wherever truth was assailed—whoever dared to check its glorious progress, the lash, the satire, and the keen, cutting, mighty intellect of Burns exposed the delinquent, and branded him as a traitor to his kind. Scotland 100 years ago contrasts strangely with the present time. Then, the government was exclusive, overbearing, and rash; the church coercive, dogmatical, and somewhat tinctured with superstition; the people, generally speaking, illiterate, and sectarianly zealous, but having within them the seeds and elements of great principles destined, in the revolution of years, to attain to mighty achievements, in art, science, and literature. Robert Burns was born, nursed, and educated in the midst of such principles, and we honour the man the more because of the stand he took against the characteristics of the times. As a song writer, he continued, 'tis universally admitted, Burns carries the palm of pre-eminence, for in each song we have an embodiment of our national character. Living and moving among the peasantry of his country, their joys were his joys, and their sorrows his sorrows, and so faithfully are his song pictures in this respect, that the nature, habits, customs, tastes, and feelings of the people he dwelt among are sketched alike with the pencil of the historian as well as the quill of the poet. Say not the poet's mission is an idle one, for the songs of a country are dear to the hearts of the sons and daughters of that country, but doubly dear when o'er the seas and far away. This day thousands have agreed to do honour to the memory of Burns, and in common with others, we have thought fit to assemble to testify our sense of his sterling worth. Let us do so as men who can, and are willing at all times, to honour goodness, come in what shape it may. (Cheers.) Living a life of toil, and sinking into the tomb before his time, one of the best proofs of his honesty is in the fact, he went to his God owing no man anything—leaving to his children an inheritance gold cannot purchase, and power is unable to bestow. And now join with me, in silence becoming this great occasion, "The Memory of Burns." (The toast was drunk in silence, the glasses being filled from the teapot.)

Mr. George Thomson, in giving "The Relatives of the Poet and Mr. John Begg, his Nephew," then present, passed a high compliment on the unobtrusive character of that gentleman; and referred to the honourable career which Colonel and Major Burns had in India as soldiers.

The toast having been duly responded to, Mr. Begg shortly and feelingly replied, thanking them for the honour they had done him, and expressing a hope that he would continue to merit the good opinion they held of him.

The harmony of the evening was much enhanced by the singing of several fine songs by Messrs. Auld, Thomson, Manson, and others

of the company. Mr. Auld, in particular, sung a song specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Crawford. A most happy, pleasant, and agreeable evening was spent by the whole company; and after "Auld Langsyne" in due form, the company broke up at an *early* hour.

KILSYTH.—A respectable company of ladies and gentlemen met in the evening in the parish School-room—Rev. Wm. Wallace in the chair. After doing justice to an abundant supply of tea and cake, the Chairman delivered a talented address on the character and genius of Burns. Ladies and gentlemen, (he said,) we are met here to do honour to Robert Burns, Scotland's greatest poet, while thousands and tens of thousands in other places, near and remote, in furthest east and west, are met to do the same. He then said that some people might sneer at our little affair, that it would be lost amid the din and glare of town and city festivals, but still we willingly helped to swell the tide of praise that now rises like a sea to the memory of Burns, and to remove some of the obloquy that rests on Scotland for her neglect during his lifetime.

During his life Burns did not much fill the public eye. Living as he did in a remote county, far from the metropolis, what he there said and did induced some to vilify and traduce his name, and in some quarters he has been stigmatized as immoral and infidel. These epithets are entirely unfounded. Read his "Cottar's Saturday Night," and his prayers on the prospect of death, and we dare any man to say that such are the productions of an infidel.

Passing on, the Rev. Gentleman alluded to Burns' attacks on the clergy. His "Holy Fair," "Holy Willie's Prayer," &c.—these attacks were made in no infidel spirit. In fact, he often did religion's cause noble service in unmasking hypocrisy and cant. The speaker here made some appropriate remarks on the injury cant and hypocrisy did to true religion. He then proceeded to look at Burns as he actually lived and wrote—Burns as a man and Burns as a poet. No man could be found on whom Nature had more firmly fixed her stamp. His keen sensibilities were the cause of his virtues and his follies. No man could have been a better son, brother, husband, or father. He speaks with affection and reverence of his father, and did all he could to smooth his inevitable passage to the grave, doing wonders with his plough, his spade, and his flail, to keep poverty from their humble home. The Chairman, in conclusion, touched on some of the characteristics of the poet's writings, and resumed his seat amid great applause.

Mr. John Wallace, after a rather original and humorous introduction, said—For what purpose are we met to-night; or why is it that we see a whole nation prostrate themselves, as it were, in adoration, to the memory of a mere mortal creature, recalling to our minds the dark ages of heathen mythology? Is it because Burns was a great hero, a martyr, a noble example of Christian philanthropy; or was his life adorned with the beauty of moral excellence? No—it is simply a nation testifying their admiration of his original genius. The name and poetry of Burns are imbedded in the minds of the Scottish people, because his writings illustrate, in touching language, the patriotism, manners, and customs of his native country—his songs also vividly depict our own feelings and emotions, and they bring before our minds associations which are ever entwined around the spot where we spent the morning of our days,—when "we paidled in the burn, and pu'd the gowans fine."

Mr. William Moffat, after some introductory remarks, said, that range the whole surface of the globe, and no nation would be found in whom there existed a stronger and deeper love of country, than that which swelled in the breasts of the Scottish people. Amongst various elements which constituted and fostered this, was a feeling of pride in a long list of illustrious men who had been nurtured on her hardy soil, and who, by deeds of heroism, and efforts of genius, had linked their names with their country's through all time. He then went on to notice the fact, that many of these illustrious men had sprung from the people; and none amongst the galaxy of Scottish intellect shone with brighter effulgence than the genius of our ploughman bard, Scotland's poet, the immortal Burns. Mr. Moffat concluded a glowing eulogium on Burns as a Man and a Poet as follows:—In yonder Lucknow's leaguered city see a band of brave devoted hearts worn out by toil and suffering, death closing darkly round. But, hark! why that cry of "saved; they come?" why those bended knees and heartfelt prayers to Heaven? why those tears of joy trickling o'er manly cheeks? Ah! yon Indian breeze answers, as it bears the well-known strains ever dear to Scottish hearts—strains ever linked with the name of *Burns*—"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

Messrs. J. Gemmill, J. Moffat, and A. Jack, added greatly to the hilarity of the meeting by the singing of some beautiful and appropriate songs, one of them composed for the occasion by Mr. J. Ferrier. At the termination of the soiree a grand ball commenced, and the tripping on the light fantastic toe was kept up with great spirit till an early hour.

KILWINNING.—The birth-place of Masonry in Scotland has not been behind in doing honour to the memory of our national bard, Robert Burns. On the evening of Tuesday his centenary was celebrated here by a public dinner in the Mason Lodge, which was, for the occasion, tastefully decorated with evergreens, from the "woods around the Castle o' Montgomerie." Behind the chairman's seat was a bust of Burns. Mr. Henderson, of the City of Glasgow Bank, occupied the chair, and Messrs. Copeland and Wylie officiated as croupiers. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of, the Chairman, in a very eloquent and able speech, gave the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns," which was received and responded to most enthusiastically. During the evening there was a considerable number of toasts given; and, appropriately interspersed, were sung many of our poet's sweetest songs—there being no lack of vocal talent present. The evening was spent in a harmonious manner; and about the "wee short hour ayont the twal," the meeting broke up after singing "Auld Langsyne."

The Brethren of the Kilwinning Thistle Lodge of Free Gardeners and their ladies, celebrated the occasion by partaking of a hearty Scotch supper, in their Lodge-room. After devoting proper attention to the substantials set before them,

"The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,"

and then—

"Strathspeys and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels,"

and loud resounded mirth and dancing till an early hour next morning.

The Merchants of the town, determined not to be outdone, had a first-class concert in the Eglinton Arms Hall, declared by competent judges to be the finest that has been here for the last twenty years. The hall was very tastefully decorated, the platform having the appearance of one of nature's arbours, with wreaths of flowers and evergreens twining above and around, the whole reflecting great credit on Mr. Sharp of Eglinton, who kindly caused the work to be done for the committee. The hall, which holds 300, was completely filled, many having to go away. Our justly respected townsman, Mr. M'Crorie, delivered a short opening address on the career and genius of Burns, in which he displayed powers of the highest order. His happy introduction of quotations from the songs of the poet were much applauded; and as he touched on the different points in the poet's life, occasionally the very breath was arrested, and you felt all was done by the hand of a master. The singers, who were all from Paisley, gave great satisfaction, and the concert was most successful.

KINCARDINE (Perthshire).—The centenary had its celebration here as in other places. Twenty-six gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Unicorn Inn—Duncan Wright, Esq., in the chair, John Norrie, Esq., croupier. Among those present were A. Alexander, Esq., A. C. Stephen, Esq., William Wylie, Esq., Messrs. MacLaren, Steele, David Norrie, William Norrie, Anderson, Buchanan, Dow, Honeyman, Gibb, Laing, Short, Dewar, Duncanson, &c. The toast of the evening was given with great spirit by Mr. Wright, and received with intense enthusiasm. Among the incidents of the meeting it was mentioned by Mr. Wylie that a near relative of Mrs. Burns had practised as a medical man in Kincardine, and he (Mr. W.) had crossed the ferry with bonny Jean. Mr. D. Norrie also exhibited a piece of the hawthorn under which Burns was supposed to have embraced his Highland Mary. A great many toasts and songs were given, and the company separated after singing "Auld Langsyne."

The Kincardine Instrumental Band held a musical festival in honour of the centenary of our Scottish bard, Robert Burns. After perambulating the town they, along with other gentlemen, retired to the hall of the Commercial Inn. The chair was occupied by Mr. Archibald Goodsir, who discharged the duties most efficiently. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been disposed of, the memory of the immortal bard received all the honours. A quadrille band having been engaged for the occasion, they "tripp'd it on the light fantastic toe" till a seasonable hour, and separated highly satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

KINCARDINE (Aberdeenshire).—A number of the admirers of the poet residing in the lower end of the parish of Kincardine O'Neil and surrounding district met in a loft at Haughead, kindly granted by Mr. Dellas, and partook of a substantial supper—Mr. Skinner in the chair; Mr. Rae, merchant, croupier. The Chairman, in a graphic and instructive manner, gave "The Memory of the Bard." Several of Burns' songs were sung; one composed by Mr. Rae for the occasion drew out universal applause. A very harmonious evening was spent, and at nine o'clock the guests retired to make way for the ball. Above three hundred were present, and kept up the dancing to the heart-stirring music of Messrs. Robie and Grant "till chanticleer began to craw."

KINGARTH.—On the evening of the 25th, a number of ladies and gentlemen, amounting to 60, assembled at Kingarth Inn to celebrate the centenary, when, after partaking of a sumptuous tea, and after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been given and warmly responded to, the Chairman, Mr. Broadfoot, in a short speech, gave the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns," which was received with loud cheers, and drunk in solemn silence. The croupier, Mr. Reid, with a few suitable remarks, next gave the memory of Mrs. Burns, and the healths of Colonel and Major Burns, which were very cordially received; next the health of the Marchioness and the youthful Marquis of Bute; Lord Jas. Stuart, Lord-Lieutenant of the County; the Hon. Wortley Stuart, M.P.; John Muir, Esq., factor on the estate, &c., &c., were given by the various gentlemen present.

The party then adjourned to the Parish School-room, where dancing was kept up with great spirit till an early hour, and after spending a most harmonious night, the company separated, highly delighted with the whole proceedings of the evening.

KINGHORN.—In this ancient royal burgh, two great public demonstrations were held—one in the Town Hall by the operatives, the other in the Museum, under the patronage of the Scientific and Literary Association. The president of the literary assembly was Mr. Edward Taylor—at the other meeting, Mr. James Dewar, gardener. Both meetings were characterized by great humour and good feeling.

KINGLASSIE.—Burns' centenary was commemorated by a supper in the School-room here, and never, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, was such a numerous, enthusiastic, and harmonious meeting held in Kinglassie. The whole of the tickets were disposed of in three days, and an hundred and thirty ladies and gentlemen sat down to supper—Mr. Brown, chairman, and Mr. Greig, croupier. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman gave "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was drunk with all the honours, Mr. Bringan singing "There was a Lad was born in Kyle." A variety of toasts and songs followed, and at half-past eleven, the Chairman called for "Auld Langsyne," which was rapturously sung by the whole company. After a few minutes' interval, dancing commenced in earnest to the strains of Messrs. Gilmour, Arnot, and Penman. At half-past one Mr. B. intimated that this was to be the last reel for the night, and which being finished, the assemblage immediately dispersed, wishing such a meeting could be got up every year. The supper was excellent, doing great credit to mine host. After defraying all expenses, there remained a balance of £1 14s. 5d., the most of which, and the surplus eatables, were distributed among the poor.

KINROSS.—The centenary has been celebrated here with great éclat. When the long-looked-for Tuesday evening at length arrived, and people were beginning to think of moving to the festival, the gloomy skies assumed a gloomier aspect.

> "The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
> The rattlin' show'rs rose on the blast."

So fierce was the storm a while, that those who looked adversely on the evening's proceedings might have been tempted to say,

> "This night a child might understand
> The deil has business on his hand."

By seven o'clock, it abated a little, and the darkness served to show off to advantage the torch-light procession. As they marched along with the torches blazing, accompanied by the instrumental band, a stranger to the events of the night might have been led to fear a scene similar to that awful night, when Kirk Alloway seemed in a blaze, and the great musician,

> "Screwed his pipes and gart them skirl,
> Till roof and rafters a' did dirl."

The whole affair, however, was wound up successfully, and at the appointed hour the Hall was filled to overflowing. The chair was occupied by David Syme, Esq., of Warroch, Sheriff Substitute of the county; and the principal croupier's chair was occupied by Mr. Nisbet B. Williamson; Mr. Bogie and Dr. Annan presiding at other tables. There could not be less than 300 present in the Hall, and Mr. Robert Burns Begg, jun., grand-nephew of the poet, sat at the right hand of the chairman. In front of the chair there was placed a miniature plough of most beautiful workmanship, fabricated by our townsman Mr. Charles Harley, smith, while small figures intended to represent the great bard driving his team through the field were attached to the plough. The Kinross Instrumental Band were stationed in the gallery, and an amateur from Edinburgh assisted the vocalists, and occasionally played some favourite airs on the harmonium. A blessing having been asked by Mr. Ballingall of Seggie, the company was served up with excellent pies, supplied by Mr. Beveridge, baker, and the liquors by Mr. Robert Roxburgh, to whom and Mrs. Roxburgh great credit is due

both for the quality of the liquors, and for the promptitude of the attendance.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman rose, and in proposing the "Memory of Burns," said—I feel that you have done me honour in asking me to preside at this meeting. I have always been an enthusiastic admirer of Robert Burns, and I regret my inability to give adequate expression to all that should be said—to all I wish to say—on such an occasion. From my early years I have been fond of reading, fond of wandering in imagination through other lands, but have ever been brought home to the hills and valleys of Scotland by the poetry of Burns, and have ever felt with him,

"Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom."

(Cheers.) You know how intensely the love of nature breathes through all his works. He loved nature in all her aspects, and we all feel that the most familiar objects in the scenery of our native land derive additional interest and are made dearer to us by our familiarity with his songs. (Applause. This alone constitutes a claim to our gratitude, because a love of nature, a true perception of the beautiful in all its forms, are valuable possessions, sources of the purest and most lasting pleasures of life. But there is more than this. There glows in every line that Burns ever wrote a spirit of freedom and independence which finds an echo in every heart. (Great cheers.) It is this that brings us here to-night, and that has brought all Scotland to celebrate the first centenary of his birth. You evidently agree with me in thinking it an important event, and one likely to be productive of great results. It is of itself an evidence of the arrival of that better time to which he so fondly looked forward, and I need hardly say that a country does honour to itself in doing honour to the memory of its benefactors. (Cheers.) The full significance of this grand commemoration will be more apparent by-and-bye. It is a new bond of union between ourselves, and another great landmark in the history of human progress. (Great cheering.) At such a time it is natural to look back and to contrast the present with the past. From 1759 down to near the close of last century many changes were taking place in the world. The wealth and power of England were increasing. Our Indian Empire was established by Clive and Cornwallis, Watt was inventing or rather improving and perfecting the steam engine. Science and discovery were making rapid advances. The spirits of men were deeply moved, and the American war of 1776 was followed by the French Revolution of 1789. But civilization and refinement, freedom and toleration were scarcely keeping pace with the march of events, least of all in Scotland, and it was in a comparatively cold, dark, and dismal period, that the genius of Burns broke out suddenly—"glinted forth" like his own mountain daisy "aneath the storm." Yet the light of that immortal genius has been getting brighter ever since, and will continue shining for ever. (Great cheering.) Much has been said of the difficulties with which he had to contend. He was a man of immense ability, and had his energy and ambition had a fair start in any of the paths leading to wealth he would have been successful, for there was no profession in which he might not have gained the highest place. (Cheers.) But he would have been brought down to an inferior atmosphere—would have lost the command of his time and thoughts, and, with them, all those feelings of freedom and independence which were in fact essential to his nature. The loss to all succeeding time would have been still greater, for the light of his genius would have been extinguished, or left glimmering in some subordinate sphere. Let us drink then with all the honours, to the "Memory of Burns." (Long and continued applause.)

Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle," by Mr. Rutherford, the company joining in chorus.

Mr. N. B. Williamson proposed the toast, The sons and relatives of Burns, coupled with Mr. Robert Burns Begg, junior, grand-nephew to the Poet, in an eloquent speech.

Mr. Begg rose amidst much applause and said,—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I have to acknowledge the honour you have this moment so kindly and so cordially done to the sons and the surviving relatives of Burns, and in their name I beg to thank you very warmly for it. In doing so, I cannot but regret that the duty of representing Burns' relatives here should have devolved on one so little qualified for it as I am—assuredly, however, it could hardly have fallen into the hands of any one who could feel your kind attention more deeply than I do, or who could estimate it more highly. I need hardly tell you that one and all of us feel deeply proud of our relationship to Burns, —there is *that* in the simple fact of such a relationship which certainly cannot fail to make us so—for all that admiration for Burns' genius, and all that veneration and respect for his memory which you feel, cannot but be felt, and felt to even a greater extent by every one of us. You are all as well aware as I am how much the sons and all the relatives of Burns owe to

Burns' genius, and to the manner in which that genius is appreciated by the people of Scotland; certainly, if Burns himself was neglected during his life, and if his genius did not tend much to his own worldly advantage, the same cannot be said to have been the case either as regards his fame or as regards his relations since his death. On the contrary, at this very moment, when a hundred years have past since his birth, and when nearly three-quarters of a century have elapsed since that powerful brain of his ceased its labour for ever, his fame never was brighter, nor were the people of Scotland ever more ready to show towards his relatives marks of kindness and goodwill far beyond their due. I would certainly fail, gentlemen, were I even to attempt to tell you how grateful we feel all this —the very fact that it proceeds neither from any merit on our part only renders our gratitude infinitely deeper. To the relatives of Burns this occasion cannot but be one of the deepest possible interest, and the national outburst of admiration and respect for the genius and the memory of Burns which has taken place cannot fail to give rise to many a gratifying and proud reflection in their bosoms, and believe me, of all these none can be more gratifying to them, or can give them more pride, or call forth their gratitude to a greater extent than the simple, but to them the important fact, that they have not been overlooked, but that on the contrary they have been so cordially recognised and treated with such kind and flattering attention. I cannot refrain from taking this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to the committee who have had the management of this demonstration for the honour and pleasure they have conferred on me by inviting me here to-night. To me assuredly there is something peculiarly gratifying and pleasing in the fact of my being privileged to occupy the honourable position of a guest at the Burns centenary demonstration in my own native place and among so many of those whose good opinion and whose friendship I have ever valued very highly. (Cheers.)

Dr. Young of Hallhill proposed "The living Poets of Scotland." After which Mr. Dempster, being loudly called on by the meeting, sang in excellent style, "John Anderson, my jo!"

Mr. Bogie proposed "the Scottish Peasantry."

Song—"A man's a man for a' that," by Mr. D. Barnet."

Mr. John Temple Barclay delivered with much feeling and effect a very eloquent oration on "Burns," which was received with much applause, and drew forth some very complimentary remarks from the Chairman, who proposed Mr. Barclay's health, which was received with all the honours.

Mr. N. B. Williamson proposed "The Poets of England and Ireland."

The Chairman proposed in appropriate terms the "Memory of Michael Bruce the Poet of Kinross-shire," who in his short life had given evidence of no ordinary genius.

After a number of other toasts and songs, the company joined in "Auld Langsyne," led by Mr. Morrison, and at the last verse joined hands according to the kindly and well established custom. So ended perhaps the happiest meeting ever held in the county of Kinross.

KINTORE.—On Tuesday, the 25th, upwards of fifty gentlemen assembled in the Townhall, which was neatly fitted up for the occasion, and partook of an excellent supper, prepared by Mrs. King. The chair was ably filled by Dr. Rainy, while Bailie Catto and Mr. James Annand acted as croupiers. The Chairman proposed a toast "To the Memory of Burns," and, in an eloquent discourse, traced the poet's eventful life with such a faithfulness of delineation and strict adherence to facts as showed him to be thoroughly acquainted with his subject. It is needless to remark that the toast met with a most hearty response. Many other toasts were proposed, all of which were duly responded to. At eleven o'clock the happy company reluctantly broke up, highly delighted with the proceedings of the evening. We may mention that upwards of £2 of a subscription was collected among the gentlemen present in behoof of the Burns' Centenary Fund. To indicate the heartiness of Kintore in this matter, it may be stated that other two demonstrations took place—the ladies having one exclusively for themselves. Besides those who attended supper in the Town-hall, another large and respectable party met in the hall occupied by Mrs. Robertson, kindly granted by her for the occasion. A little before eight o'clock, the sound of the bagpipes was heard playing down the street that well-known tune, "Up an' waur them a', Willie," this being the signal for those who were to attend the supper to be in readiness. A few minutes after, the Kintore band followed playing, and accompanied by a number of the party. The large assemblage then sat down to an excellent supper—Mr. Thomas Watt, druggist, being unanimously called to the chair. The supper being over, the Chairman gave the toast of "The Bard's Memory" in some excellent remarks. What with capital speeches and abundance of music, the hours fled away but too fleetly. Mr. Gray ably conducted the instrumental music. After paying all expenses, a sum of money being still over, it

was given for tea, which was distributed among about thirty old people, with a request that they should take a good cup of the infusion to the memory of Robert Burns. Besides this, too, Kintore distinguished itself by holding, with much success, a Ladies' Burns' Festival, which took place in a spacious and tastefully decorated room, granted by Mr. Roger. About 100 were present. There was an excellent service of tea and fruit, sweet singing, and good speaking, so that (thanks in a great measure to Messrs. Roger and Stephen) everything went as merry as a marriage bell. A surplus being over, the money was devoted to giving 200 pupils of the various schools a treat on the following evening.

KIPPEN.—This place, though said to be "oot o' the world," was not behind other places in the celebration of the centenary of our national bard. On the 25th, a number of gentlemen sat down to supper in Mr. S. Harley's large room. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Alex. Matheson, supported on the right by Dr. Graham, and on the left by Mr. John M'Niven, farmer, Braehead; while the duties of croupier were discharged by James M'Donald, Esq., who was supported on the right by Mr. Thomas Harvie, and Mr. John Buchanan. The cloth having been removed, and the usual preliminary toasts disposed of, the Chairman, in a neat and impressive speech, proposed the toast of the evening—"The Memory of Robert Burns." The toast was responded to in a manner which showed that the company fully appreciated the genius of the immortal poet. During the evening, several of Burns' choicest songs were sung in first-rate style, by Messrs. Baird, Alexander, Buchanan, Dr. Graham, and others. After enjoying themselves till a seasonable hour the company separated—"happy to meet and sorry to part."

KIRKCUDBRIGHT. — Long before ten o'clock there was a very large influx of people from the country. The Magistrates and Council of the burgh, the brethren of St. Cuthbert's Lodge, the various incorporated trades, mariners, and community, assembled at the Cross at that hour, where they were ably addressed by Bailie Cavan.

After the address, the whole body, headed by the Gatehouse instrumental band, and bearing their several flags, walked in procession through the principal streets to the Town's Common, where the Trades shot for the "siller gun," and the "silver arrow"—the former being carried off by James Clark, slater, and the latter by George Kie, tailor's apprentice. There was a large concourse of people assembled in the Common to witness the shooting and the foot races got up for amusement, and for which prizes were awarded to the victors. The different bodies then returned in procession amid the booming of cannon and the strains of music, to the Cross, where they formed a circle,—the band playing "God save the Queen," and "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," in good style; and after a few words from Bailie Cavan, the company separated.

The day continuing favourable, the boat races commenced about two o'clock. These were well contested, and much good rowing was exhibited by the different competitors as they pulled away with might and main towards the far-off goal, and then back to their starting point.

A sumptuous dinner was provided by Mrs. Tyson in the commercial school-room of the Academy, to which a large number of gentlemen sat down. Provost Shand occupied the chair, Bailies Mure and Cavan being croupiers. After the removal of the cloth, the Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, and these having been duly honoured, he, in an effective speech, proposed the toast of the evening. He spoke of Burns' humble origin, of the disadvantages under which he was reared, of his immortal productions, and of the meetings in honour of his memory held that day over the civilized world. His songs are, perhaps, the chief basis on which his fame as an author depends. In hut and hall, as the hearts of men unfold themselves in the joys and sorrows of existence, the voice of that felicity or woe,—of life's varying emotions,—is given by Burns. (Cheers.) With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and intensity. There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, and the purest rapture in his joy: he burns with the sublimest ardour, laughs with the loudest, and storms with the most defiant; yet he is mild and sweet,—

> "Sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
> And soft as their parting tear."

(Cheers.) In the immense variety of his subjects too, there were found a tone and words for every mood of a man's heart. The Chairman then took a generous yet discriminating view of Burns as a man; and, in closing his excellent address, noticed the desire for fame cherished by the poet. When on his death-bed he expressed regret that a number of his hasty random effusions had ever acquired publicity at all; and had he only been so honoured during his life as he had been that day, he would have been at the height of his ambition. He begged, without an additional word, to give "The Memory of Burns."—(The toast was responded to with all the honours.)

The following toasts were then given—The Sons of Burns, by Bailie Cavan; The Patrons of Burns, by Mr. John Nicholson; The Poets of Scotland, by Mr. Maxwell M'Master; The Poets of England, by Mr. Cavan; The Poets of Ireland, by Dr. John Shand; The Memory of Mrs. Dunlop, by Mr. Charles F. Finlayson; The Literature of Scotland, by Mr. Cairns; The Sons of Kirkcudbright in Foreign Lands, by Mr. J. C. M'Kenzie; and The Health of the Chairman, by Mr. M'Master.

The brethren of St. Cuthbert's Lodge had their hall beautifully decorated for the occasion; and they sat down to an excellent dinner provided by Miss Bell of the Masons' Arms.

The proceedings of the day closed with no less than four balls, which were held in various places in the town—viz., one in the Academy, patronised by the gentry of the town and neighbourhood; one in the Masons' Hall, by the masons; one in the Court House, by the trades; and one in Mr. Williamson's grain store, by the sailors—all of which were well attended, and dancing kept up to a late hour in the morning.

KIRKMICHAEL.—In the quiet little village of Kirkmichael the hundredth anniversary of Burns' birth was celebrated by no less than three parties of his admirers, all enthusiastic in paying homage to the genius of Burns. One party met in Mr. J. Wilson's, one in Mr. G. Stevenson's, and a third in Mr. D. Moore's, where thirty gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner—Mr. John Hunter, Kirkmichael, in the chair; Mr. William Stewart, Kirkmichael, and Mr. Cochran, farmer, Orchard, acting as croupiers. After the usual loyal toasts had been given and responded to, the Chairman, in an eloquent speech, proposed the toast of the evening, which was followed by the song "There was a lad was born in Kyle," and an original song by Mr. J. Stewart, Arnsew.

The toasts which followed were:—Hogg, by the croupier; Campbell, by Mr. Manson; Scott, by Mr. J. Hunter; Tannahill, by Mr. A. Logan; Motherwell, by Mr. Willet; Ramsay and the other Poetical predecessors of Burns, by Mr. J. Stewart; Lords Brougham and Macaulay, by Mr. Charles Stewart; song—"A man's a man for a' that;" The Peasantry of Scotland, by Mr. Henry M'Fadzean; The Clergy of Scotland, coupled with name of Mr. M'Ewan, by Mr. Cochrane; General and Lady Shaw Kennedy, and other Lords of the Manor, by Mr. James Stewart, Mains; Mrs. Ritchie, Cloncaird House, by Mr. Morrison; Mr. and Mrs. Shaw Kennedy, Kirkmichael House, by Mr. M'Clure; R. Wallace, Esq., of Cloncaird, by Mr. Patterson; The Schoolmasters of Scotland, coupled with the name of Mr. Brown, Kirkmichael, by Mr. Mair; The Lasses, by Mr. John Stewart, Glengall. The Chairman and Croupier having been given and replied to, at the eleventh hour Mr. A. Kay proposed, Forbes M'Kenzie, Esq., which being drunk in very solemn silence, the meeting quietly dispersed.

KIRKMUIRHILL.—On the 25th, the members of the Kirkmuirhill Friendly Society met in the Blackwood Arms Inn hall, to give expression, in their own humble way, of their love and esteem for Scotia's immortal bard. The meeting, which was entirely composed of the sons of toil, began to assemble at half-past six o'clock. Mr. James Morton was called upon to do the duties of chairman; Mr. Wm. M'Askie, that of croupier. When all had partaken of the repast that was provided for the occasion, the Chairman, in a neat and appropriate speech, introduced the object of the meeting, and concluded with proposing, "The Memory of Burns," which was responded to, not with silent honours, but with true expression of feeling, as was every other toast. During the evening the Kirkmuirhill instrumental band was in attendance, and discoursed in music sweet many of the bard's patriotic and sentimental airs. Messrs. Copeland and Johnstone sustained the violin department with great ability. Messrs. Watson and Paterson ably conducted the vocal department with abundance of sentimental and comic songs, accompanied by the concertina. In short the entertainment was varied and well sustained; and reflected great credit to those working men who planned, got up, and kept up with full spirit, an evening in honour of the working man who first sung—"A man's a man for a' that." The meeting separated at eleven o'clock. We understand that £1 4s. being over was given to a few poor persons in this place.

KIRKOSWALD.—Here, the centenary anniversary was hailed with the most lively enthusiasm. Flags flaunted in the Janwár' Wun' throughout the day, and, and in the evening, about sixty gentlemen sat down to a plenteous and handsome entertainment, in the large hall of Miss Campbell's Inn, tastefully fitted up for the occasion. Two candlesticks, once the property of Kirkton Jean, were placed on either side of the chair, and were objects of much interest—Mr. Dow, Alloway Mills, occupying the chair; Mr. Gray, Shanter, and Mr. Graham, Little Turnberry, acting as croupiers. The Queen, and other loyal and patriotic toasts being given and heartily responded to, the Chairman gave The Immortal Memory of Burns in a

lengthened speech, which was rapturously received by the company.

Afterwards, the following toasts were given, suitably prefaced, and well received—The surviving members of Burns' Family, by Mr. Dick—Lord of the Manor, by Mr. Gray—The Pirn and the Plough, by Mr. Fulton—Peasantry of Scotland, by the Chairman—The Clergy of Scotland, by Mr. Gray—Wives and Sweethearts, by Mr. Davidson. The hilarity of the meeting was greatly enhanced by the singing of Messrs. Gilmour, Nesbit, Boyle, and M'Millan, and after drinking a bumper to the health of the Chairman, who thanked the meeting for the honour of being called to preside, and expressed the pleasure he felt at revisiting, after an absence of nearly half-a-century, the scenes of his childhood, and assisting the old familiar faces on so interesting an occasion. The company, standing, sung "Auld Langsyne, as a finale to as joyous a meeting as ever met in the quiet and picturesque little village of Kirkoswald.

KIRKWALL.—Even Kirkwall has celebrated the centenary of Burns! A few gentlemen sat down to dinner in Snowie's Hotel; one shopkeeper shut shop; and the female pupils at the Grammar School were so clamorous for a holiday that the learned teacher was obliged to accede to their request, and granted them the afternoon.

KIRRIEMUIR.—A soiree, in honour of Burns, was held on Tuesday evening in the large hall of the Seminaries, which was filled to overflowing. After grace had been said by the Rev. Mr. Ramsay, the comestibles were quickly discussed, and Colonel Kinloch opened the principal business of the evening in a neat speech, in which he referred to the universal tribute which would be paid that evening to the genius of the Poet. His remarks on the character and writings of the Poet were very apt and highly applauded. He hoped they would all enjoy the feast of song and sentiment which was awaiting them; and as this was the anniversary of the birth-day of the Poet, he would now call on Mr. Wallace for a song written by the poet on the anniversary of his birth-day. Mr. J. Wallace then sang "There was a lad was born in Kyle," with great effect. Song and sentiment was then the prevailing feature of the evening. Messrs. Ogilvy, Cuthbert, Stewart, Lindsay, and Doig, along with Miss Stewart, sang with great effect the spirit-stirring song of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." At a late hour a haggis was served up to the company. After they had partaken of it, votes of thanks were proposed to Webster's Trustees, for the use of the hall, the speakers, the musicians, the ladies, and the Chairman, which were all carried. The whole company then joined in the well-known song of "Auld Langsyne," when the party broke up, some of them adjourning to another room to enjoy a dance.

A number of young men celebrated the centenary of Burns by a supper and ball, on the evening of Tuesday, in Miss Wallace's hall. Dancing commenced at 8 P.M.,—the supper on the table at 9.30, which reflected the greatest credit on Miss Wallace. After supper, the Chairman, Mr. Morris, after giving the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, proposed in a neat speech "the Memory of Burns," which was of course enthusiastically received. The croupier, Mr. D. Brodie, in a few appropriate remarks, drank to the "Memory of Burns' wife—'Bonnie Jean,'" which was received with great enthusiasm. Mr. T. S. M'Laren then proposed "The Ladies," which was drunk with all the honours. Mr. G. Gordon replied in a graceful manner. Various other toasts were given during the evening, which were received with great applause, the band playing appropriate airs during the intervals. After supper the dancing was resumed, which was kept up with great spirit till "early morn." Much praise is due to the Committee for the creditable manner in which they conducted the entire proceedings.

LADYBANK.—The centenary was celebrated here in the Refreshment Rooms, when a large number of gentlemen sat down to dinner—Mr. Robertson, of Ladybank Saw-mills, in the chair; Mr. Crombie, of the Post-office, acting as croupier. The room was gorgeously decorated for the occasion. Immediately above the chair a beautiful arch of evergreens was formed, interspersed with camelias of the loveliest hue. In the centre of the arch there hung a beautiful illuminated representation of Burns at the plough, with the figure of the poetic genius of his country throwing her inspiring mantle over him. Above the croupier was a garland of evergreens and flowers, with a very fine portrait of Burns in the centre. The Chairman, after the usual loyal toasts, gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns," which was responded to with all the honours. Mr. Mercer, of Ladybank Station, sang "There was a lad was born in Kyle" with great effect. The croupier then gave a humorous poetical address on the genius of Burns, which elicited great applause. Toasts, songs, and recitations followed, and the evening was spent in the

most agreeable manner. Great praise is due to Mrs. Elder for the sumptuous dinner she provided, for the taste she displayed in the decoration of the room, and for her excellent arrangements throughout.

LANARK.—It seems that the fears of many of our town's folks that the "Centenary" would not be celebrated in Lanark as it should be, were not to be realized. On Tuesday forenoon the appearance of certain banners waving from the windows of the Town Hall, the Bruce Arms Inn, the Falls of Clyde Inn, and Burns' Tavern, certified to the truth of a report which had been circulating during the previous day, that the "St. Alban's," the "Young Weaver's," and the younger sons of "King Crispin" were to have a combined procession in the afternoon. This took place at four o'clock, headed by the two flute bands of the town. During the procession the bells were allowed to be rung by the kind permission of the magistrates. To particularize the various meetings that took place would take up more than our limited space will allow, and to detail one would do the others an injustice. We can only mention that in the various assemblies in the Clydesdale Hotel, the Black Bull Inn, Meal Market Inn, Town Hall, Bruce Arms Inn, Burns' Tavern, Masons' Hall, and others, the members did their utmost to celebrate in "style" the "Centenary" of Scotland's Immortal Bard.

LANGHOLM.—A party numbering about 70 of the manufacturers, merchants, tradesmen, and others, sat down to dinner in the Crown Inn Assembly Room, at 3 o'clock. Hugh Dobie, Esq., in the chair; William Cairns, Esq., croupier. A good and substantial dinner was provided by Mr. Dow, and amongst other good things the "chieftain of the puddin' race"—the haggis, occupied a place. The room was tastefully decorated for the occasion by Mr. William Irving.

When the cloth had been removed the CHAIRMAN gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts; after which he introduced the toast of the evening as follows:—Gentlemen, to form a true estimate of the character and genius of Burns we must not look at him through a false medium, or from a wrong point of view. Burns was a true Scottish poet. He sprang as it were from his country's loins, and having drunk deep of the fountain of domestic affection he poured forth those secret throbbings of the heart, which were regarded as unutterable, in the tenderest lays in which poet ever sung. Love was the key note of the poet's songs, and from the first juvenile attempt, when inspired as he himself states by a bewitching creature a year younger than himself in the harvest field near "the banks o' bonnie Doon," until the last soft whisperings from the poet's dying bed, love was the all-absorbing theme. It is not for me to give a particular account—as it would be unbecoming the occasion—of Burns' eventful and in many respects sad life; the most of you being familiar with the subject. You know how the muse first threw her mantle over him while he followed the plough, and of the short glimpse of sunshine which he experienced after the first publication of his poems. You cannot but be familiar with the sad neglect which he suffered at the hands of his countrymen—which will ever be regarded as a foul blot on Scotland's fair fame—of the melancholy nature of the last few years of the poet's life, and of the clouds of adversity which long hung over him, and in which the greatest of Scotland's sons was enshrouded, and those thick clouds of adversity were only dispelled when the earthly ties of his strong heart snapped. I trust, however, this day will amply testify that the poet was not wrong in intrusting his fame to the verdict of posterity. Yes, posterity has appreciated his worth, and will ever love and cherish the name of Robert Burns—Scotland's Bard. (Cheers.) I do not stand up here to admire all that Burns ever said and did. There are no doubt some dark spots in his history—but where is the history without its dark shades?—and none knew these better than the poet himself. The expressive and sad lines, which he wrote evidently as applicable to himself—"The Poet's Epitaph"—ought to have shut the mouth of uncharity, and drawn a veil over these feelings which he thus touchingly confessed:—

> "The poor inhabitant below,
> Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
> And keenly felt the friendly glow
> And softer flame;
> But thoughtless follies laid him low,
> And stained his name!"

(Applause.)

Such a confession one would have thought might have satisfied those who only think of Burns to condemn him. Many of the cutting sarcasms and scorching lampoons which he addressed to some of the hollow professors at the time, were requisite to expose, and necessary as the surgeon's knife to eradicate, the malignant tumour of false religion and nauseating cant. No one who has studied the poet's life and writings, however much they may condemn some of the weapons he employed, can say that they were used to deal a blow at true religion, but to annihilate its false friends; and they contributed in no small degree to that end. But whatever spots may have been visible

in his life, or may still remain on the memory —like the dark spots on the sun's disc—may be said to have been rendered invisible by the rays of his bright and better genius. What gives life to the poet's name and immortalizes his memory? Is it not that galaxy of poetic gems which sparkle with divinest thoughts of purest love, truest affection, and most glowing patriotism? Those who would give colour to the dark passages seek to carry out, in their own and in their country's experience, the unhappy sentiment of another poet, who has it—

"The evil which men do lives after them:
The good is oft interred with their bones."

They would seek to keep alive the evil, and act as moral sextons to Burns' good qualities. I shall not take up your time by trying to remove impressions which I believe exist in none of your minds. I would simply add as a hint to those whose narrow souls only seem to admit the darker side of the poetic picture, that there are other sins besides free speaking, and a worse is that of lacking charity. (Cheers.) To look at Burns as a poet, many phases present themselves. It were vain on an occasion such as the present to attempt to unfold the riches of the poet's muse. I shall fulfil my part if I draw your attention shortly to some of the most striking features of Burns as a poet. He sang from the heart to the heart. He had strong affections, and the workings of the soul were by him brought to light clad in the sublimest thoughts, and yet speaking to the inmost feelings of the humblest peasant, and finding an echo in the lowliest cot. This is the great secret of the poet's fame. He felt, therefore he sung. Not only was Burns a true poet, but he was a noble-spirited independent man, and a warm-hearted patriot. It is impossible to trace the influence which the numerous songs of Burns have exerted upon the Scottish mind. Who can tell the soothing effect produced on many a poor unfortunate brother by the song of "Contented wi' little," at the same time warming his heart, and nerving him to treat lightly the cares and sorrows of a day. And where, we would ask, is the nobility of our species so thoroughly attested as in that, as it has been termed, unsurpassed lyric, "Is there for honest poverty?" (Cheers.) How many a brave heart has been strengthened, how many a desponding spirit cheered, and in how many bosoms has the ennobling feeling of self-respect been saved from expiring by its perusal? Burns also, if not a great wit, had a fund of inexhaustible humour. His poem of "Death and Dr. Hornbook" is inimitable; and as long as there's a "brig ower Doon," and "ae dry Souter in ony toun," sae lang will the tale of "Tam o' Shanter" be conned over and admired. Besides these, there is "Hallowe'en" and the "Jolly Beggars," abounding in flashes of wit and the broadest humour; not to mention the laughing sided "Address to the Toothache." But he stood out, perhaps most prominently, in his love of country and deep genuine patriotism. Scotland is greatly indebted to the poet for fostering that peculiar warmth of feeling so prevalent in our countrymen (and for which they are sometimes, I think, so unjustly taunted). What so sacred as the true love of country? Where is the man, with a spark of patriotism in his veins, whose blood has not warmed and his heart beat high over the martial and inspiring verse—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie!"

or whose soul has not been thrilled with the expressive and friend-uniting song of "Auld Langsyne." No poet, I believe, of any country, has such a hold upon the holiest affections of his fellow-countrymen as Burns has upon the hearts and feelings of Scotchmen. He touches the heart-strings at every pass. You find the boy doating over "Willie Wastle dwelt on Tweed;" the youth adopting the sentiments of "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw;" and the old folks at home clearing their faltering voice o'er the touching strains of "John Anderson, my jo," or wiping away the uncontrollable tear over "The Mother's Lament." But Burns' fame is not confined to Scotland. His songs are read and admired in every country and clime; and wherever there is a true lover of the muse, in him you find an admirer of the poet. He is, however, in a particular sense, Scotland's own bard, and may at once be regarded as the poet, the friend, and brother of every one claiming Scottish parentage; and as long as a breath of true love exists, as long as an independent wish is felt, as long as honesty and independence are respected, as long as the flame of patriotism is unextinguished, so long will the immortal memory of the Scottish bard be cherished and revered. This is not a toast to the memory of one who is only recalled by the occasion; it is to the genius yet living and moving amongst and influencing us, and I call for the honours to be done to his never-dying genius. Gentlemen, "The Immortal Memory of Scotland's Bard, Robert Burns." (Drunk with tremendous enthusiasm.)

Duet—"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," Messrs. Anderson and Cowan.

Song—"Burns' Dirge," Messrs. Anderson, Cowan, and Tudhope.

Mr. CAIRNS, in proposing "The Poets of Scotland," said:—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I am proud to say that Scotland has gone far ahead, and can boast of more splendid and bright intellects in poetic genius than almost any other country. (Hear, hear.) Even her ploughmen, her shepherds, and her weavers have left us delicacies of expression finely illustrative of the refining and elevating, yet receptive character of genius. They have contributed songs and poems such as cannot be found in any literature, either ancient or modern, —(applause)—poetry thoroughly belonging to the land in which it was written, and thoroughly adapted to the purpose for which it was intended. It stands out in its boldness, in its humour, and often in its touching pathos too, unique and unapproachable. The speaker concluded an eloquent speech as follows:—Gentlemen, there is a poet in our own immediate neighbourhood whom I cannot leave unmentioned—I mean Henry Scott Riddell—whose name as a Scotch poet will live for centuries yet to come, and whose songs and poems will be sung and recited at many a Scotch fireside. (Cheers.) And now, gentlemen, I hope you will drink with me a cup to the genius of our Scottish poets wi' a' the honours three. (Loud and prolonged cheering.)

Song—"Scotland Yet," by Mr. T. Lightbody.

Mr. JOHN BELL next proposed "The Duke of Buccleuch," and said:—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I am only sorry that this important toast has not fallen into abler hands than mine. But we are met here to-night for the special purpose of paying respect to departed genius, and I now stand up to pay respect to living worth. I have only to mention the name of the noble Buccleuch to secure your warm and enthusiastic approval. His Grace sometimes reminds me of the immortal Burns, with regard to his sterling honesty and unflinching integrity. His Grace is a nobleman who is respected, esteemed, and admired by all classes. I believe there never was a favour asked at the hands of His Grace by the inhabitants of the town, but was readily granted. (Applause.) I see several of his tenants at this meeting to-night who are more intimately connected with His Grace than many of us are. But we all derive advantage from him, either directly or indirectly. I believe it is the wish of all at this table, and I may say everywhere, that he may be long at the head of the noble house. It is happy indeed for us all that the days of Border deeds and daring are long since gone by; but were our services required by the bold Buccleuch, I have no doubt he would have as many sturdy followers as his forefathers had in the days of yore, when they forded the Esk before the break of day at the Halls of Netherby, and scaled the walls of Carlisle Castle and bore away Kinmont Willie. (Cheers.) For the last thirty years His Grace's attention has been turned to more profitable pursuits—the improvement of his domains, and the comfort of his tenantry. I hope and trust that he will still continue to make greater improvements in agriculture, and aid and further the manufacturing interests of this great country, which is undoubtedly for the advantage of both landlord and tenant. I beg to propose "The Health of His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch," with all the honours. (Applause.)

The toast and song went merrily round, and the evening was spent in a most pleasant manner.

DINNER—KING'S ARMS INN.—Upwards of 80 working-men met at the King's Arms Inn, and sat down to dinner. The dinner, which was of the real Scotch type, reflected great credit on the host and hostess. Among the numerous dishes on the table the "honest sonsy face" of the "great chieftain o' the pudding race" held a conspicuous place.

The room was decorated in a most tasteful and appropriate manner by Mr. Walter Irving and Mr. Walter Ballantyne. On the wall at the head of the table was the word "Burns" in large ornamental characters, and underneath was the figure of a plough, beautifully wrought with leaves, while along each side of the room were to be seen various emblematic devices illustrative of some of the most popular works of the poet. After ample justice had been done to the viands, the knives and forks laid aside, and the cloth removed,

The Chairman, Mr. John Hounam, proposed "The Queen and all the members of the Royal Family." Drunk with all the honours.

He next gave "The Army and Navy." Long may they live to brave "the battle and the breeze," and may we all acquiesce with Burns when he says:—

> "The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
> Nor count him as a stranger;
> Remember he's his country's stay
> In day and hour of danger."

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said—Gentlemen, as I am quite a stranger to public speaking, and feel my own inability to do anything like justice to this subject, I hope you will bear with me in the few remarks that I have to make. Without any further comment, then, I will introduce Burns as a Poet. As a poet he stands in the first rank. The most prominent feature in his character was his love of independence. Although he was born in obscure circumstances and reared as a poor ploughboy, he had the manly courage to battle for the

nobility of his nature. No doubt his poverty debarred him from that society which his independent mind could never stoop to flatter or solicit. Hear his own language:—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

His style, his thoughts, and his language were his own. His topics were natural, simple, and familiar to all. Although his Pegasus was always at hand, he never rode far to find a subject for his muse. The mountain daisy grew on his own farm; the mouse had its nest in his own field, and the haggis graced his own table. Burns was gifted by nature with high and varied mental powers, therefore he never mused long on one strain. For instance we find his muse one night with the Earl of Glencairn or at an interview with Lord Daer, and perhaps the next night we find it launched in a merry core of randy gangrel bodies at posey Nancies, and from there we find it along the banks of Ayr composing that sublime truth, "Man was made to Mourn;" then it takes its flight and lands among "The Birks o' Aberfeldy;" then soars aloft and addresses "The lingering star," and from that to "Tam o' Shanter,"—a piece which actually represents a picture gallery in every stanza, and almost in every line paints a picture. These are only a few references to his changing the key. Burns as a religious man had a strict regard for pure religion, but abhorred the hypocrite. As he himself says:—

"But twenty times I rather would be
An Atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be
Just for a screen.

All hail, Religion! maid divine!
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,
Who in her rough imperfect line,
Thus daurs to name thee;
To stigmatize false friends of thine
Can ne'er defame thee." (Applause.)

Burns as a song-writer stands unrivalled. Take first his love songs. Where, for humour and a true history of both sexes, can we find songs to be compared to "Duncan Gray" and "Tam Glen?" Then look at his patriotic songs. Where can we find anything to equal "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—composed in the midst of a thunder storm; or where will we find a national song like "Auld Langsyne?" (Great and prolonged cheering.) Rise, now, from your seats, and drink in solemn silence to "The Memory of Robert Burns, the Bard of Scotland."

After the toast had been drunk, Mr. Walter Ballantyne sung "The Land o' the Leal" with great taste and feeling.

The Chairman next gave "The Memory of Burns' Jean," which was drunk in solemn silence.

Song—"My Nannie, O," Mr. Francis Borthwick.

The health of Burns' two sons was next proposed by the Chairman. Drunk with all the honours.

Song—"Rantin' Robin," Mr. S. Hounam.

Other toasts and songs were given, and the company broke up shortly after ten o'clock in a most harmonious and orderly manner, and sure we are, that of all the numerous companies assembled that night for a similar purpose throughout the world, there would not be a pleasanter or happier one than that which was held by the working men of Langholm, and so ably presided over by Mr. John Hounam.

Supper—Shoulder of Mutton Inn.—The skinners, tanners, curriers, and a number of the shoemakers of Langholm, with a few friends, determined not to be behind their fellow-townsmen in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Burns, met at the "Shoulder of Mutton," where a splendid supper awaited them. Mr. John Hairstens, shoemaker, occupied the chair, and Mr. James Bell officiated as croupier. After supper was over, the Chairman gave the constitutional toasts usual on such occasions—all of which were duly honoured.

The Chairman next proposed "The Memory of the Immortal Burns." He noticed at some length several of the most prominent features in the character of the poet, such as his love of independence, his high-toned patriotism, and unselfish conduct, especially on returning home from Edinburgh with the proceeds of his poetical effusions. Mr. Hairstens then referred to several well-known incidents in the poet's career, and concluded an eloquent speech, during the course of which he was frequently interrupted by rounds of applause, by saying that a century had gone by since the man was born, the anniversary of whose birth we are met here this night to celebrate, and of all the great and noble men Scotland has produced, Robert Burns must always stand in the foremost ranks. The memory of Robert Burns was then drunk in solemn silence.

Several other toasts were proposed.

Songs were sung by Messrs. Charles Robb, Walter Kirkpatrick, John Anderson, John Turnbull, James Veitch, James Bell, and Joseph Elliot.

Supper in Royal Oak Inn.—The members of the Langholm Instrumental Band, accompanied by a few friends, partook of a supper in the Royal Oak Inn, at which Mr. Thomas Bell, spinner, occupied the chair, and Mr. Francis Borthwick officiated as croupier. After supper the Chairman proposed in succession The Queen, Prince Albert, Prince of Wales and

other members of the Royal Family, and The Army and Navy, all of which were heartily responded to, and next the toast of the evening, "The memory of Burns," which was drunk in silence.

Several other toasts were proposed, among which were Burns' Bonnie Jean, by the croupier; Sons of Burns, by the chairman; Memory of Highland Mary, by the croupier; Success to Langholm Band, by Mr. Charles Carruthers; and The Scottish Poets, by the croupier. As might have been expected in this musical assembly, the evening was enlivened by several songs sung in a masterly manner by Messrs. William Scott, Simon Irving, John Thomson, Peter Borthwick, John Borthwick, F. Borthwick, and James Dalgliesh.

Soiree and Musical Festival.—This most interesting and unquestionably the most attractive of all the celebration meetings held here, affording as it did ample opportunity, not only for the "Braw Lads," but the "Bonnie Lassies" of Langholm joining the festivities of the day, was held in the parish School-room, which was beautifully lighted up and appropriately decorated for the occasion. A portrait of the bard was suspended behind the chair, while on each side sat 'Tam o' Shanter' and 'Souter Johnnie.' The chair was taken by Robert Wallace, Esq., banker, at six o'clock, by which hour the house was completely crowded by a most respectable audience, numbering upwards of 300. An appropriate blessing having been asked by the Chairman, tea was served by a numerous staff of active young men. Tea being over, the Chairman delivered an able, eloquent, and appropriate address, which elicited frequent bursts of applause. He said—You are all aware, ladies and gentlemen, that for many weeks past the notes of preparation for gatherings such as this, and for many other in and out door demonstrations, have been ringing loudly through the length and breadth of our land—cities, towns, villages, and hamlets, all vieing with each other who shall this day pay the highest honours to the memory of Scotland's immortal bard, the national poet, Robert Burns. (Cheers.) England and Ireland too have felt the impulse, and in many parts have joined the movement; while from across the broad Atlantic, and even from the gay capital of France, similar sounds of preparation strike the listening ear. (Cheers.) Surely, then, it well becomes the inhabitants of Langholm—the capital of Eskdale—the town second in point of importance, and third in population, in a county indissolubly linked with the name and fame of Burns, to add their tribute to the sea of praise now loudly swelling round the bard's undying memory on this the first centenary of his birth. (Great cheering.) You all know, ladies and gentlemen, how firm and fast a hold Burns has got upon the hearts and affections of the Scottish people. He speaks home to their businesses and bosoms—his very name there's music in't as it strikes on the ear, and it has long been a familiar word at every fireside throughout the land. His poetry, distinguished equally by the force of native humour, by the warmth and tenderness of passion, and by the glowing touches of a descriptive pencil, is familiar in every dwelling in our land, from the palace to the cottage, and in every region where the English language is spoken. Add to all, ladies and gentlemen, the bard's incorruptible honesty, his manly independence, his love of kindred, country, and mankind, so well known to every reader of his matchless strains, and then say whether it is strange or wonderful that the poet's name and memory should be so deeply and indelibly enshrined within the nation's heart. (Great cheering.) Mr. Wallace thus concluded an eloquent speech:—When we think, ladies and gentlemen, of all the honours that are this day being heaped upon the memory of Scotia's bard by Scotland's sons, and sons of other lands, have we not reason to feel proud of the land which gave him birth—the land he loved so well and rendered vocal by his song—the land in which he lived and died, and where his honoured ashes now repose—our own native land. Mr. Wallace resumed his seat amidst the most rapturous applause.

The following songs were admirably sung during the evening, accompanied by a quadrille band, and each song was prefaced by the Chairman in an able manner as to the time, place, and circumstances in which it was composed, thus giving a greater interest to those tender and thrilling strains of the immortal bard:—"Scots wha hae," "My Nannie, O," "A man's a man for a' that," "Afton Water," and "Mary Morrison," by Mr. Walter Scott; "Highland Mary," and "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," by Mr. Andrew Sanders; "Tam Glen," "My boy Tammie," and "The braw, braw lads of Gala Water," by Mr. John Cowan; "Last May a braw wooer," by Mr. William Anderson; "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," and "The Birks o' Aberfeldy," by Messrs. Scott and Cowan. At intervals Mr. John Scott, the well-known piper to His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, played appropriate and stirring airs in a masterly and magnificent style, on that most ancient of all Scottish musical instruments the Highland bagpipes. Burns' "Dirge on Winter" was recited by Mr. William Bole, and called forth the most enthusiastic *encore*, to which he kindly responded. At the

close of the proceedings, with which all were highly delighted, and which terminated about ten o'clock, by a very hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman, "Auld Langsyne" was most effectively sung by the whole company standing. The surplus proceeds of the soiree, amounting to £5 14s. 6d., were disposed of thus:—£3 12s. 6d. to the Burns' Industrial School Fund, Dumfries, and £2 2s. to the Fund at present being raised for the Nieces of the Bard.

LARGO.—The celebration of our national bard's centenary was observed here in a style that was highly creditable to the inhabitants of Largo and district. It was not to be expected that the place that gave birth to Andrew Wood and other 'worthies' would be behind in doing honour to Scotia's Child of Song. The committee of gentlemen appointed at the public meeting went to the work in earnest—engaged Mrs. Duff to furnish dinner at a moderate rate, bespoke the Lundin-Mill Instrumental Band, had the parish School-room decorated with holly boughs, &c., in which "the berries red" bore a conspicuous part; and resolved, like gallant gentlemen, to admit the ladies to share in and adorn the festive occasion. Accordingly, at five o'clock, 120 sat down to a capital dinner, which was done ample justice to. Upwards of 70 ladies entered at half-past six, and were served with cake and wine, and also fruits. Mr. James Bardner, farmer, Chesterstone, occupied the chair, and Messrs. H. Birrell, A. Greig, and B. Philp acted as croupiers. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman gave the toast of the evening—"The Memory of our Immortal Bard," which was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Robb delivered an admirable address on the "Genius and Poetry of Burns." He said—A hundred years ago the poet Burns was born, and this night there appears to be as it were some telegraphic wire joining hamlet to village, village to town, and town to city, and vibrating in each, with its Æolian harp-like sounds in honour of our immortal bard, and wherever a few Scotchmen are met together this night there will Burns' praises be rung and his songs be sung. It seems as if what kings and emperors have failed to do—to bind in a bond of brotherhood the different nations of the earth—the simple ploughman poet has for one night at least accomplished. Mr. A. Bell spoke with great effect on "Scottish character." Mr. Greig read the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Tam o' Shanter." A great number of Burns' best songs were sung, which, with the enlivening strains of the band, kept up the hilarity till a late hour.

LARGS.—By two o'clock, the whole shops and other places of business were shut, after which the different trades, including the boat-builders of Fairlie, and the fishermen of Largs and Fairlie, assembled on the shore, and formed into procession, headed by a squadron of horsemen, chiefly farmers and their sons and servants, belonging to the parish. Conspicuous amongst them was one dressed in the style of Tam o' Shanter. When formed into proper order, the whole party, accompanied by the Largs and Kilbirnie instrumental bands, proceeded through the principal streets, and along the Broomfields of Largs. The display of banners and devices by all the trades was strikingly appropriate. In the evening, a party of about 140 sat down to a very elegant and substantial dinner in the Assembly Room of the Brisbane Arms Hotel, John Pattison, Esq. of Ellisbank, ably presided. He knew the bard personally, and dined with him at Dumfries when he was a young man, and remembered distinctly all that passed on that memorable occasion. The Chairman was supported by Dr. Caskie, Messrs. Glen, Caldwell, Tinnock, and Frazer. Robert Beith, Esq., and Capt. Thomson, discharged the duties of croupiers.

Dr. Caskie said grace, and on the cloth being withdrawn, the usual loyal toasts were given from the chair, together with the Clergy, the Army and Navy, her Majesty's Ministers, and the Lord of the Manor, Sir T. M. Brisbane, Bart., and the Earl of Glasgow, by the Croupier.

The Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, said, that the best idea of the estimation in which our immortal bard was held, and the value his country now put upon his genius, was what has been witnessed in the out-pouring and gathering in every part of Christendom, and the display in every city, town, and village. There is no denying the fact that our illustrious Minstrel, by his immortal lays, has gained not only the admiration, but the love of all his countrymen. He has left them a boon which must prove a blessing to every man who is capable of appreciating the inborn nobility of his character, as there are few, very few in Scotland who do not possess a copy of his works, however humble, and who are not well acquaint with all its best and sweetest melodies. I have thought it better not to recite or read his verse, but to leave it to those gentlemen who sing, to warm and delight our hearts by his songs; and having been requested by some of my friends to give a sketch of what occurred at the only time I had the distinguished honour, and proud satisfaction, to sit under the influence of that great man. My father proposed to

make a visit to a clergyman in Dumfries-shire, where I could have some hunting and fishing. On a bright autumnal day in 1795, we left my father's house, Kelvingrove, on horseback. That evening we reached Muirkirk. On the second day we rode up the Main Street of Dumfries. On approaching the George Inn, which has now been supplanted by another house, a gentleman was seen standing on the stair leading up to the entrance. My father, on seeing him, exclaimed: 'O! Burns, I am glad to see you.' The poet, who had remained motionless, now rushed down stairs, and taking my father's hand in both of his, said: 'Mr. Pattison, I am delighted to see you.' The old gentleman, though none of the party was over 40 years, asked if Dr. Maxwell was in town, and said, 'As I hope you will dine with me, may I beg you to call on Dr. Maxwell with my compliments, and beg him to join us at 4 o'clock.' 'Too happy,' replied the poet. At the appointed hour we sat down at table. My father at the head opposite Dr. Maxwell, and Burns was *vis-a-vis* to me. Both Dr. Maxwell and my father were highly-gifted, eloquent men, and Burns was in his best vein. Never can I forget the animation and glorious intelligence of his countenance. The deep tones of his musical voice, and those matchless eyes which appeared to flash fire, and stream forth living light. It was not conversation I heard, it was the outburst of noble sentiment, brilliant wit, and a flood of sympathy and good-will to fellow-men. Burns repeated many verses that had never seen the light, chiefly political. The whole three were politicians of the Fox school. No impure or obscure idea was ever uttered, or I believe thought of. It was altogether an intellectual feast. A lofty, pure, and transcendent genius alone could have made such a deep and lasting impression on a mere boy, who never before sat after dinner when he had got a glass of wine and some fruit; but under the glamour of Burns, I sat nailed to my chair some eight or nine hours. The venerable Chairman concluded an eloquent speech by giving "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was pledged with great enthusiasm.

An original song, composed for the occasion, was sung by Mr. J. M. Hill. A number of appropriate toasts were given, songs were sung, and the meeting was altogether most interesting.

A soiree and concert took place in the Hall, Bath Street, at which about 300 were present. The chair was occupied by J. Y. Simpson, Esq., writer. The whole proceedings gave universal satisfaction. The Kilbirnie band was in attendance, and discoursed excellent and appropriate music. There were also separate social meetings of the gardeners, joiners, masons, bakers, and fishermen.

LARKHALL.—Agreeable to arrangement upwards of 70 of the members of the Larkhall and Millheugh Friendly Society sat down to dinner in the Raploch Inn, on Tuesday evening, in honour of the centenary of Robert Burns, the darling bard of Caledonia,—Mr. Andrew West in the chair, while Mr. Henry M'Millan, Preses of the Society, officiated as croupier. After the cloth was withdrawn, and the usual loyal toasts given, the Chairman, in a very neat and appropriate address, gave the toast of the evening, which was responded to with all the honours. After which the evening was very agreeably spent, with song, sentiment, anecdote, snatches of poetry, &c. The dinner was served up in a first-class style by Mr. James Miller, baker, sumptuous and abundant, reflecting great credit on that gentleman. Great praise is also due to Mr. Robert Shearer, of the Raploch Inn, for the manner in which he provided for the comfort and accommodation of the party; and last, but not least, the unusual excellence of the refreshments. The party broke up at a seasonable hour, and indeed we have seldom had the pleasure of spending an evening so sociably and agreeably.

LASSWADE.—The festival was celebrated here by a dinner in the Gardeners' Hall, to which about 85 sat down,—Dr. Smith in the chair; W. Young and H. Henderson, Esqs., acting as croupiers. After dinner, and the usual loyal toasts having been drunk, the Chairman, in a very appropriate speech, gave the toast of the evening, giving a short account of the life, and dwelling at considerable length on the talent and genius, of this the greatest of Scotch poets. The toast was drunk with all the honours. "There was a lad was born in Kyle" was then sung by William Tod, junior. After the other toasts had been drunk, "Auld Langsyne" was sung, and the company separated about ten o'clock, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment. In the course of the evening "Tam o' Shanter" was admirably recited by Mr. Armstrong, and received with well-merited applause. The singing was excellent.

LAUDER.—In this ancient and royal burgh the centenary of our immortal poet was celebrated in the most enthusiastic manner. No public event has created so much stir here within the memory of its oldest inhabitant. At two o'clock the shops were closed, and as most of the farmers in the vicinity had generously

given their servants a holiday, many of these availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them of joining the town's people in their demonstrations in honour of Burns. At three o'clock the Free Masons began to form in procession, and led on by the town brass band, they marched through our streets, displaying some magnificent banners with appropriate devices. At four o'clock upwards of eighty gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous dinner in the Black Bull Inn, the large room of which was elegantly decorated with evergreens for the occasion. Immediately behind the Chairman, a very beautiful picture and bust of the poet were exhibited, along with a piece of the veritable thorn beneath which Burns courted his "Bonnie Jean." The chair was occupied by John Romanes, Esq. of Harryburn, who most efficiently discharged the onerous duties of the evening. The croupiers were Charles Simson, Esq. of Threepwood, and Thomas Simson, Esq., Blainslie, who ably performed their respective duties.

After the usual loyal toasts (the Queen's health having been drunk with immense enthusiasm, as the Gudewife of Balmoral and Queen of Hindostan), the CHAIRMAN gave the toast of the evening—"Honour to the illustrious Burns." The list of toasts was as follows:—"The Peasantry of Scotland;" "The Family of the Poet;" "The Poets of Scotland;" "Burns' centenary demonstrations all over the world;" "Lord Clyde and his companions in Arms in India;" "The Ladies of Lauderdale;" "Commerce and Agriculture;" "The health of Mr. John Younger, St. Boswells;" "The Memory of Burns, in silence;" "The Burgh of Lauder;" "The Lord Lieutenant of the County;" "Sir Anthony Maitland and the Lauder Curling Club;" "The Poets of the Sister Kingdoms;" "The Free Masons;" "The Chair;" "The Croupiers;" "The Land o' Cakes." The Town Band, in an adjoining room, at intervals discoursed sweet music to the company. A few of Burns' best songs and a recitation of "Tam o' Shanter," by our townsman, Mr. Alex. Bain, with a very beautiful original prologue, greatly enlivened the evening's proceedings.

The dinner was first class, and three "gude Scotch haggises" graced the festive board.

A second company, as numerous at least as the former, dined together in our Town Hall, and there also the greatest hilarity prevailed. Indeed, we may safely affirm that two such dinner parties never at once assembled in our good burgh.

As an appropriate conclusion to the day's proceedings, a fruit soiree was arranged for the evening—the Parish School having been kindly granted for this purpose. The house was completely filled—the attendance being about three hundred. Mr. John Younger, St. Boswells, delivered an interesting address on the Life and Times of Burns, which was characterised by great originality and much quaint humour, and was altogether a very happy delineation of the genius of our "ploughman poet."

A gala party, consisting of Messrs. Wilson, M'Pherson, and Murray, sung a number of Burns' songs, to the evident gratification of the audience. The town's band also, by their excellent music, added much to the enjoyment of the entertainment. Before parting, the audience united heartily in singing "Auld Langsyne."

We believe that Burns' centenary in Lauder will long be remembered as one of the happiest days of their lives by every one who joined in the day's proceedings.

LAURENCEKIRK.—Since Laurencekirk was created a free and independent Burgh of Barony, there never was a demonstration similar to that which occurred on Tuesday in honour of the genius of Robert Burns. Shortly before four o'clock, a procession of about forty mounted horsemen, accompanied by a band, paraded the streets. The riders for the most part were dressed in the costume of the last century, with blue swallow-tailed coats and brass buttons, and knee-breeches with a profusion of red tape. The "guid blue bonnet" was on that day elevated to a height which left no room for doubting the importance of the occasion. We had Tam o' Shanters and Duncan Grays in abundance, and even the famous Willie who brew'd his maut, and shared the bree with Rob and Allan, was there, perfectly sober. Even the de'il himself was not left unrepresented, and if he did not come "fiddlin' through the town," he nearly did as much, for he whistled on his fingers. To the promoters and those carrying out the arrangements of the demonstration, we shall simply say, well done!

About forty gentlemen sat down in the Gardenstone Arms to a sumptuous dinner, which reflected the highest credit on Mr. M'Bain's culinary department. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Boulton, and Mr. Keepie did the duties of croupier. The cloth having been removed, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been proposed,

The CHAIRMAN gave the toast of the evening, he said—Gentlemen, we have met here to-day on a very important occasion—no less an occasion than the hundredth anniversary of the birth of our great national poet. As *men of the Mearns* we are especially called on to celebrate

this festival. I need not tell you, gentlemen, that our poet's father was a native of Kincardineshire. I need not tell you that he left this *county* early in life, and ultimately settled in the west of Scotland; and it is now precisely one hundred years since a "blast o' Januar' win'" ushered in the birth of the immortal Burns. Near "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," in yonder clay cottage with thatched roof, erected by his own hands, William Burnes, a man of straightforward unbending principles, beheld for the first time his firstborn son Robin.

> "The muses round his cradle hung,
> The graces wat his infant tongue,
> And independence, wi' a rung,
> Cried red the gate for Robin."

Burns from his earliest years was doomed, with the exception of a short respite, to struggle on in poverty and comparative obscurity. Whilst *he was only a boy* the *Genius* of Poetry found him at the plough, and cast her inspiring mantle over him; and we soon find him soaring high in the lofty regions of poesy. A *little farther on in life* we find him preparing to leave his country, and to bid a long if not a last farewell to all he held dear on earth. But, fortunately for us, before doing so he had thought of publishing his poems, and his fame, unknown to him, had penetrated into the homes and hearts of many of the great and noble of the land, and just as he is about to quit his native shores for a foreign clime he is summoned to the capital. A second edition of his works is published. They take the great and noble by surprise as they had done before the peasant and the ploughboy, and their celebrity, together with his own manly bearing and personal accomplishments, soon cut him a path from obscurity to fame, from the plough to the palace. Our poet is now raised to the highest pinnacle of his ambition. But, gentlemen, the clouds are gathering around, and dark shadows are seen flitting in the distance. He was not doomed long to enjoy the favours of the great. He had basked for a time in the sunshine of their smiles, and they for a time had drunk deep from his boundless fountains of wit and humour, but now they are becoming satiated with such rich feast. Fickle favour and fickle fortune now begin to look coldly on. Step by step, slowly at first but irresistibly, he begins to descend; and he is seen with scarcely an outstretched hand to help, struggling against the tide of cold neglect which was hurrying him on; and, like many a noble bark, he encounters wave after wave and storm after storm, until at last left, I may say, without rudder or compass, surrounded by mist and darkness, he runs among the rocks, becomes a total wreck, and sinks beneath the remorseless billows. The last scene in the grand living tragedy is acted and the curtain drops. As regards the genius and merits of Burns I feel that I am quite unable to the task, and when so much has been written and sung by many a master hand, it would be but damning with faint praise were I to attempt it. The Chairman intimated that as the festival was in honour of the birth, the genius and worth of the poet, the toast should be given with all the honours.

The toast was received with enthusiastic cheering.

The Chairman sang in capital style, "There was a lad was born in Kyle."

The Croupier proposed the health of Mr. Gibbon of Johnston, and passed a true and well-merited encomium on that gentleman. He then proposed the health of the Magistrates of Laurencekirk, coupled with the health of Dr. Fettes. Dr. Fettes replied.

Numerous other toasts were given, songs were sung, and, everything considered, such a night as we had with Burns is no joke, and perhaps it is as well it only occurs once in a hundred years.

A very successful soiree, under the auspices of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, was held in the Town hall, which was crowded by a happy company of "honest men and bonnie lasses." After partaking of an excellent tea and accompaniments, Mr. Cowie, Haulkerton, was called to the chair, and gave a most interesting sketch of the parentage of our national poet, regretting that his father had been forced to leave this immediate neighbourhood, as otherwise this county might have had the honour of being the birthplace of the bard. Mr. Cowie then traced the history of the poet himself, pointing out his excellencies, his faults, and misfortunes, with much distinctness and candour, and concluding with a warm tribute to his poetical genius. The subsequent entertainments of the evening consisted of short addresses, recitations, songs and glees, which were all most favourably received by the audience. Altogether this was one of the happiest meetings we ever attended.

In Mr. Kinnear's Inn, a party assembled and spent the evening in an agreeable and felicitous manner. Altogether, we are disposed to say that our good town has not been behind its neighbours in showing their meed of respect and admiration for the undying genius and fame of Scotland's own darling bard.

LAURISTON. — The good folks of this place manifested their love towards their National Poet, Robert Burns, by having a bonfire

in the square, around which many of the youngsters of the town gathered, and behaved in a very quiet and orderly manner; whilst a few of the older inhabitants enjoyed themselves by partaking of an excellent supper in Mr. Pratis' Inn—Mr. Murphy, Falkirk, in the chair. Afterwards songs, toasts, and sentiments, in which "The Queen and Royal family," "The Memory of Burns," "Bonny Jean Armour," "Highland Mary," "Burns' Sons," "Our Native Land," "The Town of Falkirk," "The Village of Laurieston," "The Chairman and Croupier," "The Landlord and Landlady," &c., were proposed and responded to with right good will. The company were much pleased with their night's entertainment, and with the excellent supper prepared by the hands of their esteemed landlady.

LEITH.—Burns' centenary was celebrated in Leith in a becoming manner. The general appearance of the town throughout the day indicated the high estimation in which the memory of the poet is regarded. The day had been looked forward to by all classes as one of an uncommon kind, and many were the arrangements for the members of clubs, associations, and trades to dine together. Some of the schools were not opened, and others closed at mid-day. Flags were displayed at various parts of the town, and a musical band perambulated the streets during the day. At two o'clock many of the shops were shut, and at five the shutting became general. From the latter hour to seven, the demand for coaches was great, but as a sufficient number of carriages could not be procured, thousands were compelled to make their way to the city on foot. Meanwhile, preparations were being made for the various entertainments in Leith, and at night in every hotel there was a dinner-party or other social meeting.

A soiree was held in the Assembly Rooms, which was decorated with banners. A bust of the bard, encircled in a wreath of evergreens and roses, was set up on the wall behind the platform, and each member of committee wore a rosette, in the centre of which was a small photographic likeness of Burns. Speeches were delivered by Mr. M'Fadyen, the Chairman, and the Rev. Mr. Boyle, who spoke as follows:—He had seen the other day on the walls of Edinburgh, a poster, characterising the centenary as "Scotland's idolatry" and "Satan's revival." Now, he regretted this exceedingly. He regretted that religious men, whose motives he did not question, but whose bigotry, to call it by no harder name, he must reprobate, should, like the old cynic, light their lamps and go forth, saying—"We seek a man." He thought we were not much given to idolatry in Scotland. When the monks of St. Andrews stood aghast at the intelligence, "John Knox is come," and the ornaments of the cathedral fell before the hammer of the destroyer—(applause)—when Jenny Geddes hurled her stool at the deacon's head in St. Giles', he thought we were rather known as iconoclasts than idolaters. Besides, it was not to be inferred, because we meet thus to-night, that we suppose Burns was faultless. Far from it. We admit that he often, too often, forgot the responsibilities of the genius and the dignity of the man—lent his ear to the voice of pleasure when he should have listened to the voice of duty—with a heart that seems to have been impressed with the truth of religion, gave utterance to words, which, meant only for hypocrisy, have been construed only into a reproach on Christianity itself—knew the better, and approved it too, but followed the worse. But what then? Who among us is faultless? (Cheers.) Who can cast the first stone at Burns, being sinless himself? (Hear, hear.) Think besides what extenuating circumstances are to be set over against his follies. Born to a heritage of poverty, with a nobleness of soul that could stoop to no meanness, and a sympathy of spirit that made society a necessity of his being—with the burden of his father's troubles resting upon him, so that he says of himself, that till the age of sixteen his life combined the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing toil of a galley slave, till, to his father, "death, the poor man's greatest friend," kindly came and carried him to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Unfortunate in the choice of his employments, in farming, in flax-dressing, in love; forced to skulk from covert to covert to escape imprisonment, with the tide of genius pulsing in his soul, and a consciousness that he was capable of greater things; singing, at the age of twenty-six, "I'm twenty-six, and five feet nine, I'll gang and be a sodger;" then resolving to leave the land which his muse has made classic—(cheers)—and actually on the road to Greenock to embark for the unhealthy Indies; recalled to Edinburgh, and waking up one morning famous; courted by lords and ladies, who looked upon him as a plaything to beguile a tedious hour, and then forsook him for some new arrival, in its turn to be laid aside—is it wonderful that his feet were led into haunts of dissipation, and his "native wood-notes wild" exchanged for other and polluting utterances? (Great applause.) If ever man was the victim of position, surely it was Burns, and these circumstances must be taken into account in estimating his errors, his follies and sins. Shall we not say with himself—

"What's done we partly may compute,
But never what's resisted."

The rev. gentleman then went on to speak of the independence, the genius, and patriotism of Burns, and concluded by hoping that the poet's merits would be emulated, and his vices shunned, by the large audience. He resumed his seat amid loud and renewed applause. Members of the Leith Harmonic Solfeggio Association, and other gentlemen, sung and recited many of the songs and poems of Burns. The Leith Trades' Flute Band was present, and performed several appropriate pieces. Altogether, the meeting was of a pleasing nature.

The members of the Leith and Canongate, Canongate and Leith Masonic Lodge had a ball in their hall, Constitution Street, which was decorated for the occasion. The meters and porters had a dinner, after which they passed the evening by singing, &c. A select supper party assembled in a hall in Bernard Street; and the members of the Carters' Association, which has been in existence for three hundred years, dined in their hall in the Kirkgate.

MESSRS. A. FULLARTON AND CO.'S WORKPEOPLE.—The workpeople in the printing establishment of Messrs. A. Fullarton & Co., Leith Walk, having resolved to celebrate, with their wives and families, the centenary of Burns, met for that purpose to the number of 140 in Kay's Class-room, Constitution Street, Leith. The room, which their own hands had decorated, was tastefully festooned with evergreens. A portrait of Burns hung over the platform, flanked by the devices, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and "A man's a man for a' that," blazoned on either side. At the foot of the room floated the Union Jack. The arrangements were made wholly by themselves and at their own expense, their employers being invited to be present as guests. One of these, Mr. Fullarton, was prevented by recent family bereavement from attending. The company assembled in gala dress, for the evening's entertainment was to wind up with a ball; and the gay yet tasteful attire of the female portion of the company, but above all the beaming beauty of the "bonnie lassies" themselves would have made Burns' own heart leap to see. The chair was taken at half-past six by John Macnab, Esq., who had been invited to preside. Tea and cake were handed round by stewards, wearing true-blue cockades, having Burns' likeness in the centre. After an able introductory address from the chair on the great subject of the evening, a spirited centenary song, written for the occasion by one of the workmen (Mr. Alexander Smart, whose name is already known as a writer of Scottish lyrics) was sung by another of their number (Mr. Andrew Cook), to suitable and stirring music of his own composition, the chorus being sung in parts by a select party of the workpeople. "Scots wha hae" was then sung in parts by the same body of performers. After a spirited recitation of "Tam o' Shanter," a variety of songs, chiefly those of Burns, were sung. These were agreeably varied by an excellent solo performance on the flute, by a young workman, Mr. Collie; and an address by Mr. M'Vicar, another workman, on "Minor Scottish Poets since the days of Burns." Thus, amid songs and speeches, the evening wore away, the last song sung being "Auld Langsyne." The room was then cleared for dancing, beginning with a grand march, after which

"Nae cotillon brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels."

The dancing was kept up till six A.M., when the merry company dispersed.

DEAN AND WATER OF LEITH IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.—A fruit soiree, under the auspices of the Dean and Water of Leith Mutual Improvement Society, was held in the Free Dean Church School-room, in order to afford an opportunity to the inhabitants of the district, at a moderate cost, to join in the celebration of the all-engrossing centenary. Addresses were delivered by several of the members on the life, character, and genius of our great national bard. A variety of his best songs were also sung, and some excellent recitations from his poems given. The proceedings were, throughout, of an interesting and enlivening character, and seemed to give much satisfaction to a large audience.

LERWICK.—The birthday centenary of Robert Burns was celebrated at Lerwick by a public dinner, presided over by Robert Bell, Esq. of Lunna, Sheriff-substitute of Zetland. William Sievwright, Esq., writer, acted as croupier, supported on the left wing of the table by George Smith, Esq., S.S.C. On the right of the chair were Andrew Hay, Esq., J.P., and D. G. Muir, Esq., Comptroller of Customs, &c.; on the left, Rev. Andrew Macfarlane, Miles Walker, Esq., and R. N. Spence, Esq. The croupier was supported on the right and left by G. H. B. Hay, Esq., and R. Hicks, Esq. Immediately opposite the Chairman was John Gatherer, Esq., Collector of Customs, who contributed much to the success with which the arrangements for the demonstration had been planned and carried out. About sixty sat down precisely at five o'clock to a substantial dinner, elegantly served, and reflecting much credit on Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who furnished almost every delicacy that could have

been looked for, even with access to city abundance. *Les liqueurs* supplied by Messrs. Hay & Co. were of the first quality. The decorations for the occasion were executed with much taste, and commanded general admiration. The brethren of the Morton Lodge of Freemasons attended in their mystic insignia, which much enhanced the effect of the *tout ensemble*.

The Rev. Andrew Macfarlane said grace, and also returned thanks in the poet's own words—

"O Thou, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent:
And if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content!—Amen!"

This over, and the tables loaded with a choice supply of fruit, cake, &c., the CHAIRMAN, after giving the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, rose to propose the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns." The learned gentleman said:—Gentlemen,—On this evening one hundred years ago, Robert Burns was born in a clay-built cottage on the "banks of bonnie Doon," and tradition relates that such a tempest raged that the gable of the lowly dwelling was blown down, and the mother, with her infant, had to seek shelter in an adjoining hut still more humble—fitting introduction into a world where his life was destined to be so chequered, and his fate so unfortunate. You are all familiar with the story of his early years—how dutifully he laboured on his father's farm, and how manfully he struggled in the battle of life on the barren fields of Mossgiel. I need not remind you of the passing gleam of sunshine which shone upon his path, when, on the publication of his poems, he was caressed and honoured by the brilliant circle of talent and rank, of which, in those days, Edinburgh was the centre, and when, with bright hopes of happiness before him, he welcomed his Jean to his home on the Banks of the Nith. But

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' leave us nought but grief and pain,
For promised joy."

You all know his weaknesses, his errors, and his disappointments, and how, after struggling through a few years of "life's fitful fever," he sank into an early grave. That his weaknesses, his errors, nay his sins, were neither few nor trifling, who can deny?—but, as seen through the mists of prejudice and misapprehension, which his own follies and the circumstances of the period had raised, they seemed larger and darker than they really were. Now, however, that these mists have cleared away, it is for us to beware lest we be dazzled by the unclouded blaze of his talents so as to forget or think lightly of the specks which undoubtedly did exist. It is for us to pray for strength to avoid those errors in ourselves—not to judge them in another—to pity, not to censure the unhappy subject of them.

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human."

Poor Burns seems to have been of the class to which we all more or less belong, who in the words of the poet, say,

Video meliora proboque deteriora sequor.

But no truer or more discriminating estimate can be formed of his character *as a man* than is contained in the epitaph written by himself. On what grounds then, gentlemen, have we met here to celebrate the birthday of such an humble and ill-fated man? and how comes it that from Land's End to the Skaw of Unst, nay, wherever o'er the wide world the sons of Britain are to be found, their thoughts will dwell upon the associations of this day, and their hearts will fill with grateful admiration and kindly feeling towards Robert Burns? It is because in his case "chill penury did *not* repress his noble rage, nor freeze the genial current of his soul." But ere he was laid in his humble grave, amid the tears and regrets of those who knew his virtues and deplored his errors, he had, in his undying lays, reared for himself an imperishable monument, and had, by his unpremeditated appeals to the heart of every Scotchman—nay, of every human being—secured the lasting sympathy of all. For what is the great feature—the pervading charm—of Burns' poems? It is that, whatever be the subject, they are thoroughly imbued with natural feeling, and give expression to thoughts which every man claims unhesitatingly as his own. His fame and his popularity do not in the smallest degree rest upon those satires which, though wonderful for their talent, and suggested by abuses unfortunately in those days too often real, must be reprobated and deeply regretted, as conceived in a spirit and expressed in terms calculated to connect the ludicrous with subjects of the most sacred nature. But there is no reason to believe that in composing the "Holy Fair" and other similar pieces, Burns intended to aim a blow at true religion. He was smarting under the agony which the ill-judged sternness of the father of his "bonnie Jean" had caused, by tearing her

from her husband, for such by law he was; and, in unveiling what he considered the hypocrisy of those false professors whose claims to superior sanctity were associated with a loose and immoral practice, he with irreverent, nay, wellnigh sacrilegious hand, touched upon those sacred subjects which ought only to be approached in a spirit of humility and awe. But what an amazing power have his poems, when he was true to himself and to his real principles, exercised ever the minds of his countrymen! I venture to say that for one man who has either read or taken pleasure in "The Holy Fair," there are hundreds who have been delighted and rendered wiser and better by "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and many others of a similar character, breathing forth the spirit of the purest religion and morality. Ere Burns sunk into the grave, he had lost many of his friends and patrons from having fallen under the suspicion of being tinged with revolutionary principles. But where, although his conduct, in moments of folly, had given rise to the suspicion, can there be found, in a candid study of his writings, any grounds for such a charge? Nay, rather, he should be regarded as having, by his poems, imprinted as they came to be on the minds and hearts of his countrymen, done his best to cement those time-honoured institutions in which decay was beginning to appear, and as having bound together, by the enduring ties of mutual feelings, interests, and pleasures, all classes of society, from the peer to the peasant. Within a few months of the day when Burns saw the light were Pitt and Nelson born. All honour be to "the pilot who weathered the storm," and, when the waves of anarchy and despotism flowed successively over the length and breadth of the civilized world, kept afloat the good ship of the British constitution, richly freighted as she was with the cause of order and the liberties of mankind. All glory to the immortal Nelson, who, "where'er the breezes bear the billow's foam," made the name of Britain feared and honoured, and, ere he fell at Trafalgar, saw the "meteor flag of England" floating triumphant over the combined navies of her gallant foes, and her empire established on the seas. But let us not forget the humble bard, nor withhold the meed of honour due to him. For who can tell in how many thousand hearts the thrilling strains of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" have fanned the flame of patriotic ardour? or how many a "brave but honest sodger," amid the deadly blasts of war, on the tented fields of the Peninsula or the Crimea, has had his heart cheered by those lays which raised a vision of "gentle peace returning," and of his home in "the bonnie glen where Nancy oft he courted." Or how can we over-estimate the value of those lessons of independence which taught our bold peasantry, "their country's pride," that "a man's a man for a' that," and led them by "words that burned" to know what their homes were, or ought to be, and to feel that, poor as they were, they had a stake in their country, and that on their exertions mainly depended the maintenance of her liberty and honour. Need I remind you of those enchanting songs which, by their touching pathos or varied humour, and their graphic delineations of universal nature, have for generations delighted every Scottish heart? Not only can the lover in every mood, whether successful or disappointed, whether cheerful or desponding, find expression for every feeling which can agitate his heart; but united as they have been with the most exquisite melodies, they have been a source of the purest pleasure to every grade of society, from the palace to the cottar's ingleside. Can you conceive feelings more free from every soil of earthly passion than those enshrined in the words of "John Anderson, my jo?" or can any man, without swelling heart and moistened eyes, listen to the words of "Auld Langsyne?" But, gentlemen, it is needless to detain you longer in multiplying proofs to establish what we all know and feel—that Robert Burns is the Poet of the People of Scotland, in whose hearts, whether of high or of low degree, his lays find an unfailing echo, and I cannot find a more appropriate epitaph for our honoured bard than in the glowing words of our own Sir Walter Scott—

> "Call it not vain; they do not err,
> Who say that when the poet dies,
> Mute nature mourns her worshipper
> And celebrates his obsequies."

During the delivery of his speech, the learned Sheriff was frequently and rapturously applauded. At its conclusion, the toast was drunk in solemn silence.

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" having been sung by Mr. Hunter, the health of the Poet's Sons was then given by the Croupier, and warmly received.

Mr. George Smith followed with some remarks on the object of the meeting, after which he read "The Twa Dogs", with much humour and discrimination of the Poet's meaning, and at the conclusion was greeted with a round of cheers.

Tune—"The Smith's a Gallant Fireman."

A variety of other toasts were given, among which was "Professor Aytoun, Sheriff of the County, and the Ballad Poetry of Scotland."

The CHAIRMAN responded on behalf of Sheriff Aytoun. He said:—As the unworthy substi-

tute of our excellent Sheriff, I have the honour to return thanks in his name for the very handsome terms in which Mr. Hunter has expressed himself, and for the enthusiastic manner in which you have received the toast. I don't know whether the Sheriff is aware of our meeting here this evening, but I can safely say, that if he did, his heart would be with us. As it is, it is understood that he has presided to-day at a similar meeting either at Ayr or Dumfries, or perhaps, in these days of railway travelling, he may have been at both. It has been well said by some one—I think the eminent Fletcher of Saltoun—"Allow him to make the ballads of the people, and he would leave to others the making of their laws." You all know with how much credit to himself and advantage to the community our Sheriff has administered the laws amongst us, and he will soon be in a position to determine whether ballads or laws have exercised the most beneficial effect upon us. I beg again to thank you for the honour you have done to the Sheriff. (Great cheering.)

In reply to "The Clergy of all Denominations," the Rev. Mr. MACFARLANE said—That he had to thank Mr. Walker and the gentlemen present for the very handsome manner in which the toast had been proposed and cordially responded to. None regretted more than he the absence of the brethren of his class, who had signified their intention to be present with them on this auspicious occasion. For his own part he hailed with no small degree of satisfaction the intention of the gentlemen present to do honour to the great poet of Scotland, and cordially acquiesced in the arrangements of the committee for the present meeting, and if his pleasure was diminished in any degree by the absence of friends, he yet heartily sympathized with the object for which they had met. Burns, he held, was no common man, and if he was to be judged of by this generation apart from the manners and customs and hypocrisies of his time, a great injustice would be done to his character and fame.

The whole company, standing with hands joined, sang "Auld Langsyne" with heart and good-will, and the proceedings then closed amid continued cheering.

In the course of the evening the entertainment was enlivened by several appropriate songs by Messrs. John Robertson, junr., James Hunter, James Goudie, Neil Jamieson, and Laurence Goodlad. Mr. Cramond also discoursed sweet sounds on the violin.

LESLIE.—A festival was held in Prinlaws School-room. Upwards of 150 sat down to supper, all of whon partook heartily of the excellent cheer provided. The "haggises" formed a most attractive dish, being, from their associations, not less interesting to the mind than from their intrinsic excellence they were delicious to the palate. Mr. Elder, banker, occupied the chair, supported by Messrs. Beath, J. Miller, D. Swan, and Melven; and Bailie Jollie officiated as croupier, supported by Messrs. A. Scott, J. Sands, Orr, and Simpson. The croupier gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns, Scotland's Great Poet." The toast was received with all due honour, and a very happy evening was spent.

LESMAHAGOW.—St. John's Lodge (No. 20.) of Free Masons, and the Thistle Lodge of Free Gardeners (about 100 in all), joined in procession, in full costume, preceded by the admired Kirkmuirhill Instrumental Band. After perambulating the village, both lodges retired to their respective quarters, and celebrated the centenary in honour of our immortal bard, in as enthusiastic a manner as any meeting held that evening.

FREE MASONS.—In the absence of the R. W. M., Brother Charles Hope Vere of Blackwood (who was unavoidably engaged at the Grand Lodge of Scotland in Edinburgh), Brother John Capie, D.P.M., took the chair, supported on the right by Brother David M'Ghie, P. W. M., and on the left by our worthy secretary, Brother James Taylor, Brothers George Smith, senior, and John Young, junior, wardens. After discussing an excellent dinner, and giving the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the R. W. M. gave "The Immortal Memory of Brother Robert Burns." In his remarks he mentioned that Lesmahagow held a place in the annals of his history—from Mrs. Begg (the sister of the immortal bard), and her family being in the neighbourhood. Mr. Begg was factor to Mr. Hope Vere of Blackwood and Craigiehall—father of our R. W. M.—who was unfortunately killed in mounting his horse at the Milltown Inn; that Mrs. Begg and her sons afterwards filled a high situation both at Bent School, and Kirkmuirhill, where they are respected to this day. The Chairman then gave "The Immortal Memory of Brother Robert Burns." Full bumpers in masonic style. After a great number of toasts, &c., the lodge separated at "high twelve," highly gratified with the evening's entertainment. The new dress of the Tyler caused a great excitement.

The members of the Reading-Room at his Grace the Duke of Hamilton's Colliery, with their wives and sweethearts, met to celebrate the centenary of the birth of the immortal Bard of Scotland—Mr. Wm. M'Murdo, preses of the

Reading-room in the chair. After partaking of an excellent dinner, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been given and responded to, the Chairman, after a few remarks on the life and writings of him whose centenary they were assembled to commemorate, proposed the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns,"—which was drunk with all the honours usual upon such occasions. Other toasts followed. During the evening the ladies favoured the company with a number of the songs of Burns, which were sung with great taste and warmly applauded. After spending the evening in a most agreeable manner, the whole party joined hands and sang "Auld Langsyne;" then all retired to their respective homes, well pleased with the manner in which they had spent "The Centenary of Rabbie Burns."

LETHAM MILL.—The Burns centenary was celebrated here by a supper and ball. At half-past eight o'clock a party of eighty-five sat down to a substantial supper provided by the committee. The chair was occupied by Mr. Robert Walker, gardener at Letham Grange, and Mr. James Thomson, builder, acted as croupier. The Chairman, in a neat speech, gave a sketch of the life and writings of the poet, and concluded by proposing "The Memory of Burns," which was drunk in silence. The Croupier then proposed "The genius of Burns," which was drunk with great enthusiasm. After a number of speeches, sentiments, and songs, the company joined in the merry dance to an able violin band under the leadership of Mr. Charles Hunter, and the amusement was kept up with great spirit to an early hour in the morning. The whole proceedings were very creditable to all concerned.

LEVEN.—Leven, although a baron burgh, has not been eclipsed by her royal neighbours. The grand national never-to-be-forgot demonstration in honour of "Burns" has been celebrated here with all the pomp and pageantry which only at the time for the passing of the Reform Bill has surpassed. First, some hundreds of children congregated on the church green, and had distributed to them fruit and confections, after which they proceeded in procession through the town, all carrying banners with the word "Burns." During the progress of this procession, the different trades were being marshalled and arrayed, while the Freemasons in their lodge were making their arrangements, and partaking of cake and wine, and also initiating Mr. Wemyss of Wemyss into their lodge. After these preliminaries all took their places, the brethren of the mystic tie bringing up the rear. Four bands of music were in attendance. Under these arrangements the mass moved on along the High Street, over the bridge, and swept round the east of Dubbyside Links; this was the most imposing sight of the whole, especially from the Leven side of the water. George Lochtie, Esq., mounted on a grey charger, led the column; next followed the operatives and trades, consisting of hammermen, bakers, butchers, joiners, tinsmiths, flaxdressers, &c. Each of these bore flags and other *insignia* of their order. In the evening there were two large dinner parties, and a tea party for old women. In the Gardeners' Hall, Mr. Wemyss presided over about a hundred. The Chairman gave the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Burns." (Cheers.) In his delineation of Scottish character, and in the feeling in his poetry, Scotland had none to excel the peasant of Ayrshire. He was born of lowly parents, and at a time when education was not so easily gained as now. But his natural genius soon triumphed over all, and at the age of sixteen his first poetry was given to the world. Some are not aware of the circumstance that it was the lasses that gave rise to Burns' first poetry about his "Bonnie Jean," who had told him that a neighbouring farmer's son had addressed her in poetry, which stimulated him to do the same. It was not, however, till after he had prosecuted his studies, taking advantage of every opportunity, that in his twenty-third year he was indebted to the kindness of Lord Glencairn for the publication of his poems. In whatever part of the world he had been he had never seen a Scotchman but was glad to see a Scotchman, and seldom met one with whom the works of Burns were not familiar. He could not do justice to the theme, and would conclude with the words of an English writer, who said —"Burns was beloved by the great for his genius, by the gayest for his mirth, by the independent for his manliness, by the frail for his frailties, and by the social for his fun." He would call upon them to drink a bumper to his immortal memory. The toast was drunk with "Highland honours," the whole company standing on the seats and table. Mr. Haig rose and said he had been called to propose a toast, "The Peasantry of Scotland." He was sure they would all join him in saying, even those who were not Scotchmen, that our peasantry are a race of which any nation may well be proud. (Cheers.) There are few families who had not at some stage belonged to the noble order of the peasantry. They were a race that would yet surprise the world, and for their deeds in arms have surprised themselves. Look to the days of yore; in the time of Bruce and

Wallace, when the nobles had turned their backs upon them, the peasantry kept up an independent country amidst all their assailing foes. (Cheers.) Look to the latter times, and witness the achievements of our Highland regiments; trace them to the Crimea; trace them to the burning sands of India, and you there see the same indomitable spirit which influenced their fathers on the field of Bannockburn. (Cheers.) Look at Lord Clyde, with all his glories in India, he himself was but a peasant's son; the famous Hugh Miller, not surpassed in fame in any country for his discoveries in geology. He could go on enumerating endless instances, but it would be telling them the same story over and over again, and would call on them to drink to "The Scottish Peasantry," with all the honours. (Loud huzzas.)

In the Parish School Mr. Smith, teacher, presided over 200. In the Free Church School eighty old women sat down to tea, besides some sixty ladies. This affair was got up by subscription, and too much praise cannot be bestowed on those who got it up.

LEYSMILL.—Burns' centenary was celebrated here by a supper and ball, the former being held in the Spynie Hotel, the front of which was decorated with evergreens, and the latter in the grain loft at Leysmill farm, kindly granted by Mr. Lindsay Carnegie for that purpose, and also tastefully decorated. At seven o'clock a party of about seventy sat down to an excellent supper, prepared by mine host of the Spynie Hotel. The chair was occupied by Mr. Walker, manager, Leysmill Works; Mr. Kydd, farmer, Border, acted as croupier. After the removal of the cloth, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in proposing the "Genius and Memory of Burns," said, he did not feel qualified to enter into his great merits as a poet, but while some have decried him as having desecrated his great talents, still he, and he was sure those around him, and thousands elsewhere, held an opposite opinion, and considered that some of those pieces to which the greatest objections had been taken, were calculated to do good, and had done so, and that the unprecedented tribute paid to his memory on this the hundredth anniversary of his birth, proved that these feelings were shared in by his countrymen in every part of the world. The toast was drunk in silence. Among the more prominent toasts which followed were The health of W. F. Lindsay Carnegie, Esq. of Spynie and Boysack, by the croupier; The Agricultural Interests, coupled with the health of Mr. Kydd, by Mr. Mustard; The Railway Interest, coupled with the health of Mr. Mustard, railway agent, by Mr. Robertson; Trade and Prosperity of Leysmill, coupled with the health of Mr. Walker, by Mr. Strachan; Commercial Interest, by Mr. Thomson; The Cause of Education, coupled with the health of Mr. Thomson, by the chairman; The Working-men of the district, by Mr. Soutar. Numerous other toasts followed, and the whole evening was enlivened by a great variety of songs and sentiments. The ball, under the leadership of Mr. Miln from Arbroath, was kept up until an early hour, when all separated in the best of order. The whole proceedings passed off in the most harmonious and orderly manner, reflecting credit on all concerned.

LHANBRYDE.—The village of Lhanbryde was not behind the other villages in celebrating the centenary of the famous poet, Robert Burns. A number of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the Fife Arms Inn, and spent a very happy and harmless evening, both by singing a number of the poet's favourite and national songs and dancing, until Forbes Mackenzie's hour. They then adjourned to the female school-room, kindly granted by the managers, and kept up the dance with great glee until morning, when every one retired, highly gratified with the night's proceedings.

LILLIESLEAF.—A soiree was held in the parish School-room here, on the evening of the 25th, in honour of our national bard, Robert Burns, which, out of our small population, was attended by about 220 individuals. The school being the largest room in the village where such a meeting could with propriety be held, was completely filled, and a great number failed to gain admission for want of accommodation. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Lunn, who gave an excellent opening address on the life and writings of Burns. Mr. Thomas Scott also gave an address on his character as a poet. The evening was further enlivened by readings and recitations from his works by Messrs. T. Turnbull, J. W. Mackay, R. Scott, R. Simpson, and R. King; and a selection of his most popular songs sung by Messrs. T. A. and D. Scott. The meeting, which broke up about half-past ten o'clock, was most enthusiastic, and, although the weather was boisterous in the extreme, yet

> "The storm without might roar and rustle,
> They didna mind the storm a whistle."

LINLITHGOW.—Linlithgow fully entered into the general enthusiasm in the celebration of the centenary. The day was held as a half-holiday, and the bells, by order of the magistrates, rang merry peals during the day.

Dinner in The Star and Garter.—The company, to the number of ninety, assembled in the large room of the Star and Garter Hotel, at four o'clock, and immediately proceeded to despatch the very excellent dinner provided by Mr. Maddox. A prominent feature of the dinner was an excellent haggis, kindly contributed for the occasion by Mr. Gillon of Leith. The appropriate dishes of sheep-head and sheep-head kail also formed part of the entertainment. Provost Dawson occupied the chair, and the vice-chair was ably filled by John Hardy, Esq. After the loyal and patriotic toasts, the health of the Lord Lieutenant, &c., were duly honoured,

The Rev. Dr. Bell rose to propose the toast of the evening, and was received with great cheering, "The Memory of Robert Burns." Dr. Bell, in introducing the toast, said, that there were portions of the poet's life and of his poems which he could not approve of, although to these he would make but slight allusion, only it was necessary for him, and he trusted the company would excuse the few remarks he had to offer on this head—so far to protest against the idea that he in any degree, by his presence in this prominent position, approved of or admired those portions of the poet's writings regarding which the most charitable would wish that they had never been given to the world. (Cheers.) But he was not inclined to put upon Burns an unqualified condemnation. These things were written in the immaturity of his youth, and most of them were withheld from publication by himself, and most probably had he lived would have been as far as possible suppressed. (Cheers.) Dr. Bell here adverted to the beautiful songs he wrote in the latter and more mature period of his life, contrasting with the objectionable productions of his earlier days. In regard to such compositions as the "Holy Fair," too, it must be remarked that the poet's reverence for holy things was genuine—none of his satire was levelled at them—he kept outside of the sanctuary. Nor could even that grotesque drama of the "Jolly Beggars" be held up as a seductive picture, likely to allure into vice any of its readers. But all apology aside, how great and how genuine the genius of the poet! It was not only among his own class that his productions obtained popularity, but also by the higher classes that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin was at once recognised and acknowledged; and this, too, in spite of the English language spreading and becoming fashionable. (Great cheering.) This was because Burns was a *real* poet. (Cheers.) The constituents of the poetic mind,—imagination, tenderness, humour, sarcasm, &c., are nowhere so thoroughly and in such large measure combined as in Burns; and all these directed to the illustration of the daily life and feelings of his countrymen, it was not wonderful that he had attained such a high popularity. After many other appropriate observations and illustrations, the doctor proposed the toast of the evening, which was responded to with many hearty cheers.

Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle," by Mr. James White.

The Chairman alluded to a slight omission in Dr. Bell's address. He stated that he supposed many here were not aware that Robert Burns was a burgess of our burgh, and, of course, a son of the "Black Bitch." (Cheers.) Burns' name happens not to be recorded in the Town Council records, as it was not generally the practice at that time, 1787, to record all those who became burgesses. The chairman remarked that he looked on this fact as one of the glories of Linlithgow, their having Burns as one of her sons. Burns appears to have been entered as a burgess in passing through Linlithgow on his Highland tour. The burgess ticket was read aloud to the company.

Afterwards the following gentlemen addressed the meeting on the various appropriate toasts:—Messrs. John Hardy, banker; J. Oat, teacher; John M'Elfrish, merchant; Adam Dawson, jun., younger of Bonnyton; W. H. Henderson, writer; Peter Dow; George Wilson, farmer; Bailie Henderson; R. R. Glen, banker; Robert Aitken, writer; Bailie Speeden.

Several other toasts and songs were afterwards given, and after singing "Auld Langsyne," the meeting separated.

In the County Hall upwards of fifty brethren of the Linlithgow Ancient Brazen Lodge had a social meeting—Brother Robert Spence, merchant, in the chair, which he filled most appropriately.

The Working Men's Soiree, which was held in the Town Hall, the large room having been very gracefully and obligingly given up to them by the Freemasons, who, it seems, had a prior claim, but waived it with that courtesy and politeness so characteristic of the brotherhood. Never perhaps was there a more happy or numerous assemblage within the walls of the Town Hall than upon this occasion; it was completely crammed by a delighted and enthusiastic audience, combining the youth and beauty of the neighbourhood, females, we are happy to say, predominating, adding by their ever welcome presence an additional charm to the entertainment. The chair was occupied by Mr. William Aitken, shoemaker, who discharged the duties thereof with great ability. A blessing having been asked by Mr. Peter Sturrock,

a plentiful repast of tea and cake was then served out, which the youngsters appeared to relish exceedingly; indeed, we were much afraid that a little fat chubby-faced rogue who sat near us would do himself injury, such an astonishing quantity of the good things provided did he put out of sight. After tea Mr. Peter Duncan recited a poem, composed by him expressly for the occasion, embodying very pretty sentiments in graceful and beautiful language. Mr. David Potter also sung an original song, composed for the occasion. Mr. Robert Edgar then delivered a short address upon the genius of Burns, remarking that Scotland's twin patriots, Wallace and Bruce, although the doers of heroic deeds, and well-deserving a niche in the temple of fame, owed much of their consideration and renown in the present day to the poet Burns, by singing of them; and holding up their achievements to posterity, he had, as it were, linked their immortality to his, and made them a part of himself. Burns, continued the speaker, was a man of the people; he sang of and for them, as his dedication to the Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt amply testifies. He also alluded to Burns' detractors, and concluded his short but expressive speech with several selections from the works of the bard, illustrative of his pathos, sublimity, and beauty. The pretty song of "Afton Water," was sung by Mr. Archibald Shields with great effect; also "Mary in Heaven," by Mr. J. M'Dermott;" "John Anderson my jo," by Mr. Robert Whitehead; "Nannie's awa" and "Dainty Davie," by Mr. David Potter, were all done ample justice to, and received with much applause. Mr. William Hutton, shoemaker, delivered an elaborate address upon "Burns as a Patriot and a Poet, and the Influence of his Muse." He said Burns as a poet and a patriot is destined to be remembered not only by his own liberty-loving countrymen, but by the generous-minded and liberal of all nations. Burns was ever alive to the cause of human freedom, always on the right side, and though, like every other mortal being, he has come short of perfection, his country and the world have this day pronounced emphatically in his favour. The speaker then alluded to Burns' calumniators, especially of his own time, and admirably exposed their malice and hypocrisy. I do not wish, he continued, to whitewash the character of the poet, nor do I say that he was the purest of modern men, but I do contend that many of the imperfections imputed to him belonged to the times in which he lived, rather than to himself. Had it been the fate of Burns to have moved in a more exalted sphere of society, and in place of singing in immortal strains of the habits and thoughts of a humble peasantry, he had worshipped wealth and rank, in all likelihood those uncomely failings with which time has enveloped his memory would never have outlived the day that gave them birth. Mr. Hutton then alluded to the influence of the poet's muse in the stately hall, and the rude shieling of his native land, in the emigrant's cot mid the forests of the far west, or on the auriferous plains of the Australian land, and concluded, amid the din and roar of battle, how often has the stern red line and the flowing tartans of Caledonia stemmed the furious onset of the foe, or as the terrible slogan pealed upon the ear "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," who can describe the fury of the charge of that moving avalanche of Scottish steel. Mr. Peter Sturrock and Mr. Peter Duncan also delivered suitable addresses. Songs were also sung by Mr. Alexander M'Gregor, Mr. Alexander Forgie, Mr. Peter Duncan, Mr. Robert Hastie, Mr. D. M'Gregor, Mr. John Law, Mr. Robert Whitehead, Mr. D. Potter, Mr. Archibald Shields, and others, all in a highly creditable manner, eliciting great applause. At the recommendation of the Chairman, the audience rose *en masse*, and sang together the song of "Auld Langsyne." Votes of thanks were then tendered to the chairman and secretary, for their exertions in getting up the festival, also to the committee and the singers for their services, and special votes of thanks were passed to the magistrates and to the freemasons, which were both warmly responded to. Three times three cheers for Robert Burns closed the proceedings. The room was then cleared for the dance, which was kept up with great spirit until far in the morning. In summing up, we may observe that the utmost harmony and cordiality prevailed, and a more happy meeting we have seldom seen.

LINTON (East).—The Burns Centenary was celebrated here by a public dinner in Smellie's Assembly room, which, both in point of numbers and enthusiasm, has never been equalled. In the absence of Capt. Kinloch and Sir David Baird, Bart., for whom apologies were made, William Howden, Esq., and Wm. Gray, Esq., acted as chairman and croupier. "The immortal Memory of Burns" was drunk with a warmth and affection which no other toast could have elicited. Altogether we have seldom seen a happier evening, and to the matchless songs of our own dear Bard, and to the excellent manner in which they were sung, is it to be attributed.

LINTON (West).—The working-men of West Linton celebrated the Burns centenary

by a dinner in Mr. Paterson's Inn. There was present an old man, John Halliday, a native of Dunscore, who had twice seen the poet at Ellisland. Music, vocal and instrumental, enlivened the evening.

LOANHEAD.—The Centenary of our immortal poet, Robert Burns, was celebrated on the 25th of January by a grand festival. Upwards of forty sat down to supper at eight o'clock, in the school-room, at which "the great chieftain o' the puddin' race" was duly honoured. Alexander Fowler, Esq., occupied the chair; Mr. Robert Wood acting as croupier. After a lengthened and most appropriate address from the Chairman upon the character and works of our great poet, Robert Burns, the everlasting renown of Wallace, the glorious career of the mighty Bruce, and many other interesting topics of the days of yore, he proposed a toast to the "Memory of our Great and Immortal Poet, Robert Burns," which was cordially joined in by the interested assemblage. The night drove on with songs and clatter, and filled every breast with new animation as the strains of our idolised bard spread their lustre over the scene in songs and recitations. A numerous and well-trained choir joined heartily in the melting strains of "Auld Langsyne," after which the National Anthem was sung in a most skilful manner, and the company, after engaging in a hearty Scotch reel, separated in perfect harmony and good humour.

LOCHABER.—Unwilling to be behind our neighbours in doing honour to the immortal Burns, we had a gathering at Spean Bridge Inn, on the evening of the 25th, when, notwithstanding the boisterous state of the weather, a large assemblage met. The large room of the Inn being insufficient for the reception of the company, an adjoining one was thrown open by the removal of the partition. Behind the President's chair, surmounted by wreaths of evergreens, tastefully got up, hung a life-size painting of the poet; while at the other end a model-plough, constructed and presented by Mr. Macfarlane, Spean Bridge, occupied the space behind the croupier. The chair was efficiently filled by James Smith, Esq. of Tulloch—a gentleman whose father's nearest neighbour for three years was Robbie Burns, during his unsuccessful farming experiment in Dumfries-shire, and who is in possession of many unpublished but interesting anecdotes connected with the private life and character of the poet. After an excellent dinner, which reflected the highest credit on the worthy hostess, and in which the favoured haggis played a prominent part, the Chairman, having first proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, called for an overflowing bumper to the immortal memory of Robert Burns. Among the many meetings which on this occasion responded to that sentiment, it were difficult to find one in which the response was more hearty and enthusiastic than that which followed the able and appropriate address of our Chairman. A considerable number of the party were shepherds from the "land of Burns," whose warm respect for the poet, whom they look upon as specially their own, brought them from many a wild glen, and across many a swollen mountain stream, through blinding snow and slushy sleet, to commemorate the birth of the bard, whose sweet strains have often been to them like a voice from their own green glens in the south, cheering them in the solitude of the Highland hill, lightening their labour in the sweltering clipping-fank, and enhancing the comforts of the bleezin' ingle and the clean hearthstane when the day's drudgery was over. The Rev. Mr. Macintyre, the parish clergyman, who, as croupier, supported by the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Ballachulish, ably sustained at his end of the table the sentiments appropriate to the occasion, next proposed the Poets of Scotland. Descending from Ossian to the days of Barbour and Blind Harry, and thence to the poets of our own times, he coupled with the toast the name of Mr. Munro, parochial schoolmaster of Kilmonivaig, who has attained to more than a local celebrity as a favoured friend of the muses. Mr. Munro's very appropriate reply was followed by the toast of the Peasantry of Scotland, by the Rev. Mr. Joass of Braelochaber. The Church of Scotland, proposed by the chair, and followed by the old song, "Should auld acquaintance," &c., with the full strength of the company, was acknowledged by the Rev. Mr. Macintyre; after which the Rev. Mr. Stewart proposed Our Educational Institutions. Then came a few local toasts, among which we may mention Lord Abinger, the lord of the manor, by D. C. Mackay, Esq.; and a well-earned and tasteful tribute to the character of The Mackintosh as a Highland proprietor, by R. P. Macdonell, Esq. of Keppoch. The Ladies of Lochaber, by Wm. Smith, Esq. of Moy, was boisterously and enthusiastically responded to by the audience, and tastefully acknowledged by Mr. Macdonell, yr. of Keppoch. In short, the evening was in every sense a most harmonious one, passing off without a single disagreeable occurrence, in the interchange of poetic sentiment and social song, with well-chosen recitations given with thorough unction in the vernacular of the Bard of Doon.

LOCHGELLY.—On the occasion of the

centenary of the birth of Robert Burns (Tuesday 25th January), a supper took place in the hall of the Lochgelly Iron Company's Academy. Fully 200 ladies and gentlemen were present. The chair was occupied by Mr. P. B. Ogilvie, A.M., teacher; and the croupiers were W. D. Nelson, Esq., Messrs. George Johnstone, James Lawrie, and John Connel. After supper,

The CHAIRMAN addressed the meeting as follows:—Ladies and gentlemen,—We come this evening in common with our countrymen, ay, and I am proud to say it, with our countrywomen too, with all who exult in the common Scottish name, to offer our just meed of praise, and to prostrate ourselves in admiration at the throne of our immortal poet. We come not now to give homage to wealth, or rank, or power, but to give homage to ranks and dignities higher far than these, even to sterling worth and immortal genius. It was in the ancient metropolis of Caledonia that the original muse of our bard first found encouragement and protection. By her kind and generous sons our great poet was caressed and admired. In that ancient metropolis his praise is now the theme of every tongue; every lip is responsive, and beauty in all her dazzling brightness, and talent in all his splendid lustre; the occupier of the lordly dome, and the tenant of the humble cottage, are now issuing forth from every quarter, in every direction, eager to accord the just tribute of praise to his imperishable fame. The sound has gone forth to the sister island, and his praises are now being reverberated in the principal cities of the United Kingdom. But his fame is not merely national. It is wide as the great globe of the world, and reaches from pole to pole. Such universal respect and admiration has never till now been accorded to genius since the world began. Such an interesting, exciting, and imposing scene as this evening presents all over the world, has never yet been emblazoned on the pages of history; never been delineated by the hand of the artist on the glowing canvas; never yet found a place and a name in the enthusiastic strains of the past. And, oh! were we but gifted with the power of vision, so as to take within the range of the eye a survey of the numerous assemblies, both at home and abroad, now being held in honour of our immortal bard, what grand and exciting scenes would burst upon the view! And we, too, are pressing forward to swell the common tide of fame. We come, as it were, in imagination, to encircle our poet's brow afresh with garlands, with the laurel and myrtle as of old, or rather, in accordance with his own exquisitely beautiful poem of the "Vision," with his favourite holly—

"And wear thou this she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head,
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And like a passing thought, she fled
In light away."

How well he had tuned his lyre, and thrilled every Scottish heart by his melodious songs, it were vain in me to attempt to describe. How well he has painted the rural scenes, the rural manners of his native country, its love, its joys, the native feelings strong, in his own vigorous, I might say, in his own burning language, is equally known to you all. His poems are perused, and his songs sung with a peculiar pleasure both by rich and poor, by lord and peasant, young and old. And why is it so? It is because of their unaffected simplicity, and their faithfulness to nature. No photographist can give the contour and delineate the features of the human countenance with greater accuracy and truth than Burns can paint nature; and it is because his songs meet with the native responses of the heart, vibrate on the springs of passion, and thrill the chords of human sympathy, whether the key-note be that of love or friendship, joy or sorrow, wit or patriotism, that they are so highly prized. He surpasses all the lyric poets who have sung in the Scottish dialect; and it is because his immortal songs have been so happily wedded to Scottish music, and because he paints nature with such truthful and pleasing simplicity, that his fame justly ranks so highly in the estimation of his countrymen. In conclusion, I would remark, that the name of Burns is a name for all time—it is a name the fame of which will not soon be eclipsed. The genius of history will inscribe it in her most brilliant page; and as the stream of time rolls downwards, each century will resume the glorious theme, and when we ourselves shall be cold and mouldering in the dust, generations yet unborn may perhaps in this very spot, within these walls where I am now addressing so large an assembly, resume his praises. And Oh! if it be the lot of the departed spirits of the mighty dead; if gracious Heaven grant to spirits of heaven-born genius the privilege of looking down upon this sublunary scene, how must thy gentle spirit, immortal Burns, thrill with joy on beholding the incense of love, gratitude, and admiration that is now ascending from the unfeigned hearts of thy grateful countrymen! The Chairman had prepared a poem appropriate to the occasion, which he read.

At a later stage, Mr. George Johnston, teacher, delivered an address on "Genius," and read a poem he had composed, entitled "The Ploughman."

During the evening several of Burns' songs were sung in capital style; and appropriate recitations were given. The entertainment was kept up with great spirit until half-past one o'clock on Wednesday morning.

Another supper party assembled in the Freemasons' Hall, and was attended by nearly fifty gentlemen, no ladies being present. The chair was occupied by Robert Henderson, Esq. of Glencraig; supported on the right by Andrew Landale, Esq., manager of the works; while John Wright, Esq., banker, ably discharged the duties of croupier; and we observed the most of the leading gentlemen and farmers in the district were present. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in a very sensible speech, in which he illustrated the genius of the poet by numerous quotations from his works, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns," which, on the suggestion of the Chairman, was drunk in solemn silence, as he considered that the most appropriate way of drinking it. Mr. John Couper immediately thereafter sang, "We'll a' be proud o' Robin." Song and sentiment followed in rapid succession, and numerous other toasts were proposed, including the "Poets of Scotland, England, and Ireland," "The Agricultural, Mining and Manufacturing Interests," &c. The company spent a very social evening, such as Burns himself, we have no doubt, would have enjoyed.

LOCHMABEN.—The burgh of Lochmaben, on the 25th January, did full honour to the memory of the Scottish bard. By common consent, all the shops in the town were shut, and from an early part of the day flags were flying, and an unusual commotion was visible. About three o'clock P.M. the Freemasons assembled in the Town Hall, and went in procession through the town. After the procession there was a public dinner in the Commercial Inn; a goodly company sat down, presided over by Dr. Dickson as Chairman, Mr. Dinwoodie, draper, croupier. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman, in an able speech, gave The Memory of Burns. He referred to Burns as Scotland's Poet, as the greatest lyrical and satirical writer Scotland has produced. He then gave the company some excellent specimens of the poet's writings in the various walks of poetry. The toast was enthusiastically responded to.

Among the various toasts which followed were The Members of the County and Burgh; The Magistrates of Lochmaben; The Town and Trade of Lochmaben; The Poets of Scotland, &c. At intervals, songs, mostly those of Burns, were sung.

A concert took place in the Town Hall in the evening. The room was filled to overflowing. There were the songs of Burns sung in concert duets and solos. After the concert, a public ball was kept up by a numerous party till morning. Altogether the centenary of Burns in Lochmaben will be a day long remembered by the inhabitants.

LOCHWINNOCH.—Up till Monday, the 24th, it was generally believed that in this locality the centenary of the immortal poet, Burns, would pass by without any movement whatever. But on that day Mr. W. Crawford, of the Calderbank Woollen Factory, resolved to give a supper and ball to the workmen and others connected with his work, and in honour of the bard. A flag waved from the factory during the whole of the 25th, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed among the workers, each one anxious to do honour to Scotia's peasant bard. One of the flats of the factory being cleared out for the occasion, the chair was taken at half-past eight o'clock, by Mr. Crawford, who, on entering with his family, was enthusiastically received with three hearty rounds of cheering; the Chairman in a few brief but pointed remarks introduced the business of the evening by stating that the object for which they were met was twofold, first to pay a tribute to the memory of Scotia's darling bard, and then by social converse and enjoyment to pass a pleasant evening together. After partaking of a sumptuous repast, kindly given by Mr. Crawford, the table was removed and the Chairman again shortly addressed the meeting, and introduced one of his workmen who sung one of the poet's best songs, and was rapturously applauded. One after another sung the songs of Burns to a delighted audience; then the dancing commenced and was kept up till an early hour.

LOCKERBIE.—The Burns Centenary was celebrated in Lockerbie by all classes of the community in the most enthusiastic manner. Seldom, if ever, did Victoria Square present such an animated appearance as it did on the 25th of January. The front of the King's Arms Hotel, in which the dinner was to take place, was finely decorated, a magnificent arch having been thrown over the porch, beautifully ornamented with laurel and evergreen. The spacious dinner-hall was also arrayed in a most appropriate style. No part whatever but had undergone some alteration and improvement. The centre of the hall presented a most beautiful sight; here the decorations were very complete, and showed great neatness and taste. An arch of laurel and artificial flowers was suspended, and the three large chandeliers were dressed in the same green and flowery

attire. Upon the side walls were suspended various and appropriate mottoes, such as "Speed the Plough," "A Man's a Man for a' that," "Auld Langsyne," and others, all beautifully ornamented. At the end of the hall, and above the Chairman, was a large portrait of the Poet. At the hour appointed for commencement, four o'clock, upwards of seventy gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by Mrs. Little, as usual, upon all occasions, in her best style—Mr. John Baird, writer, in the chair, supported on the right by the Rev. Mr. Whyte and Mr. J. B. Irving of White Hill, on the left by Mr. Robert Munn, Lockerbie House, and Mr. John Edgar, draper; Mr. Charles Stewart of St. Michael's acting as croupier, supported on the right by Dr. Wilson and Mr. H. B. Irving, Millbank, on the left by Mr. James Jardine, Drifeholm, and Mr. William Wright, writer. Ample justice having been done to the excellent dinner, and the cloth removed, the Chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts.

The Chairman again rose, amidst enthusiastic cheering, to give the toast of the evening. He commenced by alluding to the circumstances attending the Poet's birth, which were certainly not such as to "give the world assurance of such a man," or to raise high expectations of his future career. On the contrary, the whole circumstances attending the birth of Burns, and his early life, were of the most unpropitious and unpromising nature. Two or three days after his birth the auld clay-bigging in which he was born fell to the ground in a midnight storm, and the infant poet and his mother had to be carried out to the shelter of a neighbour's cottage. Well might the "gossip" who "keekit in his loof" predict for him "misfortunes great an' sma';" but the most sanguine of gossips could hardly have ventured to promise for such a one—genius—honour—fame—or worldly distinction of any sort. Who would then have predicted that the boy thus rudely ushered into the world, amidst all the surroundings of poverty in that lowly cottage, should one day be hailed by the universal acclaim of his countrymen as the great national Poet of Scotland; or that now, one hundred years after his birth, the hearts of a whole nation should be stirred up to do honour to his memory, and to testify their admiration of his genius, and their pride in his fame? The past century has been prolific in great men—warriors, statesmen, poets, and men of genius, whose names occupy a conspicuous place in the history and literature of his country—but it might with truth be said that not one other name in all that illustrious roll could have the power of evoking such a universal and enthusiastic demonstration of a people's love as that which is called forth this evening in Scotland by the name of Robert Burns. (Enthusiastic cheering.) The Chairman excused himself from entering at any length upon an examination of the genius and character of the poet, nor was it, he said, necessary. His works were in every Scottish cottage familiar as household words — the exquisite tenderness, the noble patriotism, the racy and homely humour, and the keen wit of Burns, are universally appreciated, and felt, and enjoyed by every Scotsman. (Cheers.) He came at a time when, for many years previous, there had been no Scottish poetry worthy of the name. He addressed himself to the Scottish people in their own homely but expressive dialect; he sung their rural loves, and joys, and griefs with a sweetness and power which finds its way direct and at once to the heart. (Cheers.) The Chairman then noticed the songs of Burns, and stated his opinion that it was upon the songs that the Poet's lasting fame and popularity would be found chiefly to rest — for, although the "Cottar's Saturday Night" and "Tam o' Shanter" would have made him immortal if he had written nothing else, still the songs of Burns have become incorporated and identified with the national music of Scotland—and that music will never die. (Cheers.) Burns was fortunate in finding such a music ready and waiting, as it were, to be seized upon by some masterhand of genius, and clothed with fitting words —for almost all our finest Scotch airs before Burns' time were allied to words of the most silly and puerile character, and even, in many instances, to lines of a licentious and improper sort. He accordingly seized upon these beautiful airs, rescued them from the contamination of such a connection, and married them to his own "immortal verse;" and now they are to be heard sounding together in sweetest harmony, cheering and charming alike the cottage fireside of the Scottish peasant and the halls of the great and noble. (Great cheering.)

Song—"Rantin' Rovin' Robin," by Mr. Watt.

The Croupier gave "The Sons of the Poet."

Song—"Mary Morrison," by Mr. J. Bell.

The Croupier next gave "The Peasantry of Scotland," remarking that Burns himself was one of the Scottish peasantry, and that his bright and illustrious genius had made his name a household word in every peasant's cot; that to him, as the preserver and restorer of our language not less than for the utterances of his own passionate heart, must be ascribed all that honour which flows from our national possession of never-to-be-forgotten songs. But in speaking of the peasantry of Scotland, he would take in not only the cottars,

but the farmers—indeed, the whole rural population. Referring to the time of Wallace and Bruce, when fighting for liberty and independence, he showed that to the peasantry of Scotland we are much indebted for the liberty we now enjoy; and that also in later times, when contending for civil and religious liberty, they were mainly instrumental in establishing the victory of Freedom on immovable foundations, and surrounding it with such defences as no earthly power would ever be able to subvert. He also paid a high compliment to the peasantry of the surrounding district, and concluded by stating that a larger proportion of this class rose to distinction in Scotland, than in any other nation in the world.

The Rev. Mr. Whyte gave "The Literature of Scotland," coupled with the name of Sir Walter Scott.

Mr. John Graham, of Shaws, gave "The Commercial Interests of the Country," coupled with the name of Mr. Munn, Lockerbie House.

Dr. Wilson gave "The Health of Thomas Carlyle." As Scotchmen were always clannish, he was proud that Mr. Carlyle was not only a Scotchman, but one connected with the district. (Cheers.)

A number of other toasts were given and songs were sung by Messrs. Watt, Bell, Baird, Bain, Wilson, Stoddart, Gillespie, Whyte, and others. The company, after singing "Auld Langsyne," separated at half-past ten o'clock.

The other amusements of the evening consisted of a Masonic procession through the town, concluding with a ball at the Blue Bell Inn, and a dinner at the Crown Inn, devoted to the gratification chiefly of the working classes.

LOGIERAIT.—The Burns Centenary was celebrated here on the evening of the 25th by a musical entertainment given by Mr. James Kennedy, music teacher, Kilmorich. The wildness of the night, together with the swollen state of the Tay and the Tummel, which kept the boats from going out, prevented great numbers from being present; but, notwithstanding, the hall, which is large, was full. The chair was occupied by Mr. Peter M'Naughton, merchant, Tullipourie, who opened the proceedings by expressing his satisfaction at seeing so many assembled. The weather was extremely unpropitious; but he must say, that he took great interest in the character of the day throughout. Its morning bright and sunny, with a stiff and steadily rising breeze, indicated the poet's early career; its noon, blowing a perfect hurricane, indicated his mighty renown; and its evening, pouring down torrents of rain, intimated sympathy for his melancholy and untimely fate, nature shedding heavy tears for her darling bard. The first part of the musical programme, consisting of "There was a Lad was born in Kyle," "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," "My Nannie, O," "Logan Water," "The Birks of Aberfeldy," and other pieces from Burns, was well performed; after which the CHAIRMAN delivered the following address:—

I confess to a feeling of awe when I approach the names of the illustrious dead. When I reflect on the suddenness with which forgetfulness is closing over the memories of those who associated with us in life but a few years ago; when I reflect, also, on the similar fate that in a few years will exclude ourselves from any "share in aught that's done beneath the circuit of the sun;" and when I contrast with this perishableness of all memorial of our individual existence, the Homers and Ossians of other times, whose names have come down to us in unfading brightness, I think there is reason why I should feel awed—in regarding him, to honour whose memory we are this evening, in common with our countrymen, in all their towns and villages assembled. Burns is but of yesterday, compared with some. His daughter, "the bonnie Bess, who stared the daddy in the face," is still among us. Many of those who knew him in life, and heard the accents of his tongue, are still living to tell something or other of that wonderful man. But though only sixty-two years have elapsed since he was laid in his grave, we have heard enough of him to be convinced that an earthly immortality will be his—that his name is secure for all time—and we may rest assured, that after thousands of years have rolled away, when our age and its institutions will have become dim with antiquity, that his poems will be read and his songs sung with unabated interest. Being then assembled for the purpose of celebrating his hundredth birthday, it becomes us, in the first place, to clear the ground of all rubbish, by inquiring whether we are justified, morally justified, in making this demonstration in his behalf—for you must know that objection has been made to the honour thus to be conferred on him. It has been said that "thousands had cause to curse the day of his birth." I am not at all surprised at this when I read that there were men who dared say of Him, who was free from sin—whose life was holy—whose time, while on earth, was spent in doing good—that they "remembered when this deceiver yet lived." Among the many beneficent gifts of an all-wise Creator, a great intellectual spirit is not the least; and we should feel grateful for the light it sheds on our souls, even should clouds and shadows at times obscure its brightness. Fault

has been found with Shakspeare for the black pictures he gave of kings and nobles; and it has been said, in justification of what he did, that when he wanted to describe a knave or a fool, he went to the palaces of royalty and the mansions of nobility, because he knew that these places could well afford him such characters. So with Burns. His most objectionable pieces had their prototypes in real life; and if blame is to attach to any quarter, let it be to the originals who supplied him with materials, rather than to the genius who could hold them up to our loathing. It has been said that he took the stoop out of his countrymen—the cringing, fawning, sycophancy that would be down on all fours in the presence of any puppy who pleased to lord it over their manhood. The writings of Burns, I am convinced, have proved the hornbook to an intellectual career to more of the youth of Scotland than any other writings whatever. I do not mean to say that they contain all that an intelligent mind should know. There are many noble sciences, and those who follow them must look for light elsewhere; but in his own peculiar department he is inimitable. We are at present at peace within our borders—no foreign foe has hitherto, for a long time, dared to invade us? But I can fancy the hordes of despotism landing on our shores—I can fancy the thrill of consternation that would run through men's hearts as they whispered, with white lips, "the foe; they come, they come"—I can fancy the feeling that would arise as the martial, the soul-stirring strains of the Highland bagpipes would roll over hill and valley, summoning the inhabitants to arms—I can fancy the inhabitants of every parish assembled to devise the best means of resistance—I can fancy the parishioners of Logierait assembled in this hall—I can fancy the Mr. Kennedy of the day striking up that glorious national war-song, which Carlyle said "should be sung with the throat of a whirlwind," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"—I can fancy how men, animated by such strains, would fight.

The second part of the music, consisting of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "John Anderson my Joe," &c. was then sung, finishing with "Auld Langsyne," which was sung with great pathos, the whole company standing up and joining in full chorus.

LONGSIDE.—The merchants and tradesmen enjoyed a half holiday. A large party sat down to dinner in Smith's Inn; toasts and speeches went round with great spirit, and the party was a most orderly one. In the evening the Musical Association gave a grand concert. Owing to the crowd of persons eager to secure seats, the temporary gallery gave way, but, fortunately, no one was hurt. The songs, catches, and glees, were well received. The Longside Flute Band made a very creditable appearance, considering the short time that has elapsed since its formation. A ball followed this entertainment, and was largely and respectably attended. A large and respectable meeting too was held in the Temperance Hall—Mr. Henderson in the chair. Mr. Anderson also addressed the meeting. Mr. Baigrie sung some of Burns' choicest songs, and Mr. Arthur recited "Tam o' Shanter."

LUMSDEN VILLAGE.—Burns' centenary was celebrated in Lumsden Village by a dinner and ball. The dinner took place in Mr. Dawson's Inn, where upwards of forty were present. The chair was occupied by Dr. Hay; Messrs. M'Donald, farmer, Bridgend; and Reid, farmer, Nether Kildrummy, acting as croupiers. The dinner (there being a haggis among the dishes) did great credit to Mrs. Dawson. The Chairman, in a few appropriate remarks, gave the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns," which was warmly received. The Chairman then sang one of Burns' songs with great taste, and through the evening Mr. Johnstone, blacksmith, and Mr. M'Donald, merchant, sung a number of Burns' choicest songs. Several recitations were likewise given, but the crowning one of all was by Mr. Gauld, postmaster, who gave "Tam o' Shanter," in first-rate style. During the evening, Messrs. Hardie and Morrison played a number of excellent and appropriate airs.

The ball was held in Mr. Dawson's barn, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens. Although the night was tempestuous, there was a bumper house. The music performed by Messrs. Hardie and Morrison, teachers of dancing, was excellent.

LYBSTER.—At Lybster a large dinner party met in Waters' Hotel, having Mr. P. F. S. Sutherland, Latheron, as Chairman, and Mr. A. Mowat as Croupier.

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing the toast of the evening, concluded an eloquent speech as follows:—It could hardly be expected but some dissentient voices would be heard with respect to the observance of the centenary of Burns. But these are few—few, indeed, compared with the number of our countrymen at home and abroad who are similarly engaged this evening. (Hear, hear.) Not only Scotland throughout its length and breadth, but England and the Green Isle share with us in this, while America observes the centenary with that enthusiasm for which she is so remarkable.

(Cheers.) It will probably not be neglected in remote China, and could India forget the man who wrote

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary?"

I am glad to think that in this corner of Scotland our patriotism has been so eminently exhibited by the large and intelligent meeting now assembled to honour the memory of our national poet, which I beg you will now do by drinking to the "Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

The toast was drunk amid loud and repeated hurrahs. Toast and song followed in succession, and the evening was spent most happily.

MARKINCH.—Upwards of eighty gentlemen sat down, in the Town Hall, at five o'clock, to an excellent dinner. The Hall was beautifully festooned with evergreens, among which the "rustling" holly with its "berries red," stood conspicuously forward. William Ballingal, Esq., Sweetbank, very ably occupied the chair, while Mr. Farmer, Balbirnie Mains, Mr. Landale, Littlelun, and Mr. Haxton, Markinch, acted as croupiers. After dinner, which was provided by Mr. Brown of the Galloway Inn, in his usual tasteful manner, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman introduced the Memory of Burns by a sketch of the poet's life, after which he continued: The poems of Robert Burns have continued to rise in the public estimation, till at the present moment they are more universally known and appreciated than at any former period. The reason is plain, we know that the language of passion is the most eloquent of all languages, and any person who will take the trouble of studying the poems of Burns will see at once that he is a complete master of the passions. His feelings are instinct with life, his affections warm, and his passions strong. Whatever subject he describes is represented with a vivacity and force which at once lay hold of our sympathies and our heart, till we find ourselves so irresistibly carried along, that we forget everything around us, and our mind becomes riveted on the picture he sets before us. This description is applicable to all his passionate pieces, but I will only give you a single illustration,—the fall and death of the brave,—

"Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Death comes—wi' fearless eye he sees him,
Wi' bluidy hand a welcome gi'es him:
And when he fa's,
His latest draught o' breathing lea'es him
In faint huzzas."

No picture could be more vivid or forcible than this, for we absolutely see the brave man. But the courageous fortitude here represented was the settled character of Robert Burns,—thus, when he dedicated his poems to the noblemen of the land, his language is high and independent. This free spirit is interwoven with all his compositions, and I may venture an opinion that it is this independence which lies at the foundation of our admiration of the poet, for this plain reason, that a love of freedom and independence is the characteristic feature of our nation. We ought to feel grateful that it has pleased Providence to send into our country the master genius of Burns. By his imperishable songs he has raised in every cottage the sound of innocent and virtuous mirth. He has adorned the walls of every cottage with pictures of domestic felicity, which engage our sympathies and touch our hearts. His love of country is such, that he has given us pictures of patriotism well calculated to ennoble our nature and endear us to our homes. The number and variety of his figures are matter of astonishment to all. He has painted the king, the court, and the cottar, our customs, our manners, our sports, and our pastimes, and that with a vivacity and life which no pencil has surpassed. He has given them in colours at once true to nature and suited to the national taste; and, as a concluding blessing, he has spoken in a language that we can appreciate and understand. If then the Greeks delighted in a Homer, the Romans in a Virgil, our sister kingdom in the immortal Shakspeare, we have the same reason to delight and honour the gifted child of our country, Robert Burns. I ask you then to raise a cup to his memory,—and, while we rise around this table, in our mind's eye we see at the great table-land of Scotland thousands of his friends simultaneously, and with a national voice, uniting in the sentiment, "The Immortal Memory of Burns." The toast was given with loud outbursts of enthusiasm. A number of eloquent speeches were made, many interesting and appropriate toasts were given, several of Burns' songs were admirably sung, and the meeting separated between the late and early hours—all present animated with the wish—

"That man to man, the warld o'er,
Should brithers be and a' that."

Another company of upwards of thirty met in Mr. Cassel's Tavern to pay their share of honour to the centenary of 'Robin.' Mr. David Blyth, Balbirnie, occupied the chair. The large room was tastefully decorated with evergreens which shadowed forth dreams of summer even in winter. A substantial supper was served up, and many a flowing glass was drunk

to the immortal memory of Robert Burns, whose name and outpourings live in every Scottish heart. His songs were sung, and his soul-stirring poems were recited with great good taste.

A third gathering took place in Mr. Fernie Greig's, over which Mr. David Arnot presided. Thus in Markinch, the admirers of Burns have not been backward in paying a tribute to his memory.

MILTON OF BALGONIE.—The centenary of Robert Burns was celebrated in the School-room here in happy style. Considerably more than sixty of the admirers of the genius of Coila's bard were present,—Mr. John Graham in the chair. After the blessing was asked, and just when the "gaucy-faced" haggises were being cut up, Mr. Archibald Duff stood forward and recited Burns' "Address to a Haggis." The usual loyal and patriotic toasts being given, and suitably wedded to song, the Chairman, in suitable terms, introduced "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." The meeting was a very happy one, and far beyond

"That hour o' night's black arch the keystane,"

after joining in singing "Auld Langsyne," the company separated, many wishing that they might live to enjoy the pleasures attendant on the celebration of *another centenary* of the poet.

COALTOWN OF BALGONIE.—Here, upwards of thirty of the inhabitants paid deserved honour to the name and fame of Robert Burns by observing the centenary of his birth, in Mr. Gibson's Tavern, where a splendid supper was served up. Mr. William Grieve occupied the chair, and Mr. George Alison acted as croupier. "The Immortal Memory of Burns" was given in glorious style, and the captivating songs of the peasant poet were sweetly discoursed, and the night sped away featly amidst the fragrance of the poet's songs and beauties of his poems, many of which were sung and recited in excellent style by the company.

MARYWELL.—The inhabitants of this place, to the number of about seventy, had a supper and ball in honour of the occasion. Mr. David Tough ably filled the chair, and Mr. W. M. Barnet of Arbroath fulfilled the duties of croupier. After the cloth was removed, the Chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts. The croupier then, in very appropriate and eulogistic terms, gave the toast of the evening, which was received amid a burst of enthusiastic cheering. The Chairman then, in a very feeling manner, read the closing scene of Burns' life from Blackie's edition of the poet's works. After which the company, old and young, joined in the dance, which was kept up with much spirit until an early hour the following morning. Several of Burns' most appropriate songs were sung during the evening, and the 'oldest inhabitant' says there was never such an enthusiastic and merry meeting in the village.

MAUCHLINE.—The centennial anniversary of the birth of Burns was celebrated here with unbounded joy and enthusiasm. All work was suspended; flags fluttered joyously in the Januar' blast; whilst houses, as well as inhabitants, appeared in gala dress—each place connected with the poet having in front a large lyre beautifully wreathed with bays and holly. Burns, by his residence and marriage, laid the locality under deep obligations, and it was gratifying to witness the people (by their threefold festivities—a procession, banquet, and ball, which occupied altogether about seventeen hours) eagerly striving to give 'such act and utterance' of their love and gratitude as might be worthy of the occasion.

A' Mauchline were that day, I ween
Fu' proud o' Burns and bonnie Jean.

At two o'clock, P.M., a great concourse of people had assembled at the Cross, and having got into marching order, the instrumental band struck up "There was a lad was born Kyle," and away all started for Mossgiel. In front of the procession was a beautiful rustic triumphal car, overarched and decorated with a profusion of evergreens, and containing two of the poet's contemporaries carrying a bust of Burns encircled with a lyre. The rustic car seemed very appropriate, and was the source of great attraction. Next came the Burns Club, each member wearing a medal and ribbon; and next, a large bust of the poet, encircled by an arch of holly with its shining leaves and red berries. This bust was surrounded by Burns' works, and being placed upon a pillar, and carried shoulder-high, had an imposing and grand appearance. The workmen of Messrs. A. & W. Smith came next, marching under a beautiful large banner, which was painted by their own artist, and had the portrait and arms of the poet, over which was the motto, "We're a' gae proud o' Robin." The females of the work and other Mauchline belles followed, having as their banner a silk scarf which belonged to Mrs. Burns, and was worn by her on her last visit to Mauchline. Several promiscuous parties made up the rear, each having some appropriate banner or device. As a little rising ground hides the farm from the view of the village, all moved on in silence, till, catching the first glimpse of the flag on Mossgiel, they raised a shout which made the very welkin

ring. Soon they touch at Knockhaspie Land, pass the Lousy Bush, and in a few minutes are arranged in order in the court-yard of the poet's residence. Andrew Smith, Esq., on being called to the chair (one of Nance Tinnock's), addressed the multitude on the connexion of Burns with Mauchline. At the conclusion of the address the bust of Burns, in presence of the assembly, was crowned by Miss Agnes Smith with a wreath of holly, repeating these words, "And wear thou this;" after which Mr. Smith stated that the bust would be left in Mossgiel, as a more fitting place could not be chosen, with the injunction that the wreath be not removed until another hundred years shall have passed, when the fragments be removed to be replaced with a new one. He was sure it could not be placed in better hands than with Mr. and Mrs. Wylie, and expressed a hope that they and their ancestors would continue to inhabit the place. Refreshments were served to all, consisting of slices of "the chieftain o' the pudding race," and good oatmeal cakes, with a supply of both milk and ale. On the ground were a chair, table, trencher, and cog, which belonged to Nance Tinnock; also, a cog which belonged to one of Burns' belles —"O Tibbie I hae seen the day." After this the procession again formed, and proceeded towards Mauchline, going through which they passed the principal places of note connected with the poet, visiting the residence of D. Hamilton, Esq., also the residence of his father, the late Gavin Hamilton, the patron of the poet, the places connected with the poet being decorated with lyres of evergreens and inscriptions—returning again to the Cross, where the band played "Auld Langsyne," and the procession dispersed. There were about 2,000 persons present at Mossgiel.

DINNER.—At five o'clock, a party of ladies and gentlemen, 133 in number, met for dinner in the Institution Rooms, which were beautifully decorated with evergreens and paintings. In a recess of the largest room was a collection of relics which attracted much attention. They were—a fiddle of James Humphrey, the noisy polemic; an ale cog and choppin-stoup of Nance Tinnock; a silk scarf of Bonnie Jean; a piece of the bed in which the poet died; a pair of candlesticks and a fork and knife of Burns. The two last, which are in a case, appear very old, and are said to have been used at a party on the poet's christening. They are now in the possession of Mrs. Wagstaff, Deaconbank Quarry. The chair was ably occupied by William Brown, Esq., Greenockmains; Andrew Smith, Esq., discharged the duties of croupier. On the right of the Chairman were two contemporaries of Burns—Matthew Lerrie, who had been a servant boy with Gavin Hamilton when Highland Mary was with him, and when the poet used to call. He has vivid recollections of Burns. The other — James Hamilton—remembers taking a letter from the poet to Jean Armour, with an injunction to give it to no one but Jean. On the left of the Chairman was another contemporary, William Patrick, once a servant boy in Mossgiel, who relates many interesting particulars about the poet. The two other contemporaries, George Patrick and John Lambie, were too frail to take any part in the celebration.

The Rev. Mr. M'Gill having asked the blessing, and after partaking of an excellent dinner, served up in fine style by a host of handsome Mauchline belles,

The Chairman gave the health of our beloved Sovereign, the Queen, which was drunk with all honours, and followed by the "Queen's Anthem," sung by a vocal band. The Chairman then gave the health of the Prince Consort and the Royal Family, which was heartily responded to, and followed by "Rule Britannia."

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing "The Memory of Burns," said:—Croupier, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—In proposing the toast of the evening, I beg leave to make a few observations. It seems to be a natural feeling, as well as a divine precept, "to give honour to whom honour is due." Great men, whether from rank, talents, or education, generally command respect; and it is customary to celebrate the birth and death of such characters by public festivals. The anniversary of the birth of our Sovereign is celebrated by every species of loyalty throughout the British dominions. Our greatest heroes, naval and military, Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, have had numerous monuments erected to their honour, and their deaths were celebrated by pompous funerals. Homer, the father of poetry, the most ancient profane writer, was so celebrated among the Greeks, that seven illustrious cities disputed the honour of having given birth to the matchless poet. We now are met, in common with many of our countrymen in all parts of the world wherever the Anglo-Saxon language is spoken, to celebrate the centenary or hundredth anniversary of the birth of our Scottish minstrel, Robert Burns. It is thought by some critics that Burns was equally as extraordinary by his fascinating conversation and English composition, as by his native poetry; and who, but for his social excesses and roughness of manner, might have been looked up to as almost superhuman. There may be some present who have seen him, been acquainted with him, and can tell us all about the poet; unfortunately I am shut up to his works, and from

these I shall now quote such passages as appear well fitted to bring out his prevailing feelings and sentiments, and extraordinary poetical powers, and which will, I trust, convince you and every unprejudiced person that the honours which are being lavished upon Burns are not too much. Some great poets have chosen sublime subjects for the theme of their muse—such as the fall of man and the siege of Troy; but all nature, the most common incidents of life, things animate and things inanimate, were in turn the themes of Burns' versatile muse. There is not, perhaps, a more despicable insect in the range of animated nature than the louse: yet the seeing of one on a lady's bonnet, in Mauchline Church, in 1785, is made the theme of an exquisite ode—composed probably to humble the pride of the lady, and at the same time to inculcate the grand moral lesson, self-examination, with which the poem concludes. The turning up of a mouse with the plough, on the farm of Mossgiel, in 1785, is made the theme of a pathetic ode to that animal. Were all men possessed of feelings like those of the bard, the act of parliament for the prevention of cruelty to animals would remain a dead letter. The concluding lines of this piece are so affecting, that we are in difficulties which to pity most—the poet or the mouse. The epistle to David (written in 1784), a brother poet, at that time a member of the Tarbolton Bachelor's Club, and ultimately a bailie in Irvine, contains a spirited assertion of noble independence, and traces happiness to its legitimate source. In the "Cottar's Saturday Night" are portrayed and embalmed the manners, customs, and religion of our Scottish peasantry. In the concluding stanzas the poet estimates the happy effects of such morality and religion, and evinces his own piety and patriotism. With these remarks, I beg to propose "The Memory of our immortal Burns."

The toast was followed by three songs—"There was a lad was born in Kyle," "Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon," and "O, wha's the Chiel," written for the occasion by the Secretary.

The Rev. M. M'Gill, Rigg of Gretna, in proposing "The Memory of Mrs. Burns," spoke as follows:—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—It gives me great pleasure to be amongst you this evening. I come here as a Mauchline man, to revisit the scenes of my youth, to meet with old friends and familiar faces, and especially to take part with this large and respectable company in celebrating the centenary of Robert Burns, the ploughman bard, "that peerless peasant, the Prince of Scottish song. (Cheers.) (Here he read a centenary song composed by the Provost of Annan.) How unanimous is the feeling, and how almost universal is the homage which is this evening paid to the memory of Burns. I believe that thousands upon thousands are now doing honour to the rustic bard, "whose lines were mottoes of the heart." With his fame and his name all Scotland rings from side to side, from John o' Groat's to the Land's End, and especially from the Pentland Frith to the English Channel. Yea, England itself is this day doing honour to his memory; and border feuds, and border forays, and border raids are forgotten; and national jealousies, once so powerful, are abandoned; and Englishmen and Scotchmen are this evening joining heart and hand in honour of that poet, who, though in many respects a national one, has yet left a rich legacy to the Anglo-Saxon race. All are vocal in his praise, and all, as we say in Scotland, are bringing "a big stane to his cairn." (Cheers.) The Ayrshire bard was one of the most winning and instructive of all our poets; he was emphatically the poet of the people, and possessed true poetic fervour and inspiration. Look at the manliness, the independence, the patriotism, the tenderness, the simplicity, the honest pride, and noble generosity of the poet; these were Nature's rich heritage to her darling child; and a genuine love of his poetry must and will elevate and refine the spirit of the nation, as well as of the individual. In proof of this, we appeal to those matchless poems, "The Cottar's Saturday Night," "A man's a man for a' that," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and "Auld Langsyne;" these and similar poems are equal, yea superior, in sentiment, pathos, and expression, to anything ever written in any language. (Cheers.) These poems no poetaster can ever imitate; and this is that which merits the centenary of honour and fame which we now heartily accord to the poet, and which justly merits the approbation and admiration of the world. (Cheers.) And now, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, having made these remarks concerning the poet, I now come to the subject which I have to propose, viz., "The Memory of Mrs. Burns." Mrs. Burns, as you all know, was born, educated, and brought up in Mauchline. She was born in February, 1765, and died in March, 1834, being in the 70th year of her age. Jean Armour seems at their very first meeting to have captivated the eye and heart of the poet; and although at that time there were many reigning belles in Mauchline (but while I say, *at that time*, I do not mean to insinuate that there are now no reigning belles in Mauchline! I believe that they are numerous still, and that the race has neither become extinct nor deteriorated.) I mean to say that although at that time there were many reigning belles in Mauchline, yet Burns gave her the preference,

and hence we hear him saying, "But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'." Well, in the course of time they were married, and Burns found in his happy experience that his affections were not only not misplaced, but that they were well placed, for she proved an excellent wife, and a kind and affectionate mother. Mrs. Burns was quiet in her disposition, kind and unassuming in her manners, simple and frugal in her tastes, and took great pleasure in pictures, music, or flowers. Though she was neither an enthusiast, nor a sentimentalist, nor yet a blue stocking, yet she was a woman of great cleverness, possessed great shrewdness, and was a good discriminator of character. In poetry her taste was superior; her range of reading was somewhat extensive, and her memory was strong. Of the powers of her mind her husband-bard was so well aware that he read to her almost every piece he composed; and even he was not ashamed to own that he frequently profited by her judicious remarks. She was, in fact, a worthy helpmate—the partner of his joys, the soother of his sorrows, and the assuager of his griefs. I myself used to call upon her when passing through or preaching in Dumfries, and always received from her a cordial welcome. She was kind and hospitable, made anxious inquiries about her relatives and friends and acquaintances in Mauchline, and always rejoiced to hear of their prosperity. But here allow me to tell you an anecdote, which I have heard or read somewhere, regarding Mrs. Burns. A little ragged boy, selling ballads in Dumfries, called at a house near where Mrs. Burns lived, and said—"I would like to see her." "Weel," said the good woman of the house, "go there and sell your ballads, and you will see her." "But," said the boy, "I dinna like; I think shame to gang there." However, he was taken to the house and put into the kitchen, and Mrs. Burns being informed of the circumstance, came in and said to the boy—"So you wish to see Mrs. Burns?" "O, ay," said the boy, "I would like to see her." "Weel," said Mrs. Burns, "you see her now; I am Mrs. Burns." "Hout, touts," said the boy, "you're jokin' me." "Why," said Mrs. Burns, "why do you think I'm jokin' you?" "Because," said the boy, with great simplicity, "because Burns speaks about his *bonnie Jean!*" (Laughter.) In March, 1834, Mrs. Burns was seized with a stroke of paralysis, and gradually sunk, and drooped, and died. To use the beautiful language of one—"Low lies the head that was crowned with honour; silent is that tongue to which Burns anxiously listened; beamless is that eye that looked serenity and sweetness; and the heart that beat with the best affection has now become a clod of the valley." I propose for your acceptance "The Memory of Mrs. Burns." (Cheers.)

The Poet's Family, the Memory of the Dead, and the Health of the Living, was given by Dr. Faulds; The Contemporaries of Burns was given by Mr. A. Smith, who, in his address, stated that there were now five of these in Mauchline, and that their united ages amounted to 400 years; The Memory of Gavin Hamilton was given by Mr. W. Smith, in a poem written for the occasion; The Heroines of the Poet was given by W. H. Kilgour; Rev. Mr. M'Gill, given by the Croupier; The Chairman was given by Mr. H. S. Nisbet. In the course of his remarks, he stated that he was surprised that not one of them had spoken about a monument to Burns in Mauchline; that if no other way could be, the very causeway stones in the cross of Mauchline were relics of the poet; and he doubted not but the Yankees would offer them a dollar a-piece for them, and they would thereby be enabled to get it up. (Applause.) The Croupier was given by Mr. Bruce Taylor.

The Chairman introduced Mr. Fairlie, who read a poem written for the centenary, by an old lady at Coatbridge, upwards of seventy years of age, which met with great applause. The Secretary read a speech from the "Auld Langsyne" Association, New York, to their brethren in Scotland; also an apology from D. Hamilton, Esq., saying that his want of health was his reason for declining to take the chair on this occasion, and thanking them for the honour they had done him in visiting him during the day. The brass band was in attendance, and gave a number of overtures in good style. A considerable amount of local talent was also displayed in singing a good number of Burns' songs—the vocal band, also Mr. and Mrs. M'Ilveen, niece of Mrs. Burns, Miss M'Ilveen, Mr. A. M'Ilveen, Mrs. Milton, Mr. Ramsay, and Mrs. Crawford discharging this part of the proceedings with considerable taste. At the conclusion, the whole company joined in singing "Auld Langsyne," when they dispersed in good spirits, all having been conducted with great propriety.

Two balls were held in the town during the evening, and one in Mossgiel barn.

One of the "chieftains of the pudding race," designed to be used at Mossgiel during the day, was reserved to be sent to Australia, to be used on the next birthday of the poet.

MAXTON.—On Tuesday the 25th, a party of gentlemen, to the number of sixteen, met in Mr. Moffat's Inn, and dined together in honour of the centenary of Burns' birthday. The chair was occupied by Mr. Alex. Buchan, sur-

faceman, and Mr. Sibbald, Maxton Toll, officiated as croupier. The Memory of the immortal Bard was drunk with great enthusiasm, and toast and song afterwards kept the company merry till the time for separating. The dinner was substantial, and the cooking and serving first-rate, for which the company expressed themselves highly gratified.

MAYBOLE.—The birthday of Scotland's illustrious poet, and the centenary connected therewith, were celebrated in the ancient capital of Carrick in a manner so successful as to stamp on the memory of the townsmen of Maybole an impression that will not soon be effaced. The Magistrates and Town Council, the incorporate trades, under their respective deacons, and hundreds of the townsmen, assembled on the public green precisely at two—the two instrumental bands bringing up from the town the several bodies of trades, and the Royal Arch masonic brethren. Bailies H. M'Clure and W. Murray, with the Town Councillors, formed the vanguard, and the Free Masons brought up the rear of the entire procession. Banners of every device and form, and colour, emblems of mechanical skill, models of art, &c., &c., were displayed, which, combined with the powerful strains of the Carrick Brass Band, and the fine tones of the Temperance Flute Band, made the 25th of January one of the happiest days ever recorded in the history of the "Ancient Capital of the Kingdom of Carrick." At the termination of the public procession and demonstration on the public green, the senior magistrate—Bailie M'Clure—seconded by the junior magistrate—Bailie Murray—and councillors, entered the grand circle formed in the green, and proposed three cheers for the Queen, which was answered by the entire multitude, led by the brass band joining in "God save the Queen." We were favoured most fortunately with propitious weather, and there was a great turn-out of country people.

The Dinner.—At five P.M. the largest and most influential assemblage—comprising about 200 gentlemen—ever held within the bounds of Carrick, dined in the large hall of the sawmill works, fitted up and prepared for the centenary banquet by our excellent townsman, Alex. Jack, Esq., proprietor of the works. Trees, evergreens, and tricoloured flags were made available in the way of decorating the walls of the building, for which the committee are indebted to Thomas Dykes, Esq., factor to the Most Noble the Marquis of Ailsa.

The chair was occupied by Rev. John Thomson, West Church; and Bailie H. M'Clure, Bailie William Murray, William Hannay, Esq., writer, ex-Bailie Gilbert Muir, and John Cumming, Esq., farmer, Auchenwind, officiated as croupiers. The Chairman having asked the divine blessing, the company partook of a most excellent dinner, which was indeed highly creditable to the purveyor, Mr. Murdoch of the Buck's Head Inn. The Chairman having returned thanks, and the cloth being removed, commenced the proceedings by proposing the Queen, Prince Albert and the Royal Family, not forgetting the Earl of Carrick, the Prince of Wales, and the heir apparent to the British throne; the Army and Navy, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, Viceroy of Ireland, Earl of Eglinton—before and after which toasts appropriate national and military airs were played by the splendid brass band, and songs were sung by several gentlemen.

In proposing the Memory of Burns the Scottish Poet, the Chairman called attention to the fact, that never in the annals of Scotland had there been such a day. In every village, town, and city, thousands were paying homage to the memory of him whom Heaven had blessed with distinguished and singular gifts of mind. In the distant plains of the Himalaya, Scotchmen and Scottish soldiers were doing the same; and on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and over our broad Canadian possessions our friends were commemorating the centenary of our immortal poet. The Chairman reviewed the detractors of the centenary—they are men who cannot see that the moral providence of God takes advantage of everything in creation to uphold his name and extend his glory—and such was the genius of the Scottish Bard, who, while wrapped in humanity, was liable to human frailties, but while soaring high in the regions of the mental domain has produced imperishable records of his spiritual tenderness that fully entitle us to hail him as Prince of Scottish Poets.

The Surviving Members of Burns' Family was given by Bailie M'Clure, who informed the meeting that Andrew Brown was present, a full cousin of the Poet's by the maternal line.

The Most Noble the Marquis of Ailsa, by William Hannay, Esq., writer, who took this opportunity of remarking that Carrick, for the last 100 years, never enjoyed the presence of such an amiable and accomplished nobleman.

Many other toasts were given, and songs were sung, and the happy meeting broke up shortly after ten o'clock.

MELROSE.—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Burns was celebrated here with general enthusiasm. The entrance gate to the railway station and the ancient cross in the Market Place were gaily decorated with ever-

greens; and a little after mid-day all the shops were closed, and business suspended.

Between fifty and sixty gentlemen connected with our town and neighbourhood dined together in the George Hotel, and spent a most happy and agreeable evening. Mr. Francis Tocher occupied the chair, and Mr. James Scott, Newstead, and Mr. Thomas Pearson, St. Helen's, officiated as croupiers. An excellent dinner was served up in Mr. Menzies' best style, to which the company did ample justice.

The Chairman then gave in succession, each introduced by brief but very appropriate addresses, "The Queen," "The Prince Consort and Royal Family," and "The Army and Navy," which were drunk with all the honours.

Mr. James Scott proposed, in fitting terms, the health of His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, Lord-Lieutenant of the County and Lord of the Manor.

Mr. Thomas Pearson next gave the health of the Hon. J. E. Elliot, the member for the county.

The Chairman then rose to propose the toast of the evening. He said—the name of Robert Burns is embalmed in every Scottish heart, and will maintain its place there so long as freedom, intelligence, and sociality exist in our father-land; and though the Ayrshire bard has passed away from amongst us, still his immortal gems of Scottish song live as in the days of yore. Some of his pieces are characterized by a perspicuity and naturality which excludes the idea that they could ever have been composed under a roof, but must have been done under the inspiration of nature's beauties, with the subject and the scenery all in view. They were there that night to do honour to the memory of that illustrious bard, whom they were proud to call their countryman, and who had bequeathed to them a legacy of genial humour, of native wit, and of refined sentiment and truth, without any hypocrisy. The candour and simplicity of character displayed in all his works could never have been assumed. The attempt to disguise faults by an affectation of simplicity or sanctity can never be successful, and merely adds to the faults possessed. And if it be conceded that candour and simplicity are ever associated with the highest excellence, it is because such excellence is nothing more than the expression of nature's own laws. Beauty in poetry, as in everything else, can be adorned only by strict adherence to simplicity in all its details and accessories. Simplicity is truth personified, and spurns every ornament which in any way tends to disfigure it, and all the complexity which might interfere with the effect it aims to produce. Such a candour and simplicity pervades the works of Robert Burns. His songs have quite entranced readers who were at first repelled by their dialect; and it is on these that his fame rests most firmly. No lyrics in any language have a more wonderful union of thrilling passion, melting tenderness, concentrated expressiveness of language, and apt and natural poetic fancy. But neither the song, nor any of the higher kinds of lyric verse, could have given scope for other qualities which he has shown elsewhere. His aptness in seizing and representing the phases of human character, his genial breadth and keenness of humour, and the strength of creative imagination with which he rises into the allegoric and supernatural, but serve as an index to the extraordinary faculties of his mind. It has been beautifully said that the strange tale of Tam o' Shanter is the essay-piece of a poet who, if born under a more benignant star, might perhaps have been a second Chaucer. But let us not talk of what he might have been, but rather what we find him—and this we are sure we do when we say that, by his fine affections and noble ideas, he confers honour on his country and on his class. (Applause.) In this spirit, he proposed that they drink in silence to the "Memory of Robert Burns, the Scottish Bard."

The company having all responded to the toast, a new and original song, written for the occasion, entitled "Robin's Awa," was sung by Mr. Thomas Emonds. "The Memory of Jean Armour" was proposed by Mr. Manuel, followed by the song "Of a' the airts the win' can blaw," by Mr. Thomas Stevenson. The beautiful lyric, "Highland Mary," was also sung by Mr. George Easton. Mr. Thomas Murray then gave, in an appropriate address, "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," after which Mr. Emonds sung "Jock o' Hazledean." Other toasts were given, and besides a number of other songs, "Auld Langsyne" was sung at the close by the whole company, who separated at a seasonable hour.

Dinner in Hamilton's Hall.—The dinner in Mr. Hamilton's Hall was attended by upwards of seventy of the sons of toil, who met to celebrate the centenary of the immortal bard. The room was decorated with evergreens, and at the back of the chair there hung a large portrait of Burns, ornamented with laurels and other emblems. Outside the hall a Celt in full costume paraded, playing, in addition to pibrochs and coronachs, a variety of the tunes set to the songs of Burns. The chair was filled by Mr. Sutherland, Melrose, who discharged his duties with great spirit, courtesy and talent, and the company were very fortunate in having secured the excellent services of Mr. Robert Riddell as croupier. The poet's

own grace having been repeated by the Chairman, the company did full justice to the fare set before them. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman proposed "The Army," coupled with the two surviving sons of Burns. The toast of the evening was then pronounced by the Chairman, who gave a lucid account of the career of Burns, dwelling particularly upon that period of his life when the poet, so to speak, was *making himself*, turning to every advantage what learning he got at the parish school, and extending that meagre scholarship by self-application and self-teaching, which carried him to that eminence which, with his natural gifts of poetical genius, have raised him, an honest ploughman, to the high position of the national poet. The Chairman, in reviewing the character of Burns as a poet and as a man, adverted to the religious views and feelings entertained throughout his life, from the time when he listened to his father's reading from the big ha' Bible till he proved himself a religious poet, by the composition of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and other works; and above all by his praiseworthy conduct as a husband and a father, even to the last. The Chairman dwelt emphatically upon the powerful effect which Burns' poems had on all classes of Scottish society, and often more particularly on those who were far away from the land he loved so dearly, and whose praises he sang so well. Martial spirits were animated with his heroic songs. In the drawing-room and in the cottage his songs of love and of independence ever found favour with the old and young. His sarcastic poems displayed his biting wit and his rough and ready common sense, and the crowning effort of his genius was to be found in his facilities of description and narrative. The toast was drunk in solemn silence three times. There followed a number of other toasts, including His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, Mr. Curle, magistrate, Henry Scott Riddell, Mr. Robert Bower, Mr. Hamilton and Fireside, the Chairman and Croupier, &c.

A great variety of songs, selected from the works of Burns and other authors, were sung during the evening, and the company, led by Mr. Edmonds, sang "Auld Langsyne," after having spent a most happy evening.

The 'People's Soiree,' in the King's Arms Hotel, however, was the crowning effort of the occasion. Upwards of 250 persons of both sexes were computed to be present. John Pattison, Esq., filled the chair, and introduced the memory of Burns in a masterly and eloquent panegyric of our Scottish poet, which was received with great applause. A song written for the occasion by a member of the committee was then sung, the audience joining in the chorus. Very able and interesting addresses were delivered by Mr. William Sinclair, Mr. Walter Slater, Mr. William Aitchison, Mr. Walter Hogg, Mr. Robert Baptie, and Mr. M'Lauchlan. Between the addresses, several of our best and sweetest national lyrics were sung with considerable taste and effect, by Mr. David M'Donald, Mr. John Allan, Mr. Craigie, and Mr. Robert Hunter. Readings and recitations were also given by Messrs. William Lamb, John Abel, M'Lauchlan, &c. A fine brass band discoursed eloquent music in the intervals; and the hilarity and hearty good feeling of the large company was kept up with great glee throughout the whole evening. A fine bust of Robert Burns, by our talented native artist, Mr. Andrew Currie of Darnick, graced the hall, and on the motion of Mr. Walter Hogg, a respectful vote of thanks and approbation was passed by the meeting to Mr. Currie, testifying their respect and appreciation of his genius. Votes of thanks to the Chairman, for the efficient discharge of his duties—to the young ladies who so gracefully superintended the tables—to the members of committee who had so well got up and carried through the whole affair, besides entertaining the company with their addresses, songs, &c.—to Mr. Aitchison, the croupier, &c. Afterwards, the whole meeting joined in singing "Auld Langsyne," and then quietly dispersed, after spending one of the most enjoyable evenings imaginable.

Masonic Demonstration. — The Masonic Brethren of the independent Lodge of St. John's, Melrose, celebrated the centenary of Robert Burns in their Lodge Room. The R.W.M. opened the lodge at eight o'clock, and substantial refreshments having been provided, the brethren spent the evening in a most cordial and pleasant manner. Brother Peter Jardine, R.W.M., occupied the chair, and discharged its duties with ability and efficiency. After some preliminary business, brother John Brown, Halidon Mill, delivered an interesting and very appropriate address upon the life and genius of Robert Burns, our national poet. Immediately thereafter, brother William Scott entered, bearing a real Scotch haggis, and recited to the company Burns' graphic poem on the same subject. The "great chieftain of the pudding race" was then thoroughly dissected, and its contents partaken of by the brotherhood with great relish. The R.W.M. then delivered a very eloquent speech on "Burns as a Mason." In the course of his remarks he said —No less proud were they to think that he derived considerable advantages from that body when living. It is evident, says a brother mason, from the statements which he has placed

on record, that it contributed greatly to his happiness in admitting him in close and intimate fellowship with the wise, intelligent, and social, and furnishing him with opportunities for enjoying the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" in the most rational and ennobling manner. It presented him also with one of the best fields that he could find for the improvement of his mind and the display of his talents. In the school of the lodge he must in a great measure have acquired that coolness of demeanour, that dignity of deportment, that fluency and propriety of expression, and that acquaintance with philosophy and humanity which so astounded and electrified the sages and nobles of Edinburgh, and made his advent in that capital one of the most remarkable incidents in literary history. Instead of a clownish, bashful, ignorant rustic, the most learned and exalted citizens found that he was able to take his place by their side; and that in everything in which intellect was concerned, he was in some respects their equal, and in others greatly their superior. Burns was principally indebted to freemasonry for any little gleam of prosperity that shone on his earthly pilgrimage. It was the freemasons of Ayrshire who invited him to their tables, who furnished him with advice, who read his productions into fame, and purchased and circulated the Kilmarnock edition of his poems. It was by the advice of his brother mason, John Ballantyne of Ayr—to whom he ascribed his poem "The Briggs of Ayr"—that he repaired to Edinburgh as being the fittest place for publishing. When Burns, acting on this advice, set out for Edinburgh, he had not, as he himself states, a single letter of introduction in his pocket; and we would be quite at a loss to know how he was able to form so sudden an acquaintance with the nobility and literati of the Scottish capital were we not assured on good authority that he owed this in a great measure to his appearance among the masonic brethren. It was they who introduced him into the best circles of society, who put money in his purse to supply his wants, who procured subscribers for the new edition of his poems, who formed his companions in his tours, who were his chief epistolary correspondents, who gave him accommodation in their houses, who obtained his appointment in the excise, and who, last of all, put him in possession of a farm—the object of his desire. As masons, we are proud that Robert Burns was enrolled in the ranks of our order, and we should endeavour to imitate his ardent zeal, his open and generous disposition, and his manly and lofty independence. Song and recitation followed, and perhaps in none of the numerous companies assembled that evening, were the songs and poetry of Burns sung and recited with greater effect. Among the many pieces recited by the brethren, the "Address to a Haggis," by brother William Scott, with the genuine article smoking-hot before him, met with unbounded applause, as also did "Tam o' Shanter," given in brother Emond's most spirited style.

BURNS CENTENARY AND THE POOR.—Last week, a subscription was got up by the inhabitants here, and a sum collected (£1 12s. 6d.), which enabled each of the poor on the parochial list, residing in Melrose, to be supplied with a four pound loaf, a pound of beef-steaks, and a bottle of strong ale; in addition to such substantial fare, twelve of the number received two ounces of tea.

MENSTRIE.—The good folks of this ancient village—not usually the first, though not always the last, in any good movement—inspired by the prevailing enthusiasm, and determined not to be found wanting in contributing their mite of honour to the name and memory of Scotia's bard, resolved in fitting style to celebrate the memory of his birth. Accordingly, on the night of the 25th, a torch-light procession, headed by the band, paraded the village, infinitely to the delight of auld wives and weans. The School-room, festooned with evergreens for the occasion, was filled by eight o'clock with cheerful faces and merry hearts. The chair was occupied, and the chairman's duties most ably discharged, by Mr. John Tainsh, as worthy a representative of Tam o' Shanter's trusty crony as ever "leather raxed or drew." In an address rich with native eloquence, and delivered in a style altogether inimitable, he opened the evening's proceedings; and after all had done thorough justice to cheer more substantial than *olio* or French *ragout*, song and speech followed freely.

"The souter tauld his queerest stories,"

and care for the night was banished. Dancing was entered into with no slack spirit, and the morning light was near ere it was thought sufficient justice had been done to the genius of Robert Burns.

METHVEN.—Twenty-four of the leading men of this village and neighbourhood sat down, at four o'clock, to a sumptuous dinner, provided by mine hostess of the Star Inn.

John Docter, Esq., banker, occupied the chair; while the duties of croupier were satisfactorily discharged by Mr. Bell, parochial teacher. The cloth being removed and the usual toasts given and responded to, the Chairman gave "The Immortal Burns," and in a few

comprehensive remarks adverted to the genius of Scotia's darling bard. He ably defended him from the many insinuations that were heaped on his memory by some persons at this time, who seem to have such nauseous appetites, that, instead of treading with caution and compassion on the graves of the mighty dead, take special delight to disentomb their faults. He concluded by requesting the company to join in a bumper to the memory of the poet, which was enthusiastically responded to. Many other very appropriate toasts and addresses were given by the croupier and other gentlemen present. About seven o'clock the whole company adjourned to the parish schoolroom, which was crowded, there, in another way, to do honour to the memory of the bard. Mr. Docter here again occupied the chair. A soiree and concert was held, when each one present was supplied with fruit. We were then favoured with a number of the bard's sweetest and most enchanting songs by Messrs. Sword and Marshall, and they were ably assisted by a few young ladies belonging to the village, and the evening was spent most harmoniously and passed off with great *eclat*.

A number of the admirers of Robert Burns met in the Temperance Coffee Rooms of Mr. M'Kenzie, to celebrate the centenary of "Scotia's honoured bard." Mr. David Robertson, farmer, Cloag, in the chair. After the company had partaken of an excellent supper, the Chairman then gave the toast of the evening. This he did in a neat and concise speech, tracing the faults of the poet in a great degree to the times in which he lived, and applying the standard of criticism to himself he so charitably inculcates to others, when he says, "Let's gently scan our brother man;" and portraying in glowing colours his love of nature, his simplicity, and above all, his independence as a man, and his superiority as a poet. Other speeches followed; while songs and recitations were not wanting to give variety and zest to the evening's entertainment. Being in a position to defy Forbes Mackenzie, the meeting was kept up to the "wee short hour ayont the twal."

MIDCALDER.—The centenary anniversary of the birth of Burns was celebrated here by a public dinner in the head Inn. The Hon. the Master of Torphichen occupied the chair, supported by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir A. C. Gibson Maitland, Bart. of Clifton Hall, Mr. James Cochrane of Harburn, Dr. Watson, Mr. J. D. Martin of Brotherton, Mr. James Stark, Contentibus, &c., &c.—Mr. Peter M'Lagan, jun. of Pumpherston, croupier. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman proposed the "Memory of Burns" in an eloquent and feeling address.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir A. C. G. Maitland, in returning thanks for "The Army," paid an eloquent tribute to the genius of Burns, and the noble patriotism which his writings inspired in the breast of the British soldier. The company was particularly delighted with the gallant baronet's masterly reading of the Crystal Palace Prize Poem.

The Croupier (Mr. M'Lagan), in his usual felicitous manner, gave a pleasing and happy sketch of the genius and character of Burns, which he illustrated by appropriate quotations.

The evening was spent in the happiest manner, enlivened by a variety of toasts, and by instrumental and vocal music, the airs and songs being mostly those of the "immortal bard."

An original painting of the poet, by Fillans, the property of the hon. Chairman, graced the end of the room.

A handsome subscription (to which all present contributed) was made in aid of the testimonial to the poet's nieces. About eighty gentlemen were present.

"Auld Langsyne," sung by the whole company, concluded the entertainment.

MIDLEM.—A soiree was held here, in commemoration of the centenary of Robert Burns —Mr. Muir, teacher, in the chair. After a service of tea, the Chairman introduced the business of the evening in a few appropriate remarks, and was followed by Messrs. James Sword and James Gray, who delivered excellent addresses—the former upon the genius, and the latter upon the history, of Burns. Mr. A. Leyden, brother of the distinguished Dr. Leyden, sang "Afton Water," which formed the subject of an able address by Mr. Archibald Brown, Crags, upon the beauties of that sweet lyric. During the intervals, a number of songs and recitations were given by Messrs. Brack, Grieve, Reid, Anderson, Carruthers, G. Sword, and others, which tended to promote the greatest harmony and sociality during the course of the evening.

MIGVIE.—Upwards of 150 sincere admirers of the national bard assembled early in the evening, under the able presidency of Mr. Reid. After the usual toasts, the Chairman, in happy terms, gave the toast of the evening, pointing out, in feeling language, the noble-heartedness, the independence, and patriotism of the poet; and the effective hold he has taken on the minds of all classes. The toast was received with subdued emotion. Mr. Cameron, Waterairn, next gave "The Relatives of Burns." Other toasts followed, and during the night songs and

recitations from the writings of the inspired bard were duly interspersed. The company, after spending a very social night, separated at a late hour.

MILNATHORT.—The Burns Centenary Musical Festival here came off with great *eclat*. Miss Richmond, from St. Andrews, sang several of Burns' songs with much taste and feeling, particularly "A man's a man for a' that," which she gave with great animation; Mr. Henderson, from Edinburgh, and Mr. Air from Dunfermline, rendered the songs allotted to them in a most able and efficient manner. The local amateur band contributed much to the harmony of the evening. The vocalists sung at great disadvantage, the hall being crowded to excess, in addition to a temporary gallery erected for the occasion. Three of the family of Mr. Burns Begg, (nephew of the poet) were present on the occasion. A most interesting address on "Burns and his works" was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Young, and the meeting separated, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

MILNGAVIE.—Burns' centenary was celebrated here by a festival in the Town Hall—Mr. H. Carmichael, East Chapelton, presiding, and Mr. J. Findlay, croupier. After doing ample justice to a most substantial dinner, the Chairman, in an appropriate speech, proposed "The Immortal Memory of Scotland's Peasant Poet," followed by the song of "Rantin' Robin," by Mr. Bulloch. The Croupier then gave, "The Noble and Manly Independence of Burns," followed by "A man's a man." Mr. H. Ross, jun., recited with excellent effect "Scots wha hae," "Cottar's Saturday Night," "Man was made to mourn," &c. Mr. R. Crawford being called upon, gave an original ode on Burns and his Works, prepared for the occasion. In addition to the songs already stated, Mr. Bulloch and others gave a selection of the most popular songs and poems of the poet; the company separating after singing "Auld Langsyne."

MINTLAW.—A party, chiefly from the parish of Old Deer, joined by some of the Mintlaw people, celebrated the centenary of Burns' birth at a banquet held within the Pitfour Arms Inn, Mintlaw. The evening was principally spent in toasts, readings, and recitations, appropriate to the occasion, and singing a number of Burns' best songs.

MOFFAT.—The centenary of Scotland's poet, Robert Burns, was celebrated at Moffat, by a public dinner in the Annandale Arms Inn. About sixty gentlemen sat at table. The hall of the Inn was beautifully decorated. The sides were lined with illustrations of Scottish life, festooned with holly leaves, and an inscription in honour of the bard covered the wall overhead of the chair. The chair was occupied by Lawrence Anderson, Esq., Chapel, supported on the right by James Johnston, Esq. of Bodsbeck, John Carruthers, Esq. of Mill, Thomas Reid, Esq., Dr. Munro, &c.; and on the left by James Brand, Esq., London, Thomas Welsh, Esq. of Earlshaugh, Rector Neil, James Dickson, Esq., &c. The Croupier, Mr. James Brown, was supported by Messrs. Russell, Hetherington, Begg, French, &c.

The dinner consisted chiefly of Scottish dishes, served up, as if Meg Dodds herself had been revived for the occasion, and done the cooking with her traditional skill.

The CHAIRMAN gave the usual loyal, patriotic and local toasts, and then spoke nearly as follows:—Much has been said about the life and writings of Burns. The most eminent poets and ablest critics have rendered their testimony in favour of his genius. Without patronage, and possessing few advantages in early life, he rose to the highest literary eminence, and has obtained an influence over the hearts of his countrymen which is more likely to increase than diminish.

A difference of opinion exists among critics as to the merits of his various productions. On this subject it is unnecessary to enter. In every department of poetry which he tried he excelled. Where the variety is so admirable it is difficult to judge and to select, but there is one poem—"The Cottar's Saturday Night"—which I cannot omit to mention. It is a true and beautiful representation of the scenes of the humble cottage, and the pious feelings and patriotic sentiments which pervade that poem, are worthy of the subject and infinitely glorious to the poet. He who could sing how "the sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace, the big ha' Bible, and wales a portion with judicious care," had a mind sensible of the vast importance of religion, and a heart alive to the better feelings of humanity.

As a writer of songs all agree that he is unrivalled. The simple tales of the domestic hearth, the ecstasy of young hearts, and the delights of wedded love, are sung by him with a truth and pathos which we seek for in vain in any other author. His passionate love of nature—his admiration of all that is lofty in sentiment and feeling—his sympathy with the homely joys of rural life, mark him as the most original of our poets. The fountain reflects not more faithfully the wild flowers which deck its margin, than the genius of Burns the affections and joys, the lights and shadows of Scot-

tish life. He has given an immortality to the scenery of our country. Its streams, especially the Nith, the Ayr, and the Doon, flow in song, and its mountains, braes, and woods, are now seen in the undying light of his genius. He has given an immortality to the language of our country—our old Doric—the taste for which was fast dying away, and he commenced to build up a literature, which Sir Walter Scott and John Wilson may be said to have finished.

The variety in the department of song is quite extraordinary. We have the happy greeting of "Auld Langsyne;" the inimitable humour of "Duncan Gray;" the bacchanalian revel of "Willie brewed a peck o' maut;" the wild patriotic fury of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" the conjugal tenderness of "John Anderson, my jo;" the fond affection and constancy of "Wandering Willie;" the plaintive hymn of "Afton Water;" the solemn march of the "Song of Death;" the deep pathos of "the Woodlark;" and the wrapt, but sad enthusiasm of "Mary in Heaven."

No better evidence is necessary of the celebrity of the writings of Burns than the reception they have met with. Go into the humblest cottage in our land and you will find his poems. It is related of Goldsmith, that being with a friend on a visit to an English nobleman, he found in his library a splendid copy of his poems. "This," said Goldsmith in all the pride of genius, and with the animation of gratified vanity—"this is fame, true and genuine fame." "Pardon me," said his friend, "all books may be purchased by the wealthy, but to find my works in the cottages of the poor, and to hear them repeated by the peasant in the field is the certain pledge of immortality and fame."

A chord is being struck this day, which will vibrate among our children's children; and the demonstration throughout the land, and over the world, which I expect to be a glorious success, will do more to strengthen our nationality than any thing that has occurred in our time. I beg to propose the Immortal Memory of Robert Burns. The Chairman was repeatedly cheered during the delivery of his address.

Many other eloquent speeches were made, toast and song went round, and after singing "Auld Langsyne," the company separated at half-past ten o'clock, much delighted with the evening's proceedings.

MONANCE (St.)—At four P.M. a highly respectable assemblage of gentlemen from different parishes, comprising the agricultural, the mercantile, the architectural, and the literary talent of Fife, encircled the festive board in honour of the occasion—A. Mackie, Esq., Cairnbriggs, in the chair, R. Cowper, Esq., Stenton, acted as croupier. After the usual toasts the Chairman gave the Memory of Burns in an eloquent speech. The octagenarian Chairman afterwards sang, "My Nannie's awa," with deep feeling and pathos, and the croupier, who is a relative of the poet Cowper, helped much to promote the general hilarity. Boisterous, it is true, was the elemental conflict that raged without. The songs and speeches were admirably adapted to the occasion, and all were received with unanimous applause. Another social meeting on the occasion took place in the Town Hall, where the merits of the poet were duly discussed, and his centenary fully celebrated.

MONIAIVE.—This usually quiet and retired village was on the 25th a scene of life and excitement seldom or never before witnessed. At half-past two o'clock "The Thistle of Scotland Lodge" and other bodies walked in procession through the village, preceded by flags, banners, and band of music. Amongst the flags was one that attracted much attention, that of the Immortal Poet at the plough, while the genius of poetry is throwing her inspiring mantle over him—the ingenious production of Mr. Jas. Thomson, jun.

At four o'clock about 130 gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner in the New Hall, provided by Mrs. Cranstoun. Robert M'Turk, Esq., of Hastings Hall, ably discharged the duties of the chair, supported by Mr. Kennedy of Kirkland and Mr. M'Call of Caitloch. David Morrine, Esq., efficiently acted as croupier, supported by Mr. Hunter, woodmerchant, and Mr. Kerr, Ingleston. After the usual loyal toasts had been disposed of, the Chairman, in proposing "The Memory of Burns," rose and said:—Burns, although born in circumstances the most adverse for the attainment of worldly distinction, had, nevertheless, by the innate force of his transcendent genius, achieved for himself a position in the Temple of poetic Fame, which had never been surpassed, and seldom approached by any other whom Scotland has had the honour of producing. If ever any man was entitled to be called our National Poet, that man was Robert Burns. In the writings of no other do we find so truly and vividly portrayed the customs and manners, the thoughts and feelings of Scottish life and character, which he stereotyped in the language of our native land, and in which he makes nature herself give an utterance in accents of love so pure and tender,—and

> "Sweet is the smile when fond lovers meet,
> And soft is the parting tear,"

in a wail of sorrow so intense that it rends the heart as the reality did the breast of the Poet. His patriotism is so chivalrous and devoted that before he begins to fight the battles of his country he dismisses from the ranks every coward and traitor as unworthy to strike a blow for her liberties, or even die in her cause. There is a breadth, depth, and slyness in his wit and humour as if he had dipped his pen in the fountains of the human heart, and transferred to the pages the thoughts, the feelings, and the workings he found there. He then at considerable length pointed out some of the most striking features of Burns' writings, and contrasted the times in which he lived as most unfavourable for a man of his ardent temperament and transcendent powers, when excess was considered a virtue rather than a vice, and concluded with a glowing eulogium on the Poet, characterizing him as a kind, warm-hearted, honest, and independent man. There was neither malignity nor duplicity in his nature, and he was the uncompromising enemy of hypocrisy, unfounded pretension, whether arising from ignorance, presumption, or ancestral pride, when unaccompanied with personal merit; and ever ready to assert and warmly to vindicate the dignity of human nature when united to worth, in whatever rank or circumstance of life the individual might be. The world was not only deeply indebted to Burns for his own immortal writings, but also for rescuing many of our beautiful national airs from the stream of time, down which they were fast flowing into oblivion, and imparting to them an undying interest by uniting them to his own immortal words. Into whatever quarter of the world Scotsmen may travel or take up their abode, there will they carry with them the songs and the poems of Burns, and there they will be sung, and read, and cherished with all the fondness of patriotism by the millions who speak the language of Britain.

Many local and national toasts were given, songs were sung, and the meeting was altogether a great success.

MONYMUSK.—A company met at Mrs. Grant's Inn, Village, and worthily celebrated the Bard's birthday. There was plenty of vocal and instrumental music, the latter conducted by Mr. Anderson, jun.

MONTROSE.—The centenary of the "Bard o' bonnie Doon" was celebrated here with an enthusiasm equal to any similar demonstration in any part of the country. The day was very stormy, but fortunately clear and dry. The bells rang forth merry peals from an early hour in the morning, while the national flag floated in the breeze from the flag-staff on the Town Buildings. The seamen, not to be behindhand in adding their quota on the occasion, displayed their colours on their respective vessels in the harbour. By about mid-day the streets began to wear a holiday appearance, and about two o'clock, when the public works and places of business were closed, the streets were thronged with the inhabitants, all seemingly bent upon doing honour to the memory of the immortal Bard. The brethren of the "Mystic Tie" having resolved to give the centenary of their Brother an enthusiastic recognition, made preparations for having a grand procession. To heighten the effect of this display they invited the various lodges and trades to join them. Accordingly, a grand procession formed in the Links between two and three o'clock. Leading the van were two horses drawing a plough, held by a man dressed in a garb similar to that worn by Burns when he "held the plough." The representation was certainly good, and suggested in the mind of the onlooker an idea of the greatness of the genius of the man who, while engaged at this homely occupation, produced works that have made his name immortal. Following the plough were a number of horsemen mounted. Then came the Masonic Lodges. After the mystic brethren came the Lodges of Gardeners and Odd Fellows, bearing the various insignia of their orders. Next came the Trades, and from the number of models, &c., exhibited, we should presume that the spare hours of many of the craftsmen had been zealously devoted to the construction of the beautiful specimens of workmanship exhibited. The town and the streets were densely crowded by enthusiastic and delighted spectators. On arriving at the Town Buildings, they were addressed, in a few well-chosen and humorous remarks, by Adam Burnes, Esq. After three cheers to the memory of the National Bard, they separated.

THE DINNER IN GUILD HALL.—At four o'clock, about 150 gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner in the Guild Hall, which had undergone a complete metamorphosis for the occasion by the Messrs. Japp. Above the chair was a very faithful portrait of Burns, crowned with laurel; and above that was hung a banner, on which was inscribed the motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit." At the other extremity of the hall were the words, in large gilt letters, "A man's a man for a' that;" underneath which was hung a beautiful engraving of Burns and his Highland Mary. Adam Burnes, Esq., occupied the chair; and was supported right and left by Provost Napier; A. Cowie, Esq.; R. Cowie, Esq.; V. Clirehugh, Esq.; David Mackie, Esq.; Charles Brand, Esq.;

Mr. Alexander Smart; A. Foote, Esq.; Henry Forsyth, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal of the County; P. Lindsay, Esq.; James Barclay, Esq., writer, Forfar, &c. The dinner was served up by Mr. Crookshank in his usual first-rate style. The Caledonian Band played a number of favourite tunes during dinner and between the toasts. On the removal of the cloth, and after the usual preliminary toasts,

The CHAIRMAN rose to propose the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." He said—Gentlemen, We are assembled here to-day on a grand and important occasion, and one that has no parallel in the annals of Scotland, or perhaps in those of any other country in the world. We are not met to testify our respect for any monarch, victor, or statesman, from whom we can expect future favours or future triumphs. We are met to proclaim our admiration of genius—the genius not of the living, but of one whose dust has for two generations mingled with the "clods of the valley." I have said that we have met to honour no monarch, unless, indeed, we view the immortal bard of Scotland as a monarch who has wielded his sceptre over the realms of thought, and who will continue to do so while the literature of Scotland or of Great Britain exists. (Cheers.) You are aware, gentlemen, that it has been the practice of all nations to honour those illustrious men who lived among them. It has been their desire to reward them when living, and to remember them when dead. In proof of this the temple of Fame was celebrated in ancient history, and the statues of many great and illustrious men filled its niches. It is honourable to ourselves to celebrate genius, for it connects us with it by reflecting on us the brightness of its splendour. Gentlemen, that desire for posthumous fame, to which I have just referred, is natural to the human mind; and that desire, as appears from several remarkable instances in his own works, animated the heart of Robert Burns. You will no doubt recollect his pathetic lament for the untimely fate of the poet Ferguson, over whose ashes Burns, out of his scanty means, erected a monument on which was inscribed:—

"No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay—
'No storied urn, nor animated bust:'
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust!"

(Cheers.) Again, it may be remembered, on the occasion of the inauguration of the statue to the memory of the author of "The Seasons," he addressed the shade of Thomson, and concluded with the verse:—

"So long, sweet poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that Thomson was her son."

And are we not now with exulting tear proclaiming that Robert Burns is Scotia's son! On another occasion the immortal bard, whose memory we this day celebrate, made a most affecting allusion to the authors of the ancient ballads of Scotland. He says—"There is a noble sublimity and a heart-melting tenderness in some of our ancient ballads, which show them to be the work of a masterly hand; and it has even given me many a heart-ache to recollect that such glorious bards—bards who very probably owed all their talents to native genius, yet have described the exploits of heroes, the pangs of disappointment, and the meltings of love, with such fine strokes of nature—that their very names (oh! how mortifying to a bard's vanity!) are now buried among the wreck of things that were." (Applause.) Such, gentlemen, has not been destined to be the fate of Robert Burns, whose fame extends to, and is echoed at this moment in, every shire, city, and town, and on every hill and valley, of broad Scotland. (Great cheering.) The heather is indeed on fire, and the signals of triumph are seen from every intellectual height! (Applause.) In Edina, Scotia's darling seat, at this moment the *elite* of the land are sounding the pæans of triumph over genius; and the busy hum of industry is hushed in the stirring capital of the West, to give place to similar demonstrations—(applause)—and to allow every class, from the philosophic Brewster to the humblest artisan, to sing the praises of this child of song. (Cheers.) This occasion, gentlemen, is one of the greatest that can be imagined, because it displays intellect struggling through the bushes and entanglements of the world, and reaching the highest pinnacle that its fellow-man can place it on. But, gentlemen, as the power of the sculptor is shown by the "statue that enchants the world," and as the monument of the architect is displayed in the lofty dome when we "look around," so the genius of the poet is reflected in his works—in his thoughts which breathe and his words which burn. (Hear, hear.) In a short address, such as I can now venture to give to you, assembled at a social board, it would be impossible to detail at any length the grounds of our admiration of the genius of Robert Burns. All men are more or less affected by the pleasures of poesy; and the great Creator has gifted some of them with a more vivid perception, and consequently more vivid power of description of the beauties of nature. He has scattered objects of beauty with an unsparing hand over the verdant carpet of the world, and our natural feelings lead us

to admire them, and to "look up from nature's works to nature's God." (Cheers.) But we are not left to nature as our guide in this delightful study. We are commanded, in perhaps the most comforting passage of Holy Writ, to "behold the lilies of the field," and are told with a voice of authority which none can gainsay, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Who can say, then, that the immortal bard of Scotland, when he exclaimed—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou'st met me in an evil hour,
For I maun crush amang the stour
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonnie gem,"

was not fulfilling part, at least, of the Divine command? (Hear and cheers.) The cultivation of poetical literature, gentlemen, not only elevates the mind, but it adds immensely to the pleasures of those who pursue it. Those who delight in poetry, it is well known, have a new sense added to their enjoyment. But, gentlemen, why need I describe to you the advantages of poetry? The genius of Robert Burns is reflected in his works. Even at this instant of time, while I am addressing you, the thoughts of some of us whose locks are siller grey are gently drawn back to the scenes of early childhood, "when we ran about the braes, an' pu'd the gowans fine"—and when we "paidlet i' the burn, in days o' langsyne." Others of us, alas! are painfully reminded in the beautiful language of our own poet of the transitory nature of human pleasures, which

"Are like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melt for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

Gentlemen, I presume you are so familiar with the works of Burns that it would only be a waste of time in me now to glance at their beauties. Were I to do so, I might refer, for instance, to "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," —(loud applause)—which one of the most learned of his country has said should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind—stirring as it does the warm blood in the heart of every Scotchman, at the recollection of the valour and patriotism of its heroes. Gentlemen, the songs of Burns will meet our ear, and will shine like stars in the intellectual firmament on which we are to gaze this evening. (Renewed cheers.) The power of Burns as a poet, however, was not limited to any particular department. His address "To Mary in Heaven" is perhaps the most pathetic ode that has ever been penned, and I may be excused on such an occasion as this in quoting at least one verse of it which appears to me to equal, if not excel, anything that ever was written:—

"Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray;
Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
Proclaimed the speed of winged day."

(Applause.) This verse describes the beauty of the scene so vividly that one would almost imagine himself listening to the gurgling river, and obliged to stoop to avoid entanglement amidst the "wild woods, thickening green." (Applause.) There is another and a very beautiful and touching passage in the works of Burns to which I would draw your attention, as evincing his aspirations to be useful to his own beloved country. He says:—

"A wish,—I mind its power,—
A wish that to my latest hour
Will strongly heave my breast,
That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

"The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear."

I shall now, gentlemen, refer to Robert Burns in a somewhat different character from that of a poet. I shall refer to him as a philosopher—as one of those men who, belonging to the body of the people, had caught sufficient education to raise themselves a renown great, glorious, and enduring, as that of the most learned or most exalted of mankind—(cheers)—as one of those who are luminous proofs that genius is not dependent on art, and can speak from heart to heart the living language of those passions and emotions which console in distress and harden to endurance—(renewed applause)—as one of those men of whom it has been said, "They are the starry lights that glitter on the verge of that dawn on which mankind shall emerge to its true position—the many being the enlightened spirits, and the few the weak exceptions, shrinking like shadows from the noon-day of human progress." (Great cheering.) Burns taught, in fact, that to be a man was the grand distinction, and that all other distinctions were but the clothes that wrap the figure, while the figure itself was the real thing —that without the man these were nothing, had no value, could have no existence—that without that solid, central, and sentient monarch, titles are but as air; gay clothes but the furniture of a Jew's shop; great houses but

empty, useless shelves; carriages no better than wheelbarrows. (Cheers.) This Burns held to be the grand principle.

"The poor Indian whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,"

might imagine some superiority attached to his feathered chief; but it was well to impress on the world that an enlightened people should look upon rank and title in its true aspect. (Hear, hear.) It was well to let the noble understand that they were not to presume, and to let the masses understand that their feet were set on the firm rock of eternal truth. (Cheers.) The man who breathes the soul of rational dignity into the minds of the people is the greatest of public patriots, and the words—

"A man's a man for a' that,"

engraved in your hearts in letters more enduring than adamant—while they ring in our own age, will reverberate for ages to come, at each period shaking from its foundation the insolence of tyranny and oppression, and putting to the blush the meanness of subserviency. (Loud applause.) It has been said that every man of genius feels within himself a consciousness of his great ability and of the influence he possesses over the minds of his fellow-men; and a remarkable prediction by Burns himself appears in one of his own letters, sufficient to startle us now. When warned to act and not to think, he said—"Burns was a poor man from birth, but the sterling of his honest worth no poverty could debase"—(cheers)—"and," (he asks,) "Does any man tell me that my full efforts can be of no service, and that it does not belong to my humble station to meddle with the concerns of a nation? I can tell him that it is in such individuals as I that a nation has to rest both for the hand of support and the eye of intelligence. (Hear, hear, and applause.) The uninformed mob may swell a nation's bulk; the titled tinsel and courtly throng may be its feathered ornament; but the number of those who are elevated enough in life to reason and to reflect, yet low enough to keep clear of the venal contagion of the court—these are a nation's strength." (The toast was rapturously received, and was drunk with great enthusiasm.)

Mr. White, accompanied by Mr. R. Law on the harmonium, sang, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," in a masterly manner, after which the band played, "Kind Robin lo'es me."

The Chairman then introduced Mr. Smart, the poet, a native of Montrose, who was received with great applause.

Mr. Smart, after paying some complimentary remarks on the genius of Robert Burns, recited a beautiful poem, composed by himself for the occasion. During the delivery he was frequently interrupted by the hearty plaudits of the company.

Mr. P. Lindsay also sung a song suited for the occasion, which was rapturously received.

The Chairman then gave "The Day and a' wha honour it," which was drunk with all the honours.

Mr. Clirehugh here sang, in first-rate style, "Blessings on the day."

After several other toasts and songs had been given, Bailie Greig proposed "The Memory of the Brave in our Day," in an eloquent speech, in the course of which he said:—During the Afghan war, our townsman, the late lamented Sir Alexander Burnes, the brother of our worthy chairman, and a near relative of the national bard whose birth we have to-day met to celebrate, fell a victim to intrigue, while, if the policy indicated by him had been followed by the government of the day, the Afghans might have become our peaceful allies, and our army been saved from almost total annihilation. Before this mournful event took place, Burnes had passed through a brilliant career. He had penetrated into the heart of Central India, retraced the greater part of the route of Alexander, surveyed the kingdom of Porus and Taxiles, sailed on the Hydaspes, crossed the Indian Caucasus, beheld the scenes of the inroads of Gengis and Timroud and Baber; but more than these, he had detected a new pathway by which our Indian possessions might be invaded. We had our heroes during the Crimean war, and we cannot forget the noble stand which Sir George Cathcart, and those who fell with him, made on the bloody field of Inkermann. Neither can we forget our band of heroes who fell fighting the battles of their country during the late struggle in India. Who cannot but admire the conquering march of Sir Henry Havelock, and his small band of heroes, to inflict justice upon the perpetrators of the massacre of Cawnpore, and for the relief of the beleaguered garrison at Lucknow. In Sir Henry Havelock we had the soldier and the Christian, and his career clearly proves that his duty to the King of kings did not unfit him to perform his duty to his Queen and country, but rather enabled him to do so in a far more eminent degree. In fact, his march to Lucknow reminds one of the successes of the armies of Israel recorded in holy writ. Although Sir Henry Havelock was not a Scotchman, we can almost claim him as such, considering his intimate connection with the gallant 78th, and the great interest which he always took in his Highlanders. We had also Generals Nicholson and Neill, who nobly did their duty at Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow; and Sir

William Peel, with his naval brigade, who bravely lent assistance to the army at the siege of Lucknow and other parts of India. On the present occasion we cannot forget that noble youth, the late Lieutenant George Holmes Burnes, the nephew of our chairman, who, out of kindness of heart to save the life of an innocent and unprotected child, was taken captive by the Sepoys, and after having been detained a prisoner for some months, was blown from the mouth of a gun. These and many others of our native sons who might be particularized fell nobly in services of their Queen and country, after having achieved many successes in their behalf, showing that when an emergency arises we may still rely upon native patriotism and valour to repel the attacks of any enemy by which our country or its dependencies may be assailed.

"Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang ourselves united,
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted."

Bailie SAVEGE (croupier), in introducing "The Poets of Scotland," said :—Thanks be to God, the flame of poetry still burns brightly in the breasts of Scotland's sons; and the harp still sings responsive to their touch. Whoever doubts this, let him but turn to the pages of our periodical literature, or even the columns of our newspaper press, and he will find there poetic effusion sufficient to maintain, nay, even create a country's fame. But, better still, look we into the collected product of an Aytoun, and say whether, in his poem of "Bothwell," or in his "Lays of the Cavaliers," we do not find a spirit and genius hardly inferior to a Scott himself. Or glance you into the poems of a Smith, and tell me if you do not find a cadence and a sweetness there of which a Campbell might have been proud. Or peer we into the "Gaberlunzie's Wallet," or into "Bonnie Bonelly," "Ilka blade of grass," or "Castles in the Air," of a Ballantyne, and shall we not descry a purity and sweetness which reminds us of the happiest effusions of Tannahill, or almost Burns himself? But to come nearer home; Montrose, which has contributed freely to that galaxy of names that add to our nation's glory, has also given her moiety to the shrine of the muse; for, while she has given a Hume to the senate, a Burnes to the army, a Brown and Burnet to science, and a Duke to the public mart, has she not also given a Bowick and a Smart to the field of poesy? True, the first of these was snatched from us before the great earnest he put forth of a talent that time and circumstance only required to secure for him a niche in the Temple of Fame. But Smart still lives to enjoy the homage paid to ripened genius. After a well-merited eulogium on the poems of Mr Smart, the Croupier concluded as follows:—I will not say more in the presence of himself, but, in conclusion, will simply ask you to pledge a bumper to "The Poets of Scotland," and with that toast to couple the name of our local laureate, Mr. Smart; and while I do so, I would convey to him the great pleasure we have experienced in finding him amongst us this evening, and to see in that the self-denial which has enabled him to quit the allurements of our metropolis, on a day of such high festival, to join his fellow-townsmen in laying their incense upon the humble altar we have erected this evening to the genius of the immortal Burns. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Smart made an adequate reply, and recited his humorous poem of "Madie's Schule."

The CHAIRMAN, in proposing "The Admirers of Burns in Foreign Lands," said:—Though the electric telegraph be fractured, the telegraph of thought still links men together throughout the world.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

And how many touches of nature have we in the works of the immortal Burns. In giving this toast, I call on you to couple it with the New York Burns Club, whose zeal for the fame of the poet has stood pre-eminent; and at this hour it is probable that a sentiment from Montrose is echoing in their hall, forwarded by me to be given this night. (Cheers.) Mr. Clirehugh, who represents that Club so ably and effectively, will no doubt return thanks for the toast. However, the toast seems to imply a revolution and a subordination of the British, by converting us all into "United States." (Cheers and laughter.) Mr. Burnes concluded by stating that a document from the New York Burns Club, which was in the hands of the Secretary, and would be read by him, had been sent to Mr. Clirehugh, authorising him to represent that Club at any meeting in whatever part of Scotland he might be on the 25th.

The Secretary having read the document,

Mr. CLIREHUGH rose, and was loudly cheered. He said,—Gentlemen, I appear here now in the character of a stranger—I appear in the character of a citizen of the United States. (Cheers.) I appear, likewise, as ex-president of the Burns Club of New York. Without egotism, I may say that I was the father of that Club, and for sixteen years presided over its meetings, so that you may suppose I have as deep an interest in the institution as if it was one of my own children. I can tell you, Scotchmen meeting here in your own native

land, that you know nothing of the feelings of Scotchmen abroad. You may walk the streets of New York, or of any town of the United States, and it is true you hear English spoken; but on observing the habits and characters of the people, you feel that you are in a foreign land. But a Scotchman never feels himself away from home anywhere. (Laughter.) I can tell you, as honourable to the American character, that, go where you choose throughout the States, if you have that within you as a Scotchman, you will always have the right hand of brotherhood and fellowship held out to you. (Cheers.) No greater honour has been done to our poet anywhere than in America. At all our Burns' meetings a large minority were always Americans. On my first visit to the Natural History Museum at Washington, I was no less surprised than gratified to find two pillars erected at the entrance to the room, on one of which was Washington, and on the other Burns—(cheers)—and between the two stood the printing-press of Franklin. No more honourable position could ever have been asked for our bard than to occupy a niche along with the glorious Washington. (Loud cheers.) I have received a toast from the New York Club, which I shall give you as a delegate from that Club. I have returned to them another, to a delegate there as representing this meeting, and I am sure by this time of the evening it is extremely probable that it has been given. If the telegraph had only been working, we should have had a direct message to tell us. (Cheers.) Mr. Clirehugh concluded by giving the following toast from New York:—"Scotchmen the world over, whose souls can appreciate the poetic genius of Burns, whose good sense can imitate his steady independence, and whose sociality gathers them together in honour of the centenary of his birth." (The toast was drunk with all the honours.)

Many other toasts were given and songs were sung; Mr. Clirehugh's singing contributing much to the delight of the meeting, which was altogether such as might have been expected in a place with which the memory of Burns is so intimately associated.

MOREBATTLE.—The centenary of Robert Burns was celebrated here by a public supper in the Temple Hall Inn. The supper was served up in first-class style by Mrs. Hall, the respected hostess, giving every satisfaction to the partakers, and at the same time doing honour to Mrs. Hall for the good taste displayed in all the arrangements. Mr. William Laidlaw, shoemaker, Morebattle, ably discharged the duties of the chair; while Mr. Thomas Laidlaw, Tofts, officiated as croupier. After partaking of supper, and the cloth having been removed, the Chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were duly honoured. Songs, toasts and recitations followed in quick succession, some of which displayed no small taste in the rendering. The Chairman then rose and called for a bumper, and gave, in a few appropriate remarks, the toast of the evening, "The immortal memory of Robert Burns." The toast was drunk in solemn silence. The croupier then rose and recited an Elegy on Burns written by the late Mr. Robert Davidson, "the Morebattle poet."

The meeting was a happy one, barring one regret, which was strongly manifested throughout the evening, for the absence of Mr. Thomas Renwick, who had kindly consented to occupy the chair, but owing to the boisterous state of the evening was prevented from attending. Mr. Renwick, who is upwards of eighty-five years of age, remembers well his once seeing Robert Burns, more than sixty years ago, in the vicinity of Jedburgh, accompanied by a Major Rutherford, then a resident in that locality.

MUIRKIRK.—Burns' Centenary was solemnised in Muirkirk in a manner befitting the occasion. At twelve, noon, the two sister lodges of St. Thomas and St. Andrew met at the Masonic Hotel, and after being marshalled into order, were joined by St. John of Jerusalem's encampment of Sir High Knight Templars. All then proceeded to parade through the town and Ironworks to excellent music by the Newmilns and Muirkirk Instrumental Brass Bands.

St. Thomas and St. Andrew's Lodges.—These lodges, after the procession, dined in Mr. Allan's Hotel, and passed an agreeable and harmonious evening.

St. John's of Jerusalem, No. 28.—This encampment, composed partly of masons of some forty and fifty years' standing, proceeded to Mr. Kay's, Black Bull Inn, where they had a most elegant and sumptuous repast. The cloth being removed, Mr. C. M'Donald, E.G., after, as is usual on such occasions, toasting the Queen and Royal Family, Army and Navy, &c., proceeded to give the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns." Having briefly referred to a few of the leading events in Burns' life, he said—The fact of his songs being sung by all classes, being enjoyed by the peasant, and giving pleasure to the peer, enlivening the cottage, and driving gloom from the ancestral hall, being heard in the murky purlieus of our large cities, and in the broad forests of the "far west," were sufficient proofs of the high order of genius possessed by Burns. He finished by drinking to the "Memory of Burns" with

silent honours. Mr. Wm. Johnstone, the oldest Templar in Muirkirk, if not in Ayrshire, sung with great feeling, "The Farewell to Tarbolton Lodge." As he remarked that he was now a very old man, and that in all likelihood this would be his last visit to a mason lodge, when he came to the last two lines of the song—

> "One round, I ask it with a tear
> To him, the bard that's far awa."

the old man's heart filled, and there was scarcely a dry eye in the room. Among the other toasts, Mr. David Ross, C.G., gave the "Memory of Sir Alexander Boswell." He said he remembered about forty years ago being at the laying of the foundation stone of Burns' Mausoleum, and that Sir Alexander presided over the twenty-four lodges then met; that he would never forget the mirth and harmony Sir Alexander caused to pervade the meeting, now excelling himself in singing Burns' songs, and occasionally delighting his brother masons with some of his own.

Masonic Ball.—In the evening there was a masonic ball, to which each 'brother' brought of course a 'sister.' Mr. Allan's ball-room was finely decorated with evergreens for the occasion. Dancing was kept up with spirit to an early hour.

There was also a public dinner by the inhabitants of Muirkirk—A. Aird, Esq., Crossflat, being Chairman, and Mr. C. Howatson, manager, croupier.

MUSSELBURGH.—The day here was kept almost as an entire holiday—the principal shops being shut the whole day, and the town bells being rung at intervals. In the evening about seventy of the inhabitants sat down to an entertainment in the Arms Inn—the Provost in the chair, and Bailie Brown acting as croupier. The chairman, after giving the usual loyal toasts, proposed, in a short and appropriate speech, "The Memory of Robert Burns," which was duly responded to with all the honours. Several of Burns' songs were sung during the evening. The company broke up at ten o'clock.

MUTHILL.—The brethren of St. John's Lodge here met on the evening of the 25th, to celebrate the centenary of Burns. There was a large attendance of the brethren, presided over by the D.M., James Miller, Broadley, when, after "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," the lodge was closed to give place to the general meeting of the inhabitants.

Burns centenary was celebrated in the Masons' Hall here on Tuesday evening. The hall was filled to overflowing by the inhabitants of the village and vicinity, dressed in holiday attire. Mr. Ferguson, parish schoolmaster, occupied the chair. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in a spirited address, proposed "The immortal memory of Burns," which was drunk in solemn silence. The other distinguished Scottish poets, from Barbour to Scott, were not forgotten. Messrs. Charleton, Reid, Jolly, and M'Neill, sang a number of Burns' best songs. Song and toast followed each other in rapid succession. Broadley, as the oldest soldier in the meeting, in returning thanks for the army, gave a most humorous account of a great battle fought at Strowan by the Strathearn volunteers, and Mr. Shearer, author of the "Antiquities of Strathearn," electrified the company by his reply for "The Bachelors." A few minutes after nine o'clock, the company retired from the hall in a body with the Chairman, pronouncing the meeting the happiest ever spent in Muthill.

NAIRN.—On Monday, forth came an announcement, taking the town by surprise, that a celebration of the Burns centenary, in the form of a public tea meeting, would be held in Anderson's Hall, under the patronage of Provost and Mrs. Findlay. The meeting took place on the 25th, and, notwithstanding the shortness of the notice, and time for preparations, was attended by about 150 individuals, representing the wealth and intelligence of the community. Among those present, we observed Provost and Mrs. Findlay; Capt. Gordon, and Mrs. General Gordon; H. Emlyn, Esq., and Miss Emlyn; A. Davidson, Esq., and Miss Davidson; Bailie Mann; the Rev. J. Bisset, &c., &c.

After tea and cake were served, Mr. Dick read an article in reference to the centenary, headed—"What is it all about?" Several readings were given—"The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Tam o' Shanter," by Mr. Davidson; "Man was made to mourn," by G. Mennie, V.S. Recitations—"Scots wha hae," and "Mary in Heaven," by Mr. Stewart, Millbank. Mr. C. B. Mackintosh read a paper, "An Estimate of Burns' Life and Writings." Between the readings, &c., songs were sung by various ladies and gentlemen of the company, and the proceedings were appropriately wound up by an eloquent address from the Rev. Mr. Bisset.

NEWBURGH.—The Burns centenary was celebrated here in a very spirited manner on the 25th. At two o'clock the shops were closed and all business suspended. At three, the Friendly and Odd Fellows' Societies, and Lindores Lodge of Freemasons, preceded by the

children of the several schools, walked through the street in procession, with flags, accompanied by three bands and a piper. At six P.M. a social entertainment took place in the Town Hall, which was densely crowded by all classes in the town. Bailie Fenton, chief magistrate, occupied the chair, and commenced the proceedings with a short address. In the course of the evening, addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Yule, on proposing the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns;" by Mr. James Storer, on The Parents of Burns; by Mr. George Nicol, on The Peasantry of Scotland; by Mr. Alexander Laing, on The Influence of Burns; an original poetical address by Dr. Lyell, and another by Mr. John Dunn. A number of Burns' songs were excellently sung during the evening by different ladies and gentlemen. After "Auld Langsyne" had been sung by the whole company, they separated about eleven o'clock. The Masons' Hall was opened for dancing at eight o'clock, and this amusement was kept up with spirit until an early hour next morning. There were several private parties throughout the town, and the several societies had their respective social meetings.

NEWLANDS.—At six o'clock, a goodly number of the inhabitants of the parish of Newlands met at Mrs. Hope's Inn, to celebrate the centenary anniversary of the poet Burns—Mr. E. Blacklock in the chair, and Mr, P. Wilson, croupier. After partaking of a substantial dinner, furnished by Mrs. Hope, and when the usual loyal toasts had been drunk, the Chairman, in a neat and humorous speech, in which was portrayed a miniature history of the life and works of the poet, gave the principal toast of the evening, which was heartily responded to. Some of the company sang several fine songs, others told stories, and the rest encouraged both by an energetic clapping of hands; in short, a most agreeable evening was spent, till fatal eleven ended the joviality, and each took his different way. In the course of the evening, Mr. Welsh recited some verses composed by him for the occasion.

The youths in the neighbourhood met at Goldie's Mill, and celebrated the event by dancing.

NEWMILL.—The festival was long talked of here, but up till the eleventh hour no steps were taken to have a demonstration of our own, a disposition being shown to fraternize with our Keith friends, and join them in their soiree *musicale*. It, however, occurred to a few of the more spirited of the inhabitants that Newmill might have a soiree of its own, and accordingly a meeting was called on the Saturday evening for the purpose of taking into consideration the desirableness of such a demonstration. Messrs. Jas. Smith, John Duncan, Wm. Wiseman, John M'Conachie, and John M'Donald, were appointed a committee to carry into effect the purpose of the meeting, and it was made very speedily apparent to them that their chief difficulty would be the procuring of a place sufficiently large to accommodate the soiree, which the Newmillites proposed to attend *en masse*. From this dilemma they were relieved by Mr. Smith, who, with that readiness to oblige, which is so peculiarly characteristic of that gentleman, kindly made offer of his whole premises for the accommodation of his fellow-townsmen, and the soiree accordingly took place there on the 25th. The main body assembled in the barn, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and where nearly 140 sat down to tea—Mr. Smith being voted to the chair by acclamation. The parlour also had its snug tea party, the members of which, after partaking of that refreshment, contrived to insinuate themselves into the overcrowded barn. Mr. Smith having briefly announced the object of the meeting, called upon Mr. John Duncan, feuar, who favoured the meeting with a lucid sketch of the life of the great national bard, and was followed by Mr. Turner, who gave a short address on the merits of Burns' Works, and the influence of his writings upon society. The meeting was then entertained by the singing of a large selection of Burns' choicest songs, and, at appropriate intervals, fruit and other refreshments were handed round in great abundance. A very harmonious and pleasant meeting was wound up by votes of thanks to Mr. Smith, as Chairman, and for his kindness in affording the use of his premises, and to the gentlemen forming the committee, for the admirable manner in which they had discharged their duties, which were the more onerous on account of the shortness of the notice. A ball was also held at the close of the soiree, which was numerously attended, and spiritedly carried on to an advanced hour in the morning.

NEWTON-STEWART.—The centenary was celebrated here by the Mechanics' Institute with a tea and cake soiree. Long before the hour of meeting, the doors of the hall were thronged by a crowd of people anxious to secure seat accommodation, and to render the hall more commodious, the Committee of the Institute erected a gallery, capable of seating about 150, which, on the doors being opened, was speedily filled. At six o'clock Mr. W. G. Cumming took the chair, accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Small and Reid, and Mr. Gordon

M'Leod of Killiemore, &c., &c. A blessing was asked by Mr. Reid, and the stewards having supplied the numerous guests with a sumptuous repast, thanks were returned by Mr. Small.

The CHAIRMAN then stated that they had met that night to do honour to the memory of the immortal Burns, and he gave a brief sketch of his life and works, commenting especially on the influence his writings had on society; how they are appreciated wherever the English language is spoken, but more especially by Scotchmen. After a lengthened speech, replete with the best feeling towards the memory of the poet, the Chairman resumed his seat amid universal applause.

Mr. Kennedy sung, immediately after the Chairman's address, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," which gave great satisfaction to the meeting. After a recitation of verses, made by Mr. Erskine, gunmaker, entitled "We hail thy Natal Day, sweet Bard," and the singing of "A man's a man for a' that," the Chairman called on

The Rev. Mr Small, who spoke for nearly an hour on the "Life, Character, and Genius of Burns," the audience marking their appreciation of the rev. gentleman's address by prolonged cheers.

"Thou lingering star," as a glee, and the songs "Highland Mary" and "Bonnie Jean," by Mr. Parker, came next in order, and were received by bursts of applause. Mr. Gordon next addressed the meeting, and he was followed by the band singing, in full harmony, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Mr. W. Skimming then recited "Tam o' Shanter," with great effect, causing the audience to be almost convulsed with laughter, especially at Tam's amazement at the scene at Alloway's auld haunted kirk, and kindred passages from that inimitable epic.

Several other recitations were afterwards given, and the Rev. William Reid addressed the meeting at some length on the influence the writings of Burns exercise over the working-classes, and wound up his speech by reading some original verses by an American in praise of the great bard. A number of the best songs of Burns were sung, and the Chairman having announced that the programme was exhausted, requested the audience to join the vocal band in singing "Auld Langsyne," which was done standing, and had a fine effect. Votes of thanks were severally awarded to the Chairman, the stewards, speakers, and singers, which being duly responded to, the Queen's Anthem was next sung, and the meeting separated. The proceedings commenced at six o'clock, and terminated at eleven P.M.

NINIANS (ST.).—A select party, admirers of the genius of Burns, met on the evening of the centenary of his birth, in Mr. Johnstone's Wallace Inn, St. Ninians—Mr. George Pitbladdo in the chair, and Mr. Johnstone, croupier. A substantial supper crowned the board; and when the cloth was removed, the Chairman, after giving the usual preliminary toasts, proposed in a stirring speech "The memory of Robert Burns." Several other toasts were given, a number of Burns' songs were sung, and after spending a very pleasant evening the company separated at the statutory hour.

NITSHILL.—A public dinner in honour of the hundredth birthday of Robert Burns took place here, which was numerously attended. At five o'clock the company met in Miss Dove's Inn, where they partook of an excellent dinner, which was served up in profusion, and so amply furnished as would have dined double the number present. Mr. John Ettershanks, Priesthill, presided, while Mr. William Anderson performed the duties of croupier. After the removal of the cloth, the Chairman gave the usual loyal toasts, all of which were duly honoured. The evening's proceedings were richly interspersed with a number of Burns' songs, and which were sung with great taste by Messrs. A. Renfrew, William Anderson, and J. Fleming, &c. During the evening a collection was made in aid of Mrs. Thomson, Pollockshaws, when no less than £3 10s. was collected, and which reflects great credit to the district.

NORTH BERWICK.—Here the festival centenary was held with great *eclat*. The Freemasons, joined by most of the Bluejackets, with innumerable flags, headed by a band of music, proceeded from their Lodge-room to the parish school, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and accompanied by a crowd of the inhabitants enthusiastically cheering.

The Right Worshipful took the chair. Past Master Blair gave the opening address, and "Caledonia and Caledonia's Bard," which was received with enthusiastic cheering. Many of the songs of Burns were sweetly sung, and several of his poems recited. The room was densely crowded, there being upwards of 300 present.

OCHILTREE.—This rural village, situated on the banks of the Lugar, held no public demonstration on that day; all remained quiet and inactive, nothing indicative of the great enthusiasm which was prevailing everywhere else,

until the evening, when a number of the admirers of the character and poetic genius of the great bard assembled in the Eagle Inn, and partook of an excellent supper, Mr. Smith, Cawhillan, presiding; Mr. Morton, croupier. After the cloth had been removed, and the usual loyal and constitutional toasts had been disposed of, the Croupier, in a brief and pithy address, paid a very high tribute to the character and writings of Burns, after which he craved a special bumper to the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was drunk with all honours; the "Memory of Willie Simpson," the winsome Willie of Burns, was next given and duly responded to. Messrs. Weir and M'Intyre favoured the meeting with a few of Burns' songs, which were duly appreciated. A number of other toasts of a local character were given, and responded to, after which the meeting separated highly satisfied with the evening's proceedings.

On the same evening a ball took place in the large granary at Hill farm, near the village, which was kindly granted by Mr. Steele. At the hour of meeting upwards of forty couples had arrived, dancing commenced and was kept up with great spirit till 5 o'clock next morning, when the company broke up, and each took off his several way.

OLDMELDRUM.—In celebration of the centenary of Scotland's Poet, a large and select company assembled in the Meldrum Arms Inn—the Rev. W. Keay in the chair. After the company had partaken of an excellent supper, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of, the Chairman, in a neat and appropriate speech, gave the toast of the evening—"The Memory of Robert Burns." During the evening, some of Burns' most beautiful songs were sung, and the proceedings throughout were of the most social and becoming character. The chair was vacated half-an-hour before Forbes Mackenzie had any business to interfere.

A supper was held in Mr. Pittendrigh's Inn, attended by about fifty gentlemen—Mr. Wm. M'Kay in the chair, and Mr. Alexander acting as croupier.

The Total Abstinence Society also held a supper in the Town Hall. A ball came off in the Temperance Hall, was numerously attended, and quite a happy affair.

PAISLEY.—This town, where the memory of Burns has been always peculiarly revered and honoured, at once determined to be in the foremost rank in celebrating the centenary of the Poet's birth, and an active committee, with Mr. Robert Kirkland as president, and Mr. James Caldwell as secretary, was organised to carry out the arrangements for a grand banquet on the occasion in the Exchange Rooms. It was soon evident, however, that this would not be sufficient to satisfy all classes, and a committee of the working classes made arrangements for another large assembly in the Abercorn Rooms. Besides these, there were ultimately arrangements made for no fewer than ten social parties, and it is not too much to say that in proportion to our population there were more people who engaged in celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Burns on the 25th, than in any other town in the kingdom.

Some proposals were made for a general holiday on the occasion, but that idea was very properly abandoned, as it would have led to the working classes losing a day's wages. The booksellers, however, and some other shopkeepers shut their places of business at three o'clock.

At the Exchange Rooms, where the principal assembly was held, arrangements were made to dine about 270 gentlemen, and to admit about 100 ladies to the gallery at the conclusion of the dinner. In the two centre windows of the large hall there were two beautiful transparencies, the one containing a medallion portrait of the Poet, with the date of his birth and death, and the other a representation of the genius of Coila crowning the Bard with the descriptive stanza lettered above, and a view of Tam o' Shanter crossing the brig of Doon, and his mare's tail in the clutch of the vindictive witch. There was likewise a beautiful transparency in one of the windows of the Renfrew County Kilwinning Lodge, and a string of flags stretching across from another window of the Lodge to the opposite side of the High Street. The transparencies were executed by the firm of Messrs. Murray & Son.

The dinner hour was five o'clock, and a few minutes before that hour the members of the St. Mirren's Lodge, and of the Renfrew County Kilwinning Lodge, to the number of about sixty, left the St. Mirren's Lodge in New Street, in full masonic costume, and walked in procession to the Exchange Rooms; and by ten minutes past five o'clock the whole company were comfortably seated in the large hall, which had been newly painted for the occasion. The number of Freemasons present altogether was about ninety—John Carswell, Esq., R. W. M., being at the head of the St. Mirren's, and William Murray, Esq., R. W. M., being at the head of the Renfrew County Kilwinning, Lodge.

Robert Brown, Esq., Provost of Paisley, occupied the chair, and amongst the gentlemen on and around the platform supporting the chairman, we noticed the Rev. Andrew Wilson; the Rev. Mr. Rennison; H. E. Crum Ewing, Esq., M. P.; Bailie Alex. Pollock, jun.; Bailie Hamilton; William Hodge, Esq., Town Clerk; John M'Innes, Esq.; Mr. Treasurer Craig; James Caldwell, Esq.; Matthew Scott, Esq.; Angus Macpherson, Esq.; Richard Watson, Esq.; Robert Walker, Esq.; and G. M'Kenzie, Esq.

The Croupiers were Robert Kirkland, Esq., David Murray, Esq., Bailie Lamb, and William M'Kean, Esq. Amongst the gentlemen supporting the croupiers we observed John Crawford, Esq., James Ferrie, Esq., Peter Niven, Esq., James Forbes, Esq., J. Yuill, Esq., William M'Arthur, Esq., M. P., P. C. Macgregor, Esq.

In other parts of the hall we observed ex-Provost Macfarlane, Peter Henderson, Esq., John Affleck, Esq., Jas. Miller, Esq., Jas. Clark, Esq., T. H. Macfarlane, Esq., J. Morgan, Esq., John Hutcheson, Esq., A. Brown, Esq., David Campbell, Esq., James Arthur, Esq., Alexander Cattanach, Esq., Thomas Campbell, Esq., A. R. Pollock, Esq., Robert Boyd, Esq., William Gibson, Esq., R. L. Henderson, Thomas MacRobert, Esq., F. M'Fadyen, Esq., James Henderson, Esq., John Lorimer, Esq., Dr. Taylor, Dr. W. B. Mackinlay, John Hart, Esq., John Bartlemore, Esq., George Boyd, Esq., Renfrew, Stewart Clark, Esq., John Cattanach, Esq., James M'Arthur, Esq., George Findlay, Esq., John M'Gown, Esq., William Barbour, Esq., Adam M'Lellan, Esq., Patrick Macgregor, Esq., James Macgregor, Esq., Neil Stewart, Esq. of Annet, Rannach, J. S. Crawford, Esq.

While the company were assembling, an efficient band, under the leadership of Mr. Dobson, played the "Overture to Alloway Kirk."

The Rev. Mr. Rennison said grace, and after the company had partaken of an excellent dinner, well served, the Rev. Mr. Wilson returned thanks. After the usual loyal, patriotic, and local toasts,

The CHAIRMAN said he had now come to the principal toast, and the one which was the cause of their meeting there that evening. (Cheers.) Precisely one hundred years ago was the birthday of Robert Burns, who had truly been the greatest poet that Scotland ever produced. Born of poor parents, their bard was nursed and brought up in the lap of adversity. And although compelled, when a mere youth, to follow the plough, and to work at agricultural labour to earn his daily bread, yet, such was the strength of his mind, and such was the force of his genius, as to produce poetry and songs which have secured him a name and a fame which will never perish. A Scottish peasant himself, he gloried in the class to which he belonged, and his knowledge of their rural life gave him an opportunity of understanding their character and feelings; and well have they all been described by him. (Applause.) It was not to be wondered, then, that his poetry should be held in high estimation by the rural population, and by the working classes in all parts of the country, and that he should have awakened in their minds a love of poetry and of song, and of sterling national feeling and independence. Although their bard had, by his poetry, in many instances hallowed and brought into notice places that would otherwise have remained in obscurity, yet he had little connection with this town, and so far as remembered by him, there was only one piece of poetry relating to it, and which began with the words,

"Where Cart rins rowing to the sea."

If, however, he had no intimate acquaintance in Paisley or its neighbourhood, they knew that the great poet visited this town, and traversed our own streets. This information he had himself from Alexander Wark, an old friend of his own, now no more, who told him that, one day when he was looking out of the window he saw a man on horseback on the street, whom he thought was like the portraits he had seen of the Ayrshire poet. Impressed with this conviction, he hurried to the street, introduced himself, and had the pleasure and satisfaction of shaking Robert Burns by the hand. In another way this town had been associated with the name of the poet, for they knew that when Jean Armour, his future wife, was under the displeasure of her parents, she found in the house of one of their townsmen here, shelter and a home. Notwithstanding all the heart-stirring poetry that had emanated from Burns, it was melancholy to think, at the same time, that we could not look into the history of his life without being intensely grieved. (Hear, hear.) Who could read the immortal verses which his fertile genius had produced, without lamenting that a man of his noble mind should, through nearly his whole life, be fighting with poverty, penury, and misfortunes? and no one could contemplate the degraded position in which this extraordinary man was latterly placed, without mourning that thereby his life was embittered, his spirits broken, his days shortened, and that he was hurried to a premature grave. Undoubtedly, it must at the same time be admitted that Burns had faults; he thought they should ascribe them

more to the position in which he was placed, and the age in which he lived. (Loud cheers.) One great characteristic of the poetry of Burns, is that it is expressed in simple yet vigorous and glowing language, and that it is full of imagery at once the most beautiful and correct. And all his descriptions, too, were strictly according to life, and everything founded upon nature. His poetry is also distinguished by a noble spirit of independence—throwing aside the cloak of the hypocrite, and holding up to view all that was good and generous. As Scotsmen, they might well be proud of their bard and their countryman, for he had made Scotland and her hills, and her glens, and her scenery, and her people be known and be sung of in every part of the habitable globe where the English language was understood. Such, too, was the admiration in which the memory and the poetry of Burns was held, that at the present moment his hundredth natal day was not only being commemorated in every village and town and city in his native country, but likewise with a fervour and an enthusiasm equally intense in every quarter of the world, from the banks of the Mississippi in the West to the banks of the Ganges in the East. He thought he was correct also when he stated that in no place in this country had the poetry and genius of Burns been hitherto more—and, indeed, he might say as much—appreciated as in their own good town. Among all classes and among all ages here his poetry had since its publication been familiar, and his songs had been sung in every company and on all appropriate occasions. Native genius and talent had also been awakened by the influence of his poetry—and they thereby had in this town writers of lyric poetry of great ability, and whose works would be handed down to perpetuity. (Cheers.) In this town, also, the memory of Burns had always been revered, and in no place had his recurring birthday been more regularly commemorated. He was proud to have it in his power to say all this of his townsmen, for it was creditable to their good sense and their intelligence. He rejoiced also to see there that evening such a great assembly to hold the centenary festival of the birth of this great poet, and he had now to ask them to unite their cheers and applause with that mighty multitude who where at that moment similarly engaged in all parts of the world, and to join him in drinking, with all the honours, to the memory of Robert Burns, their great national poet. (Loud applause.) The toast was received and acknowledged with the most enthusiastic applause.

The band then played a beautiful selection of Scottish airs, and Mr. Robert Stewart sung with much spirit, "There was a lad was born in Kyle."

Bailie Lamb in a masterly speech proposed the memory of Shakspeare, concluding as follows:—It is the memory of a great man we have to drink—a great poet of humanity—no god, nor demi-god, nor hero, but the very beau-ideal of a man. Who shall estimate the influences which this master-mind bears on the intelligences of the world from his day till ours. There is scarcely a station in life that finds not instruction—there is scarcely a thought that stirs the mind that finds not utterance in the writings of Shakspeare. We find ourselves thinking Shakspeare's thoughts and saying Shakspeare's sayings, almost intuitively, so much have they permeated humanity. The poetry and letters of the day reflect his genius—science and religion find appropriate illustration from him—his very sayings are familiar in the mouth as household words. Kingdoms may decay—democracies and oligarchies rise and fall—the despotisms of the day may endeavour, for their brief hour of Heaven's permission, to crush out at once liberty, and literature, and life itself; but this man of men, this representative man of England, as Robert Burns is of Scotland, remains unchanged, immutable, the glory of his age and ours.

"O! shaping brain! O! flashing fancy's hues!
O! boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews!
O! wit humane and blythe! O! sense sublime!
For each dim oracle of mantled time!
Transcendent form of Man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and Deed!"

(Cheers.) Gentlemen, I now propose the toast with Ben Jonson's words, "I love the man, and do honour to his memory, on this side Idolatry." With all the honours, "Shakspeare."—The toast was drunk with applause.

Band—"Where the bee sucks." "The cloud capt towers," by Glee Party.

Mr. Murray introduced the memory of Scott in an eloquent speech, concluding as follows:—To whom will the world in future ages be indebted for a knowledge of Scottish scenery, and Scottish life of every historic period, and of every grade of character from the monarch to the peasant? Undoubtedly to the genius and works of our great countryman Scott. Like Shakspeare he is distinguished for his truth to nature, his thorough knowledge of the human heart, and for his deep sympathy with humanity. When we think of the life-like pictures—those creations of his prolific imagination, which he produced with such marvellous rapidity as the "Great Unknown," we feel that with the exception of Shakspeare, there is no writer of the English language to

be for a moment compared to him. (Loud cheers.) Nursed and reared among the scenes of Border Minstrelsy he was early inspired with a love of ballad lore, and mixing with all classes of his countrymen he was thoroughly conversant with the traditions, habits, and feelings of the people, and hence that intense nationality which characterises all his productions. (Cheers.) The toast was drunk with applause.

Song—"Jock o' Hazeldean," in fine style by Mr. R. Waterston.

Mr. J. S. HENDERSON proposed Alfred Tennyson and the present English Poets.

Band.—"'Twas merry in the Hall."

Mr. A. R. POLLOCK proposed Tom Moore and the poetry of Ireland.

Band—"The Minstrel Boy."

Mr. ANGUS MACPHERSON proposed The Poetry of America, with Longfellow as its living representative.

Band—"Yankee Doodle." Song—"Afton Water," beautifully sung by Mr. Gilmour.

Mr. P. C. MACGREGOR proposed The Poets of Scotland, in a brilliant speech, concluding as follows:—Gentlemen, we will never again be at another such meeting; the youngest here will have crossed their final bourne ere the next centenary meeting of Burns comes round. Let us then come down from our ordinary business attitude, let us unlock the fountains of our souls, and, with rapturous hearts, do enthusiastic honour to "The Poets of Scotland." (Great cheering.) Let your acclaim be loud enough that it will be borne by the night breezes of time and carried to the verge of another centenary; and when the Watchman on the tower of Time shall ask, "what do you want?" Our answer shall be, We want to put ourselves right by anticipation, with our successors, the men of the twentieth century—we want to tell them, that the men of Paisley had nothing in common with those chartered shepherds who decried the first centenary of Burns—we want to tell them, that despite of bigot's howl, our town turned bravely out in honour of Scotia's Bard. (Great cheering.) And if still asked by these men of the next centenary "What do you want?" We answer, We want to tell them that the intelligence of Paisley has discovered that true religion is a grand reality, permeating and ennobling living hearts, and not the grim phantasmal form some men would make it. We want to tell them that we have learned the truth too long hid from Scotland's eyes—a truth, I prophesy, which will be well understood by the men we are invoking, that

> "A daw's not reckon'd a religious bird,
> Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple."

(Loud laughter and long-continued applause.) We want to preach to them a Lay Sermon; we want to tell them that on this auspicious day Paisley maintained her ancient character for independent thought. We want to wipe out the foul blot attempted to be fastened on her escutcheon. We want to show, by the very unanimity and strength of our acclaim, that we love our poets as we love our fatherland, that we have felt their power to hallow in our minds the memorials of our early love and our country's ancient independence—transmuting all creation into a 'living hymn, every sound of which is praise'—a poem, every syllable of which is a star—a portrait, every touch of which is wisdom, beneficence, and love! (Loud cheering.)

Mr. CRUM EWING proposed the "Provost and Magistrates of Paisley," in a few complimentary remarks. The toast was drunk amidst great applause.

The CHAIRMAN acknowledged the compliment.

Mr. FERRIE proposed "The memory of Tannahill" in an excellent speech, in the course of which he said:—While we are thus met to do honour to the memory of this kingly spirit of our literature—who has dignified by his genius the humble life which some of us are destined to lead—and whose achievements have made the name of Robert Burns—a name at which every true Scottish heart takes a tone of loftier triumph and delight—(loud cheers)—while we are thus met, I say, in honour of this prince of our country's bards, it is meet that we should not forget those lowlier, yet genuine Poet-Souls who have followed him, though at a distance, on his melodious way to immortality. Not the least distinguished of these, but perhaps next to Burns himself in the rank of Scottish song-writers, is one whose history and works are intimately associated with our town, and whose memory I feel honoured in commending to your regards—the gentle-hearted Tannahill. (Loud cheers.) Though no Poet of lofty genius or vast attainments, Tannahill has yet good claims to the remembrance and regard of his country, and especially in the town where he lived, pursued his gentle handicraft, and sang those sweet songs of his which have made his name familiar to the lips, and dear to the heart of every lover of Scottish song. (Renewed cheers.) Small and comparatively unimportant as may seem the works which Tannahill has left to the world, they contain elements which are likely to give them an existence. Since those stormy old days when Allan Ramsay—the first recorded Poet who struck with any very notable skill the lyrical strings of the Scottish lyre—down to the present time, we have had no Bard—

Burns out of view—who has touched the harp of Scottish song to so sweet, melodious, tender tones; and mingled with his strains such simple fidelity of natural description as our own gentle Tannahill? Many poets we have had of a higher order of genius, and who have left behind them works of richer and more varied excellence in other departments of poetry—but in the sphere of the song he stands unapproached by any of these for simplicity, tenderness, and truth. We would not indulge in a too fond partiality, and be unjust to the merits of others of our singers who may be held to outstrip Tannahill in general poetic faculty. We cannot forget the aerial music and the fairy visions of Hogg—the gleeful lilts and fresh sparkling strains of honest Allan Cunningham — the witching tenderness and graceful sweetness of Motherwell—or the graphic force and living truthfulness of description of our own Alexander Wilson.

But we may be permitted the partiality we have for Tannahill as a song-writer when his merit—as it undoubtedly does—sanctions the preference. Tannahill's chief merit as a poet will be found to consist, as I have said, in his natural simplicity, tenderness, and truth. These form at once the leading features of his character and of his poetry. A gentle, quiet, kindly spirit, his breast is a haunt for the gentlest influences of nature and humanity. His heart delights itself in the mild loving moods of nature, and, in his artless effusions, her divine features steal out in many lovely varieties of expression, glorifying the verse which reflects them so faithfully. (Cheers.) The gladsome countenance of morning when "lavrocks fan the snaw-white cluds"—the dusky beauty of the twilight when "the plantin taps are tinged wi' goud"—the calm breathing of the fields when day is dead—and nature's solitude and stillness at the evening hour "by yon burnside,"—on these he gazed with loving joy, till their mild spirit passed into his being, transfusing itself through his thoughts, and he stands before us, like a tender vision of some calm summer day that returns upon the heart with glimpses of the flowery braes and bright rejoicing streams, and woods all motionless and dream-wrapt in the deep bliss of nature. (Great applause.) He loves to brood, too, on the gentler and more pleasing emotions of the soul, and on the simpler and fairer phases of life as they present themselves around him. And he has given to many of the simple affections of the heart a tongue of tender and melodious truthfulness whose subduing strains will not soon pass away, but shall flow in sparkling freshness through the memory of his country, like a summer brook on the glad, green hill side. To us, as his townsmen, should his memory be specially dear, and if a too fond partiality mingles with our estimate of him, we may at least be excused for the spirit which prompts it. Here it was in this town of ours that he first saw the light of this world, which an inner trouble so much darkened to him in his brief way through life. Here it was that he spent his quiet days of lowly toil, and loosed from his simple lyre those lovely strains in which his name still lives. Here it was, too, that, on that mournful night in May, some fifty years ago, his gentle spirit, chased by a despondency it could not conquer, hurried wildly away from this tearful track of breath, into the stillness of that land where despair disturbs not, and the fiercest of earth's sorrows can oppress no more. Around us are the scenes he has hallowed by his song. "The bonnie wood of Craigielee," near which the gentle poet "spent life's early day"—the "dewy dell of Gleniffer," where the "craw-flower's early bell" still sounds in the ear of memory with the name of the departed bard—the pleasant scenes of "Stanley-green shaw"—the romantic solitudes of "the dusky glen by yon burnside," where a music sweeter than the sound of its waters is still heard to linger. (Loud cheers.) Though he who has lent to these scenes a loveliness above their own has become as a dream, they yet remain to us with influences from his tuneful spirit to touch the purest and tenderest chords of our nature, and evoke its slumbering sympathies to things fair and good. And as we now recall the spell of elevating pleasure and refined sentiment from his hallowing song, which has held us amidst these spots, let us give to the gentle bard the tenderest pledge of the regard which is due to his memory. I beg now to call for a bumper to the "Memory of Tannahill." The toast was received with enthusiastic applause.

Band—"Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes." Song—"Jessie the Flower of Dumblane," with fine effect, by Mr. Cunningham.

The Rev. Mr. Rennison, in proposing "The Peasantry of Scotland," said—For my presence here to-night no apology or justification is necessary to this large and respectable company. It cannot be concealed, however, that there is a difference of opinion out of doors as to the propriety of clergymen taking part in this celebration. Some persons, indeed, are very unreasonable. They think that ministers should live in monasteries, and that their food and drink should consist exclusively of dry peas and cold water. They remind me of a decent half-cracked woman, who, on hearing of a minister being at a party, and of the male servant of the Manse taking part in the musical per-

formance, exclaimed, "Heeh! sirs, what is the world comin' to! the minister at the dancin', and the minister's man playin' the fiddle!" But I must explain why I am charged with the duty which had been assigned to my friend, the Rev. Mr. Strachan, who would have done ample justice to the toast. It appears that Mr. Strachan is laid up with influenza, and I am sure that he is a man of such strong mind as to forbid the suspicion that he has caught the malady in Canal Street. I propose with all cordiality "The Peasantry of Scotland." I do so, because the Peasantry, with the corresponding classes in towns, constitute the substratum of society, and we must wish well to them if we wish well to ourselves. If there be serious defects in the basis, the whole social fabric will be endangered. It is gratifying to know that the rural population have long been distinguished by a large amount of piety, and by sober and industrious habits. The labouring people of the country are therefore worthy of kind recognition by all good citizens. Nor could the toast come more appropriately from any than from one of my profession—a profession indebted not a little to the class in question for talents, and attainments, and zeal, which have shed lustre on the clerical office, and conferred immense benefits on our land. Nay, from the same source have sprung numerous highly gifted men, whose lot it has been to pursue an upward course till they reached the most conspicuous places of honour and trust in church and state. Last of all, I am sure of a hearty response to my toast, on the ground that Burns belonged to the Peasantry of Scotland. To this I ascribe much of his excellence as a poet. The sphere in which he moved was most favourable to the development of his high genius. He there conversed with nature face to face, and was able therefore more graphically to describe her beauties. He had opportunities of observing the human heart in its naked simplicity, without concealment by affectation or by the conventionalisms of polished life. Hence he could tune his harp to melodies which touch a chord in every breast. If he had been nursed in the lap of luxury,—if he had received a superior education, he might indeed have produced works of taste and elegance, but I make bold to say, we should not have had the songs of Robert Burns. (Great applause.) The toast was warmly received.

Band—"Scots wha hae." Song—"A Man's a Man for a' that," by Mr. Carswell.

Mr. WILLIAM MACKEAN, in proposing "The Clergy," showed from Burns' correspondence that he was not the irreligious man which some people called him, and therefore that it was not inappropriate to toast "The Clergy" on this occasion. The toast was received with loud applause.

Band—"Old Hundred."

The Rev. Mr. WILSON, who was received with applause, in replying to the last toast, said:—I am much obliged to the company assembled before me on this very remarkable occasion for the mark of respect they have paid to the order which at this moment I have the honour of representing. Certainly the clergy sometimes came under the lash of Burns' pen, but they should harbour no animosity on this ground; for the other learned professions, the lawyers and the *confreres* of Dr. Hornbook, did not altogether escape Scot free. (Applause.) The clergy, however, it is evident, as a body are keeping aloof from the honours paid to-day to the memory of Burns. Now, to what is this circumstance to be ascribed? It merits observation on a variety of grounds; for to mention only one of them—it is not pleasant to see the laity of a nation and its religious instructors exhibiting a marked diversity of opinion on so important a matter as the honour due to one who has been styled—and in many respects most justly styled—our National Bard, as if they had no sympathies in common, but held different rules of morality, or theories of literary merit. It is quite childish and foolish to suppose that the clergy resent the liberties which Burns took with their order. They have more good sense—more nobleness, and generosity of mind, than that would imply. Their keeping aloof from such meetings as this is rather to be regarded as proceeding from a dread of being thought to countenance or extenuate by their presence those sins against morality which were only too evident in the life and writings of this extraordinary man. (Cheers.) But surely we may discriminate between the genius of a man and his errors—(loud cheers)—and do homage to one who by his writings has thrown an imperishable renown around the peasantry and the literature of Scotland, without thereby being supposed to approve of, or to palliate those sins against virtue and propriety of which it is idle to deny, and would be shameful to conceal, he was often guilty—which he himself in his calmer moments bewailed—and of which he not less, nay, almost more, than other men, reaped, as the closing years of his life testify, the natural and bitter fruits. To take a parallel case: in celebrating the battles of Trafalgar and the Nile, surely we may do homage to the splendid heroism of the most renowned and brilliant of our great naval commanders without thereby laying ourselves open to the charge of extenuating, or not condemning his domestic errors, or his

Neapolitan scandals. (Cheers.) There are not two rules of duty. The possession of high genius cannot absolve a man from the eternal obligations of morality. And yet is it not true that in our public estimate of such men we attend less to those errors which they in common with many other men commit, and for which they have passed to the judgment of a higher tribunal—than to those properties—those productions and achievements—through which they enjoy a proud pre-eminence over other men—are formed into a separate and higher class, and become land-marks in the progress of society, and the lasting benefactors of the race? (Loud cheers.) What claims, then, has Burns to belong to this class? His claims, I think, are manifold and irresistible. I admit with pain that a portion of his amatory and bacchanalian songs, whatever admiration they may have excited as literary productions, merit, both from their tendency, and, I fear, their effect, our gravest censure, and are justly, therefore, to be considered as blemishes upon his fame. I admit, moreover, that there is a dash of profaneness sometimes in his allusions to matters of religion; and yet is he not the author of "Mary in Heaven," and "The Cottar's Saturday Night!"—poems which can only perish with the language. And with respect to the ridicule in which he indulges in some of his other productions, surely we ought in all fairness to acknowledge that his design was to level it, not at religion itself, but at its blasphemous perversion and abuse. (Great cheering.) But setting this class of compositions aside, what is the tendency and spirit of his writings generally? Do they embody sentiments of a demoralising or degrading character? Quite the reverse. They breathe and inculcate with inimitable force and beauty many of the noblest and tenderests passions of the human mind—friendship, gratitude, patriotism, the love of independence, the hatred of oppression and wrong. (Cheers.) This is the prevailing character of his poetry, and of the man himself, and hence in part it is that he has done so much to mould the character and enthrone himself in the love and admiration of his countrymen. (Applause.) It is the peculiar office of poets to delight mankind. The philosopher enlightens—the orator persuades—it is the office of the poet to amuse us, through the charms of his versification, and the witchery of his creative fancy. Now, to some this may seem rather a low definition of the functions of the poet—in reality, however, it is not so, if we are even to judge by the marvellous fewness of those who have succeeded in doing it; and the fact of Burns occupying a prominent place among the gifted few, gives him a just claim upon our gratitude. (Cheers.) Man lives not by bread alone—he lives not merely in the outward prosaic world of sense, and of cold material realities—but also in an inner world of feeling and imagination; and the poet, by lighting up this inner world—animating it, peopling it with vivid and brilliant imagery—not only opens up to us an exquisite and constant source of mental enjoyment, but benefits us morally by leaving us less dependent for happiness on the coarse gratifications of sense. Consider, then, what a mighty contribution to the intellectual enjoyment of mankind generally, and of his own countrymen in particular, has been made by this modern Theocritus—who, though not regularly trained to his art, nor deeply learned in its technicalities, shows always surprising originality, wit, fire, passion, tenderness, and now and then reaches the magnificent and the sublime. But Burns is a benefactor to his country in many ways. He has helped not a little to give Scotland a high standing intellectually among the great community of nations. We form a small but not an obscure nation—not a people mentally mean and contemptible—a rapid succession of brilliant thinkers and writers, of whom Burns is not the least, has rendered us illustrious and famous. (Loud cheers.) Is this nothing? Let your own exultant feeling at this remark—the feeling that cannot but rise in your breast while I speak—answer. It raises our self-respect as a people; and whatever legitimately fosters our national pride, is morally beneficial—is an element of our national happiness, and a source of our national greatness; for, by awaking the consciousness of vast capacities, it excites corresponding efforts and aspirations. Consider, too, what Burns has done to develop and perpetuate our nationality. The name and the works of Burns form a warm and powerful bond of union between Scotchmen all over the world. To him, indeed, and to four other men—first to Wallace and Bruce, whose fame and his are now, and for all future time, inseparable, for has he not entwined his own laurel wreath with theirs, in his immortal ode, "Scots wha hae?" and then to Knox and Scott—to these five men more than to all other men combined, are we indebted for the individuality of the Scottish people. These are the representative men of the nation. Blot these names out of existence—undo their work—and what have we as a people to excite our common sympathies, or to bind us into a national unity? These are the secret causes, perhaps more felt than understood by the people of Scotland generally, which lie at the root of that enthusiasm with which they are laying to-day their homage at the feet of their great national poet.

I wish I had had time to unfold them with greater elegance and precision; it was only last night, however, that I could finally arrange to be present on this occasion; but, being present, I thought it due to myself, and due to you, to state and vindicate the grounds on which I could join with my fellow-townsmen in paying the tribute of my admiration to the genius of Burns. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. John Crawford proposed "The Memory of Professor Wilson," in a long and able speech. The toast was drunk amidst cordial applause.

Mr. R. L. Henderson proposed "The Biographers and other Memorialists of Burns."

A number of eloquent speeches were made, toasts were given, and songs were sung, and the meeting was well worthy of the birth-place of Tannahill and Wilson.

Mr. Henderson's dinner and arrangements gave high and general satisfaction.

WORKING MEN'S DEMONSTRATION.—In the Abercorn Rooms a numerous company, under the presidency of Mr. Robert Cochran, met to commemorate the centenary. The company met at seven o'clock, and after partaking of a social refreshment,

The Chairman rose and gave in succession "The Queen," "The People, the fountainhead of genius," "Civil and Religious Liberty," "Sir Colin Campbell and the Army and Navy," "The Member for Paisley," "The Provost, Magistrates, and Council."

In a characteristic and eloquent speech, the Chairman proposed "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

The Rev. Patrick Brewster replied in a long speech.

The following toasts were afterwards given and responded to:—"The memory of Tannahill and A. Wilson," by Mr. Cameron; "The Poets of Scotland," by Mr. Wingate; "The Poets of England and Ireland," by Mr. Jaap; "The Town and Trade of Paisley," by Mr. M'Ghee; "The Press," by Mr. Hatchard; "The Clergy," by the Chairman; "The Ladies," by Mr. Wingate; "The Chairman," by Mr. Osborne; "The Croupiers," by Mr. Arthur; and the "Festival Committee," by Mr. Buntin.

The Block-Printers and others in the employ of Messrs. James Dryburgh & Co., at Arkleston Printworks, held the centenary of Robert Burns in the house of Mr. M'Nee. Mr. M'Queen was called to preside, who gave the usual loyal toasts in very good style—all of which were loudly applauded. During the evening a number of the songs of Burns were given with good effect by Messrs. M'Murray, Thomson, Miller, Lambie, Smith, Brown, Turner, and others, which were richly interspersed with recitations and readings—all of which were highly worthy of the occasion. The company enjoyed themselves till a late hour, and broke up after singing "Auld Langsyne" in good style.

A grand festival was held in Mr. Russell's beaming-room, 2 Silk Street, in honour of the centenary of Robert Burns, when upwards of fifty ladies and gentlemen sat down to supper. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Alexander Maxwell, and supported by Mr. William Johnston and Mr. William Milton. After the removal of the cloth, the Chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were all duly responded to. The Chairman then rose, and, in a few racy remarks, gave the toast of the evening—"The immortal memory of Robert Burns," which was drunk with all the honours. Song, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," by Mr. George Johnston; Toast, "The memory of Robert Tannahill," by Mr. Nairn; Song, "Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane," by Mr. Anderson; "Local Poets," by Mr. R. Maxwell; Song, "Simple Johnny," by Mr. Buchanan; "Memory of Alexander Wilson," by Mr. Davidson; Recitation, "Watty and Meg," by Mr. Milton; "Trade of Paisley and the Working Classes," by Mr. Alexander Russell; Song, "A man's a man for a' that," by Mr. W. Johnston; "The Lasses," by Mr. Cameron; Song, "Green Grow the Rashes," by Mr. G. Johnston; Song, "Tam Glen," by a young lady. After a few more toasts and songs, the company "tripped on the light fantastic toe" till far on in the morning. The supper was provided by Mr. John Fraser, baker; refreshments by Mr. Samuel Neilson.

A meeting was held in the house of Mr. James Holms, Broomlands, Mr. Thomas Patrick in the chair. Mr. William Thomson acted as croupier. After enjoying themselves with the good things set before them, including the chieftain of the pudding race, a good sonsie haggis, the following toasts were proposed and responded to with all honour;—"The Queen," "The Army and Navy." The Chairman, in rising to propose the toast of the evening, expressed his inability to do justice to the memory of the immortal Robert Burns. Whatever others might say of him, he would say he was a man of genius, independence and love, which noble characteristics were brilliantly displayed throughout all his writings. He believed all present were acquainted with these, as they had now become household words to every Scotchman, and even throughout the world. He had, therefore, great pleasure in proposing "The Memory of the Immortal Robert Burns." The toast having been drunk in solemn silence, Mr. Hunter sung in first-rate style, "There was a

lad was born in Kyle," after which a number of poems and songs were rehearsed by the members, amongst which were "Green grow the rashes, O," "Corn Riggs," "Willie brewed a peck o' Maut," "Man was made to mourn," and that master-piece, the "Cottar's Saturday Night." The following toasts were proposed and responded to:—The Memory of Tannahill, the Memory of Alexander Wilson, our Local Poets, with James Yool, the Lasses, the Chairman, the Croupier. After having enjoyed a happy and harmonious night, the company broke up with Scotland's national song, "Auld Langsyne."

A select party of young gentlemen of various trades met with their sweethearts in the house of Mr. John M'Kenzie, St. Mirren Street, to celebrate the 100th birthday of the Ayrshire Bard, Robert Burns. The chair was occupied by Mr. Gavin Gowdie, Cooper, and was ably supported right and left by Messrs. Fechney and Anderson. Mr. Crawford officiated as croupier, supported by Messrs. Gray and Kilpatrick. After partaking of an excellent supper, served up in Mr. M'Kenzie's best style, the Chairman rose and gave the usual toasts, which were heartily responded to. The Chairman then, in a neat, concise speech, gave the toast of the evening—To the Memory of Robert Burns. Other toasts followed, introducing the Poets of Scotland, Town and Trade of Paisley, Provost and Magistrates, &c. During the evening, Messrs. Fechney, Kilpatrick, and M'Gongle, added greatly to the harmony of the meeting by singing a few choice songs, chiefly Burns'. The company, after singing "Auld Langsyne," retired to the dancing hall, where till a late hour they tripped on the light fantastic toe, when all separated highly pleased with the night's entertainment.

The Centenary was also publicly commemorated in the following places, in addition to many private parties:—The Paisley Literary and Convivial Association met in the Hall, Abbey Buildings; another meeting was held in the Wilson Hall, High Street; in the Sun Inn, Bladda; in the Tea Gardens, Causeyside; in Mr. P. Robertson's, Orchard Street; Mr. John Mack's, Causeyside; the King Street Reading Rooms; Mr. M'Nicol's Hall; in Miss Stirrat's Coffee House, &c.

The Drapers' Assistants of Paisley held their annual supper, combining with it the celebration of Burns' centenary. About 24 gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous supper in the Terrace Tavern. The chair was occupied by Mr. M'William, and the duties of croupier were ably discharged by Mr. Robert Henry. The cloth having been removed,

The Chairman gave the Queen, Royal Family, and Army and Navy.

The Croupier, in an able and well-expressed speech, proposed the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns." He spoke feelingly of the genius of Burns, his manly straightforward independence, hardy patriotism. He said that Burns' character had always been maligned and evil-spoken of by the "unco guid," but that nevertheless his better qualities would rise refined and purified and shine forth with brighter effulgence.

The toast was drunk with enthusiasm, and before sitting down, the company joined in singing "Ye banks and braes" with harmonious effect. Thereafter Mr. M'Dougal sang in a sonorous voice, "There was a lad was born in Kyle."

The Croupier gave, "The Trade," followed by Mr. Brunton singing "A man's a man for a' that."

Mr. A. Stewart then in a few happy remarks gave "The Lasses," he was sorry that they had not their presence to enliven them, but hoped that their next meeting might be graced by them. After drinking the toast with all the honours, Mr. A. Stewart sang Burns' appropriate song "Green grow the rashes, O."

Mr. Brunton then, in a concise speech, in which he sketched the life of Tannahill, Paisley song-writer, gave "The memory of the great men of Paisley."

Mr. Boyd followed with a comic song that excited the risibles of the whole company, and later in the evening recited, in the most effective manner, Wilson's "Eppie and the Deil."

The Chairman gave, "The strangers who have honoured us with their presence."

The Croupier gave, "Our absent friends in America and elsewhere."

Mr. Baird gave, "Shakspeare and other national poets."

The Chairman gave, "Our worthy host," replied to by Mr. Renfrew in a few neat remarks. The company, after spending a happy evening, separated after singing in chorus "Auld Langsyne."

SOIREE.—The public soiree held in Arthurlie Street Church, to celebrate the centenary of our National Bard, was in every respect a decided success. Upwards of six hundred persons were present, a large platform having been erected and all available space taken advantage of. Mr. John Lindsay, block-printer, presided, and by originality, wit, and quaint humour, kept up an interest in the proceedings till the close of the meeting. The company having partaken of a most excellent tea, prepared by Mr. James Crawford,

Mr. Lindsay introduced the business of the evening, apologising for the position he occupied. The address was quite unique, dis-

playing extensive reading, good taste, and judicious selection of quotations, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," calling forth the deafening acclamations of his assembled auditory.

Mr. Cotterell, professor of music, Glasgow, presided at the harmonium, and there was besides an excellent turn-out of native talent.

> "An' there was muckle fun an' jokin',
> Ye needna doubt;
> At length we had a hearty yokin'
> At sang about."

The proceedings of the evening were confined to the life and writings of Burns. The songs were well selected, and rendered in a manner truly pleasing. Mr. J. Jones sung the first song, "There was a lad was born in Kyle." His "Scots wha hae" was the favourite of the meeting.

> "He ended, and the kebars sheuk
> Aboon the chorus roar,
> While frichted rattens back wad leuk,
> And seek the benmost bore."

The well-known song, "A man's a man for a' that," was sung by Mr. D. Ferguson with taste and characteristic energy. Our sweet singer, Mr. J. Brown, rendered "John Anderson, my jo" in his own quiet way, and was highly appreciated. Various songs, duets, and glees, were sung by Messrs. Johnstone, Patrick, Hunter, Meikle, Bruce, Reoch, Houston, Kesson, and Carracher. To Mr. Carracher the committee are peculiarly indebted for his kindness in conducting the glee party, his services being found very useful in varying the musical department.

Mr. A. Craig, Gateside Mill, in a lengthened address, gave an outline of the life of Burns, more especially referring to the period during which the poet resided at Dumfries, showing, from indisputable authorities, the many bright spots in the character of this truly great man. His pithy expression—

> "I'll sned besoms, thraw saugh wuddies,
> Before they want,"

exhibits, in a remarkable manner, the affection of the parent and the independence of the man. The readings were select, and delivered effectively by the Messrs. Craig, Stirling, M'Lellan, and Dr. M'Kinlay. The pith and purity of Scottish expression, so happily possessed by Mr. M'Lellan, were brought out to great advantage in his reading of "Hallowe'en." Mr. Peter Comrie recited the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and the "Address to a Haggis," effectively portraying the peculiar beauties of the two pieces. The Barrhead instrumental band was also present, and performed several favourite airs.

Votes of thanks having been passed to the committee and the chairman by Mr. M'Lellan, Mr. Lindsay replied, calling upon the company to sing "Auld Langsyne" standing, which was done with genuine Scottish enthusiasm. The meeting dispersed a little after "the wee short hour ayont the twal," well pleased with the opportunity of demonstrating their appreciation of the works and worth of him, who sang—

> "It's coming yet for a' that,
> That man to man, the warld o'er,
> Shall brithers be for a' that."

PALNACKIE. — At Palnackie there was held in the Subscription School-room (which was tastefully decorated with festoons of evergreens and flowers, with devices and banners), a public dinner, provided by Mr. Scott of Auchencairn (in even more than his usual recherché and liberal manner), at which a large number of the farmers in the district and inhabitants of the village were present. G. H. Thomson, Esq., of H. M. Customs, presided, supported by Mr. Milligan of Chapelcroft, and Mr. A. Coltart of North Glen. Mr. Samuel Wilson of Auchenhill officiated as croupier, supported on the right and left by Mr. Muirhead of Barchain, and Mr. M'Ewan of Park. Mr. Ingram of Buittle was present, and sang a number of Burns' songs in the intervals between the toasts, in a style worthy of the occasion. The Chairman gave The Queen,—Prince Albert and the rest of the Royal Family,—The Army and Navy. The Chairman then, in a telling speech, gave the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns." The Croupier gave The Memory of Bonnie Jean, the wife of Burns,—The Surviving Sons of Burns. Mr. Coltart, Our Native Land, the Land of Burns. Mr. M'Ewan, The Peasantry of Scotland. Mr. M'Gregor, The Memory of Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Muirhead, The Schoolmasters of Scotland. Mr. Dalling, The Agricultural Interest. Chairman, The Shipping Interest of the Water of Urr. Mr. Milligan, Prosperity to the Village of Palnackie. Chairman, The Press. Mr. Livingstone, Lord Clyde and his Companions in Arms. Mr. Caird, The Lasses. Mr. M'Gregor, The Chairman. Mr. Milligan, The Croupier. Chairman, Mr. and Mrs. Scott, who have so handsomely entertained us,—Our ain Firesides,—and Good Night. The company dispersed at ten o'clock.

A tea-party and ball was held in the Woodhead School-room, which was numerously attended, there being upwards of 60 present. It went off with great spirit.

A tea-party and ball was also held at Kippford, at which no fewer than between 60 and

70 were present. With reference to the ball, the managers deserve the most unqualified approbation for the spirit and decorum with which it was conducted.

PARTICK. — The centenary of Robert Burns was celebrated in this burgh with the utmost enthusiasm. In the evening upwards of 100 gentlemen sat down to dinner in one of the rooms of the Academy. Provost White occupied the chair, and James Napier, Esq., F.C.S., &c., officiated as croupier. After dinner the national anthem of Scotland, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was sung and performed by the Partick Instrumental Band, which was in attendance. After the usual loyal toasts were proposed and duly responded to, the Chairman, amidst great enthusiasm, rose, and in an appropriate address proposed "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was duly honoured. The Croupier then, amidst great applause, proposed the toast, "Lord Clyde and his Companions in Arms," which was warmly received. Toast, song, and story then followed, interspersed with appropriate music, until half-past eleven o'clock, when the proceedings terminated with the company singing "Auld Langsyne."

PATHHEAD. — On Tuesday night the Town Hall here was the scene of one of the most pleasant and attractive meetings that ever took place within its walls. Between 40 and 50 of the most spirited inhabitants of the village, joined by a few of their friends from Kirkcaldy, met, their hearts in unison with the tens of thousands of Scotland's sons, to do honour to the memory of one whom Scotland loves. After an excellent supper—of which a "guid Scotch haggis "formed a prominent part, prepared by Mrs. Dalrymple, and served up in first-rate style, the Chairman, Captain James Reddie, one of the oldest, if not the oldest servant of her Majesty on the army list, proposed in right loyal manner the health and happiness of our gracious Sovereign the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Royal Family. The Croupier, Mr. Shepherd, floor-cloth manufacturer, then gave, in a few brief but feeling remarks, the toast of the evening—"The memory of the immortal Burns, his memory not only as a poet, but as a patriot and a man." The company were favoured with many of Burns' beautiful songs, which were sung with much pathos and taste by Mr. Speedie, Mr. Pye, Mr. Brown, and others. The venerable and gallant Chairman gave one of Burns' best convivial songs with great unction, and otherwise entered into the spirit of the evening with as much heartiness as the youngest present. The croupier and others recited some of the finest pieces of Burns' poetry, and Mr. M'Pherson contributed an original poem, which he had sent to the Crystal Palace competition.

The working-men's festival in the Subscription School came off also with great success, every corner being crowded, and many had to go away unable to obtain admission. Mr. Heggie was called to the chair. The evening's entertainment was composed of addresses, songs, duets, glees, and recitations, and were delivered by Messrs. Christie, D. Weir, J. Ness, J. Hutchison, J. Kilgour, J. Banks, D. Oswald, and David H. Lawson, and Miss Christie and Mrs. Smith. Various services of fruit, &c., including two glasses of Willie Young's 11 O.P. to each male individual above 15 years of age, were distributed throughout the evening. Altogether, we feel proud to say that a more harmonious and orderly meeting never met in Pathhead, every one vieing with each other who would contribute most to make his neighbour happy. After a vote of thanks to the Chairman, and the company singing "Auld Langsyne," the meeting broke up about 12 o'clock.

PATNA.—Among the inhabitants generally of the thriving little village of Patna, so pleasantly situated on one of the "Brae sides of Bonnie Doon," the 25th was held as a holiday. On the top of the hill above the village, from which an almost complete view of the Frith of Clyde, and valley of the Girvan, is commanded, a large heap of material was collected by the villagers, during the day, for a bonfire in the evening. In the afternoon several foot races were contested for prizes of considerable sums of money, which was previously raised by subscription. Towards evening, about fifty gentlemen sat down to a hearty repast, in Mr. Goldie's Inn, presided over by Andrew Kerr, Esq., and Mr. Thomas Dick, postmaster, acting as croupier, both gentlemen being upwards of four-score years of age, and both enthusiastic admirers of our honoured poet, many of whose poems were recited in full during the evening, in addition to the song and toast that add to the hilarity of such meetings. The company broke up about eleven o'clock, with "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," in full chorus, which was much appreciated. In very few places could the enthusiastic spirit of doing honour to our Robert Burns have been more evinced than by our villagers.

PEEBLES.—Tuesday the 25th of January, 1859—the centenary of the birthday of Scotland's bard—will be long remembered in Peebles. The day had been anxiously looked forward to by hundreds who desired to testify

their attachment to one who had enshrined himself in their inmost hearts. The event was celebrated by a public dinner, held in the front rooms of the Tontine Hotel, at three o'clock, and by a popular soiree in the evening, in the Assembly Room. The demand for tickets for both occasions was great; and for the soiree especially, hundreds being excluded for want of accommodation. We are glad, indeed, to say, that both of these demonstrations passed off with complete success, and every one seemed to be highly gratified. The arrangements were all that could be wished; and the committees of both parties deserve much credit for the manner in which they had severally discharged their duties.

THE DINNER.—The room was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and numerous emblematical devices. At three o'clock, about eighty gentlemen sat down to dinner. The chair was occupied by Provost Stirling, supported by Charles Alexander, Esq., John Binnie, Esq., Councillor Donaldson, James M'William, Esq., &c. The croupiers were, Bailie Dickson and Mr. Alexander Girdwood. A few musical amateurs, consisting of Mr. Gentle, Mr. Scott, Mr. R. Potts, Mr. Andrew Walker, &c., delighted the party throughout the evening by singing a variety of the most popular of the songs of Burns; while Mr. Alexander Tait recited an ode, composed by himself for the occasion. Mr. James Taylor and Mr. Peter Walker also read original poems in commemoration of the great event. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, including that of Princess Frederick William of Prussia, the day being the anniversary of her marriage, the PROVOST rose amid much cheering, and, in giving the toast of the day, spoke nearly as follows:—

We are this day assembled to do honour to Scotland's greatest son, Robert Burns; even him

> "Who walked in glory and in joy,
> Behind his plough upon the mountain side."

Would that I could catch but one spark from the bright fire of his genius; would that but one fold of his inspiring mantle only partially enclosed me; then might I hope, however feebly, to give expression to the feelings which now tumultuate within my breast. But the subject of my theme is so lofty, he was so removed above the sphere and the ken of ordinary mortals;

> "He had a voice whose sound was like the sea;
> Pure as his native heavens, majestic, free;"

that my voice is all too weak to strike even the lowest note of his praise. Ignorance and presumption indeed may "rush in" where higher and purer qualities "fear to tread;" but it is he, and he only, who has thoroughly studied Burns as the man and the bard, who will confess his total inadequacy to do him justice. How intensely interesting is the occasion for which we are now assembled—the world this day on pilgrimage to the land of Burns! Gentlemen, why is it thus? Why is it that he, nurtured in one of the lowliest cottages in the land; having no pretensions to a superior education; an Ayrshire ploughman, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow; the summit of his worldly promotion—with shame be it spoken—being that of a petty exciseman; and thus neglected, dying at a premature age in extreme but honest poverty; why is it that this man, after the lapse of a century, draws after him all leal and true hearts, not only throughout Scotland, but throughout the world? To answer this question fully, would require more time than is allotted to the whole proceedings of this evening; but if I may be allowed to gather up in one sentence the cause of this wide-spread commotion, I would say—the true nobility of his nature, his manly independence, his high-souled patriotism, his keen and beautiful perception of nature, and of man in relation thereto—as portrayed in his matchless verse—these are some of the qualities which stand out in bold relief, and stamp him as belonging not to one age or country, but to all time and to the whole human race. You all doubtless remember how, in the beautiful dedication of his poems to the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt, he, in language drawn from the "pure well of English undefiled," asserts his manly position—"I was bred to the plough, and am independent." And again, as if accounting for the high eminence he had attained as the bard of Scotland, he exclaims, "the poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." Burns was a poet in the highest and truest sense of the term. All objects, animate and inanimate, when touched by his magic wand, became beautiful and fair. It were easy for me to cull from his imperishable lays, "flowers of all hues," to illustrate and adorn what I have now stated; but my time among you is limited; and I notice from the programme before me, that you will have ample opportunity of doing this, and in a way much more agreeable than I can pretend to, even in sweet airs "married to immortal verse."—And now, gentlemen, I call upon you to join me with all the fervour and ardency of which your souls are capable, when I propose, with every honour, "The Immortal Memory of Scotland's

Bard, Robert Burns." The toast was received with the greatest enthusiasm.

During the delivery of the above address, the Provost was frequently applauded. The following toasts, with appropriate remarks, were given in succession—The Town and Trade of Peebles, by Mr. Binnie. The Agricultural Interests of the County, by Mr. Blackie. The Chambers Institution, by the Chairman. The Sons of Burns, by the Chairman. The Memory of Sir Walter Scott, by Mr. Charles Alexander. Mr. Robert Chambers, as the Biographer of Burns, and the benevolent friend of the Misses Begg, by the Chairman. The Memory of the Ettrick Shepherd, by Mr. Alexander Tait. Bailie Dickson proposed The Health of the Chairman, and took the opportunity of passing a high eulogium upon that gentleman, for the admirable manner in which he had conducted the whole proceedings of the day. The toast was received with much applause. The Provost, in returning thanks, expressed the high satisfaction and honour he experienced in presiding at such a festival—one that could not again occur during the lifetime of any now present. He thanked the company for the agreeable and kindly manner in which the chair had been supported. Mr. Girdwood then proposed, A Happy Meeting to the Soiree. Mr. Alexander Tait sung, in excellent style, a song of his own composition, entitled "Our Auld Burgh Yet." It being now fully six o'clock, the Provost, wishing the party a pleasant evening, left the chair, which was immediately filled by Bailie Dickson. Toast and song successively occupied the party till nearly eleven o'clock, when they separated, highly delighted with the joyous proceedings of the day. We should mention that the dinner and other arrangements were, as usual, in Mr. Smith's excellent style.

THE SOIREE.—Precisely at seven o'clock, the Provost—who had been requested to preside—entered the Assembly room, and was accompanied to the platform by Sheriff Burnett, Mr. Bathgate, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Stirling (Tweed Green), Dr. Junor, and Mr. Moffat from Innerleithen. The room was chastely and tastefully decorated with evergreens. Eighteen ladies presided at an equal number of tea-tables, around which the large party—about three hundred—was densely packed. The effect of this large party in holiday attire, and many in full evening dress, together with the pleased and happy countenances of all, rendered the scene at once striking and joyous. There being no clergyman present, the Chairman invoked the Divine blessing, and almost immediately afterwards, the efficient stewards, under the generalship of Mr. Alexander Dickson, junior, loaded the tables with good cheer. Nearly half-an-hour was spent at tea, each lady acting as the centre of a family-party, while good humour and the merry laugh resounded through the hall. Tea being finished, the stewards, in an incredibly short space of time, removed the tables from the room, and all were thus enabled to face about towards the Chair. There was an efficient musical party—which gave its services gratuitously—under the leadership of Mr. R. Stodart, consisting of several members of the Peebles Glee Club, along with a powerful chorus. Miss Stodart presided at the piano, which was handsomely volunteered for the occasion by Dr. Junor. The proceedings opened with the song, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," which having been well sung, at once put the whole company into a still more cheerful and happy mood.

The Chairman then rose, and made a brilliant speech, in which he gave an eloquent exposition of the varied beauty in the poetry of Burns, after which he recited the whole of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," which was listened to throughout with breathless attention, and at its conclusion the Provost was greeted with much applause.

"Scots wha hae," "Afton Water," and "O Lassie, are ye sleeping yet," having been successively sung, SHERIFF BURNETT rose, amid much cheering, and said, that he was indeed much gratified by seeing so large an assembly, and how glad he was to unite with them in expressing his gratitude and admiration of our great National Poet—more truly national, he believed, than any one the world had ever known. He was delighted to think that the heart of Scotland was stirred to its depths on this occasion; and that our hearts should beat in unison with the thousands—nay, millions—of Her Majesty's subjects who were this day met—in all the various quarters of the world—to pay their tribute of respect to the memory of Burns. (Cheers.) He would not attempt criticism on his works—they were in all our hands, and their variety was such that every one could find something to please his own peculiar taste; but for his own part, he was rather disposed to think that his fame would ultimately rest upon his most wonderfully vivid and truthful delineations of the habits, manners, and modes of thinking, of our rural population—and upon his songs. Here he recited a few lines from the poem of the "Twa Dogs," describing the introduction of the new year in a rural family. He thought no picture could be more perfect; and he could only regret that the *pure Scots*, in which it is written, is so rapidly falling into disuse among us; and, unless prevented by a study of Burns, is likely soon to become a dead

language—an event which every admirer of his must deplore, when he sees to what inimitable poetic purposes it can be turned, when in such hands. Mr. B. then alluded to some late attempts to revive calumnies against the personal character of Burns—which, he had hoped, after the lapse of more than half-a-century, might have been allowed to rest in merited oblivion. (Loud cheers.) He said that he would neither insult the memory of Burns, nor do injury to the feelings of his audience, by entering upon any defence of his character from such aspersions—Burns himself had severely stated his own faults and follies, and he had deplored them in language equally beautiful and pathetic—and he (Mr. B.) felt assured, that as the parties alluded to felt no real sympathy with Burns, so they would meet with none from any assembly like the present. (Cheers.) The only answer he would condescend to make to them, was by a short extract from the Poet, addressed, "To the Unco Guid and the Rigidly Righteous," which he recited, as applicable not only to such men, but as containing a profound moral lesson to all. Mr. Burnett resumed his seat amid much applause.

Many other speeches were spoken, songs were sung, and the company separated at a late hour after spending a delightful evening.

PENICUIK.—Burns' Centenary was observed here in a manner worthy of the occasion. All the shops were closed at two P.M. At three o'clock the children from the various schools in the village and neighbourhood assembled at the parish church to the number of 400, and, accompanied by their teachers and preceded by the village band, marched in procession to the hall at Valleyfield Paper Mills, which was kindly granted for the meeting by Messrs. A. Cowan & Sons. On entering the hall the children were supplied with fruit. The Rev. Thomas Girdwood took the chair. The children were then called on to compete for thirteen handsome volumes of Burns' works to be given as prizes to the best singers and reciters of pieces from Burns' poems, and also for essays on his character and genius. Each school performed its part well; and many and loud were the cheers as the chairman awarded the prizes to the successful competitors. The hall was filled in every corner by visitors anxious to witness this pleasing meeting. At six o'clock another large meeting took place in the same hall, filled to overflowing—nearly 700 persons having been present. After a service of cake and fruit, Mr. John Cowan was called to the chair, and opened the meeting with an excellent address in honour of our national bard. Addresses were also delivered by the Rev. Messrs. Stewart, Duncan, and Girdwood.

Upwards of seventy individuals sat down to dinner in the Parish School-room, to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of Robert Burns, our national Bard. The room was tastefully fitted up for the occasion. Mr. M'Lean, farmer, Braidwood, occupied the chair, supported by Mr. Bird, Dr. Symington, Mr. Tait, Mr. H. Symington, &c., &c.; Messrs. John and Andrew Paterson acted as croupiers, supported by the most influential farmers and merchants in country and village.

After the usual loyal toasts, the CHAIRMAN rose and gave "The Memory of Burns." He said—I believe you selected me to preside over you on this occasion from having performed the various avocations of the farm, of many of which the Poet seemed passionately fond. In this manner I may be considered no bad representative of the Ayrshire ploughman. But had any eulogium from me been required to insure to the toast I am about to bring under your notice a Scottish welcome, I would have shrunk from the task, as being totally incompetent. After a graphic sketch of the Poet's life, the Chairman continued—The writings of Burns have enlivened the mansions of the rich, and been *thumbed* in the cottage and around the homely hearth of the poorest in his native land. He never ceased to sing of the beauties of nature with extreme delight. His love of country was sincere and unbounded, and the most trivial incident became a subject for his muse. He rejoiced in verse to immortalise her hills and her dales, her streams and her groves, her lads and her lasses; and after the lapse of a hundred years, meetings are held in every city, village, and cottage, nay more, in the hearts of every leal and true Scotchmen, by our cousins in America, and wherever the English language is understood. A few self-conceited Puritans, or would-be considered religious Presbyterians, allege that the writings of Burns are not fitted for the people in this refined age. I have not been able to discover such glaring defects as some pretend to; I believe no one present but regrets the style in which some of his works are written, and which he was frank enough himself to acknowledge. His honesty of purpose and detestation of hypocrisy sometimes carried him too far. Who cannot admire the following upon himself?—

> "God knows, I'm no the man I should be,
> Nor even am I what I could be,
> But twenty times I rather would be
> An Atheist clean,
> Than under gospel colours hide me
> Just for a screen."

These lines were sent to the Rev. John M'Math,

along with a copy of the Holy Fair, at his own request, and from what I myself have seen, and others present, both in our own and neighbouring parishes, scenes have been witnessed at Sacramental occasions which were more to be regretted than some of the severest sarcasms of the Poet; and if that poem was influential in doing away with tent preachings throughout Scotland, it deserves our best regards. Mr. M'Lean then proposed the toast, which was enthusiastically cheered.

Mr. John Paterson gave "The Lord of the Manor," the Right Hon. Sir George Clerk, Bart. Mr. Andrew Paterson gave "Education," and in doing so spoke in glowing terms of the inestimable value of a sound education in laying the foundation of our country's happiness and independence, whether in a civil or a religious point of view. The singing was all arranged by a committee appointed for the purpose, and the selection, along with the performance, was all that could be desired. "Auld Langsyne," with a hearty chorus, finished the proceedings. Auchindining and neighbourhood added both to the number and harmony of the evening. The dinner was served up in Stewart's best style, and gave general satisfaction. The party broke up about ten o'clock, highly pleased with the general hilarity of the whole proceedings.

Meeting of Farm Servants.—A few district farmers assembled their farm servants and labourers in the Old School-room, Glencross, to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Robert Burns, the ploughman bard; having considered it a fitting opportunity for exchanging those kindred feelings which are so essential to the best interests of master and servant. Seven o'clock was the hour of meeting, allowing the necessary duties of the homestead to be completed beforehand. The room was fitted up for the occasion, and tastefully decorated with evergreens, &c. Mr. Wilson, farmer, Crosshouse, occupied the chair, supported by the Rev. T. Fleming, Gilmerton, and Mr. Alexander, parochial teacher, Penicuick. Messrs. John Wilson, House of Muir, and Mr. Fleming, Coats, acted as croupiers, supported by Messrs. A. Tait, Bank House, T. Brown, Pentland Mains, Wm. Wilson, and J. Paterson, banker, Penicuick. Mrs. Wilson, Crosshouse, Miss Duncan, Fulford, Mr. M'Lean, Mr. Stewart, and Mr. Robertson, Bank Accountant, were placed at convenient distances to assist in the duties of the evening.

After the usual loyal toasts had been severally given and warmly acknowledged, the Chairman proposed the "Memory of Burns," and glanced at his power of genius, his kind and generous feelings, his stern independence, and devoted nationality, all so prominent in the character of Scotia's bard.

It was truly gratifying to see upwards of seventy farm servants and labourers assembled to partake of an excellent supper, accompanied with fruit amply provided for the occasion. Husbands with their wives and chubby-cheeked weans—

> "Lads and lasses in their best,
> Fu' trig frae tap to tae."

Songs of the poet were sung by the sonsy country lassies, the sturdy ploughmen and others present. Dancing commenced and was carried on with great spirit till an early hour. The meeting will be gratefully remembered by all present, and its promoters will rejoice if they have done any thing to produce a better feeling amongst classes which are wedded together by many social, moral, and religious ties.

PERTH.—The Burns centenary was celebrated in various places and forms in this city. The large meeting was in the City Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The doors were opened at six o'clock, and the hall continued to fill till half-past six, by which time the tables were full. The scene from the gallery was quite imposing. A numerous corps of stewards soon covered the tables with oat cakes and Ayrshire cheese, and porter in pint bottles. There was considerable stir and clatter while the large company were regaling themselves with this cheer, but nothing approaching to disorder. A small quantity of spirits was distributed, amounting only to three dozen bottles of whisky among not fewer than 900. Of course the teetotal portion of the company had none of it, and most of the ladies only looked at it. While the repast was going on, the band of the Perthshire Rifles played national airs, &c., in fine style, and throughout the evening contributed much to the enjoyment of the company. Mr. J. Kettles, Bridgend, occupied the chair, and was supported by the Rev. Mr. M'Gilchrist, St. Stephen's Gaelic Church, Perth; Messrs. J. Mitchell, grocer; C. A. Hunt, draper; J. Sprunt, Scott, Dewar, Murray, &c.

Festivals and banquets also took place at the Royal George Hotel, the British Hotel, the White Horse Inn, and other places in the city.

PETERHEAD.—Peterhead has done its part in the national jubilee well. Never was seen such a general commotion and thorough determination to have enjoyment. Although there were four large gatherings, and some of them over-crowded, besides numerous private

parties, hundreds had to seek enjoyment elsewhere. Broad Place seemed to be the great centre of attraction. Over the entrance was placed an old Scotch plough, the same as that which the Ayrshire ploughman used to hold, and at which he feared no rival. There was also a reaping-hook, both being most appropriate emblems of the times of Burns. On the balcony was placed a female figure, intended to represent Scotland. Over the massive building waved a red and white flag, which had been appropriately prepared for the occasion. These decorations were highly creditable to Mr. Gray, by whom they were put up, considering the auspicious occasion, and the festive companies that were soon to assemble in his extensive and commodious premises.

THE FESTIVAL.—The meeting in Broad Place Pavilion was a marked success. By six o'clock, a brilliant company of ladies and gentlemen had assembled, and having been conveniently fitted up with tables, presided over by a number of matrons, the spacious building never presented a happier or more enlivening scene.

The Rev. Mr. MITCHELL, who had kindly agreed to preside, on being called to the chair, said:—Ladies and Gentlemen,—I can assure you that I have seldom felt more gratified than by the request which was made to me in the name of your managing committee, that I should preside over this festal meeting. It was not so much on account of the friendly feeling which it showed towards myself, but it was chiefly on account of the spirit which, as I conceive, suggested the idea that this festival should be presided over by a minister of the gospel. It was this which made me at once, and without any hesitation, accept the office which I have now the honour to occupy. I will not soon forget the manner in which those who waited upon me urged their suit. "By your presence," said they, "a guarantee will be given that nothing will be said, or sung, or done inconsistent with that religion of which you are a minister." Now, I regard this as a great moral and religious triumph. That a social party, meeting together to do honour to our great national poet, should deliberately request a minister to preside over their festivities is a token for good which only those who are wilfully blind or hopelessly prejudiced cannot fail to recognise. I look upon this as a decided step on your part towards a result which I have long desired to see—viz., religion no longer banished from innocent enjoyment, but mingling with it, pervading, hallowing, and ennobling all. Religion has been too much separated from enjoyment, and the divorce has been injurious to both—religion becomes gloomy, sour, and ascetic, while enjoyment becomes coarse, boisterous, and sinful. God intended that they should go hand in hand; and while some dismal souls would say "forbid the bands," you this night do practically reply, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." May our meeting this evening prove that the union, so far from degrading our religion, elevates and purifies our joys. Again I thank you not merely for the honour you have done myself personally, but for the respect you have shown to the office of the ministry by desiring that the spirit of religion should hallow all your intercourse.

A blessing having been asked by the Chairman, the company were served with a most excellent tea, after which a tune was played on the pianoforte.

The Chairman, on whom it devolved to give the connecting link to the various entertainments, preface the songs, and supply any blank that might happen to be in the programme, had his ingenuity taxed throughout the evening for these purposes, all of which he accomplished in a most admirable manner. His easy and familiar observations tended greatly to promote sociality amongst the company, and his able, generous, yet discriminating review of the character and writings of Burns, was much appreciated and warmly applauded. Also, he read, with excellent effect, "The Cottar's Saturday Night."

A suitable song having been sung, and various tunes played, the company were regaled with a sumptuous service of fruit; after which Mr. Reid, of the *Sentinel*, gave a most interesting account of Burns' visit to the north, which he concluded by referring to the well-known correspondence between the veteran Skinner and Burns, as follows:—An interesting correspondence was kept up for some time between these rhyming brothers, and an attachment formed, the depth and strength of which can only be known by the "strange wild" sons of the muse. Burns responded to the "Epistle," not in "rhyming ware," but, as he expresses it, "in plain dull prose," and designates it the best poetical compliment he ever received. "I regret," he says, "and while I live shall regret, that when I was in the north I had not the pleasure of paying a younger brother's dutiful respect to the author of the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw—'Tullochgorum's my delight!'" This is a strong and, because genuine, a great compliment, and we like Burns all the better for speaking thus of one whose memory is as deeply and sincerely cherished in the district of Buchan as that of the Ayrshire ploughman is throughout broad Scotland.

We have met this evening like thousands more

of our countrymen to do honour to our national poet, and let us join in the grand jubilee right heartily. It well becomes us to celebrate the birthday of one who has sung our joys and sorrows and sentiments so sweetly and truly—one who loved his country and its people with such intense devotion, and who gave utterance to such noble and patriotic strains.

Several appropriate pieces of music were then discoursed, and the company allowed a short time for conversation.

At a later period of the evening, the Chairman proceeded to answer the question—"Why we should do honour to the memory of Robert Burns?" He deplored the coarseness of much of his writings, although this was in so far characteristic of much of the writers in that day; the bacchanalian character of many of his songs, which yet were an improvement upon most of the similar songs of the period, and the satires on religion which disfigured many of his pages. But after stating that the present temperance meeting was a silent protest against the merely animal part of his nature, and an expression of sympathy only with his higher character, he showed that, while ridicule was a most powerful weapon to wield against hypocrisy in religion, yet it was also a most dangerous one, inasmuch as it frequently wounded religion itself. That Burns had not been sufficiently careful of this, and that he had sometimes crushed not merely the "worm i' the bud," but also the bud itself. He quoted passage after passage to show how Burns had, in words of withering scorn, torn the mask off hypocrisy, and exposed her in all her real deformity. He spoke of Burns as emphatically the poet of Scotland, and that his intense nationality marked him out for the admiration of every true patriot who had not given way to the weakness so common in our day of being ashamed of everything Scottish. He showed that, despite of his intense nationality, he was yet the poet of humanity, waking responsive echoes even in English hearts, in spite of his rugged, and to them almost unwieldy old language. He spoke of him as the poet of nature, showing that he had broken through all the conventionalisms by which Pope and others had been distinguished—that he had left the mere frivolities of fashionable life, which others had hitherto been content to celebrate, and going to the fields, considered the lilies—how they grew, proclaimed the beauty of the daisy, "wee, modest, crimson tippit flower"—and taught men to look up from nature to nature's God. He then traced the influence which this feature of Burns' poetry had exercised upon the more polished minds of Wordsworth and of Tennyson. He concluded by claiming for Robert Burns the honour of bringing forward the oft-forgotten Bible truth of the common brotherhood of man, and of breaking down all merely artificial barriers which separated class from class—assuring his audience that there was in our day a more thorough sympathy between rich and poor than ever there had been before, and that however some might choose to doubt or disbelieve this, yet

> "For a' that, and a' that,
> It's coming yet for a' that,
> That man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be for a' that."

After votes of thanks to the matrons, the musicians, and the committee of the festival, an acknowledgment to the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, for his kindness in agreeing to preside, and the admirable way in which he had filled the honourable post, was moved by Provost Anderson, and enthusiastically responded to, and the company broke up exactly at ten o'clock.

Dancing Party.—After ten o'clock the tables in the Pavilion were promptly removed, and a number of the ladies and gentlemen present formed themselves into a dancing party. With excellent music, and every other requirement, the happy band enjoyed themselves most pleasantly till about two o'clock in the morning. We ought to mention that every facility and accommodation was kindly afforded by Mr. Gray, and that the arrangements were such as to promote the comfort of all present.

Dinner of the Burns Club.—The dinner of the Burns Club took place in "The Inn," Broad Place. The members of the Club wore on their breasts a neat medallion of the poet, cast for the occasion. The chair was occupied by Thomas Knox, Esq., and Bailie Morrison and John Mackintosh, Esq., acting as croupiers. There were upwards of fifty gentlemen present, and the arrangements were in every respect creditable to Mr. Watt, the dinner being one of the best in Peterhead. During the evening three excellent violinists discussed sweet music, generally connected with the poet's songs. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman proceeded to give the toast of the evening—"The Memory of our National Poet, Robert Burns." He said—

Gentlemen, in rising to propose the toast of the evening, he had to express his gratification that so many of his fellow-townsmen had joined the Burns Club to celebrate the Centenary of our great National Poet. Previous to the advent of Burns, Scotland had produced a considerable number of poets, appearing from time to time like beacons to enlighten the almost general darkness that surrounded them. Our countrymen were in the practice of celebrating

their loves, their wars, and their heroes in ballads, many of which possess uncommon merit and beauty. These were committed to the care of the wandering minstrel, who recited them from hearth to hearth. When the printing press appeared, the occupation of the poor minstrel was gone, and he soon afterwards became extinct, and unfortunately he carried with him a considerable portion of his stock-in-trade. Fortunately, however, the beauty of some of these fragments attracted the attention of men of taste, and it is to the honour of Allan Ramsay that he was the first to collect what ballads came within his reach, and to preserve them for his country. This laudable example was followed by several others, particularly Sir W. Scott, and our own townsman, Peter Buchan. (Hear, hear.) It was strange, then, considering this current of poetry running among the people, that our country had not given birth to a great national poet. It has been asserted that a great poet seldom appears in any nation when it is engaged in foreign wars or internal broils. This, whether correct or not, is to a certain extent corroborated by the literary histories of England and Scotland. In England, during the wars of the Roses, and the struggle of the Reformation, there scarcely appeared a name worth noticing; but when she became prosperous and powerful, under the firm reign of Elizabeth, then it was that Shakspeare and his great contemporaries came upon the scene. But there was no peace at that time for our own poor country. For five hundred years she had, with little intermission, been a scene of anarchy and bloodshed. In the Highlands and Borders, clan fought against clan, and the other parts of the country were almost equally disturbed by the ambition and turbulence of the nobility. When these feudal broils had ceased, they were succeeded by the troubles of the Reformation, the wars of the great rebellion, and the attempts of the Stuarts to recover their lost throne. But when the last die of the Jacobites was thrown upon the bloody field of Culloden, Scotland was at last free from internecine war. Then it was that agriculture, commerce, and the arts sprung into new life—(hear, hear)—and as a fit accompaniment to this beginning of better things, the poet Burns was ushered into the world, this day one hundred years ago. He would not enter into the details of the poet's life, these were well known, and, as remarked by an elegant writer, his life was one of almost continued trial, misfortune, and poverty, but his poverty never betrayed him into any mean or sordid action, or lowered the manly integrity and sturdy independence of his character. He believed his countrymen respected him as much for these manly qualities as they admired him for the beauty of his poetry. Burns' works consist of his letters and poems. His letters show that he had obtained a great command of the English language. His correspondence with Thomson is one of the most charming collection of letters that one needs peruse. Of his poetry it is almost unnecessary to speak. It is replete with fire, humour, and pathos. He has portrayed the joys and loves, and manners and customs of his countrymen with the hand of a master. He sung the mountains, the lakes, and the rivers of his country in such a manner that it makes the heart of every true Scot burn within him. He has given to us some of the best poems in the English language, and has bequeathed to us the finest collection of lyrics possessed by any nation. (Cheers.) These words were not his (the chairman's) own, but were the opinions of the greatest critics of our land. It is to be regretted that the poet died before reaching his full strength, for we have every reason to believe that he would have done still greater things. In proof of this it has been pointed out that "Tam o' Shanter," the song "Ae Fond Kiss," and "Bruce's Address," are among his later productions. Other poets may yet arise in Scotland, possessed of as high and perhaps greater powers than Burns, and doubtless our countrymen will give them all due homage; but of this he felt assured, that their greatest love would always be accorded to the wondrous peasant who was the glory and delight of their forefathers. (Great cheering.)

The toast was drunk with profound respect.

Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle,"

Various other toasts were given.

Mr. Brown gave the "Early Patrons of Burns, coupled with the memory of the Earl of Glencairn."

Song—"Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot," &c.

Toast and song followed, and the meeting broke up at an early hour.

THE CARPENTERS' MEETING.—The only body which made a public display was the Apprentice Carpenters. From three till four o'clock in the afternoon they marched through the town with all the insignia of the craft—model ships in the various stages of building, axes, adzes, crows, &c., an ancient looking model of the ark, and various appropriate colours. They were accompanied by a number of musicians, including two Highland pipers, attired in the Highland garb. Broad Place Hall was finely decorated for the occasion. Over the door stretched an arch of evergreens, the pillars being also ornamented with the same material, and profusely hung with oranges.

The young men having met in the hall, and

been joined by their sweethearts, tea and coffee were served out to the company in silver plate.

After tea, &c., various songs were sung, including "My Nannie O," in full chorus. A large antique punch-bowl was then placed on the table, and the evening's toasts were proposed by Mr. Gray, who spent the earlier part of the evening in a very hearty manner amongst the "honest lads and bonnie lasses." The first toast was—"The freshest and fairest of the human creation—the Lasses of Scotland—particularly the 'rosy witches' in this room,"—which was responded to in a becoming way. After which various songs were sung, including "My Love is like a red, red Rose," "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," &c.

Mr. Gray then proposed the toast of the evening, "The Revered Memory of Robert Burns—a blazing star who, in his almost matchless poems, had depicted and conserved the ancient manners, habits, feelings, and spirit of his countrymen." The toast was drunk in solemn silence, "because," as it was explained, "the struggles in life and premature departure of the 'sweet sky-lark of Doon,' had left in the hearts of Scotchmen regret deep and lasting as the pride gratified by his refulgent memory."

"Is there for Honest Poverty," and other songs, &c., were then sung, and dancing was ket up with great spirit till six o'clock in the morning.

PITLOCHRY.—The centenary of our national bard was generally celebrated here with enthusiasm. The different schools gave a holiday, and the scholars, joined by the young men in the village, paraded the district in procession. Each carried a branch of evergreen, which, with the scarlet flag, had a fine effect. In the evening, a large party sat down to supper in Fisher's Hotel—Archibald Butter of Faskally in the chair, supported by Sir William Baillie, Mr. Mitchell, and Mr. M'Gilliwie; the Rev. James Stewart Robson, croupier. The evening was spent in a most harmonious manner. Several able speeches were made, and many of Burns' songs were sung in excellent style.

Mrs. Duff, Auchnahyle, entertained a select party of about twenty of her friends and neighbours to a sumptuous tea and supper, in commemoration of the Bard of Coila. In the interval between tea and supper, the hilarity of the evening was kept up by a number of Burns' choicest songs, accompanied by the accordion. After supper, and the usual loyal toasts, Mr. Duff proposed the "Memory of the Immortal Burns," stating that we were not met to celebrate his real or supposed failings, but his virtues and genius. Song—"A Man's a Man for a' that." After spending a very cheerful and happy evening, the party broke up about twelve o'clock with "Auld Langsyne."

PITSLIGO.—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns was celebrated here by a procession of all the trades, craftsmen, and ploughmen. The procession started from the square, under the command of Messrs. Strachan and Coutts, proceeding along the various streets of the village, every trade bearing the insignia of their trade—the ploughmen not excepted, having mounted a model plough on a majestic pole, with a portrait of the Scottish Bard on another pole, holding the plough. The procession was headed by the Fife and Drum Band, who are always ready to contribute to the hilarity of any public demonstration in the place. During the evening the Forbes Band gave a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music in the Hay Friendly Society's Hall, at which singing of Burns' songs, recitations, and readings from his writings, constituted a prominent part of the entertainment. The hall was crowded. The Philharmonic Band also gave a grand concert in the Parish School, which was literally crowded. The amusements on this occasion were much of the same nature, with the exception that this concert finished off the evening's entertainment by a ball in the same place.

POLLOKSHAWS.—A very numerous and highly respectable party of the inhabitants of the burgh and surrounding district dined together in the Town-Hall, in honour of the memory of Scotia's bard. William Hector, Esq. of Shawlands, occupied the chair, and the duties of croupier were discharged by William Colledge, Esq. of Hillhead, factor on Pollok estate. At six o'clock the assembled company partook of an excellent dinner, provided by the landlord of the Maxwells' Arms Inn, and among the Scotch dishes on the table was a fine haggis made for the occasion by the hands of Burns' daughter, Mrs. Thomson—just such an one as had excited the muse of her renowned father, and well deserved the honour of being designated "chieftain of the pudding race."

When the cloth was removed the Chairman gave the toasts of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the rest of the Royal Family, the Army and Navy, and her Majesty's Ministers, all of which were enthusiastically responded to.

The CHAIRMAN then rose to propose the toast of the evening, and said—Croupier and gentlemen, Scotchmen honour the names, and are proud of the deeds and the genius of Scotia's heroic and gifted sons when living; but they are still more remarkable for revering, cherishing, and honouring the memories of the

dead. Is it not indeed proverbial, that whatever the amount of distinction conferred in Scotland on the living, there is always a full measure of justice done, and honour bestowed on the illustrious dead? The intense love of country, and the almost universal desire of Scotchmen to lay their bones on the spot where they first drew breath, brings them, after traversing the whole habitable globe in search of wealth, or perhaps of distinction in their country's service, to seek to spend the autumn, or it may be the winter of their lives in their native country—often in the most sequestered villages, or rural or remote and barren districts, the early associations and recollections of which have never for a moment been effaced from their memory—there to endeavour to realise again the pleasures of their youth, among friends and scenes that have ever been dear to them. Here they hope to gratify those ever-cherished home-longings in peaceful enjoyment and rest, after a life of toil and anxiety and care, amidst the yet surviving friends and companions of their infancy and youth who had joined them in their sports, shared in their adventures, or sat with them on the same school-forms—but whose once blooming cheeks and flowing locks and buoyant spirits have now given place to hoary heads and countenances equally furrowed and careworn as their own; and here also, in the quiet and lonely churchyard, where the bones of their beloved parents rest in peace, they desire to rest, when the threescore years and ten of their pilgrimage on earth shall have passed away, and the world's cares, or its pleasures, have ceased to interest them. (Hear, hear.) Gentlemen, it is this strong national feeling—this home sympathy—this love of everything Scottish—this pride of country and desire to honour the memory of Scotia's sons who in their lives have increased its glory—that has this evening brought together, not only in every town and village in Scotland, but in every place throughout the world where "Scot can meet his brither Scot," so many of the true and leal-hearted sons of old Scotland to join in celebrating with all due honour the centenary of the birth of one, whose genius has shed a bright and imperishable lustre upon their native country. It is indeed gratifying to see, that in this town there is such a high appreciation of the genius of Burns, as to draw together this evening an assemblage so large and respectable—and while I acknowledge the honour you have done me by placing me in the chair, I frankly acknowledge that I feel unequal to the duties and responsibilities of my position. Unlike the duties of the chair at our usual festivities in this Hall, in which I have so often taken part with my townsmen, the object of our present meeting imposes on your chairman a far more difficult task, for he has to speak of the genius of Burns, and to ask you, in suitable words, to do honour to his memory—and this is a task for which, while I have the will, I want the ability. If, therefore, I cannot even attempt to do justice to such a theme, I have the satisfaction of knowing that whatever I lack you can well supply—for I venture to say, that there is not one among you to whom the life, character, and writings of Burns are not as familiar as household words. This at once relieves me from anxiety and responsibility.

After a masterly sketch of the life and character of Burns, the Chairman concluded his eloquent speech as follows: Burns was one of the first to teach the world that high moral poetry resided in the humblest subjects. Whatever he touched he elevated. His songs have all the beauties and few of the faults of his poems: they flow to the music as readily as if both air and words came into the world together. His poetry is all life and energy—the wit of the clouted shoe is there without the coarseness; there is a prodigality of humour without licentiousness, a pathos ever natural and manly, a social joy akin sometimes to sadness, a melancholy not unallied to mirth, and a sublime morality which seeks to elevate and soothe. Having said so much of Burns' poetic genius, I have given myself no time to speak of Burns as a prose writer. His prose has much of the original merit of his verse. John Wilson says of it, "Simple we may well call it: rich in fancy, overflowing in feeling, and dashed off in every other paragraph with the easy boldness of a great master." Such is a brief notice of the life, the character, the genius, of Burns; and I trust I have said enough to secure for my toast a cordial reception; and I have now to propose that we drink, with all due respect and with all the honours, "The Memory of Scotland's immortal bard, Robert Burns." The toast was received in the most enthusiastic manner, and drank amidst loud and prolonged cheers. The band then played the appropriate tune of "The Land of the Leal."

The following toasts were then proposed, being most of them preceded by short and pithy addresses, well suited to the various toasts and to the occasion; and with toast, speech, and song, and the strains of an instrumental band, the hilarity and harmony of the company was kept up to a late hour:—Sir John Maxwell, Bart., Lord of the Manor; The Member for the County; The Clergy of all Denominations; The Magistrates and Town Council of Pollokshaws; Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in the District, and Mr. Colledge; The City of

Glasgow; Scottish Poets; Colonel Burns; Lord Clyde and the Scotchmen serving their country in India; Lord Elgin, and Success to his Mission to China and Japan; The Chairman; Mrs. Thomson, Daughter of Burns; The Memory of Sir Walter Scott; Lord Brougham and Cheap Literature; The Press; The Agricultural Interest; The Burgesses of Pollokshaws; The Ladies.

The whole proceedings reflected much credit on the gentlemen who undertook the getting up of the dinner, and in no part of the kingdom could there have been shown more enthusiastic appreciation of Burns' genius or respect for his memory than by this party.

SUPPER AND BALL.—The annual supper and ball of the merchants of Pollokshaws was held in the Maxwell Arms Inn. In the absence of Provost Litster, who was prevented by professional engagements from being present, Bailie Mackay occupied the chair. Ex-Bailie Henderson ably filled the office of croupier. There were between 20 and 30 couple present, chiefly young persons. The ladies, who were a good specimen of the beauty of our town, were dressed in a gorgeous and tasteful style. The repast was excellent as usual, the toddy first class, and the singing and music delightful. The assembly met at seven o'clock, and the programme of toasts, songs, &c., having been finished, about ten o'clock the ball commenced, and the company enjoyed the enlivening and healthful exercise of dancing until an early hour.

The Total Abstainers also did honour to the occasion by a large meeting in their hall, who spent the evening in that harmonious and quiet enjoyment which characterises such meetings, —speeches and songs appropriate to the occasion keeping the company together to a late hour, and all being greatly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

POLMONT.—A large number of the admirers of our great national poet Burns, in the village and vicinity, met in the Black Bull here, to dinner, on the afternoon of Tuesday. William Thorburn, Esq., ably and characteristically fulfilled the duties of the chair, while the duties of croupier were equally well performed by Messrs. Dorward and M'Kay. Ample justice was done to the object of the meeting, and appropriate songs and toasts were spiritedly given and enthusiastically responded to. Mine hostess catered for the company in her usual efficient manner, having appropriately headed the table with a capital specimen of the "great chieftain o' the pudding race."

PORTGORDON.—This place did not forget the centenary birthday of Scotland's immortal bard. A number of young men met in Mr. Badenoch's Inn, where they spent such an evening as Burns himself would have delighted to honour with his presence. Mr. Peter Thomson, Newbigging, contributed greatly to the happiness of the company by singing in first-rate style some of our illustrious poet's best songs. Mr. Badenoch, jun., Carnach, also sung several excellent songs. Before separating, Mr. Thomson, Portgordon, in a brief speech, suitable to the occasion, proposed a toast to the memory of Burns; he also recited some very affecting pieces upon the death of the poet. The company were greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Badenoch for the manner in which they exerted themselves to promote the general happiness.

PORTOBELLO.—On Tuesday night, a party of gentlemen, numbering about seventy, sat down to dinner, in honour of the centenary of Robert Burns, in the large hall of the Commercial Hotel, Portobello, under the presidency of the Provost, Colonel Johnstone. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Kemp acted as croupiers.

After the usual loyal toasts had been drunk, Mr. Douglas—who, in consequence of the infirm health of the Provost, which rendered it somewhat uncertain whether he would be present on the occasion, had kindly undertaken to propose the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of the Bard of Scotland"—rose and said: —Mr. Chairman and gentlemen—This night the sons of Scotia, in almost every clime and every country, will celebrate the centenary of him whose name and whose fame is a watchword to all who hold Scotia dear. Well may we rejoice that Burns is our own—in originality second to none—in the fervent expression of deep feeling, in the keen perception of nature, equal to any one who has ever revelled in the fairy land of poesy. O that he could have foreseen the perpetuity of fame he created for himself. It might have alleviated the dreary hours he spent during his unfortunate farming operations, and brightened the dark days of his pilgrimage on earth. Well does the poet deserve our homage—he who portrayed "The Cottar's Saturday Night" in strains unrivalled in simplicity and truth. Who else could tell of the glories of the Wallace and the Bruce, in language which has alike immortalised the poet and the warrior? He who could call inspiration from a mountain daisy, and yet thunder out the heroic words of the song of death; he who murmured forth in strains the very incarnation of poetry and love, and yet could thunder forth the bitterest shafts of satire—a poet by the hand of Nature, at whose name every Scottish heart beats high, whose name is a household

word in the palace as well as in the cottage. To whom should we pay honour if not to the memory of our immortal Burns? Mr. Chairman and gentlemen—as we have little chance of looking upon his like again, I call upon you to join the tens of thousands who will this evening in every part of the world, be celebrating the anniversary of the birth of our national poet, by tossing an overflowing bumper to the memory of our immortal Robert Burns—in solemn silence. The toast was heartily responded to.

Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle," by Mr. Thomas Scott.

Various other toasts were proposed, songs were sung, after which "Auld Langsyne" was sung with thrilling voices, and the company broke up shortly after ten o'clock.

There was also a select dinner party, numbering about twenty gentlemen, assembled at five o'clock in the Blue Bell Inn, which was presided over by Mr. John Tough. The dinner was in all respects worthy of the event, and included, among more costly viands, the "Chieftain" of Scotch dishes. The toast of the evening was given by the Chairman in a short and eloquent speech, and gave a general sketch of the more prominent incidents in the life of Burns, which called forth repeated applause. The toast was responded to with repeated enthusiasm. The room was effectively decorated. Song and sentiment prevailed; and the harmony of the meeting continued up till a late hour, when all parted delighted with the entertainment provided by the worthy host of the Blue Bell.

PORTREE.—Although we, who are situated in this far distant isle of the Gentiles, cannot compete with cities like Bon-Accord in getting up festivals, still we did our best in keeping Burns' centenary—a number of individuals having met in Mr. Ross' hotel here, to do honour to the memory of Robbie Burns, under the able presidency of Mr. Mollison, accountant, North of Scotland Bank. A good many of Burns' songs were sung during the evening, amongst which were "Auld Langsyne," by the worthy Chairman in a very excellent manner. It is only necessary to add that Mr. Ross served the company with the viands in his usual first-rate style.

PORTSOY.—The celebration here of the centenary of him who, though humble in birth, has ruled with potent sway the myriad minds of earth, and whose strains can make the bosom swell or the eye weep by turns, was most successful, and not only did him honour, but at the same time did honour to the taste and spirit of our good town. About two o'clock, almost all the shops were shut, and most people enjoyed a half-holiday, which was gladly taken advantage of by the young, in order to show their desire to commemorate the return of the hundredth birthday of the peasant poet, and paraded the streets in large numbers, carrying flags, with the words "Triumphant Genius!—Centenary of the immortal Burns, Scotia's noblest son," painted on them.

In the evening, a grand concert took place in Mr. Minty's Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Long before the hour announced for the performance to commence, every "hole and corner" of the hall was crowded to excess, large numbers standing about the doors and passages. At eight o'clock, the performers took their places on the platform, and were followed by the committee—Messrs. James Moir, banker; A. L. Minty, merchant; John Forbes, solicitor; James Gardiner, M.D.; John Allan, corn merchant; and Wm. Findlay, druggist—who were greeted with great applause, and took up their places on seats before the platform. Besides the committee, we observed present — Mrs. Moir, Mrs. M'William, Mrs. Klingner, Mrs. Forbes and family, Miss Pirie, Miss Minty, Miss Young, Miss Allan, and Misses M'Callum, Portsoy; Miss Bartlet, Banff; Miss Mitchell, Glassaugh; Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Durn; Mr. Alexander and the Misses Donaldson, Auchip; Mr. H. Watson, jun., and Mrs. Watson; Messrs. William Minty, merchant; F. Ward; Alex. Allan, corn merchant; John Murray, land surveyor; Wm. Wright, stamp office; Thomas Anderson, printer; John Bisset, accountant; J. Fyfe, baker; —— Wilson, Coppersmith; A. Ingram, blacksmith; William Thomson, house carpenter; Wm. Paterson, shipmaster; John Sutherland, shipmaster; Rev. James Davidson; and a number of parties from the country. Indeed, never was the hall so crowded; with few exceptions, all the inhabitants being anxious to mark the memorable event as it deserved.

Mr. Moir, banker, was called to the chair. Many of the songs of Burns were beautifully sung. Several of his poems were well recited, and altogether the meeting was the most harmonious that has taken place here for many a day, and, as remarked by some of the speakers, we may never see the like again.

PORTWILLIAM.—The truly national movement to do honour to our great Scottish bard, was carried out here with much enthusiasm. Our flourishing little seaport was as gay as the weather would permit. The vessels in the harbour were decked with flags and banners; and, although our usual business was not

interrupted, there was apparent a holiday air about the place.

At five o'clock upwards of forty gentlemen dined together in the Monreith Arms, Mr. Fraser, banker, in the chair,—supported by Mr. Hendrie, Boreland; Mr. Gilchrist, Killantrae; Mr. D. M. M'Farlane, Boghouse; Mr. M'Dowall, Auchengallie; Mr. P. Anderson, Gillespie; Mr. Riddal, Challochglass; Mr. Dalziel, Lanoch; Mr. M'Gowan, assistant teacher; &c. The Croupier's seat being occupied by Mr. M'Jannet, Barsalloch (a native of the Banks o' Bonny Doon), supported by Mr. Hannay, Cornhulloch; Mr. Dickson, Portwilliam; Mr. M'Whinnie, Milton; Mr. Rowan, from Australia; Mr. Ross, Portwilliam; Mr. Routledge, Old Mill; Mr. Marshall, Portwilliam; &c., &c. After partaking of a sumptuous feast, served in excellent style, in which the good old Scotch haggis and sheepheads formed not uninteresting appendages, the cloth was removed,—and the Chairman gave, in succession, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were received with hearty cheers from manly, loyal, and patriotic throats.

"Burns, Scotland's immortal Poet," was then given by the Chairman in a long and elaborate speech. After sketching the life of the poet, he, by quotations from his works, attempted to show how Burns was entitled to be honoured and revered by all Scotchmen. He has done more than any man to keep alive our nationality and love of home. When Scotchmen leave their native land, as they are often forced to do—to pursue fortune in other and far distant countries—the sweet singer of the Doon and the Lugar, the Tweed and the Nith, go with them. In the backwoods of America, in the damp mines of distant Australia, on the banks of Zambesi, or at the head of the Ganges, the poems and songs of Burns bring his native land and his ain fireside home to the Scotchman. The sailor, pacing the deck in the midnight storm, or aloft in the giddy mast, is cheered with the thoughts of his native hills, barren though they be. He thinks of his lowly cottage where, it may be, his father or his mother, with the big "ha' bible" on his or her knee, is offering up a short prayer for his safety—in whose words but those of Burns can he bring so vividly before him that cottage home and that family circle? The young aspirant to the hand of beauty, as of worth, rushes off to a distant land, to make his fortune, and to return to claim his bride. While toiling there, in high hope, it may be, or in disappointment, what strains so forcibly picture to him the virtues, the constancy, the goodness, or the loneliness of her he has set his heart upon, as those inimitable pictures of love drawn by our immortal Bard? (Cheers.) Burns should be cherished in our memories too, because his poems enkindle and keep alive our patriotism and love of liberty. In no country in the world, perhaps, has this spirit been so potently exemplified as in our own beloved Scotland, and Burns has thrown these feelings into never-dying verse. The Chairman then introduced an anecdote of the Russian war bearing upon this subject, which was received with much cheering. Having developed by quotation the spirit of independence in which the works of Burns are bathed, he by a lengthened criticism showed that in all the shades of life, in all the peculiarities of human nature, in all the phases of sentiment and of passion to which we are liable, the transcendent mind of Burns has drawn the most faithful pictures with the pencil of consummate genius. It is impossible, he concluded, to over-rate the effects of the genius of Burns on his country and on his countrymen for ages to come. Though born in the lowest rank, the highest in rank and wealth and genius are now doing homage to his memory. The Chairman then, in the midst of great cheering, called for a bumper, a flowing bumper, to the toast, which was drunk with great acclamation, and with repeated rounds of cheers.

Song—"A man's a man for a' that," by Mr. M'Jannet.

Mr. M'Gowan then rose, and gave a very able speech on the works of Burns as his "real enduring monument." (Great applause.)

Mr. Macfarlane, in an eloquent address, gave "Patriotism, inspired and intensified by Wallace and by Burns, the greatest of Scotland's sons." (Drunk with all the honours.)

Song—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," by Mr. P. Anderson.

Toasts and songs went round until the Chairman rose to drink Good night, when the company rose *en masse*, and chanted in enthusiastic and regularly Scotch fashion "Auld Langsyne;" which terminated one of the pleasantest evenings ever spent in the Monreith Arms Hotel.

Great praise is due to the worthy host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. M'Master, whose healths were not forgotten by the company, for the excellence of the viands, the wines and spirits, and for the condition in which all appeared on the table.

A few brethren of the mystic tie also dined in the Ship Inn here, to commemorate the same great event; and the evening was spent in true masonic fashion.

PRESTONPANS.—The centenary of Burns was celebrated here by a public dinner in the Queen's Arms Inn, where above forty gentle-

men were present. The room was handsomely decorated.

The chair was ably filled by Dr. Ritchie—Mr. Davie, merchant, acting as croupier. The Chairman gave "The Memory of Burns" in a short and elegant speech, touching upon the character of Burns as a man and his place as a poet. He also read a letter in Burns' handwriting, addressed to his brother Gilbert, now in the possession of a lady in the town, who kindly lent it for the occasion.

The meeting was of a most pleasing nature, and terminated by the whole party standing up and singing "Auld Langsyne."

PRESTWICK.—In the multitude of celebrations which hailed the Centenary of our Poet, the inhabitants of our ancient burgh participated. In commemoration of the occasion, a number of our burgesses met and partook of an excellent supper, arrangements for which were made by a Mutual Improvement Association lately established in this place. After the usual loyal and constitutional toasts, the Chairman, in an able, pathetic, and eloquent speech, proposed "The Memory of Burns," which was responded to with a burst of enthusiasm, and drained glasses. After the exhaustion of a select list of appropriate toasts, neatly interspersed with the best songs of our Poet, the proceedings were brought to a timely close. The evening was spent in a manner at once agreeable and social, and the meeting broke up after singing "Auld Langsyne."

QUEENSFERRY (South.) — The centenary was celebrated in the Town Hall of this royal burgh by a dinner, attended by about 40 gentlemen of the burgh and neighbourhood, and presided over by Provost Wyld; Messrs. Glendinning of Leuchold, and Burton, Dalmeny, croupiers. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman gave "The Memory of Burns," which was most enthusiastically responded to. In a short and elegant speech he touched upon the character of Burns as a man and his place as a poet. Mr Burton next proposed the memory of "Bonnie Jean," Burns' wife, which was drunk in silence. Other toasts followed—as "The Sons of Burns," by Mr. Thomson of Echline; "The Lord-Lieutenant of the County, Lord Rosebery," by Dr. Greig; "The Provost and Magistrates," by Mr. Glendinning; "The Poetry of Scotland, coupled with the names of Professor Aytoun and Professor Blackie," by Mr. Geikie, H. M. Geological Survey; "The Clergy;" "Education, with the health of Mr. Burton, parochial schoolmaster of Dalmeny, and Mr. Byers, burgh schoolmaster of South Queensferry;" "The Chairman," &c. Throughout the evening, many of Burns' most popular songs were sung, and the meeting terminated about nine o'clock with "Auld Langsyne," and a hearty cheer for Burns.

A large party of the young people of the district met at ten in Bailie Wood's workshop, where the arrangements were presided over by Mrs. Wood. Dancing, songs, and recitations from Burns kept up a merry meeting to a late hour.

QUILQUOX.—The Burns' Centenary Supper, in connexion with the Quilquox Mutual Improvement Society, came off in the Schoolhouse. The School was comfortably filled, and every one present seemed to have come with the determination of enjoying *a nicht* in memory of Scotland's Ploughman Poet. The chair was occupied by Mr. William Marshall, jun., Skelmanae; while Messrs. Leask, Skelmafilly; and Connon, Auchnavard, ably discharged the duties of croupiers. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns." Other toasts followed in succession, and the proceedings of the evening were enlivened by appropriate songs from Messrs. Gray, Simpson, Hay, Jaffray, and others. Mr. Kennedy of the "Baron's Inn," Auchnagatt, supplied the supper in his usual good style.

RATTRAY.—Our ancient village was not behind its neighbours in paying its tribute of respect to the memory of Auld Scotland's peasant bard. A number of gentlemen met in Mr. Grant's Inn, in the evening. The large room was nicely fitted up for the occasion. Around the walls might be seen such appropriate mottoes as "Better a wee bush than nae bield," "Hurrah for the Thistle," &c. A little after 7 o'clock about thirty persons sat down to supper. Mr. Andrew Thom occupied the chair, and Mr. James Fraser, smith, acted as croupier. Grace being said, the company partook of a splendid supper, served up in Mr. Grant's best style. The manner in which the company discussed the viands testified that a worthy successor of "Meg Dodds" had watched over the "pot." The cloth having been removed, the usual loyal toasts were given and responded to. Then followed the toast of the evening—"The memory of the immortal Robert Burns." The toast was received with great enthusiasm.

The remainder of the time was spent in great hilarity, each one seeming determined to "Taste life's glad moments." Music, both vocal and instrumental, was called forth to aid the harmony of the meeting.

REDDING.—A very enthusiastic celebration of the centenary of Burns took place in Redding-Muirhead School, on Tuesday evening, which was crowded, there being nearly 400 present. Mr. Liddell, in a few complimentary terms, moved that Mr. Dorward, Polmont, take the chair, who gave a hearty and social tone to the meeting, which his admirable chairmanship sustained to the close.

Mr. DORWARD introduced the toast of the evening in a very able speech, from which the following remarks are extracted:—He said—This day and night in all parts of the world is consecrated to the honour and glory of the Scottish bard. Away amid the backwoods of loyal Canada, on the rocky steeps of New England, on the far-spreading prairies of the United States, in the glowing islands of the west, among the valleys of California and Columbia, by the deep savannahs of South America, his words are being recited or his songs sung. At the Cape, and far inland by the exploring party of Livingstone—men's hearts are honouring Burns' memory. On the plains, amid the towers, and wherever a Scottish soldier lies at his bivouac in the jungles of India, by the low coast of Australia, and the groves of the eastern isles, the hearts of men are stirred by his words, and bettered by the legacies of his life's work. In the cities of polished Europe, and specially and universally in his own country, are men gathered in honour of Burns. Such a wide recognition and all-embracing love for a fellow-man is unprecedented. Greater men there have been—but a more genuine and true brother-man than Robert Burns, we cannot summon forth to the world's regard. His genius and patriotism, doubt and faith, love and grief, joy and pain, toil and independence, errors and remorse, strike thrillingly upon the heart-strings of universal humanity. Bear with me a little while I give vent to my feelings towards the detractors of Burns in these modern times. I speak not of the calumnies and detractions of his own days, for he himself met them most witheringly. That men should resuscitate charges against the dead, and that in the name of Christianity and morals, argues a gross deficiency of the Christian spirit and moral decency—

> "Lightly they talk of the spirit that's gone,
> And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
> But little he'll reck, *for he ever lives on*
> *In the homage all true hearts have paid him.*"

I challenge the purest of his calumniators to live in such times as his, to travel his life's journey, to mingle in the influences on his being, and issue to the world's scrutiny with a tithe of the honour, manliness, and independence which we are met this evening to admire and venerate, as embodied in Robert Burns—

> "Men's evil manners live in brass,
> Their virtues we write in water."

When a man has played his part on life's stage, and gone the way of all the earth, let his faults and mere outward details be consigned to oblivion, if, as in Burns, the inner life be sanctified by remorse and repentance. He has been calumniated as a drunkard and a sot. Cunningham has truthfully remarked on this charge—"That Burns ever sunk into a toper; that he ever was addicted to solitary drinking; that his bottle ever interfered with the discharge of his duties; that he ever ceased to be a most affectionate husband, are false charges." He has been further charged with hypocrisy, irreligion, and scoffing at sacred things. Tell me not that the man, who from his inmost soul hated, and by his intellectual strength exposed, hypocrisy, was himself a hypocrite! Tell me not that the man who made Cowper his daily companion was irreligious! Tell me not that the man who composed the "Cottar's Saturday Night" was a scoffer at sacred things. As the best of men are but men at the best, to his detractors I would say, in the words of Wordsworth—

> "Let no mean hope your souls enslave—
> Be independent, generous, brave;
> *Our Poet* such example gave,
> And such revere;
> But be admonish'd by his grave,
> And think and fear."

And let us never forget that *we* have the like passions that Burns had, and *he* had the same God to trust and Judge to meet as we have.

During the evening the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and ode "To Mary in Heaven," were feelingly read by Mr. Liddell, who also contributed to the enjoyment of the evening by singing a few of the best of the songs of Burns, introducing these by appropriate remarks. His various efforts elicited much applause. Depending entirely on local effort to supply the means of instruction and amusement, we were agreeably surprised at the numbers who lent their aid to this end during the evening. The songs of Burns were done ample justice to, furnishing additional proof of the hold the offsprings of his genius have taken on the popular mind; and when the concluding song of "Auld Langsyne" was sung by the company, the hall rang again.

RENFREW.—The centenary was celebrated here in the hall of the Athenæum. Upwards of 100 gentlemen sat down to dinner, and a more agreeable meeting could scarcely be imagined. The chair was ably filled by Provost Bell, while the duties of the croupiers were discharged in the most efficient manner by Bailie Robertson, ex-Provost Robin, and Councillor Cumming. After the usual introductory toasts, the Chairman delivered a masterly speech admirably suited to the occasion, which was received with great applause. In the course of the evening numerous toasts, such as the object of the meeting suggested, were proposed and responded to; while a variety of songs, in excellent taste, contributed greatly to the general harmony. The Renfrew band was in attendance. The dinner and its consequents did the greatest credit to Mr. Garbett, of the Ferry Inn.

RHONEHOUSE.—A ball took place here, to celebrate the centenary of our great national poet, Robert Burns. It was attended by about fifty-six couples of the youth and beauty of the district, and dancing was kept up with great spirit until four o'clock on the following morning, when all parted highly delighted with the enjoyment of the evening. If there was one feature more than another which characterised this happy meeting, it was the brilliant display of young ladies present. At eleven o'clock the company sat down to partake of some refreshments provided for them by the active members of committee, when, with the unanimous consent of all present, Mr. J. Johnstone was requested to occupy the chair, and made some appropriate remarks on the life and character of the poet. He said that Burns' poems, though purely national, are, notwithstanding, as universal as the English language itself. Although obscured by a dialect to some fastidious ears uncouth, yet emanations of a master mind shine through the rustic garb, just as the lineaments of a lovely maiden cannot be disguised, homely and unattractive though her habiliments may be. Dear as Burns' poems are to every lover of poetry, dearer are they still to the heart of a native Caledonian. In perusing his works, particularly his Days of Auld Langsyne, the sweet visions of the past are renewed, we are carried back to our native homes, and every fibre of our affections reintwined with the land of the mountain and the flood. The kind open-heartedness of his "Auld Langsyne," and the patriotic and independent valour of his "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," touch a chord which vibrates to the heart's core. Burns saw the peasant's humble life not as an Arcadian scene, nor yet with the eye of the novelist, but he saw it in all its harsh and smoky reality; and in that humble circle he found ample scope to astonish the world with the originality of his conceptions, to soften every heart with his deep and melting pathos, and to delight all with his portraits of moral beauty. The pleasures of the evening were very much enhanced by many beautiful songs, both from the ladies and gentlemen present.

RICCARTON.—On Tuesday evening, about ninety gentlemen sat down, in the Crown Inn, to a sumptuous supper, to honour the memory of the great bard. Supper was on the table at seven o'clock. Mr. John Cook, of Caprington, was in the chair, supported on the right by Mr. Shaw, and on his left by Mr. Moffat; Mr. John Manson performing the duties of croupier. He was supported on the right by Mr. Walls; on the left by Mr. Borland, of High Hillhouse. After the company had done ample justice to the dainties on the table, the cloth was removed.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts,

The CHAIRMAN gave the toast of the evening. He said—In rising to propose a toast to the memory of him who, during a short and chequered life, laid the foundation for a fame and a popularity, that has widened and brightened, till at the present moment the whole literature and science, wit and worth, of guid Auld Scotland are vieing with each other in expressions of admiration for his genius—who took his topics from a life, and his scenes from a land, with which we are all familiar. The extent of his popularity is commensurate with the enterprise of his countrymen; for where can you find a Scotchman, whether under the burning sun of an eastern clime, or amid the unexplored wastes of the far west, whether in the pursuit of fortune or of fame, whose pulse does not throb in unison to the cadences of his name? That his genius was of the highest order, every one at all acquainted with his writings have been ready to admit. The youth smitten with the darts of Cupid, his heart vibrating like an Æolian lyre, seeks expression to his sentiments, and sings what signifies the life o' man, &c. The man of more mature years battling with the cares of an unkind world, who with all his exertions finds himself still at the very "elbow of existence," seeks consolation from his muse, and finds his sentiments expressed.

> "For' a' that, and a' that,
> Our toil obscure and a' that,
> The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

The Chairman, having finished, requested the

company to give him a toast to "The Memory of Burns," which was duly responded to in silence, after which Mr. Livingstone sung "My Burns is gane," with great effect.

Many other toasts were given and songs sung, and after spending a most delightful evening, the whole proceedings terminated by "Auld Langsyne."

ROSEMARKIE.—The occasion of the Burns centenary was celebrated in this town in the Parish School-room, by an amateur concert, followed by a ball. It is only doing justice to the musical talent of the place, to say that the singing was considered very superior, and that it reflected great credit on the "honest lads and bonnie lasses" who kindly took part on the occasion. Mr. Simpson's performance on the violin plainly showed that age makes little impression on his powers of wielding the "bow."

ROSEWELL.—An enthusiastic meeting connected with the centenary of Robert Burns took place at Rosewell, on the estate of Whitehill. About fifty gentlemen assembled to do honour to the memory of the national bard. Previous to sitting down to dinner, Mr. Robert Hunter, of Dalhousie Chestus, read an admirable paper on the progress of agriculture—a subject which, as the day marked the lapse of a hundred years since the ploughman poet was born, was neither uninteresting nor unfitting for the occasion. The company sat down to dinner in Mr. Murdoch's Inn at six o'clock, and the chair was occupied by Mr. A. J. Main; Messrs. Philip, Hunter, and Dr. Main acting as croupiers. After the usual loyal toasts, responded to with true loyalty,

The CHAIRMAN proposed "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." He said—Were I to do nothing more than simply to give the toast as it stands in its order on the list, I should do immensely more justice to the subject of it than by any remarks I am capable of making. What meretricious disquisitions on his talent and genius can so effectually secure the admission of his claims to both, as the mere mention of his own name? Is a proof of this fact wanted? We have it in the universal shout of welcome which the centenary of his birth has called forth. A complete ovation is paid to his memory this day! Yes, poor Burns! Left to fill a premature grave from the effects of a crushed spirit, thy country remembers its faults this day, and to thy genius we pay a tribute greater yet than mortal man has known—a kingdom honours the memory of its peasant bard. (Loud cheers.) It is not necessary to enter into detail on the birth and parentage of Burns. This we all know—he was a peasant's son, and himself a ploughman. "The poetic genius of my country," he says, "found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha—at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me." His genius received no aid from a refined or liberal education; it stands revealed in the intense effulgence of its own brightness—a star burning with no borrowed light. And, found poor, he remained poor, and died poor—alas, how poor! Just so much of a superior element was permitted to mix itself with his social position as enabled him to study with greater care the pulses of the human heart. But in sympathy and affection he remained still the "ploughman." Hence the fire that kindled his muse found its light and its fuel in the humble homes and simple doings of his peasant companions. It was the glory of Burns' genius that in the lads and lasses of the "farmer's ingle"—under the "hodden grey" of the peasant, and the "russet gown" of the peasant's wife and daughter—it discovered a character worthy to be developed in strains of immortal verse. Thus, the genius of Burns was true to it circumstances;—unaided by a brilliant education, it was uninfluenced by brilliant society. But he was no dreamy leveller—his was not a misanthropic "independence"—proud because he was poor. Burns was every inch a man; and he recognised man in every position of the social scale. We have been asked, what good has the poetry of Burns' effected? Why, if it had done no more than to teach us that moral worth, linked with poetic beauty—manly virtue with independent excellence, lived in, and was cherished as a dear inheritance by, the humble followers of our ploughs, and the labourers and reapers of our fields—let me ask has it not done much? But it has done more. (Hear, hear.) The force of his genius has affiliated the titled and the noble, the savan of learning and the possessor of thousands, to the rustic labourer and the hard-working mechanic. For, while the poems of the ploughman bard, bound in gold and vellum, adorn the rich man's library, it tells the refined possessor of that luxurious hoard that men and women live in the humblest ranks of life; that here, as there, the spirit of piety, reverence, love, and truth are to be found; and it tells both classes that, wherever independent worth and moral beauty are developed, whether on the throne or in the thatch-roofed cot, in the lordly halls, the farmer's barn, or the dusty loom-shop, it matters not, the stamp of God's likeness is on them all—

"A man's a man for a' that."

(Great cheering.) To speak of the genius of Burns, as the subject demands, one would need

to feel something akin to the stirrings and heat of that fire which burned in his own breast. But every one who has read his works must feel that his genius was universal, and, therefore, of the very highest type and order. His spirit was akin to all creation, and every object in nature which he approached recognised the relationship, and leaped with joy to his embrace. It mattered not what object interested him, whether physical or spiritual, it spoke a language he understood, and at once the warmest and strongest passions of his heart were evoked to give expression to the harmony of his affections. What he felt, he sung. Of the character of Burns we intend to say little, and that little will be general. Of this we are sure, that whatever were his faults, he was no unbeliever. In Burns' own words, in the sublime works of Nature he saw proofs of "a God who made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave." The man who drew such deductions from nature, could not be irreligious. But we still live too near his own times to estimate his character rightly. The skirts of absurdities which he ridiculed, perhaps too roughly, are as it were just passing from our view, and are yet too intimately associated with the present to allow us to see *why* he should have handled them so irreverently. Another hundred years, and the mists of prejudice will be swept aside, and Burns will be praised or blamed with a juster appreciation of the facts which entitle him to either; and certainly the proceedings of this day will do much to stir up inquiry, and we feel sure will result in placing our poet in a moral position infinitely more worthy of him. The Chairman concluded, amid loud applause, by proposing "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." The toast was drunk with the greatest enthusiasm.

Subsequently Mr. Phillip gave, in a happy vein, "The Land o' Cakes;" Mr. Landale, "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott;" and Dr. Main, with much effect, proposed "The Living Bards of Scotland." Mr. Cunningham, of Kirkettle, discoursed eloquently on "The wives and lasses of Scotland," and had a respond amidst "thunders of applause." Mr. Murdoch, in a speech of much taste and feeling, proposed "The Health of the Lord of the Manor, Mr. Wardlaw Ramsay," and Mr. Hunter was not less happy in proposing "The Marquis of Dalhousie." Mr. Hood, in "well set phrase," gave "The Health of the Young Laird of Whitehill," whose birthday falls on the natal day of the poet, "and many birthdays may he see," was warmly and enthusiastically responded to. Mr. Mitchell, of Cockpen, proposed, in an eloquent speech, "The Clergy of Scotland;" and several other toasts were given and responded to with hearty goodwill. Some excellent songs were sung and recitations given during the evening, and much humour and spirit displayed. The fare provided by Mr. Murdoch was excellent and abundant, among which the good old Scotch dishes of "haggis" and "sheep head" were not omitted. The company evinced their appreciation of Mr. Murdoch's exertions by toasting his health and that of his worthy lady with hearty feeling and goodwill.

ROTHES.—The Burns centenary was celebrated here with great *eclat*. At three o'clock P.M., the members of the St. John's Operative Lodge of Masons, accompanied by a large concourse of the inhabitants, marched in procession through the village with all the pomp of military parade.

In the evening a goodly number assembled in the Mason Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. John Grant, Esq., of Glengrant, presided—supported right and left by Mr. William Graham, jun., and Mr. Archibald Simpson. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were disposed of, the Chairman, in an elegant and pithy speech, proposed the toast of the evening—The Memory of our National Bard—which was drunk with due solemnity. At nine o'clock the ladies entered, when dancing was commenced and kept up with great spirit till twelve, after which supper was served out, and not of course before the "wee short hour ayont the twal" did the party separate. The proceedings were greatly enlivened by a vocal band of amateurs who sung at intervals several select and appropriate airs with fine effect. It is needless to add that the viands, &c., particularly the haggis, reflected the greatest credit on "mine hostess" of the Grant Arms.

In addition to the above toasts, the following were also proposed—Colonel and Major Burns, The Nieces of Burns, and The Memory of Sir William Wallace, all by the Chairman; The Lord of the Manor, by Mr. James Riach; The St. John's Operative Lodge of Masons, coupled with Mr. Archibald Simpson, R.W.M., by Mr. Rennie; The Chairman, by the Master of the Lodge; The Ministers of the Parish, by Mr. Alexander Simpson; The Inland Revenue Officers, coupled with Mr. Cumming, by Mr. William Watson; The Memory of Sir Walter Scott, by Mr. Graham; The Ladies, by Mr. James Stewart; The Croupiers, by Mr. Cumming; and the Hostess, by Mr. Gardner.

ROTHESAY.—On the evening of Tuesday the brethren of the mystic tie sat down to a sumptuous supper, served by Brother Grieve

of the Commercial Inn here—the R.W.M. Mr. Robert Crawford in the chair. The lodge being closed before supper, several other gentlemen honoured the meeting by their presence; also, several of the wives and sweethearts of the brethren graced the meeting. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given and duly responded to, after which the toast of the evening was given and responded to in a manner which proved that the deceased bard and brother mason was a right good fellow, and that none of them were ashamed, but all were "proud of Robin." About half-past ten the company adjourned to the Masonic Hall, Bishop Street, and danced on the light fantastic toe until after "the wee short hour ayont the twal." Mr. Grieve deserves credit for the very superior manner in which he served up the supper, the viands being first-class.

Several of our most spirited leaders of psalmody gave a concert composed of Burns' songs, in commemoration of the centenary of Burns, in the Victoria Hall, in the evening, and a few of our shopkeepers retired to the Queen's Hotel, and supped and sung until the hour that shows the door to all but bona fide travellers.

RULEWATER.—A company numbering between seventy and eighty persons, nearly one-half of these being of the fair sex, assembled in an apartment at Weens Offices on Tuesday evening to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Scotland's immortal bard. After a sumptuous repast of tea and cake, Mr. William Sibbald, Weens Cottages, was called to occupy the chair, when toasts, songs, and recitations followed each other in rapid succession for upwards of three hours. After the usual loyal toasts, the Memory of Burns was given with all the honours, the company standing.

In the "Wee Clachan," of Blakeley, a soiree was also held, at which there were more than a hundred present. Mr. Robert Amos ably filled the chair, and Mr. T. Hogg delivered an able speech on the hero of the evening, Robert Burns. Other addresses on various subjects were delivered, which were alternated by songs, recitations, &c. A room having been set apart for those who wished to engage in the merry dance, all the lads and lasses repaired thither early in the evening, where they enjoyed themselves till three in the morning. A second party was held in the workshop of Mr. D. Taylor, at which there was a rich profusion of the most suitable viands, including two "chieftains o' the pudding race." The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Baptie, and Mr. J. Oliver acted as croupier.

The spontaneous enthusiasm with which the occasion has been marked, not only in the Border district, but throughout the country generally, indicates that Burns has been acquiring a deeper and deeper hold on the regards of his countrymen, and that by the mass of the people he is held as the champion of human rights, and one of the leading representative men of the Scottish nation.

RUTHERGLEN.—A meeting was held in Mrs. Fife's Hotel—Mr. R. Fife in the chair. A band, engaged for the occasion, paraded through the town before dinner.

RUTHWELL.—At a numerously attended meeting of the inhabitants of Ruthwell, held some time ago, it was proposed and cordially agreed to that a very suitable manner of celebrating the centenary of "Scotland's ploughman Bard," would be to hold their annual ploughing match on that day. The scene of action was in a field on the farm of Mr. Paterson, Horse-close; Mr. and Mrs. Paterson kept open house on the occasion. The number of competitors was nearly double that of any former year since the formation of the association. The quality of the work performed was pronounced by competent judges to be superior to that executed on any former occasion of the same kind in the parish.

The Dinner.—In the afternoon the members of the association with a numerous company of friends dined in the Castle Inn, Clarencefield. The spread was indeed a sumptuous one, and reflected much credit on mine host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Crichton. William Jamieson, Esq., Comlongan Castle, occupied the chair, supported on the right by Mr. Coulthard, Greenfield, and on the left by Mr. Nicholson, Howthat. Mr. Frood acted as croupier, supported on the right by Mr. Graham, Hayberry Mill, and on the left by Mr. Henderson, Clarencefield. The Chairman discharged his duties with admirable taste and tact, evincing much practical knowledge and critical acumen in the science of agriculture. In proposing The Immortal Memory of Burns, he narrated several very touching incidents of the Bard's life when a ploughman. He recounted the many visits the Poet made to the parish of Ruthwell—especially when his health began to fail—how he loved to walk on the shore of the Solway, particularly when the tide was making to the full, and how he delighted to sit under "The thorn that hangs aboon the well." He feelingly alluded to the scene which took place in the Manse where he drank tea on the night previous to his leaving Brow, and his farewell to all his old associates in Ruthwell

just three days before his death.—The Croupier did much to promote the hilarity of the company. The utmost cordiality and good fellowship prevailed. Many brilliant sallies of wit and sprightly repartees were made. Various toasts and sentiments were proposed and duly responded to, which we lack space even to enumerate. The meeting was indeed a happy one, and cannot fail to be remembered with pleasure by every one present.

THE BALL.—In the evening a ball on a magnificent scale was held in the spacious school-room at Clarencefield, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. A chair, which had belonged to "Scotia's darling Bard," placed under a canopy at the upper end of the room, formed an object of peculiar interest and attention, and was pressed by many a fair form during the festivities of the evening.

SALTCOATS.—The Saltcoats Burns Club held their thirty-fifth anniversary on Tuesday evening, on which occasion they celebrated the centenary of the bard by a public supper, which took place in the Town Hall. Upwards of forty gentlemen were present. Mr. Thomas Miller occupied the chair, and Messrs. Grimwood and Stirling officiated as croupiers. The cloth having been removed, the Chairman, after a brief introductory address, gave a number of toasts appropriate to the occasion, which were duly responded to. In the course of the evening a number of the poet's choicest songs were sung by Messrs. Muir, Stirling, Macnair, Leitch, Reid, Miller, &c., all of which elicited hearty applause. After spending a very pleasant evening, the company separated at an early hour. The supper, which was got up under the superintendence of Mrs. James Muir, gave the greatest satisfaction to all present.

SANQUHAR.—Sanquhar claims a connection with the immortal Poet. In performing his duties as an exciseman, he frequently passed many nights in Sanquhar, formed many friendships, and was honoured in having conferred upon him the privilege of a burgess of our ancient royal burgh.

It was resolved to celebrate the Centenary of his natal day by a complete holiday. By twelve o'clock, the various bodies intending to join the procession assembled in Queensberry Square, and shortly after were put in marching order. They then moved off from the rendezvous in the following manner, viz.:—The Magistrates and Town Council, Ploughmen, Merchants, Colliers, Labourers, Hammermen, Shoemakers, Squaremen, Railway Employées, Shepherds, Weavers, and last, though not least, a large body of Children from the different Schools, attended by their Teachers. The banners and insignia were very attractive, displaying mottoes most appropriate to the various occupations and the occasion. Two instrumental bands of the town played appropriate airs in a masterly style, also a flute band, and the spirit-stirring strains of the Highland bagpipe. The procession halted in the Square of the Old Castle or Peel, and were addressed by Mr. James Kennedy, the local poet, with a few original stanzas; he was followed by Mr. W. Wilson, who delivered a speech on the genius of Burns. When the procession returned to Queensberry Square, James Orr, Esq., delivered a most able and comprehensive speech on the manly fortitude and the versatility of talent of Burns, and gave happy illustrations of the humour, pathos, and the sublimity of the immortal Bard.

At three o'clock, four different parties sat down to dinner. The company in the Queensberry Arms Inn amounted to fifty, and were presided over by S. Whigham, Esq., Provost of the burgh; James Kennedy, Esq., Brandleys, acting as croupier. In Mrs. Watson's Inn the company numbered eighty-six: John Williams, Esq., discharged the duties of chairman, and Bailie Scott those of croupier. In the Crown Inn, the Weavers' party numbered fifty-eight; Mr. Thomas Scott, chairman, and Mr. Wm. Russell, croupier. The Hammermen's party, in the same Inn, numbered twenty-three, and were presided over by Convener Hyslop, as chairman, and Mr. Samuel Howat, Ironmonger, as croupier. And at the same hour, in the Town Hall, a party of Total Abstainers, amounting to 170, sat down to tea, over which Mr. John Laing, Gillhall, presided. The various chairmen prefaced the "Immortal Memory of Burns" in the most glowing and appropriate language. The different companies were enlivened by many of the poet's most beautiful songs, and by the recitation of several pieces of poetry composed for the occasion.

At six o'clock in the evening two soirees were held, one in the Crichton School, and one in the Parish School, at which upwards of 600 people were present. In the Crichton School, J. P. Willison, Esq., presided, and delivered a talented address on Burns. In the Parish School, Jas. Orr, Esq., presided, to the entire satisfaction of the large audience. At both soirees the entertainment consisted of addresses, recitations, and songs.

A ball was held in the Town Hall after the termination of the tea party, which was attended by nearly 200.

The greatest hilarity and joy pervaded the whole proceedings, and a universal glow of happiness seemed to shed its benign influence over all the inhabitants. From the grasp of mind and breadth of information displayed in the various speeches, addresses, and original pieces of poetry, from the chasteness of the various readings and recitations, and from the masterly manner in which some, if not all of the songs were sung, we must confess we were quite astonished at the amount of literary, poetical, and musical talent, as well as taste, that appear to exist in this town and neighbourhood.

SAUCHIE.—The inhabitants of Sauchie and neighbourhood, unwilling to be behind in doing honour to the mighty genius of our Scottish bard, paraded the street and road leading to the colliery school-house, (a large and commodious building kindly granted for the occasion by Mr. Paton,) bearing torches, and headed by the brass band of the village. Mr. Durrie was appointed chairman, and, in a short address, eulogised the extraordinary mental powers and genius of the poet, after which several gentlemen sung a considerable number of Burns' songs, relieved occasionally by the brass band, and by Mr. Easton, an excellent performer on the concertina. It is but right to add that a song composed for the occasion by Mr. Sim, an inhabitant of the village, was also sung, and much admired and applauded. Before separating, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Paton for the use of the school, and the company, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment, quietly dispersed to their homes, shortly after ten o'clock.

SCONE.—A grand commemorative festival was held in the parish School-room at Scone, which was crowded by a very respectable and enthusiastic audience. Andrew Gray, Esq., Scone, occupied the chair, supported by A. Anderson, Esq., of Taft; William M'Corquodale, Esq., Jeannie Bank; John Gray, Esq., of Gray Brothers, Perth; Mr. Watson; Mr. Keay, parish schoolmaster, &c., &c. The Chairman delivered a very excellent address, and Mr. Robert Gairns and William Munro, two poets of Scone, gave, amid great applause, several original pieces composed by them for the occasion.

SCOTLANDWELL.—A meeting in celebration of this event was held here in the Parish School, which was densely crowded on the occasion. Mr. S. Forrest was called on to preside. Mr. Forrest gave a brief and concise account of Burns and his family, which was listened to with great attention. The meeting was entertained from half-past seven o'clock until eleven, with the singing and recitation of some of Burns' most choice productions. "The night drave on wi' songs and clatter," in such a manner, that, as was evident from the hearty applause with which the several performers were greeted, gave great delight to the company. The intervals were enlivened with bursts of instrumental music of a very superior description, and which contributed greatly to the night's enjoyment. The songs were finely rendered by Messrs. D. A. and T. Reid; T. Ritchie; R. Scarlet; and R. Ferguson. An additional verse to the song "Robin," extemporised by Mr. D. Reid, was very appropriate to the occasion, and was much applauded. The poems recited were expressed with much feeling by Messrs. J. Barclay; T. Ritchie; A. Hay, &c., and excited general admiration.

After votes of thanks had been accorded to the performers and chairman, the proceedings were brought to a termination by the whole company singing "Auld Langsyne."

Refreshments were distributed several times during the course of the evening.

After the proceedings in the School-room were brought to a close, the younger members of the company adjourned to the dancing-room, where they continued "to shake their foot" with great glee until the "wee short hour ayont the twal."

SELKIRK.—The spirited manner in which the centenary of our national poet was celebrated here has fully verified our former remark, that there are many ardent admirers of Burns in the Forest. On Tuesday all classes alike joined in doing honour to the memory of Scotland's bard, and testified most unequivocally their admiration and appreciation of his great poetic genius. The factory operatives ceased working at two o'clock, and all the tradesmen and labourers got a half-holiday or nearly so, in order that they might have an opportunity of uniting with others in the celebration of the great event. The majority of the shops were also shut. At four o'clock our flute band made its appearance, and, at the head of a procession of *bona fide* "souters," walked round the town, playing some lively favourite airs. Before the commencement of the proceedings, there was a vast concourse of people in the Market Place. A few minutes after four o'clock a very respectable company, numbering 137 persons, assembled in the ball-room of the County Hotel, and sat down to an excellent and substantial dinner, which had been prepared by the culinary skill of Mrs. Dryden in unexceptionable style. Provost Roberts occupied the chair, and Bailies Muir and Forsyth acted as croupiers. After

the cloth had been removed, and the sparkling glasses brought in, the Chairman rose and proposed "The Queen," which was drunk with great enthusiasm, the company giving prolonged cheers and standing, while the instrumental band played "God save the Queen." Second toast—"Prince Albert and the Royal Family." Music—"The British Grenadiers' March." Third—"The Army and Navy." Music—"Rule Britannia." Fourth—"Her Majesty's Ministry." Music—"Let Whig and Tory a' agree." After having proposed the foregoing toasts in a very able manner, Mr. Roberts said that they had now come to the principal toast of the evening—"The immortal memory of Burns." He never heard of any poet's name or memory being honoured in the same way as Burns' was this evening throughout nearly all Scotland. This was owing to his songs and poems being of a national character. They were not only national, but natural also, and therefore went directly home to every one. It was truly astonishing how he had acquired so much fame, being merely a common ploughman, who had got but little more than the elementary branches of education. Some people thought that he had sneered at religion in some of his poems, as in "Holy Willie's Prayer," but he was of a different opinion, and believed Burns meant only to cut up the canting hypocrisy of the times by a style of writing containing the keenest satire. He referred to the "Cottar's Saturday Night" as a refutation of the charge. He then spoke of the natural beauties that pervaded the poet's works, and happily illustrated his remarks, by reciting some verses from "Tam o' Shanter" and other pieces with great glee and humour, much to the amusement of the company. After he had expatiated on the distinguishing characteristics and merits of the bard's poetry, he called upon the company to drink to "The immortal Memory of the Scottish Bard," which they did with the utmost enthusiasm. Mr. Crichton then sung "A man's a man for a' that" with much spirit.

"The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," proposed by Bailie Forsyth; "The Sons of Burns," by Bailie Muir; "The Lord-Lieutenant of the County," by Mr. Mitchell of Kirkhope; and "The Memory of Professor Wilson," by Mr. William Brown, sen., were drunk in succession.

During the course of the evening's proceedings, Mr. Bathgate, whilst proposing the health of the Provost, presented him with a very costly edition of Burns' Poetical Works and Letters, along with a handsome portrait of the poet, which hung at the upper end of the room during the evening. In presenting it, Mr. Bathgate made a very clever, pithy speech, alluding in particular to the good services that Mr. Roberts had rendered to the town, in the capacity of Provost. Mr. Roberts replied in a few well-chosen remarks. Contributions of 1s. each were given by the middle classes for the purchase of the gift.

The speeches and toasts were interspersed with a variety of suitable songs, glees, and duets, from Messrs. Crichton, Horsburgh, Elliot, and Brown, who all sung exceedingly well, and were much applauded. Mr. Horsburgh sung with great taste an original song on Burns, which elicited the hearty applause of the company.

Besides the regular toasts, a few were proposed by Messrs. Wm. Brown, J. Dunn, and Mitchell of Newhouse, and a great many volunteer songs and recitations were given by several of the company. The instrumentalists composing the band were Messrs. Henderson, Elliot, Johnstone, Nicol, Coutts, and James Scott, jun. The band played in admirable style a great variety of beautiful tunes, adding much to the hilarity and entertainment of the company. Provost Roberts discharged the duties of the chair to the entire satisfaction of all present. All the proceedings of the evening passed off in a manner befitting the grand occasion, and the company broke up a little before eleven o'clock.

SOUTERS' PIE.—The shoemakers, after walking in procession round the town, met in the Freemasons' Hall, along with others of different trades, and sat down to an excellent pie. The company numbered 113 persons. Mr. William Turnbull, president of the trade, occupied the chair. The proceedings were carried on with great spirit for some hours, the company being enlivened and delighted with beautiful songs from Messrs. James Inglis, George Riddell, William Inglis, William Roberts, and John Dickman. A variety of appropriate toasts and recitations were also given. Mr. Thomas Little sung with spirit an original song on Burns, somewhat similar to the one sung at the dinner. Mr. John Hall, poet-laureate of the town, recited a fine poem on Burns, of his own composition, with which he highly delighted the company. Mr. James Currie, our Crimean hero, gave one also, which was much applauded. Mr. Currie, letter-carrier, delivered an able speech on Freedom, in which be made a fine allusion to Burns.

The centenary was observed by several other minor parties in the town, of which all the proceedings passed off with great eclat.

SLAMANAN.—A soiree was given in the Parish School-room here. Notwithstanding the heavy rain, which began to fall about sun-

set and continued the whole evening, long before the chair was taken the house was literally crammed. Mr. R. Taylor having been called to the chair, introduced to the meeting the Rev. Mr. Horne, who gave a very interesting and humorous address. John Boyd, Esq., M.D., then addressed the meeting, and very fully and ably discussed the prominent features in the character of the poet, as shown by his craniological development. Mr. Christie drew attention to the connection between music and poetry, to the position Burns occupies as a writer of songs, and to the influence his writings have had on the popular mind of Scotland. In addition to a collection of fruit and pastry, the evening was enlivened by several of the poet's choicest songs, sung by Messrs. Forrester, Wood, and Hutton. After a hearty vote of thanks to the speakers and singers, and the chairman, the meeting separated, highly satisfied with the evening's treat, as was evidenced by their breathless attention during the three hours which the proceedings lasted.

SOUTHEND.—Upwards of thirty gentlemen sat down to dinner, in the Argyle Arms Inn here, to celebrate that great event which gave to Scotland and the world their greatest poet. James Dunlop, Esq., Ballyshear, occupied the chair, supported on the right by Messrs. Hugh Andrew, Capregan, and R. Hunter, Lepenstrath; and on the left by Messrs. M. Cornes, and A. Dunlop. Mr. Hunter, Machrebeg, officiated as croupier, supported on the right by Dr. Trotter; and on the left by Mr. M'Millan, Aucharna. Mr. Andrew having asked a blessing, the company did ample justice to a sumptuous repast, which reflected great credit on our worthy host Mr. Taylor. Mr. Corner having returned thanks, and the cloth being removed, the Chairman, in a felicitous manner, gave the usual loyal toasts, which were duly responded to. The Chairman, on rising to propose the toast of the evening, was greeted with cheers, he eloquently adverted to the fame of Burns as spread over the whole surface of the globe. He said that he had lived long before the age in which his great talents could be properly appreciated, but in proportion to the advance of education, literature, and science, so would his fame increase in reality, and the million become acquainted with the soul-stirring stanzas which emanated from his mighty mind. He briefly adverted to the honest pride that Scotchmen must feel, and particularly the people of Ayrshire, in being the countrymen of the illustrious poet. He called on the company to drink a flowing bumper to the "Memory of the immortal Robert Burns." (Great applause.) Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle," by Mr. Lightbody. The croupier on rising, said, Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—The toast that I have the honour to propose is one that, I am sure, you will all be proud to do justice to. We are met to-night to do honour to talent born from among the peasantry of our land, but my toast is talent born from among the nobles of our land. He is an ornament to our aristocracy and our nation—I mean the noble Duke of Argyle—May he live long, be a blessing to his family, an honour to his country, and gain immortal fame. The croupier resumed his seat amid great applause. Song—"Scots wha hae," by Mr. M'Millan. Mr. James Hamilton on rising, said, the toast that I have to propose is one, I am certain, you will all respond to with pleasure. It is the health of an old lady in this place, whose many amiable qualities will entitle her to a flowing bumper, independent of any other consideration—but my reason for proposing her health at this time is her connection with the family of Burns. She is, I believe, the only individual in Kintyre who has had the honour of personally knowing and associating with the poet. It is the health of Mrs. Paterson of Cattadale, (great cheering,) whose sister was the wife of Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother. There was something like romance in the courtship; there was a big tocher in the question, and the 'auld folk' ill to please in a son-in-law, but Gilbert Burns was not the man to be daunted when courage and perseverance could avail in furthering his schemes, especially when love was the stimulating power, so he at last gained his point, and Mrs. Paterson attended the wedding in the capacity of bridesmaid, in company with the Ayrshire bard. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) She was then in her fifteenth year, and remembers him well. I have no doubt she was the heroine of some of his songs, composed after that occasion. So, gentlemen, I crave a bumper to Mrs. Paterson, sister-in-law to Gilbert Burns, with all the honours. Mr. Hamilton sat down amidst vociferous cheering. Mr. David Paterson feelingly replied. The remainder of the evening was agreeably spent, with toast, song, and sentiment, till about eleven o'clock, when the meeting broke up by the company singing "Auld Langsyne."

SPITTALFIELD.—A party of twenty couples met in the hall here on Tuesday evening, to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns. Two violinists and a 'stunning' piper having been engaged for the occasion, it was not for want of music if the good folks did not foot it merrily. During the evening the party formed themselves into procession, and

marched out to where a pole about ten feet high was erected. On the top of this pole a large vessel full of naphtha had been placed. Fire being put into contact with the inflammable liquid, a very brilliant light was speedily thrown upon the affair. The party then returned to the hall, where the night was spent 'mid dancé, and song, and friendly chat, and doubtless both piper and fiddlers were right glad when the cock did craw and the day did daw, to let them get their eyes opened on a new day.

SPROUSTON.—A large and respectable number of the inhabitants sat down to a supper served up in Mrs. Kerss' very best style in the Boathouse, for the purpose of contributing their mite of honour to the memory of the immortal bard of Scotia. After supper, and the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been disposed of, "The Memory of Burns," together with a number of other toasts connected with the poet, were introduced in succession by appropriate remarks, and warmly and feelingly responded to by the company. Several of the bard's finest pieces were read and a number of his most popular songs sung with taste and feeling during the evening, and although Forbes Mackenzie did not interrupt the conviviality, the company broke up at a respectable hour, highly delighted with the entertainment, and with the unanimity and harmony that pervaded the meeting. There was a ball in the village on the occasion, which was kept up with great spirit until an early hour.

STANLEY.—Two meetings were held here in honour of the centenary of Scotia's darling bard.

George Inn Hall. Public Supper.—This meeting was attended by 64 gentlemen. Mr. J. M'Farlane, farmer, Shielhill, occupied the chair; Mr. H. Anderson, Burnside, acted as croupier. The Hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and Burns' tartan. The supper, along with two "chieftains o' the puddin' race," was served up in excellent style. Burns' Grace before meat was said by the Chairman. After the cloth was removed and the loyal and patriotic toasts given, the Chairman, in a few remarks, proposed "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was drunk in solemn silence. Among other toasts proposed and responded to, were Burns' Sons and relatives, by Mr. W. Fleming, sen.; His Grace the Duke of Athole, by the croupier; Sir W. D. Stewart of Murthly, by Mr. T. Jackson; Hon. D. Murray, Taymont, by Mr. Smith; Samuel Howard, Esq., of Stanley Mills, by Mr. J. Robertson; Poets of Great Britain and Ireland, by Mr. Buttle. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Buttle on poets and poetry, by Mr. W. Sprunt on the humanity and sympathy of Burns. Both speakers were deservedly applauded. Songs, mostly from Burns, were sung by Messrs. J. Cuthbertson, A. Smith, J. Cranmer, W. Fleming, jun., and P. M'Lagan, in a masterly manner. Three violinists played appropriate airs at intervals, much to the delight of the company. After giving expression to their satisfaction with the night's proceedings, at a late hour next morning

> "Each took aff his several way,
> Resolved to meet" on next birthday.

Gordon Place Supper and Ball.—Mr. W. Low, Gordon Place, kindly gave the use of his largest apartment for this meeting. It was attended by 42 ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Low occupied the chair. After all partaking of an excellent supper, the Chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, then, in an excellent speech on the patriotism of Burns, proposed "The Immortal Memory of Scotland's greatest Bard," which was drunk with rapturous cheering. A number of other toasts were proposed and responded to, and songs sung by Messrs. Docherty, T. Low, Donald M'Donald, and a number of the ladies, all in excellent style.

> "The storm without did rair and rustle,
> They didna mind the storm a whistle;
> For hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels
> Put life and mettle in their heels,"

until 5 o'clock next morning.

STEWARTON.—A very happy meeting was held in the Masons' Hall. At the upper end of the hall stood a bower of evergreens, in which the Chairman sat. Over the centre of this bower was suspended a small banner, with a portrait of Burns, and at each side a large banner, and all round the hall hung rich festoons of evergreens—from one of which, immediately opposite the entrance, was suspended a large portrait of the bard, in oil-colours, which looked among the leaves as if he was there in person, emerging from the hermitage on the Nithside, or waiting to keep a tryst with his Mary in some cosy nook near the Castle of Montgomery. Mr. John Anderson officiated as Chairman, and made an excellent speech on Burns and the object of the Centenary celebration.

Many excellent speeches were made, songs were sung, and tunes were played by the instrumental band, and the meeting, after spending a happy evening, separated about half-past eleven o'clock.

STIRLING.—The Burns centenary was celebrated in Stirling with the utmost enthusiasm and in a manner highly creditable to the town. A number of the principal shops were closed in honour of the occasion during the whole day, and in the afternoon business was generally suspended. The public bells were, by order of the Provost and Magistrates, rung between the hours of five and six o'clock. It was intended that a procession should take place, but owing to the inclemency of the weather—a heavy gale blowing from the westward with rain—it would have been a matter of impossibility to have displayed any banners or insignia, and consequently that part of the arrangement was not carried out.

A grand musical festival took place in the large hall of the Corn-Exchange, at six o'clock. The hall was splendidly fitted up for the occasion, and seldom indeed have the decorations been so tasteful and attractive in our market-place as they were on Tuesday evening, in honour of the ploughman bard. The whole was fitted up with seats, a spacious platform occupying the eastern end. Behind the platform were three great arches of evergreens. In the centre arch the coat of arms, composed and adopted by Burns himself, was displayed. Crest: a woodlark on a sprig, with the motto above, "Wood Notes Wild." On the shield a shepherd's crook and pipe, with a bush of holly underneath, with berries, motto: "Better a wee bush than nae bield." The letters of these mottoes were formed by innumerable small jets of gas, throwing a lustre over the decorations and the platform, and were most creditable to the skill and taste of Messrs. Merrilees and Hardie. In the arch to the left of the chair was a trophy, composed of a harrow and other agricultural implements. Under the trophy was a life-size head of a grey horse, full harnessed, as if coming out of the stable with a "full bite" of fodder in its mouth. In the arch to the right of the Chairman was an ancient plough, surmounted by a trophy, composed of scythes, rakes, and other agricultural implements. The two side-arches were surmounted by sheaves of corn emblematical of plenty—the whole agricultural implements being significant of the vocation of the bard, who said, "I was bred to the plough, and am independent." On the platform to the right were a number of model grain stacks. The rest of the hall was profusely decorated with festoons of evergreens. Fruit was served to the audience—which numbered upwards of 700—as they entered the hall, and refreshments were laid on the platform.

A number of gentlemen, accompanied by members of committee, took their places on the platform a little after six o'clock. Bailie Rankin was unanimously called to the chair.

The Chairman said he was gratified to see so many of his fellow-townsmen assembled to do honour to the memory of Scotland's illustrious poet, Robert Burns. His name was a household word, and his beautiful compositions were known and appreciated wherever the Scottish language was spoken. (Cheers.) He could not adequately give expression to the admiration his countrymen felt of his genius, but he observed an article by Leigh Hunt, which was very admirable, and from which he would make occasional quotations in the course of his remarks. Certain it was that never on any previous occasion had such honours been paid to any poet, for in every town, and village, and hamlet in Scotland, the inhabitants were meeting together in his honour and in commemoration of his birth. In the Crystal Palace, in London, thousands had that day assembled. In America, too, meetings were to be held, and their fellow-countrymen in the Canadas were also assembling for a similar purpose with themselves. It was a curious circumstance that the night on which the bard was born was a tempestuous blowy night like the present. (The Chairman read a number of extracts from the article by Leigh Hunt, and concluded a very excellent address amidst loud applause.)

"Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was then admirably sung by the Choral Society, led by Mr. Graham. The Milton Instrumental Band, which was stationed at the other end of the hall, played the same spirit-stirring air. The song "Rantin' rovin' Robin," was then sung by Mr. William Dowell, which was enthusiastically received, and he sung "My Nanny's awa" with much feeling. Miss Ferguson of Glasgow, then sung "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," which was given with much taste, but unfortunately this lady laboured under a slight cold. The song was much applauded.

Mr. Theodore Rœding, teacher of French and German in the High School of Stirling, rose and said he wished to say a few words on the 100th anniversary of the birthday of Burns. It might appear presumptuous, he said, for a foreigner to address them, but his heart was stirred within him with feelings of no ordinary kind when he thought of the beautiful songs of Robert Burns, which were sung in every cottage. The songs of Burns had taught him that there was something endearing and beautiful in Scotland. He could tell them that they were also much admired and appreciated in Germany. His (Mr. Rœding's) uncle had translated every word in the works of Burns into the German language—(loud applause)—and many a time had he sat down and com-

pared them. The songs and poems of Burns were full of delightful pathos, and breathed the most glowing sentiments of patriotism. Many of you may think, he said, that it is owing to your great military men—Wallace and Bruce—that Scotland was so beloved by continental nations. You are, he said, to a certain extent mistaken. These were undoubtedly admired for their chivalrous deeds, but there were two men whose works had made Scotland renowned throughout the world—Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. Stirling Castle was as familiar to him, from reading, ten years ago, as it was now. Thoroughly independent, Burns never went a-begging in his whole life; but when found, he acknowledged a noble man, ay, although he was under a moleskin jacket. Burns had the purest humanity, and had a heart overflowing with sympathy, and he lashed all that was unworthy or mean with an unsparing hand. Let us be as indignant as he was; let us be as loving as he was. Pardon me, continued Mr. Rœding, for addressing you. What I have said comes from the heart. Accept it as an expression of love and admiration of Burns from my beautiful fatherland, Germany. (Great applause.)

The CHAIRMAN then said that the Rev. Mr. Blair would read an extract from Burns' Works, and the rev. gentleman gave a very pleasing reading of "The Twa Dogs." Miss Ferguson then sung "Afton Water," and the Choral Society sung the beautiful part-song "Thou'rt gane awa frae me, Mary." Between the parts the band performed the "Cameronian Quadrilles," A song, composed for the occasion by Mr. W. Sinclair, was then sung by Mr. Sutherland, leader of psalmody in the U. P. Church, St. John Street, with clear and powerful intonation.

The Rev. W. Blair, Dunblane, delivered a speech on the genius and character of Burns.

"John Anderson, my Jo," was then sung by the Choral Society; "Wandering Willie," by Miss Ferguson; "The Birks o' Aberfeldy," by Miss Ferguson and the Choral Society.

The Chairman said that a gentleman—an Englishman—had volunteered to sing "A man's a man for a' that," which he did in a manner rather amusing to Scottish ears; but as all were determined to be pleased, he was favoured with a due amount of applause.

The Chairman, after alluding to the beautiful style in which the hall had been decorated, proposed a vote of thanks to the gentlemen of the Committee who had evinced so much spirit, and had so successfully managed the details of the demonstration. The meeting had been a most happy one, and he was sure all present felt grateful to the Committee for their exertions. (Loud applause.)

It may be added that the designs in the hall were by Mr. Nisbet; and Mr. Rutherford superintended the details, assisted by the members of Committee. The music of the Milton Instrumental Band was much admired, and, in short, the whole proceedings gave general satisfaction.

STONEHAVEN.—The centenary birthday of our great national poet will long be remembered in Stonehaven. Before one o'clock, the greater part of the men, mounted on the splendid horses belonging to the farmers in the district, assembled in the Square. The horses, numbering 120, were beautiful specimens of what the "Men o' the Mearns" can produce. The procession having proceeded through the principal streets, returned to Market Square, where the procession was formed into an octagon, the horses forming two sides of the Square, and the children and multitude the other two sides. The windows around the Square were occupied by the ladies and others whose patronising vivas and waving of handkerchiefs added greatly to the harmony of the scene. The flags belonging to the Town Council waved bravely from the steeple, and the bell rung out a merry peal. The following admirable speech was then delivered by SHERIFF ROBERTSON to the ploughmen:—

Hardy Sons of the Soil,—I am truly happy to see you on this interesting and auspicious occasion, which commemorates the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of our countryman and poet, Robert Burns. His warm and generous heart would have rejoiced had he been spared to witness the universal enthusiasm with which his name and his genius have this day been held by his admiring countrymen in every city, hamlet, and village of his beloved Scotland, and in every place throughout the world where Scotchmen are to be found. It well becomes you to join in the general acclamation of praise, for he was one of yourselves—an honest and true-hearted ploughman, who knew your condition and warmly sympathised with your feelings. It is peculiarly appropriate that the ploughmen in Kincardineshire should take a prominent part in the proceedings of this day, because his father and many of his ancestors were "Men of the Mearns," and he did not forget this district either on the occasion of his father's death in 1784, or on his northern tour in 1787. On the former of these events he thus writes to a friend —"I hope my father's friends in your county will not let their connection in this place die with him." Let us echo back this kind sentiment, and this day endeavour to perpetuate the

connection of this county with a man who was an honour to the peasantry of Scotland, and whose highest ambition it was to delight the rustic inmates of the hamlet. I regret that, notwithstanding the rapidity with which photographic likenesses are now executed, I cannot present *each* of you with his picture, but I shall endeavour in one sentence to describe to all of you his appearance, that you may have some idea of him as he walked the stubborn soil of his unproductive farm. In height he was about five feet ten inches, and his ordinary dress consisted of a blue bonnet, a long-tailed blue coat, corduroy knee breeches, rig and furrow stockings, and "cutikins." His brow was lofty and massive—his cheeks sunburnt—and his eye was eloquent, keen and glowing. He did all in his power to assist his father, and to relieve him from the toil which pressed heavy on his declining years. At the early age of thirteen he commenced to thrash his father's corn, and when only fifteen years old he began to plough the stubborn soil of Mount Oliphant. His father, whom he sincerely loved and for whom he worked hard, late and early, was in the habit of conversing freely about the affairs of the farm with him and his brother Gilbert. In these respects their conduct is well worthy of imitation, for no sight can be more beautiful than such conduct towards a revered and affectionate father, or better calculated to shed peace and happiness around the firesides and homesteads of our beloved land. He was an excellent ploughman, scyther, and bandster, and his brother Gilbert records, that, after a hard day's work, he was the least tired of any at his happy home. That home is touchingly described in his famous poem of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and presents for imitation a scene of domestic felicity hallowed by the music of sacred song, and the sounds of earnest prayer.—I trust that you are no strangers to such scenes, and that the time will never come when family worship will be banished from the homes of our farmers, but that they will endeavour by example as well as by precept to lead those under them to the cultivation of personal piety. Burns was intensely fond of Nature, and while following the plough was holding sweet intercourse with her wonderful works, spread, in the richest profusion, around him. He loved the summer cloudlet as it sailed in joyous buoyancy over his head. He loved to hear the music of the gentle summer wind as it sighed by the "banks and braes of bonnie Doon," and he was in friendship with every tree that waved around him, and with every flower that bloomed at his feet. You know how he celebrated gentle and lovely Afton's sweet waters, and embodied in immortal verse the "wee modest crimson-tippet flower." He was a great reader, and a great thinker. He had no idle hours; he used to read on his way to and from his work, and while following the stilted plough was either whistling one of Scotland's sweet melodies, or gathering in fresh materials for his heart-stirring and pathetic songs. He was your friend. He felt his calling to be to illustrate your peasant life, and though courted by the noble and the learned, he never forgot his humbler associates, and delighted in the society of the ploughmen and farm-servants of his dear native land. I rejoice to know that a new farmers' association is to be formed in Kincardineshire, and intend to be present at its meeting to-morrow at Laurencekirk, and to enrol myself as one of its members. Some years ago a society was formed for the improvement of your dwelling-houses, and some good has been achieved by its instrumentality. I ardently hope that these associations will co-operate in the accomplishment of this desirable object, and that much benefit may accrue to you by the amelioration of your condition in many respects. Imitate Burns in his honesty. For many years he had only seven pounds per annum, and it was a matter of principle with him that his expenditure should not exceed his income. Imitate him in the manly independence of his character. He was no sycophant. He never flattered the great, nor despised his inferiors, and while he felt himself to be a true genius, and one of nature's nobility, he was kind to the poor, and affectionate to the destitute. Nay, the lower animals participated in his kindness, and even the little mouse accidentally destroyed by his ploughshare excited his tender pity and regard. Be ye also kind to the animals placed under your care, and be it yours to sympathize with that humane law of our country which seeks to protect the lower animals from the cruel tyranny and treatment of the hard-hearted and unfeeling. Burns had a fond heart and a leal friendship. His voice was ever raised against tyranny and oppression. His patriotism was deep and pure, and glowed with devoted fervency on the fields of Culloden and Bannockburn. He thus writes of himself: —"The sterling of his honest worth, poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit oppression might bend, but could not subdue." I cannot trust myself to speak of his songs; they are inimitable and enshrined like our love for him in our innermost heart, and are sung by every Scotchman with admiration for the poet and with gratitude to the man. May his memory be ever as green as the sides of the heath-covered mountains of Scotland, and live in the hearts of his admiring countrymen. And when another hundred years shall have come and gone, may the men of that gen-

eration be enabled to point back to the proceedings of this day as a noble trophy, better than sculptured urn or monumental marble, erected throughout the breadth and length of Scotland, in the hearts of the people, to a man whose genius and poetry shall never cease to be the subject of grateful admiration, and to warm the best affections of our common nature.

STONEHAVEN.—Upwards of 100 gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous dinner in the Commercial Hotel, provided by Mr. and Mrs. Craig.

Sheriff Robertson occupied the chair, supported on the right by Mr. W. R. Tindal and Mr. John Falconer, and on the left by Mr. Walker, Portlethen, Mr. Geo. Tindal, and Mr. Ritchie, Glenurie Distillery. The croupiers were A. W. Kinnear, Esq., and C. G. Munro, Esq. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been proposed by the Chairman, and responded to by the company with more than ordinary enthusiasm, the Chairman, in an eloquent speech, proposed the toast of the evening, which was rapturously received. He said:—Burns was a true genius, devoid of "fustian" or conceit; he was conscious of his genius, but was not thereby elated with self-adulation, but preserved ever the becoming garb of modesty, and panted after higher attainments in knowledge. He *lived* his poetry, it was his inner life, and like a gushing fountain which seeks to spread around its living, life-giving waters, it welled out in its beauteous and ennobling streams. He wrote what he knew and felt in his own heart. He took not to rhyming as a mere trade. Poetry was himself, and he delighted, with open, frank, generous heart, to speak and write the glowing thoughts which longed for utterance. This feature of his character often led him to say of himself what greater worldly wisdom would have taught him to conceal, and thus he did not seek, in the frankness of his nature, to hide his own failings and weaknesses. In this way he has, from certain quarters, drawn on himself much abuse, which might be more legitimately bestowed on men of less amiable dispositions. Perfect sincerity and truthfulness were the main-spring of his lashing satire. He exposed all cant and hypocrisy wherever he found them, whether among the clergy or the laity, in the circles of polished society, or among the rougher walks of peasant life. I cannot believe that he was irreligious. The spirit of religion—that blessed thing which should shape every action in our lives, and prompt every motive within—breathes in many of his productions. Again, how intense was his love for nature. It is much to be regretted in this ledger-loving age, that men seem to steel their hearts against the beauties of the external world. In every cloud which sailed over his head, in every murmur of the mighty sea, in every whisper of the sighing summer wind, and in every blade of grass, that had its "ain drap o' dew," in every flower that bloomed at his feet as the weary ploughman plodded his way homeward—in the bursting of the thunder storm, and the flash of the swift-winged lightning, his soul rejoiced and his discerning mind saw evidence of the existence of a great Creator, and of mankind's eternal being. In the raging storm he took especial delight, and with the reins dropped carelessly over the neck of his pony, he, with folded arms, and meditative, upturned eye, would gaze at the war of elements till his soul was identified with the glorious scene. Like him, let us sometimes leave the beaten, dusty path of daily business, and contemplate the "sublime and beautiful" spread in rich effusion above and around us. Did he not love Nature? Listen to his own enraptured strain—

> "O nature, a' thy shows and forms
> To feeling pensive hearts hae charms,
> Whether the summer kindly warms
> Wi' life and light;
> Or winter howls in gusty storms
> The lang dark night."

Toast and song followed in rapid succession.

The day's proceedings were brought to a close by a grand ball in the hall of the Mill Inn. The music was led by Mr. Hunter from Aberdeen, and his band. Another ball came off in the Temperance Hall, conducted by Mr. J. A. Niven, professor of dancing, and which also came off with great spirit.

Dinner to the Retired Farmers and Crofters.—Mr. Campbell, Bellfield, Mr. Brown, Megray, Mr. Connon, Elf Hill, and other gentlemen, entertained at dinner, in the Stonehaven Hotel, about twenty aged and retired farmers and crofters of the town and neighbourhood. Mr. Campbell occupied the chair, and Messrs. Brown and Connon croupiers. Many a battle was fought over again that evening; many a "drouthy simmer" and stormy winter long ago was recalled to mind when the jolly old rustics were young and in their prime. Conclusion—"Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot," and, parting "richt merrilie."

The Operative Shoemakers.—"Fu' blithe this day" were the shoemakers in their place of meeting in Rodney Street—Mr. James Ross in the chair; Mr. John Mackie, croupier. It would be "ower long a tale to tell" how joyously the shoemakers went to it, with song, and speech, and merry tale on this occasion.

Suffice it, that they themselves were highly pleased with the day's proceedings.

STONEHOUSE.—Stonehouse was not behind neighbouring towns in doing honour to the memory of Scotland's Immortal Bard. No fewer than six public convivial parties were held in different parts of the town in which persons of all ranks met together, admiration of the great poet's genius being the only pass-word for admittance. Of the above description, one party dined in Mr. Jeffrey's Hotel, over which Mr. Alex. Russell, mineralist, presided, supported right and left by Corporal P. Leiper, late of the Royal Artillery, and Mr. Peter Syme of Newfield; Mr. Wm. Gilmour officiating as croupier, supported right and left by Mr. J. Fleming, and Mr. S. Jack. Mr. Jeffrey, in his usual manner, supplied an excellent substantial dinner, in which the haggis, with its honest sonsie face, was not omitted, and a two-year-old kibbock made upon the farm of Mossgiel. During the evening many excellent speeches were delivered; among others that of Mr. J. Fleming, upon the genius and poetry of Burns, called forth rapturous applause from the speaker's just appreciation of the poet's power and eloquent exposition of his worth, as a man, a patriot, and a poet. The evening was spent in the greatest harmony, proving that Scotchmen of all ranks can meet and mingle together, leaving pleasing associations not soon to be forgotten. After drinking the health of Forbes M'Kenzie, a little before 11 o'clock, the meeting broke up.

STOW.—The centenary of the birth of Robert Burns was celebrated here by a public soiree, which was held in the Town Hall, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the evening, was numerously and respectably attended. After tea had been served and the table cleared, Mr. J. F. Walker (parochial schoolmaster), who presided on the occasion, delivered an address in honour of the memory of Robert Burns.

Able and appropriate addresses were also delivered by Mr. John Paton, Mr. Sutton, Mr. R. Sanderson, and the Rev. Mr. Robertson. During the evening a number of the popular songs of Burns were sung by Messrs. Gellatly, Fowler, Stoddart, Robertson, Cowan, and Mrs. Fairgrieve. The meeting was closed after the singing of "Auld Langsyne," in the chorus of which the audience heartily joined.

STRAITON.—A few kindred spirits, here, having resolved that while other places, throughout the length and breadth of Britain, had so nobly and as with one voice resolved to do honour to the natal day of Robert Burns, Straiton, or Strath-town, though remote, yet so picturesquely situated amid the loveliest scenery of Girvan's fairy-haunted stream, should not be a recreant exception. The centenary of the Scottish Poet was celebrated here by a ball in the Parish School, under the auspices of the Straiton curlers. The day was lowering and gusty, and towards evening the wind brought torrents of rain. Nothing daunted, however, parties began to arrive at seven o'clock, numbers of them from considerable distances, and in a very short time the room was filled with a large assemblage of the youth and beauty of the district. Under the management of Messrs. Hugh Dalziel, John Hood, Alexander Hasel, Quintin Macadam, and James M'Turk, the arrangements were excellent, and dancing commenced with great animation to the stirring music of Messrs. Gerrand, Dalmellington. The spirit of enthusiasm and hearty humour which so distinguished him that's awa, seemed in a liberal measure, under the influence of the great occasion of their meeting, to inspire all the company. Refreshments were liberally dispensed throughout the evening, and at a suitable hour a substantial supper announced. A number of excellent songs were sung, those of Burns being specially called for. Mr. David M'Call, precentor, sung "Green grow the rashes," and "Scots wha hae," in excellent style. Mr. Charles M'Limont also gave "My Nannie, O," with good feeling and taste. Several of the ladies also charmed the meeting with some beautiful airs, among which "Tam Glen" attracted particular attention. Mr. Young, parochial teacher, took a convenient opportunity, in a few appropriate terms, to propose three cheers in honour of the great name whose festival had called them together.

STRANRAER.—The great day was auspiciously commenced here. It is true, we had no masonic processions with flags and flauntings; but we had a nobler procession of nearly 400 of the deserving poor, who walked to the Cross, there to receive each a quartern loaf, with a supply of tea and sugar, to give them, too, a happy evening. This was the way in which Lord Stair honoured the centenary of the Great Peasant. The streets were crowded with well-dressed people, and at 4 o'clock THE BANQUET was held in the Town Hall, which had been beautifully fitted up for the occasion by Mr. Fowler, Castle-Kennedy, and Mr. Park, Corsewall. A spacious gallery had been provided for the ladies, fronted with graceful arches covered with evergreens, while the walls were covered with pictures of the poet, and of places made conspicuous from con-

nection with him — and the windows were adorned with mottoes from his works, tastefully printed on red transparencies. The dinner, a substantial one, and comprising the Scotch dishes made famous by the bard, and the wines and spirits were furnished by Mr. Meikle of the Commercial Hotel. The Provost, D. Guthrie, Esq., occupied the chair—supported on right by the Rev. Mr. Simpson, Bailie M'Culloch, &c., and on left by the Rev. Mr. Cavan, Mr. W. Murdoch, &c. N. Taylor, Esq. of Belmont, and Bailie Dalrymple were the croupiers. After thanks had been returned by the Rev. Mr. Cavan,

The ladies, to the number of 100, entered their gallery, and were received by the company standing up, with prolonged cheering. The *coup d'œil* at this time, we will venture to say, could not have been surpassed by any other display elsewhere. There were 150 gentlemen present.

The CHAIRMAN, in rising to propose the toast of the evening, said,

Ladies and Gentlemen—it is now my privilege—a privilege which, conscious of my own deficiency, I approach with shrinking apprehension, to propose to you the Memory of "Robert Burns." (Cheers.) May I not say the immortal memory—for has it not grown greener and fresher by the lapse of every year, since the unhappy bard—neglected by his country—sank with a sorrow-riven heart into an untimely grave on the banks of the Nith. (Cheers.) Or why is it that we are this night met on the hundredth anniversary of his birth—met with thousands upon thousands of our countrymen not only in Scotland, but in England, Ireland, and every land where the adventurous spirit of our country has carried her sons—(cheers,)—yes, in his own imperishable lines,—

> "Time but the impression deeper makes,
> As streams their channels deeper wear."

But some may say why are we in Galloway thus met? I answer, has Galloway—has Wigtownshire no interest in Coila's Bard? Not to speak of our Maidenkirk, which he has rendered classical and for ever immortal—have we not here many of the children of those who were the compeers and companions of Burns while he lived, and who treasure in their remembrance many bright thoughts flashed direct from the Bard into the hearts of their sires, and transmitted fresh from sire to son? Have we not in view the seat of one whose father was among his earliest and most kindly patrons, the genial and elegant Dr. Moore, to whom, above all others, the poet most unburdened his soul, and to whom he addressed his only autobiography? Have we not here, also, in the family of Cairnryan, the representative of Mrs. Dunlop, his most frequent and most cherished correspondent? Was it not too, from Galloway, went forth the kindly discerning voice of Dr. Blacklock, which arrested poor Burns "when his gloomy night was gathering fast"—when, in the depths of misery and despair, he was on his way to a distant land, and sent him at once to Edinburgh and to fame? And above all, are we not Scotchmen—his compatriots—sharers of our country's glory—and shall we not participate in the commemoration of the noble genius of him who shed such a beauty and a glory on our much beloved land? (Great cheering.) But it may be asked, why commemorate the genius departed, which our forefathers neglected when living? Ah, ladies and gentlemen, if our fathers erred, should we perpetuate the wrong? or rather should we not seek to redress it, as far as that is now possible? Yes, Scotland is this day in a repentant attitude toward her Burns; and, therefore, we are this night met to show our appreciation of his genius—his manly and generous qualities—although we cannot penetrate the proud mausoleum which a repentant country has raised over his grave, or reach those ears now so long closed in death. And may we not by such commemorations encourage and sustain other kindred spirits whom we trust our country may yet produce, or be even now producing—"hearts pregnant with celestial fire"—who, born like Burns in poverty, and striving with trials and temptations, may be ready to sink amid the adverse billows with which they have to contend; and thus go far to provide that no future Burns—no future son of genius—shall be left to pine and die in penury and neglect. But what can I say of Burns to render your appreciation of him more intense? What poet of any age or any land ever so lived in the hearts of his countrymen? Genius found him at the plough and flung her inspiring mantle over him, and under that inspiration how exquisitely has he sung. How harmonious with Nature's chords is every strain, and hence how perfect the melody—how universal—how undying the influence. (Cheers.) How hath he clothed with fresh beauty every stream and vale of Coila's land, and not of Coila only, but of our beloved Scotland—from Aberfeldy's Birks and Bruarwater to the sweet winding Nith, and the far-sounding Solway—giving to every rill a music not its own—to every flower a sweeter fragrance—and to every bird a more thrilling melody. How did his sympathies go forth to nature animate and inanimate. How has he depicted the scenes, the lights and shadows of humble Scottish life. While reconciling poverty to its lot, and giving contentment

to the poor sons of toil, he breathed into their souls a noble independence and fired their hearts with the lofty patriotism which glows in "Scot's wha hae," that noblest of odes; (cheers,) and then, what a beauty, tenderness and purity, does he throw around their loves—what a pathos around their sorrows; and, above all, what a beautiful picture of true religion and its handmaid happiness have we in his "Cottar's Saturday Night"—a poem I venture to say which better illustrates what a cottar's house should be, and which places before us religion in a form more attractive, because more practical and real, than has been done in any other poem or by any other writer since the world began. But Burns, we are told, had faults—yes, grievous faults, and grievously has he answered for them. I am not here to palliate these faults—exaggerated though they have been by some—exaggerated even by the unhappy Bard himself, but this I may say, his faults from the transparency of his character were patent as the day, and were lighted up and made glaringly conspicuous by the very fire of his genius, while those of other meaner men have been only dimly seen or hid altogether in the secret recesses of the heart. When, however, we think of poor Burns' faults, let us also look at the circumstances in which he was placed—the position in which he was born—the elevation and temptations to which he was introduced—to the age in which he lived—not remarkable for the faithfulness of its spiritual watchmen, but only for its deep drinking and excessive sociality; and above all to the passionate, sensitive, impulsive nature which he had as a poet, and which unfortunately seems too frequently the concomitant of poetic genius. Ah! if I could unfold to you his big and manly and kindly heart—with its mighty pulsations—its passionate throbbings—its exquisite sensibilities, you would behold a thing of rarest mechanism—but of most difficult guidance. If I could bring before you the seductive influences, the rude joltings—the sad depressions to which he was subjected, you would see something of the great difficulties with which the unhappy bard had to contend; and if I could depict—but vain is any language of mine to do so—the fearful remorse—the anxious strivings—the bitter repinings, and the deep despondency of which we have glimpses in his letters, and in regard to which the strings of his lyre often yielded the most thrilling strains;—I say, if I could bring before you, however feebly, these passionate excitements—exquisite sensibilities, dire temptations, anxious strivings, and above all, the deep and bitter remorse which filled his soul—wearing his heart away, and which sent him to hide his sorrows in an early grave,—you would, in place of seeking to recall and dwell upon his mortal failings, be led with feelings more charitable and godlike, to blot them out for ever from your remembrance, and raising your eye,—mayhap not undimmed with tears, contemplate alone his noble and transcendent genius,—a genius which has struck the lyre of his country to strains so lofty and so full of fire, such as only Homer, Milton, and the Bard of Avon have surpassed—strains so full of love—of pathos—of patriotism—ay, and of religion too, such as no poet of our land has ever sang—strains which have found an echo in every breast, and which shall continue to vibrate in the heart of every son of Scotia—as long as love, pity, patriotism and piety, shall have a dwelling within our much-loved land. (Great applause.) I ask you then not in silence, but with every enthusiasm to drink the immortal memory of Robert Burns. (Great cheering.)

The Rev. Mr. Simpson proposed "Alfred Tennyson and the Poets of England," which met with great applause.

Mr. R. W. Jamieson, in a powerful speech, replete with passages in the history of Scotland, proposed "The land o' cakes." The toast met with a true Scottish response.

Mr. H. M'Lean, writer, Stranraer, in a neat address, in which he showed the rapidly increasing prosperity of the town, and the impetus which the railway, now in progress of construction, would give to the trade of the burgh, proposed "The Town and Trade of Stranraer, coupled with the name of Mr. Alexander Douglas," which was received with loud cheers. Mr. Douglas briefly responded.

Mr. Mavor, in an able address, proposed "The Poets of Scotland, and Professor Aytoun."

The Rev. Mr. Cavan, in an interesting and instructive speech, proposed "The Peasantry of Scotland."

Mr. Niven proposed "The Sons and Nieces of Burns," and after a few words, stated that the Bard's uncle was my uncle; my aunty Meg was his aunty Meg; my father was Burns' bed-fellow while at the school at Kirkoswald; my grandfather was schoolmaster. (Great cheering.)

The Rev. Mr. Fergusson, of Inch, then delivered an able address on Shakspeare, and concluded by proposing "The Memory of Shakspeare."

Mr. Murdoch proposed "The Tenantry of Wigtown." (Great cheers.)

Mr. David M'Culloch, Auchness, in a few suitable remarks returned thanks.

Mr. Allan Ingram, writer, Stranraer, in brief and appropriate language proposed "The Health of the Ladies, and thanks for their being present on the occasion."

Mr. Taylor proposed "The Provost and Magistrates of Stranraer," to which the Chairman replied.

The ladies then retired, and the meeting dispersed to make way for the ball. There were 120 gentlemen at the Banquet. Appropriate songs were sung at intervals between the addresses by Messrs. M'Dowall, Dalrymple, Dyer, Porteous, and M'Harg.

THE BALL.—About 50 couple assembled, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Provost Guthrie; Lieut. Cooper; Mr. and Mrs. M'Culloch, of Auchness; Mr. and Mrs. Black, Seabank, mostly all the Town Council and ladies, &c. There was a quadrille band from Glasgow, conducted by Mr. William Priestly, which contributed considerably to the evening's enjoyment.

STRATHAVEN.—The centenary of Burns was celebrated in this place by several large assemblies, each in their own way and place, doing honour to themselves in revering the name and works of our illustrious Scottish poet. The first of the meetings proposed was by a few of our active and leading men in the parish, who agreed to celebrate the occasion by a public dinner, to be held in the Avondale Assembly Hall. The tickets were soon all sold, and on Tuesday, at five o'clock, 125 gentlemen sat down to dinner, which was served up by Mr. Young in his more than usual good order. Wm. Gebbie, Esq. of Hallburn, occupied the chair. John Clark, Esq. of Kirklandpark, and Thomas Tennent, Esq., banker, acted as croupiers. After the cloth was removed, the Chairman gave the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were warmly responded to. Then followed the toast of the evening. The Chairman himself being an Ayrshire born man, with pride and feeling said he could not overstate the merit of his toast, and gave "The Immortal Bard of Scotland," which was received and responded to with great enthusiasm; after which, toast and song followed, all having a reference to the illustrious poet. After singing "Auld Langsyne," the meeting separated about eleven o'clock, having some awe for Forbes Mackenzie.

The members of the Stra'ven Caledonian Society met in Mr. A. Alston's School-room. The meeting was confined to members of the society, with their wives and sweethearts. About thirty sat down and partook of a sumptuous repast, provided by Br. Miller. After the cloth was removed, our worthy Master, Mr. J. Scott, who occupied the chair, gave, in a very neat and appropriate speech, "The Memory of the Immortal Bard," which was received and responded to with great warmth of feeling. After a few other toasts and songs, all having a reference to Burns, as a man, and Scotia's greatest poet, then followed the great treat of the evening, viz., "The Jolly Beggars," acted in real character by the following brethren:—J. Gray, who recited the several stanzas; J. S. M'Kechnie, who acted the Auld Sodger; R. Wilson, the Tinker; D. Prydie, Gut Scraper; and the rest of the characters were well represented by Brothers Scott, Liston, Reid and Miller. After the company could compose themselves from the effects of laughter, Br. J. Speirs read an admirable poem, composed by himself for the occasion. The evening's entertainment was kept up with great spirit, until the "wee short hour ayont the twal."

The Strathaven Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society met in Mr. Walter Brown's, Pathfoot, Strathaven, for the purpose of celebrating the centenary of Burns. Sixteen gentlemen sat down to an excellent supper, served up in Mr. Brown's best style. Mr. George Steel occupied the chair, and Mr. James Hamilton ably officiated as croupier. After supper had been discussed, and the usual loyal toasts given, the Chairman, in an eloquent and glowing speech, gave the toast of the evening, "To the Memory of the Immortal Bard, Robert Burns," which was responded to by all, with deep and enthusiastic feeling. And after an evening devoted to the feast of reason and the flow of soul, such as each declared he had never spent before,

> "Each took off his several way,
> Resolved to meet some other day."

STRATHDON.—About fifty of the inhabitants of our upper Strath met at Bridgend of Allargue Inn. The company sat down to dinner about half-past five, in a large apartment beautifully decorated with evergreens from the garden and plantations of Allargue. Conspicuous in one end of the apartment was a collection of the badges of the Highland clans, disposed in tasteful groups. The Rev. Charles M'Hardy occupied the chair, and Dr. Profeit, Strathdon, officiated as croupier. After an excellent dinner, which did Mrs. Coutts much credit,

The CHAIRMAN gave "The Immortal Memory of Burns." He said:—There is a propriety in this meeting being constituted by such as are now present, for Burns belonged to the very class to which you belong; and by the greatness of his genius, he threw around that class a lustre which neither wealth nor rank could purchase. It is a remarkable fact that the finest songs of our country were written in the language of humble life, by a man in humble

life—a ploughman—and that the subjects of his inspiration were the bright eyes, the flushing cheeks, and the symmetrical forms of the country lasses around him. Burns, like other men, had his errors and faults: it would have been strange if he had been a man without errors and frailties. I do not attempt to defend his errors, nor do I say that they should not be condemned; but whilst we regret and condemn them, let us not withhold our tribute of admiration to the splendour of his genius, and the manly and fervent independence which his writings breathe.

The Chairman spoke at considerable length, and concluded amid general cheering by proposing the toast.

A number of other toasts were given, many of Burns' songs were sung, and the meeting was most successful.

At nine the ball-room was crowded. The music was ably conducted by Mr. A. Walker, Castle Newe, assisted by Messrs. Symon, Cumming, Coutts, and M'Hardy. There were nearly 200 in the ball-room, and as many of these had no opportunity of joining in the toast of the evening at dinner, it was again proposed, and enthusiastically responded to. Several Scotch songs were sung, and dancing kept up till a late hour.

TAIN.—The centenary celebration at Tain, which was got up under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, Sheriff Murray, and other enterprising citizens, passed off in the happiest possible manner. The Masons of St. Duthus Lodge turned out to a man, and, having walked in procession through the principal streets, dined together at five o'clock. As the hour approached for the soiree, they again formed into line, and went in a body to the Court-house, the gallery being appropriated to their use. The appearance they presented there, dressed in their "clothing," and having their insignia of office, produced a very pleasing effect.

The chair having been taken by Mr. Macleod of Cadboll, Mr. Ken. Murray delivered an oration on the character and works of Burns. This address was cheered to the very echo—a compliment it richly deserved. It concluded as follows:—The rough old ballads that our fathers chaunted, the spirited old lays our mothers sung, have handed down to us, as no bald history could have done, their glorious deeds, their independent will. Our loves, our hates, our daring, our disgrace—all that is great, all that is little in our people, our poets tell in praise or scorn. And manliest, truest, noblest of them all the patriotic songs of Burns, few though they be, are law to Scotland. They are the hearthstone music of our liberty. They bid defiance to oppression, lay or priestly. We are dauntless, honest, while we breathe them. Not for the high in rank and station—though they love them too—but for the people whom he loved he struck those manly chords. It is the people's will he sings and animates—that peasant will which never swerved, and shall not, from the cause of right and freedom. These are not words of course to-night. Though for two hundred years our shores have not beheld the face of foe—though we can scarcely realise the thought of self-defence, the patriotic fire is burning bright as ever! It is unseen only because the sun of freedom overpowers its lustre; but let the storm-clouds for a moment lower between us and that sun, and the phœnix flame will be beheld ruddying the hill tops as of old. Bitter and unkind in some things temporal, wretchedly divided in some things spiritual, we are still as one man in loyalty and love of country. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

The address was followed by a concert, in which Mr. Mair and his juvenile band of choristers gave telling effect to the ballads of the bard, and in one of his songs ("Last May a braw wooer cam' doon the lang glen") Mr. Mair received an enthusiastic and well-deserved *encore*. A few verses to the air of "Rantin' rovin' Robin" were sung.

Mr. Morine, from Inverness, presided at the pianoforte, and delighted the fair portion of his auditors by the brilliancy of his executions. By way of variety, Mr. W. R. Black, from Stratford, read selections from "Tam o' Shanter" and the "Cottar's Saturday Night." These readings were given in the happiest style, and called down the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. Mr. Black introduced the selections with a few humorous remarks, and succeeded in riveting the attention of the audience throughout, more especially in those portions of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" where deep pathos was necessary. He succeeded in thoroughly enlisting the sympathies of the audience, who listened to his elocution with breathless attention.

Before breaking up, votes of thanks, proposed by Cadboll, to Mr. K. Murray, Mr. Black, Mr. Mair, and Mr. Morine, were carried by acclamation. Dr. Vass, in a neat speech, thanked Cadboll for his conduct in the chair, to which he replied in a feeling and appropriate manner.

"Auld Langsyne" having been sung (the whole people joining), and then "God Save

the Queen," this crowded gathering, consisting of upwards of four hundred, who had assembled in the most orderly manner, dispersed in the same way, all expressing their delight and sympathy in the success of the celebration.

TARBOLTON.—In the earlier part of the day, a procession was formed to visit some of the scenes rendered prominent from the poet's connection with them. It proceeded to the hill from which the town takes its name, and wound round the artificial mound of Druidical formation, from the summit of which a view can be obtained of Lochlea, where he lived for upwards of seven years; of Boghead, the residence of the rough, ready-witted Rankine; of Spittle-side, where the brother Davie of the poet dwelt; while the road wends its way round to Willie's Mill, to the scene of "Death and Dr. Hornbook." In the distance are to be seen the Cumnock hills, the Braes of Ballochmyle, Mauchline, Mossgiel, and Galston Moor; on the left, the monument erected on Barnweil Hill to Sir William Wallace. The procession consisted of the magistrates, the school-children, each with a small flag, the town band, the brethren of St. James' Lodge, with the banner, interesting as the same under which a Montgomerie, a Burns, and a Hamilton has walked, and a large proportion of the inhabitants of the parish, with banners flying. They walked past the house in which the St. James' Lodge held their meetings when Burns was Depute-master; the site of the school where Dr. Hornbook obtained his notoriety; the house in which was formed the debating club; and passed with a feeling of interest, an old woman who was engaged about Willie's Mill when Jean Armour made a short stay there, and who has a distant recollection of the poet; thence through the town to

> "That place of Scotland's isle,
> That bears the name of Auld King Coil,"

for the purpose of visiting Mary's thorn, memorable as the trysting place of Burns and Highland Mary, their farewell meeting spot on the Fail; and the castle of Montgomerie, the residence of Sir James Montgomerie when he was Grand Master of St. James' Lodge, he whom the poet has described as having

> "A name to Masonry and Scotia dear."

The procession here paused, and "Ye banks and braes and streams around the castle of Montgomerie," with other songs, having been sung, all present joined in singing "Auld Langsyne." After giving a vote of thanks to the lord of the manor for his kindness in opening his grounds on that day, the procession returned in the same order to the town, where each of the children received a bun after their walk through those scenes in the early life of the poet. In the afternoon, upwards of a hundred sat down to an excellent dinner, provided by mine host of the Crown; after discussing which, the Chairman gave the usual toasts. He then, in a neat and appropriate speech, gave the toast of the evening, "The Centenary of Burns," which was received with great enthusiasm, followed by the song "There was a lad was born in Kyle." The Croupier, in a speech replete with feeling, gave "The Memory of Jean Armour." A number of toasts and songs, appropriate to the occasion, were given throughout the course of the evening, all of which were received with acclamation. The meeting then separated about ten o'clock, all being highly gratified by the night's enjoyment. As a grand finale to the day's proceedings, the members of St. James' Lodge made a torch-light procession through the town, but the wind and snow put out their torches, and the storm expended its rage so unmercifully upon them, that it would have extinguished the enthusiasm of any less ardent admirers of our great poet.

TARLAND.—The villagers of Tarland and their farming neighbours produced a brilliant assembly. Dr. Robertson, Indego, Commissioner to the Prince Consort, occupied the chair. Suitable toasts, songs, and interesting addresses were forthcoming on all hands. The Chairman told several anecdotes of Burns which he had received from the persons to whom the poet had related them. The Rev. J. Wattie, croupier, gave an address on "The beauties of Burns' Poems;" Mr. Grant, Tarland, sung "Scots wha hae," and "For a that, and a' that;" Mr. Troup, Pet, sang "Of a' the airts the win' can blaw." "Auld Langsyne" was the signal for opening the ball, which went off beautifully.

TARVES.—Here, about forty of the most respectable farmers and gentlemen in the parish sat down to an excellent dinner, prepared by Mrs. Duguid, of the New Inn. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Shepherd, Shethin—Mr. Melvin acting as croupier. After dinner, the Chairman, in briefest, though most appropriate and glowing terms, gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." "The Man of Independent Mind" was then given by the Croupier, as one of the most striking characteristics of Burns—a toast the effect of which was greatly enhanced by the song, "A man's a man for a' that," which immediately followed. "The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter." Toasts and sentiments

nailed wi' Burns were given and cordially responded to, and the spirit of the evening did not for a moment flag.

THORNHILL.—Thornhill was not behind in giving her hearty response to the world-wide ovation to the memory of Scotland and the world's immortal peasant bard. The procession formed at 12 o'clock, and followed the route indicated in the programme. The arches, and banners fluttering in the breeze, had a very gay and tasteful appearance. On the return of the procession to the Cross, suitable addresses to the crowd were delivered by Mr. Thomas Kellock and Mr. John M'Caig. At the dinner which was held in the Masons' Hall, 227 sat down, and another hundred tickets could easily have been disposed of had there been accommodation. The Chairman, Mr. John Hastings of Liverpool, was supported right and left by Mr. Thomas Kellock, and Mr. Leach of Kirkland; and the croupier, Mr. William Brown, was supported on the right by Mr. James Hastings, author of 'Hartley Hall,' and on the left by Mr. Jones of Manchester. After dinner the usual loyal and patriotic toasts having been proposed from the chair,

The Chairman gave the toast of the evening in a speech which was most enthusiastically applauded throughout. He took a wide and comprehensive view not only of the poet's writings, but of the incidents of his life. He said—It was a pitiless stormy night that one a hundred years ago, when he whose name all Britain is uttering this evening came on to the stage of life. That night, so rough and harsh, seemed to indicate the future career of the poet, his struggles, his poverty, and his early death. It is for us to atone if we can for that boisterous career. He was poor, because it was the will of God he should be so, more than his own shortcomings. Genius such as his seldom accompanies the plodding money-making mind, and thus it is that genius, unless supported by those for whom it toils and suffers, generally lives and dies in misery. But Robert Burns was born to manifest to the world how an Ayrshire lad could rise to a pinnacle of fame, and how mighty genius is not to be hid under a bushel. Every Scotchman to-night would give almost his right hand away if he could first shake that one which wrote the lines to "Highland Mary," or "Auld Langsyne." How the very words of the last song remind us of parting hours with old friends, hand-in-hand singing those memorable words. Their cordial truth and honest meaning find an echo in every faithful heart; and in the moments of sadness can we not turn to the "Twa Dogs," "Duncan Gray," &c., and become merry? Can we read "Tam o' Shanter" without marvelling at its author's power? can we read his great war-ode, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," without feeling that as long as we have blood in our veins to shed for our country, no foe shall ever tread upon the soil, nor any banner but that one of British liberty wave over it? (Great cheering.) Then we have the "Cottar's Saturday Night," enough to make the worldling pious. Its humble piety and fervent thoughts tell faithfully how tenderly Robert Burns' heart yearned towards the Giver of his intellect, and how he longed to be a good example to his fellow-creatures. He knew he should not be appreciated fully in his own time, and he appealed to the future, which is now, for that reward which was not granted to him then. Let us with one voice, therefore, commemorate his birth, his life, and his memory. He said himself that perhaps his natal day would figure in the almanacs with the Black Monday and the Battle of Bothwell Bridge. That expectation was a low estimate. The world is up in reverential praise of him. All the Black Mondays in the course of time, all the battles that were ever fought, never caused such a general day of festivity as the Centenary of the birth of the Ayrshire boy upon that tempestuous night. (Protracted applause.) The battles brought weeping and pains, Robert Burns has made us blithe and joyful.

> "To make a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife,
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."

(Cheers.) These were his tenets. Then from Thornhill, gentlemen—where I daresay Robert Burns often trod, for he knew my father well and other residents in this town—let the tribute we offer this night be one that comes from the heart, one that we would give were the poet himself here with his happy countenance, his joyful eyes, his sparkling wit, and generous soul. You know your duty, gentlemen; I will only pronounce the words that will act like magic throughout the land to-night—Robert Burns. (Great cheering.)

Song—"Rantin' Rovin' Robin," by Mr. R. M'Carlie.

The Croupier then, after a few preliminary words, said—It was while the poet was engaged in the humble but honourable occupation of farmer on the cold and unkindly soil of Mossgiel that his quick and penetrating eye was captivated with the charms of Jean Armour, and from that time his mind was so filled with her image that everything was full of poetry to him:

> "He saw her in the dewy flower,
> Sae lovely, sweet, and fair;

He heard her in the tuneful bird,
With music charm the air. (Cheers.)

The Croupier, after a few more remarks, proceeded to notice the intention of Burns to go abroad. But, he said, from the success of his published poems, Burns was induced to relinquish his Jamaica scheme, and push his fortune in Edinburgh. There he was all but idolized, and with £500 in his pocket came back to Mauchline and obtained his Bonnie Jean in lawful wedlock, and with her settled down at Ellisland as farmer and exciseman. She made an excellent wife, attending to her duties of the family and farm by day, and in the evening criticising the productions of his muse, or singing to him some of his latest songs. (Cheers.) Ellisland, however, turned out a bad speculation; perhaps Burns was a bad farmer; I fear he was, when he says:

"The rough burr-thistle, spreading wide
Among the bearded bere,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear."

Such sensibility will not do for the practical farmer, and so we next find him giving up farming altogether, and removing with his wife and little ones to Dumfries; and here it was that her trials increased—his income but small, and an appearance of respectability to keep up, while his company was more and more sought after. Still we find her the indulgent, uncomplaining wife. And now disease lays its ruthless hand upon the poet, and carries him off to an untimely grave. She is left with five helpless children, the oldest only ten years of age, the youngest born on the morning of his father's funeral. Surely a severe and trying position for her. And now we find that the God of the widow and the fatherless did not desert her, but raised her up friends for the poet's sake on every side, so that she and her children were placed above the fear of want. And here I am reminded of his prayer for her at a former period, in his epistle to Davie, to which I have already referred. He says—

"Thou Being all-seeing,
O hear my fervent prayer:
Still take her and make her
Thy most peculiar care."

And now that the name and fame of Burns were on every person's lips, we find her still the same modest unassuming woman, and that not for a year or two, but during her protracted widowhood of 38 years, and at last dying at Dumfries, beloved and respected by all who knew her. So that I have no doubt but you will agree with me in saying that she was indeed a model to her sex, whether as a wife, a mother, a widow, or an humble Christian. In conclusion, I am sure you will heartily join me in pledging "The Memory of the Widow of Robert Burns." (Great cheering.)

Song—"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," by Mr. J. Thomson.

Mr. R. Wallace gave "The Memory of Gilbert Burns."

Song—"A man's a man for a' that," by Mr. R. Brown.

Mr. J. Leach gave, in appropriate terms, "The Sons of Burns."

Song—"Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?" by Mr. J. Hastings.

Mr. J. Laidlaw gave the "Memory of Highland Mary."

Song—"Highland Mary," by Mr. W. Muirhead.

Mr. John M'Caig gave the "Memory of Wallace."

Song—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," by Mr. J. Hastings.

Mr. James Hastings, (author of "Hartley Hall,") proposed "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott."

Song—"Jock o' Hazeldean," by Mr. M'Carlie.

Mr. Peter Brown proposed "The Memory of the poet Robert Ferguson." After a few preparatory sentences, he said:—One hundred and eight years ago, in the metropolis of Scotland, did he first see the light. There, also, in the twenty-fourth year of his age, did he close his eyes in death. But his poetry hath embalmed his name, and declared that it shall last as long as time is told. And from the inseparable connection between Robert Ferguson and his successor Robert Burns, their names shall descend together through the dark vista of future ages. Robert Burns was pleased to acknowledge himself an imitator of Robert Ferguson, and that Ferguson's works were the key he applied to open his own poetic cabinet. Mr. Brown then spoke in high terms of Ferguson's works, and lamented his early death before his poems were matured. Mr. Brown then in feeling language depicted the sad close of Ferguson's career in a madhouse. His remains, he went on to say, were interred in the Canongate churchyard, where his grave remained quite undistinguished until Robert Burns appeared in Edinburgh. When he approached the grave of Ferguson it was with a slow and measured step. He uncovered his head, while his broad shoulders heaved as the fountain of his heart was opened, and down his cheeks in rapid succession ran the tears of pity, and bedewed the grave of poor Ferguson. He then knelt down and embraced the cold clay that enshrouded the remains of this illustrious poet. He afterwards obtained permission from the magistrates to erect a monument to the memory of Ferguson, which he inscribed with this beautiful stanza:

"No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay—
'No storied urn, nor animated bust:'
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her Poet's dust!"

(Great cheering.)

Song—"My Nannie's awa," by Mr. Thomson.

Mr. R. Thomson gave "The Memory of Thomas Campbell."

Song—"Ye Mariners of England," Mr. P. Brown.

Mr. H. Dalziel proposed "The Memory of the Ettrick Shepherd."

Mr. Thomas Jones proposed "The Memory of Lord Byron."

Song—"Lochnagar," by Mr. R. M'Carlie.

Mr. Joseph M'Caig gave "The Memory of Robert Tannahill."

Song—"Gloomy Winter," by Mr. J. Thomson.

Mr. W. Marshall gave "The Memory of Hugh Miller."

Song—"Land o' the Leal," by Mr. J. Hastings.

Mr. T. Kellock then gave "The Peasantry of Scotland."

Song—"My Nannie O," by Mr. P. Brown.

Mr. D. Mathison proposed "The Plough" in a few excellent observations.

Song—"John Anderson my jo, John," by Mr. G. Thomson.

Mr. Robert M'Carlie, of the Inland Revenue, gave "The Ladies."

Song—"Green grow the rashes, O," by Mr. R. Brown.

Burns' famous cantata, "The Jolly Beggars," was then given in character by Messrs. Kellock, Hastings, M'Carlie, Brown, and Muirhead, in a style which gave great entertainment to the company, and finely diversified the proceedings of the evening.

The Health of the Chairman was proposed by Mr. D. M'Call; that of the Croupier by Mr. William Leach; and that of Mr. Hastings by Mr. John M'Caig; and all the three toasts were feelingly responded to by the gentlemen to whom they referred. Thus closed the great centenary festival at Thornhill.

We may state that out of doors a barrel of ale was distributed at the Cross by Mr. William M'Caig, brewer, and boxes of oranges each, amongst the children, by Messrs. J. H. Kellock and William Davidson, merchants.

DINNER IN QUEENSBERRY ARMS HOTEL.—The number present was seventy. Dr. Russell of Breckonside in the chair. Messrs. Hunter, Morton Mill, and Hewitson, Auchinbenzie, officiated as croupiers. In proposing the memory of Robert Burns, the CHAIRMAN spoke as follows:—

Gentlemen,—It is just one hundred years this day since Robert Burns was ushered into a world in which was prepared for him much of enjoyment and much of suffering. We have met here in order to show our respect for the memory of this extraordinary man; and meetings, with the same object in view, have already assembled, or will yet assemble this evening, not only in every town of Scotland, but in every clime on the surface of the globe where Scotland's sons do congregate. But our meeting here in this small town of Thornhill is of very humble sort if compared with some of those other splendid assemblages, where the first men of the land will sit side by side, and the most eloquent amongst eloquent men will portray in "tones that breathe and words that burn" the joys and the sorrows of a man whose name will ever be his country's pride. But we will yield to none of them in our admiration of native genius and in our love for our native land. I will not presume to give an estimate of the character and writings of Robert Burns, or of the influence of these upon his countrymen. On these points judgment has already been pronounced long ago by the most competent authorities. He was gifted by nature with an intellect of the very highest order. If not the greatest, his was certainly the brightest genius that ever rose above the horizon of this, or perhaps of any other country. But, alas! his sun went down at noonday. And it was not till after his rays were quenched in irrevocable night, that his country began to perceive that the light he had shed upon them was the rarest gift of heaven. They discovered, when too late, that the stream they had drunk of had flowed from a fountain unsealed to mankind only once in many generations. Had his life been prolonged, with judgment matured, and the lessons of experience deeply impressed on his mind, what might he not have accomplished for his country and for his kind? One characteristic of Robert Burns next to his great genius, commands our admiration—his nationality or patriotism, his ardent love of his fatherland, its language, its customs, and its traditions. This sentiment was with him quite a passion, and strongly marks many of his best productions. Gentlemen,—It is usual to drink to the memory of the departed in solemn silence. But I presume to think that the rule does not apply in this case. We are met on the anniversary, not of the death but of the birth of Robert Burns—to rejoice that such a man was born in our country. I therefore call on you to drink the toast with every demonstration of joy. (Drunk with enthusiastic applause.)

Many other able speeches were delivered, and many of the poet's songs were sung with much spirit; and after spending a most delightful evening, the company separated at ten o'clock (they had met at four), after singing "Auld Langsyne," standing with hands joined.

THURSO.—The Procession.—The day dawned inauspiciously, and as the afternoon approached, the sky became still more threatening. Notwithstanding this, crowds gathered in the streets for the purpose of witnessing the proceedings, and pipers, followed by great numbers of the younger generation, attracted more by the novelty of the pipers than by their music, perambulated the town in different directions, and proceeded to Oldfield and Pennyland. At half-past twelve o'clock the Freemasons, marching to their favourite air, proceeded from the Caledonian Hotel, in beautiful order, adorned with aprons, and carrying in their hands their insignia, headed by the sword and standard-bearers, to the front of M'Donald's Square. The tailors, as being next in order of procession, proceeded from Swanson's Coffee-house, headed by several pipers. The shoemakers then followed, carrying a very beautiful flag, surmounted with a gilded crown, and carrying in their hands sticks, the point being shaped like that of a spear. The Thurso Musical Club now marched down to the Parish School, with their banner flying, to play the operative masons up to the starting point. The Club wore Balmoral bonnets, adorned with harps, while their flag also represented the same on a larger scale, along with other instruments peculiar to them. Having arrived at the School, they wheeled round and played back again, followed by the operative masons. Before marching a very severe shower of rain came on, drenching them all to the skin. Nothing daunted, however, the trades commenced marching, with pipes, drums, and flutes, accompanied by the John O'Groat Musical Club, who kindly came up from Wick for the occasion.

Exactly at one o'clock the various trades prepared to start from the place of rendezvous, "M'Donald's Square." At the time of starting, as well as during the whole time of the procession, the rain poured down in torrents, and the sudden gusts of wind rendered it no easy matter to keep their flags floating in the breeze. The way in which the different trades were marshalled did honour to the committee on whom this onerous duty devolved. Foremost amongst these we observed Mr. Smith, Pennyland, Mr. Stephen, Post-master, and Mr. Brims, Fiscal; the other gentlemen, who, as members of the Committee, had the onus of the preparations, being Messrs. J. Craig, J. Hay, W. Mackay, A. Duncan, J. Henderson, A. Maclean, and W. Shearer. During the procession, the serjeant and constables recently appointed, were also very serviceable in clearing the way, and looked exceedingly well in their new uniforms. Some rivalry had existed amongst the trades for the honour of taking the lead, but this was ultimately decided by lot, and the exact order of procession was as follows:—Band of pipers, Freemasons, band of pipers, tailors, John O'Groat Musical Band, shoemakers, Thurso Flute Band, masons, band of pipers, joiners. Each trade had an appropriate banner displaying pictorial illustrations of Burns' works, or bearing mottoes drawn either from the same source or from the proverbs of the country. The procession, thus formed, first marched out as far as Pennyland on the Scrabster Road, when they returned, and for some time perambulated the town. The music was varied and excellent, and would not have disgraced a town with infinitely higher pretensions than the Thurso people have the modesty to lay claim to. In spite of the fulminations from the pulpit, the vast majority of the people had made up their minds to honour our national bard with a holiday, and a holiday they determined to have, come what might. They seemed to look upon the processionists with no little pride, and they had good reason for so doing, for their countenances, beaming with health, their robust forms, and imposing array, tended to inspire that love which Scotchmen proverbially entertain for their country and their countrymen.

The Dinner.—The dinner pa ty consisted of about forty gentlemen belonging to the town and neighbourhood. They assembled in the hall of Bain's Hotel, where, under the presidency of D. Smith, Esq., Pennyland, and with Mr. Dunbar of Brawl Castle as croupier, they sat down at five o'clock to a dinner in every respect worthy of the reputation of the house and its *cuisine*, a prominent dish on the table being a real Scotch haggis. Besides a number of gentlemen resident in Thurso, the party included Mr. Walker, Barrogill, Mr. J. Purves, jun., Mr. W. Purves, Lieut. Smith, Mr. M'Kidd, Mr. Mackay, and others, and, but for unavoidable circumstances, their number would have been considerably augmented by the attendance of other gentlemen from different parts of the county.

On the removal of the cloth, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were very happily proposed by the Chairman, and drunk with due honours.

The health of the Lord-Lieutenant of the county followed. In proposing the toast, the Chairman referred to his Lordship as a nobleman of whom Caithness, as well as his own class, might well be proud. But for his having to leave the county, he would have honoured them that night with his presence, and have occupied the chair. By the Chairman and Croupier alternately the toasts of the health of County and Burgh Members, Sir George Sinclair, Bart., J. G. T. Sinclair, &c., were afterwards given, the sentiments expressed by the

gentlemen in connection with each being heartily responded to by the company.

The Chairman then gave the toast of the evening—"Burns, Scotia's Immortal Bard." In doing so he said, he whom they were met to honour that night had left behind him, as an inspired poet and a patriot, a name which would never die. Keeping in view not what faults he might have had, but the noble parts of the man, which reflected honour not alone upon himself, but all who could claim him as a countryman, they had met there to keep the recollection of him fresh in their memories, and he rejoiced to see the enthusiasm with which the toast was received. In organising this demonstration for that purpose they had, neither directly nor indirectly, interfered with any one, but were actuated simply by a desire to follow the worthy example of their countrymen both at home and abroad. He was sorry, however, that, notwithstanding this, they had been made the subject of much misrepresentation and even declamation from the pulpit, and one gentleman had, he understood, in the course of a severe lecture for their benefit, gone the length of comparing their demonstration to the worship of the devil, or saying something to the same effect. He would abstain from noticing such conduct; it was beneath him to do so; and they should treat it with the silent contempt it deserved. They would look to the bright side of the picture, and having, he hoped, not less intelligence than those who decried their proceedings, express in word and deed their admiration of the bright genius and the many virtues of the world-renowned Robert Burns.

The toast was responded to by the company with indescribable enthusiasm.

The Chairman subsequently gave "The Memory of Robert Burns," which was drunk in solemn and impressive silence. Another toast drunk in solemn silence was "The Memory of Hugh Miller," proposed by Mr. Craig.

The Croupier gave "The Bards of Scotland." In connection with the toast, he read some impromptu verses by Mr. James T. Calder, whose health was drunk, and upon whom high encomiums were passed as a countryman eminent for his taste and talent.

The clerical, medical, and legal professions were subsequently recognised, the Chairman and Croupier, with other gentlemen, taking occasion in the course of their remarks to condemn the arrogant spirit displayed by a minority of the clergy, in exercising their much-abused power to banish from society all taste for those innocent pleasures and amusements which were the salt of life, and to substitute for it a dark, dead, unhappy, and unhealthy existence.

A well-selected list of toasts was afterwards gone through, all the speakers, in language more or less eloquent, paying tributes to the immortal memory of the poet.

As the evening advanced, local and personal toasts alternated, and with these, and with some of Burns' best songs, well sung by different gentlemen in the company, the good-fellowship and hilarity which were the distinguishing characteristics of the meeting were preserved until the approach of the small hours, when the proceedings were fitly concluded with the song of "Auld Langsyne."

THE SOIREE.—It was expected that James Sinclair, Esq. of Forss, would preside at the soiree, but, as the weather continued boisterous, and as that gentleman has been somewhat indisposed of late, he did not find it possible to be present. Mr. Stephen, post-master, read an apology from Mr. Sinclair, and was thereafter voted into the chair.

In the decoration of the hall for the occasion with banners, evergreens, &c., much taste and skill were displayed. The chair was fancifully embowered in a canopy formed of fir twigs and moss, with a recess immediately above the chair, in which was placed a small but handsome portrait of the immortal poet. Opposite the chair a large thistle was displayed, surrounded with a double circle of evergreens, having on one side a picture of "Tam o' Shanter," and on the other "The Twa Dogs." The monotony of the walls was in other parts relieved by wreaths and tortillons appropriately disposed.

The stewards then brought in an abundant supply of tea, cake, &c., and, a blessing having been asked by Mr. Taylor, teacher, Forss, the audience proceeded to enjoy the good things provided, the band playing the while several excellent airs. The national anthem having then been performed, the Chairman briefly addressed the assembled party. In the course of his remarks he said—It may be well for us to inquire what has brought us here to-night. To do honour to the memory of a fellow-countryman, born a hundred years ago, and who has since passed to the tomb. Not because there were no other poets in Scotland do we give so high a place to Burns. We have reason to be proud of our country, for it has produced many eminent men in every department of science and literature. Not because Burns was a Scottish bard, but because he was *the* Bard of Scotland, do we ever wish to honour his memory. This it is that endears Burns to every Scottish breast in every country and under every clime. (Applause.)

Several of Burns' songs having been sung with great glee, Mr. Taylor recited with much taste an original ode. The seats and tables were then so arranged as to admit of a prome-

nade, and, that concluded, the company received a service of fruit. Several excellent songs, both comic and sentimental, and two comic recitations, followed, and for the remainder of the evening the entertainment was varied by promenades, by songs from Mr. Ross and others, and by the excellent music of the band and pipers present. Votes of thanks to Mr. Taylor, to the Chairman, and to others, concluded the proceedings, and at midnight all parted highly satisfied therewith.

TILLICOULTRY.—On the evening of Tuesday the 25th January, a grand dinner took place in Cargill's Hotel, Tillicoultry. Upwards of forty gentlemen were present. J. Macturk, Esq., acted as chairman, and Robert Walker, Esq., officiated as croupier. After doing justice to a sumptuous dinner, the loyal toasts were given by the chairman and croupier, and drunk with loud applause, after which Mr. M'Call sung "The Red, White, and Blue."

Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle," by Mr. Denham.

The CHAIRMAN then proposed "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." In doing so he said,—This, gentlemen, is no ordinary occasion on which we have met. Ours is no trivial, no merely local, no party object. For were it so, why is it that at this moment, throughout the length and breadth of our land—in the obscure hamlet as well as in the wealthy and populous city—so many enthusiastic groups are gathered by hundreds and by thousands for the same purpose with ourselves?—and not merely in Scotland, or in England, or in Ireland, but wherever throughout the world a leal-hearted Scotchman, or the descendant of a Scotchman, is found. (Cheers.) Our kinsmen of the United States and our brethren of Canada, in the lofty halls of their great cities—the scattered Backwoods-men of America, round the blazing hearth of some log-cabin in the wilderness—the gold-miners of California and Australia, in their rude huts near the river's brink—our soldiers, round their camp-fires in the jungles of India—are met, like ourselves, to do honour to the great poet of our native land. The peer has left his palace and the peasant his cottage; the merchant his ledger and the man of letters his books; all distinctions of wealth and rank for the season set aside, and are at this moment generously vieing with each other which shall twine the brightest laurels for the wreath of Robert Burns. (Applause.) And most fitting it is that it should be so. Poets and poetry have been held in high estimation in all ages of the world and in all stages of society. The art is one of the earliest to take its rise and the latest to decay. If we are thus to believe, as I do, that poets in general are the great sweeteners of life and refiners of society, with justice may we exclaim—"Blessings be with them and eternal praise!" But how much more nearly does it concern us that we should render all due homage to the name of him who is emphatically our own—the poet of Scotland—the poet of our hearths and homes—the poet whose words more than any one's else have electrified our hearts, and whose name is "familiar in our mouths as household words." Most fitting it is, that Scotland as a nation should meet this day to rejoice over the birth of one who, of all her long array of illustrious heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets, is her greatest ornament and glory; that the noble and the eloquent should thrill admiring multitudes with his story like "the electric shock of a nation's gratitude." (Cheers.) By his intense nationality and ardent patriotism, Burns has done more than any other man to endear his native land to the heart of the Scottish exile, and to awaken within him the tenderest recollections of the home and the friends of his youth. As in the tale of the Forty Thieves, "Open, Sesame" were the magic words that at once unlocked the cave with the golden treasure, so a quotation from Burns is a passport to a Scotchman's heart. The mention of his name is like an acknowledged sign of free-masonry with him all over the world. He was indeed a mighty musician who could strike at pleasure every chord of that infinitely varied and grandest of all instruments, the human heart; and his was the skill not of deep study and patient investigation, but of the true home-born intuitions of genius. He imbued everything he touched with some engrossing human emotion, and he has touched nothing which he has not adorned. Does he describe the homely manners of the Scottish peasantry, as in "Hallowe'en" and the "Cottar's Saturday Night"—and "rustic life and poverty grow beautiful beneath his touch." Does he wish to show us the true inspiration of genius?—and he extracts the finest poetry—true pathos, humour, and even sublimity, from the most unlikely subjects—a field mouse and a mountain daisy. He balances himself on the hind-legs of his elbow chair, and he turns off the most exquisite songs in the world. He lies for hours in a clear frosty night among straw in the farm-yard of Ellisland gazing intently on the evening star,—and next morning he produces that deepest, saddest utterance ever wrung from the human heart—his address to "Mary in Heaven." We see him riding at full gallop along the bleak moors of Galloway, amidst the driving storm—and he fires the soul with patriotism and glory in "Scots wha

hae." We see him striding like a madman for three successive hours along the banks of the Nith, and before the day has closed he has already composed that masterpiece of genius—the inimitable "Tam o' Shanter." (Great applause.) The width of his sympathies is unbounded. It extends over all nature—and even beyond it. He saves a mouse from the "murdering pattle" of his ploughboy, and he makes it immortal. He sees a wounded hare limp by him, and he bursts forth into stanzas of noble indignation at the inhumanity of man. Does he describe a winter storm? He cannot but think of

> "the ourie cattle,
> Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle
> O' winter war,
> And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle
> Beneath a scaur.
>
> "Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
> That in the merry month o' spring,
> Delighted me to hear thee sing,
> What comes o' thee?
> Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
> And close thy e'e?"

Even in his inimitable "Address to the Deil," he cannot help expressing sympathy for his fate and a hope for his salvation:—

> "But fare ye weel, Auld Nickie-ben!
> Oh, wad ye tak a thocht and men'!
> Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
> Still hae a stake;
> I'm wae to think upon yon den,
> Even for your sake!"

(Laughter.) It is this constant appeal to the deepest human passion that is the true secret of his power and the enduring cause of his popularity:—so true is it that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." And it is this which, in a great measure, made the publication of the poetry of Burns date a new era in the history of the literature of our country. By his original songs, and by his improvements upon those which he found, the work of nameless bards—many of them floating fragmentary and unwritten among the peasantry of Scotland—he has left us such a body of national songs as no other country can boast of. And were it for nothing else than this, Burns must ever hold a distinguished place as the benefactor of his species, and one of the greatest though unacknowledged legislators of his country. (Applause.)

But Burns was no mere poet—no mere man of imagination with the other faculties weak or undeveloped. In his poetry everywhere, indeed, he "impresses the stamp of his understanding upon the offspring of his fancy;" but his prose compositions still more strikingly demonstrate that the powers of his understanding were perhaps even greater than those of his imagination, and that there was no walk of literature in which he was not fitted to excel. The extraordinary fascination of his conversation proved how well he could have wielded the thunder of eloquence and commanded the applause of listening senates. His great powers, indeed, if subjected to a different discipline and placed in other circumstances, might have enlarged the boundaries of human knowledge, might have led armies to victory or empires to glory. (Applause.)

"Burns was a poor man by birth, and an exciseman by necessity; but," he has himself finely said, "the sterling of his honest worth poverty could not debase, and his independent British spirit oppression might bend, but could not subdue." (Cheers.) Whilst we remember with sorrow that there are dark spots on his fame, we remember with pride that the splendour of his fame, like the lustre of the sun, will bear many spots. Whilst we regard his virtues with admiration and love, let us, in charity, throw the veil of oblivion over his frailties, and remember his poverty and neglect, his sufferings and untimely tomb. And I would point to his own confession on his Epitaph:—

> "The poor inhabitant below,
> Was quick to learn, and wise to know,
> And keenly felt the friendly glow
> And softer flame;
> But thoughtless follies laid him low,
> And stained his name!"

Let him who would still detract from the memory of fallen greatness reflect with humility on his own errors, and learn to exercise that Christian charity which he may himself so largely require. (Hear, hear.) "The Immortal Memory of Burns!" (Cheers.)

Song—"Highland Mary," by Mr. Anderson.

The next toast given was the "Poets and Poetry of Scotland," by Mr. J. Gilfillan.

Song—"The Garb of old Gaul," by Mr. T. Hall, and a recitation by Mr. Thomas Graham. Mr. Vicars gave "Willie brewed a peck o' Maut."

Mr. Keyden proposed the "Scottish Peasantry."

"A Man's a Man for a' that," was then sung by Mr. J. Ure, and "Duncan Gray" by Mr. R. Monteath, after which Mr. A. Walker rose and proposed "The Health of the Scotch Lasses."

"Green grow the Rashes, O," was then sung by Mr. Ure, and a recitation given by Mr. Graham, after which Mr. Hall sung very finely, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

Mr. D. Anderson proposed "The Land of Burns."

Song—"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," by Mr. Ure.

Mr. Vicars proposed "The Press."

Song—"My Nannie's awa," by Mr. Ure.

Mr. J. Gilfillan proposed the "Cause of Education."

The next toast proposed was "Scotland," from the Chairman, who made a few neat remarks, after which "Scotland yet" was sung by Mr. Denham.

Mr. P. Dow then proposed the "Town and Trade of Tillicoultry," coupled with the health of Mr. J. Rolland, who replied. Song—"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," by Mr. Hall, and "My Nannie O," by Mr. Mills, after which "The Agriculture of the District" was proposed by Mr. Robert Graham, in a few neat and appropriate remarks, which was drunk, and replied to by Mr. J. Ritchie. "Corn Riggs," by Mr. Denham, was then sung. Mr. Vicars proposed the Health of the worthy Chairman; Mr. Gilfillan proposed the Health of the Croupier, both of which were responded to and drunk with great glee. Messrs. Mills and Monteath afterwards sung some other songs. Mr. R. Graham, sen., and Mr. Thomas Graham gave each a recitation, after which the company joined in singing "Auld Langsyne," and parted highly gratified with the evening's enjoyment.

Great credit is certainly due to Mr. Cargill for the manner in which he got up the dinner. The large room was finely decorated with evergreens, and the dinner given in first-rate style.

The inhabitants, to the number of about three thousand, paraded the principal streets in the evening, carrying various coloured torches, and accompanied by three bands and a number of pipers. After the procession, about seven hundred adjourned to the Hall and Independent Chapel, (two separate buildings, there not being a room in the town large enough,) where fruit soirees and concerts were held. Mr. James Snowdowne filled the chair in the Chapel, and Mr. Peter Smeaton in the Hall. After tea, the meeting in the Chapel was addressed by the Chairman, and afterwards by the Rev. Mr. Craigie, Tillicoultry. The remainder of the evening was enlivened by several gentlemen reading the poems and singing the songs of the bard.

TOMNAVOULIN.—Mr. Grant, schoolmaster here, gave a lecture on Burns' life and poetry to a large audience. The style of lecture was admirable; and at the close Mr. Grant interspersed some admirable advice to young men.

TONGLAND.—Burns' centenary was celebrated in this parish by a concert and ball. The concert was given by a party of amateurs within the School-room. Mr. James Murray, author of "The Maid of Galloway," in a neat and eloquent address, passed a high eulogium on the life and genius of the Poet. Mr. Murray resumed his seat amidst great applause. Mr. Andrew Alexander then sung "There was a Lad was born in Kyle." M. M'Girvan then sung, "I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen." Mr. Urquhart, "Highland Mary," "Ye Banks and Braes," as a duet, and "Ca the Ewes to the Knowes," by the ladies. A great many more of Burns' choice songs were sung during the evening with great taste and feeling, which called forth the plaudits of all present. The company was honoured with the presence of one of the very few now alive who attended the mortal remains of our immortal Bard to their last resting-place in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries. After the concert was concluded, a well-attended ball was held in Ringford, which was kept up to an advanced hour in the morning, when all departed, well satisfied with their night's entertainment.

TRANENT.—The centenary of Scotland's bard was celebrated here in a most enthusiastic and patriotic style. All classes of the community joined heart and hand in the celebration. In Messrs. Black and Nimmo's inns large and respectable companies sat down to excellent dinners, and the evening was enlivened by speeches, songs, and toasts most appropriate to the occasion. The great toast of the evening —"The Immortal Memory of Burns," was received with heartfelt rapture. The Mechanics' Society also had a dinner in their own hall; and the tradesmen of the town held a ball in the evening in honour of the great occasion. It may be mentioned that Mrs. Begg and her daughters, sister and nieces of the great poet, resided for some years in Tranent.

TROON.—The large railway shed was splendidly decorated with flags, flowers, evergreens, pictures, landscapes, and portraits; amongst the last were to be seen those of Burns, and the late Duke of Portland. At seven o'clock, between eighty and ninety ladies and gentlemen sat down to supper. The supper was provided by Messrs. White and Jones, and was tastefully arranged and well served up. The liquors were supplied by Messrs. Shields & Finlay, and were pronounced to be excellent. A band was in attendance, who sang some of the most heart-stirring and sweetest songs of the Ayrshire Poet in their best style. John Gairdner, Esq., Comptroller

of Customs, ably presided, and Andrew Cowan Esq., coal-agent, acted as croupier. The day was kept as a holiday, and flags were hoisted at the harbour, and on several places in the town; and a number of parties met in the evening in private houses.

TURRIFF.—By twelve noon all the places of business here were closed for the day, and things appeared silent and sombre until two P.M. At that hour a gay and goodly company assembled on the Square, consisting of the united trades of Turriff, ranged under their appropriate banners, and bearing each some insignia of their calling. Headed by the instrumental band, mounted on an omnibus, and drawn by a pair of spirited chargers, they perambulated the several streets of the burgh. It is calculated that nearly two hundred joined in this trades' walk. The band kindly gave their services gratuitously, as did also Mr. Taylor the use of his omnibus and horses.

A social tea-meeting was held in the Hall in the evening, under the management of the Mutual Improvement Association, and here, too, everything was successful. Not fewer than 370 or 380 are believed to have been present, and to this number the stewardesses readily supplied refreshments, although only three hundred were expected. Bailie Hutcheon and Mr. Storrar divided the labours of the chairmanship, and delivered excellent addresses upon "The bygone Century," and "Burns as a Member of Society," respectively. Besides these, the meeting was entertained by addresses from Mr. Wallace on "Burns parting with Mary Campbell;" Mr. Kerr on "Burns a Satirist;" Mr. M'Andrew on "Burns an elevator of the Working-Classes;" Mr. Duncan on "Burns as a Writer of Love Poetry." A number of pieces from the works of the immortal bard were recited by Messrs. Oliphant, Smith, Sime, Pirie, Barclay, and Webster, all of whom reflected great credit on themselves and the association with which they are connected. The Misses and Mr. Shand, from Bogton, sang a number of Burns' sweetest songs, in a style which charmed all, and would have enchanted the Bard of Ayr could he have heard the sweet melody. The Turriff Instrumental Band was also in attendance, and discoursed music in their usual able manner.

UPHALL. — The Burns Centenary was celebrated here by a dinner, held in Mr. David Glen's. A large company assembled, notwithstanding that many had engaged themselves to parties in Bathgate and Edinburgh. The toast of the evening, after an appropriate address from the Chairman—Captain Shairp—was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Mr. Lind also handsomely entertained the men in his employment with a supper. Binny Craig was lighted up with a splendid bonfire.

WALKERBURN.—The centenary has been observed here with a zeal and spirit that we believe will not have been eclipsed by any demonstrations in any part of Scotland.

SUPPER.—All the adult males in the place had a supper together in the evening, when a plentiful supply of "the great chieftains o' the pudding race" vanished in a style that fully sustained the high reputation Walkerburn has acquired for its appetite-creating powers.

Mr. DAVID THOMSON occupied the chair, and in a few pointed remarks, opened the proceedings. "Auld Langsyne" was then sung by the audience, after which the gentlemen wi' the sonsie faces were introduced to the company by Mr. Robert Melrose, who recited Burns' address to the haggis in a style which he and no other can do. After supper, the Chairman gave as a toast "The Memory of Burns," which was drunk in silence. Mr. George Howden gave "Prosperity to Scotland," in a speech of remarkable power and conciseness. The Chairman gave "The Lasses o' Walkerburn," paying a high eulogium to them for the taste and spirit they had displayed in getting up their demonstration in honour of our greatest bard. Songs and readings exclusively Burns' were given alternately during the evening;—the vocal part being contributed by Messrs. Christison, Tait, Morris, and Cameron; while the readings were given by Messrs. G. Tait, A. Willison, Robert Melrose, and John Melrose. The most remarkable fact connected with the affair, however, was, that we had no less than four poets forward with original productions on this occasion. They were W. Dow, Robert Melrose, Peter Morton, and David Thomson. The excitement created by these and the other amusements rendered the meeting an extremely happy one, and prolonged it till an advanced hour in the morning.

A demonstration got up by the lasses of Walkerburn came off in the evening, when between thirty and forty sat down to an excellent supper. We cannot give particulars, but we understand they had a very happy meeting. A number of Burns' songs were sung, and some toasts proposed, among which was "The Memory of Burns," given from the chair. An

original song composed for the ladies by Peter Morton, elicited great applause. The meeting lasted till an early hour in the morning; and throughout was conducted in a style that reflected the highest credit on the management.

WANLOCKHEAD.—The miners met and formed a procession, with flags flying, and carrying a plough; they walked around the village, with an instrumental band playing appropriate music. At six o'clock 170 met together to celebrate the centenary of Burns, under the presidency of Mr. Thomas B. Stewart, engineer, who, after having given the usual loyal toasts, and the Army and Navy, coupled with the health of Lord Clyde, with all the honours, gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns." During the course of his speech the Chairman considered Burns as a Christian, as a man, as a poet, and as a song writer. As a poet, Professor Wilson was quoted when he says that Burns' poetry "has the greatest of all merits—life-pervading and life-breathing truth." When he came to speak of Burns as a song writer he dwelt upon the beauty and force of many of his songs, and classed among the first "A man's a man for a' that;" also observing that to Scotsmen abroad the songs of Burns were the still, not small, but sweet voices which whispered to them across the waters that Scotland still stands firm, though ruggedly pre-eminent, the Land of Liberty, the home of the brave and the free. The Chairman concluded by asking the company to drink with him a cup from the brim to the bottom to the memory of Robert Burns, the Poet of Scotland—the Poet of Scotland's people—and the Poet of Scotland's nationality.—Mr. Shannon, croupier, gave the health of the surviving relatives of Burns, with a few appropriate remarks; and Mr. Gilbert Carmichael sung elegantly "A man's a man for a' that." The Rev. Mr. Hastings gave, at considerable length, the Poets and Poetry of the United Kingdom, expatiating on the history and traits of Burns' character as a poet, Milton's, Sir Walter Scott's, and Moore's Irish melodies; and mentioned many other bright names which adorn our hemisphere. Mr. Dawson, teacher, recited "Tam o' Shanter" in a very interesting and correct manner. Mr. Shannon proposed the health of the Duke of Buccleuch, and pointed out his many excellencies as a landlord. Mr. John Watson sang, beautifully, "John Anderson my Joe."

A variety of songs and toasts were given, and after Mr. Thomas Muir had proposed the health of the Ladies, Mr. Thomas Little the health of the Croupier, and Mr. William Weir the health of the Chairman, who had acquitted himself so nobly, and he was sure to the highest satisfaction of the meeting, the company separated, obviously highly pleased and delighted with the entertainment of the evening, concluding by standing up and singing "Auld Langsyne."

WATERSIDE.—The most important demonstration of our valley took place at this village, which belongs to the Dalmellington Iron Company. About ten days before the 25th a few young men met and resolved on a commemoration festival; to consist, 1st, of a display of fireworks; 2d, of a supper party; 3d, of a ball. A sum of money was subscribed and despatched to Mr. Barlow, pyrotechnist, Glasgow, for a selection of rockets, Roman candles, &c. This part of the programme, unfortunately did not make the display that was expected, owing to the violence of the storm of wind, sleet and rain. The fireworks that did go off were beautiful, but the greater portion gave but a feeble sputter and died in the vain attempt to ascend to the clouds, and the remainder were withdrawn for some future occasion. The supper party assembled at eight o'clock in the joiners' shop, which was elegantly fitted up for the occasion. The number who sat down to partake of a well-dressed supper of hot joints, &c., &c., was about 250; and if the sparks and flames of the fireworks, out of doors, made no display, there was plenty of young sparks and flames within doors, besides a goodly number of douce guidmen and sonsy wives. Few assemblages, gathered together for the centenary celebration, could be found that made a more respectable appearance. The appearance had that of a full dress party that might have done credit to any city or town in Scotland. It is true, that they were every one hardy sons of toil from the mines, the furnaces and workshop; yet their conduct and manners could not have been better had they been the finest ladies and gentlemen of the land. The Rev. Thomas E. Macfadyen presided over the banquet, and Mr. Dickson, underground manager, was croupier. The usual loyal and constitutional toasts were given from the chair, and responded to with hearty good will. The memory of Burns was proposed after a speech of some length from the chair, in which reference was made to the character of Burns as a man, and as a poet; the many good qualities of his character in both views were dwelt upon, while all sympathy with anything objectionable in either was repudiated. The Croupier gave the living poets of Scotland, coupled with Mr. Crawford of the Railway Station, as no mean specimen of the rising men of talent. Mr. Crawford responded with some original verses. The living relatives of Burns was pro-

posed by Mr. Crawford. Mr. Hopple, smith; Mr. Gavin, clerk to the Iron Company; Mr. Tweedie, engineman; and Mr. Fulton, &c., &c., in neat, appropriate and eloquent speeches, proposed the sentiments and toasts usually given at similar meetings. We must not omit the hearty response that hailed the toast of success to the Iron Company, coupled with the name of Mr. John Houldsworth; and the proposal of the health of Mr. John Hunter, the manager, who always takes a deep interest in the welfare of the men under his charge, and to whom the meeting was indebted for the room for their accommodation. Messrs. Crawford, Gavin, Hugh Crawford, M'Clelland, Begg, &c., sang a variety of Burns' songs, and Messrs. Halliday and Muir varied the amusements by reciting "Man was made to mourn" and the "Twa dogs." The supper company broke up at half-past twelve, and the ball, which was held in the pattern loft, handsomely fitted up for the occasion, held the votaries of the light fantastic toe for some time longer. Both parties separated highly gratified with the night's proceedings.

WEMYSS (EAST). About six o'clock, between forty and fifty gentlemen sat down to supper in the Hall, the walls of which were tastefully decorated with ships' flags and colours, and at the head of the room was displayed the national standard. Mr. J. G. Robertson, teacher, occupied the chair, supported on the right and left by Mr. W. Burns, West Wemyss, and Mr. James Forrester, Kennoway. Mr. Walter Black officiated as croupier. After ample justice had been done to the good things provided, the Chairman, in a neat address, opened the business of the evening. Then in succession were sung a number of Burns' best songs. The night drove on with song and clatter, and the company did not mind the storm that raged without. Several pieces of original composition were recited, which were much applauded, particularly the piece by Mr. Thomas Ness. Mr. John Ness gave some recitations from Burns' works with fine taste. Mr. Walter Ness sang "Afton Water" and "Scots wha hae" with grand effect. Mr. George Oswald came out in the comic line, and was a treat to all present. Mr. W. Burns gave an address on the genius of the poet, showing the temptations and difficulties he had to contend with, and even amid them all he poured forth the effusions of his muse. Thus with speech, sentiment, and song, the night glided away. The whole was kept up with untiring energy till an early hour next morning, when all parted in peace and harmony.

A few also met in Miss Burt's tavern, and, after partaking of pies, &c., pledged a bumper to the memory of the immortal Burns. The greatest good humour prevailed at this meeting also.

WEMYSS (WEST).—Tuesday was ushered in by the ringing of the town bell, and the floating of the town banner from the steeple. By nine A.M., a procession was formed by Mr. Alexander Williamson of this place in the character of Tam o' Shanter, mounted on his grey mare Meg, having on the real Tam's breeches, gamashes, bonnet, plaid, and everything else conforming, supported by Mr. Wm. Salmond in the character of Souter Johnny, with red night-cap, leathern apron, leggings, &c., &c., followed by Mr. Robert Anderson, also on horseback, in the character of Kate, Tam's better half, dressed in white tosh, sow-backed mutch, petticoats, &c., followed by a band of music. After perambulating the town they proceeded through East Wemyss, and thence to Leven, where they were joined by congregated thousands. In the evening a numerous company of the admirers of Burns sat down to an excellent supper in the Town Hall—Bailie Robert Morrison in the chair; Mr. Thomas Williamson croupier. After the usual toasts were given and heartily responded to, then came the toast of the evening from the chair, "The Memory of the Immortal Burns," to which the Chairman did great justice. The Croupier being called upon for his toast, gave "J. H. E. Wemyss, Esq., Lord of the Manor." Tune—"Whigs of Fife." Bailie Baxter, in a very neat speech, proposed "The Health of J. Bywater, Esq., factor on Wemyss estate for nearly half-a-century." Councillor Robert Hendry then gave "The Bulwarks of Britain, the Army and Navy." Mr. Alexander Williamson sung in great glee, "Rantin,' rovin' Robin." Chairman's song—"A man's a man for a' that." The night was spent with toast, song, and sentiment.

WESTERKIRK.—In this parish, the birthplace of Telford, and the four famed knights of Eskdale, the centenary of Burns was celebrated by a party of upwards of fifty dining together in the Johnstone Arms Inn, Bentpath—Mr. James Moffat, farmer, Midknock, occupying the chair; Mr. William Graham, Cariesgill, being croupier. The evening was passed with great delight, appropriate song and toast passing round the table right and left.

WESTQUARTER.—Burns centenary was here, as in other places, celebrated in the Parish School of Glasford, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion with flowers and

evergreens—Mr. M'Nab, teacher, in the chair. The company, upwards of 200, having partaken of a rich repast, the Chairman, previously to introducing the musical performers, delivered an able and instructive address on the life, character, and genius of him whose natal day they had met to commemorate. The musical department, vocal and instrumental, was truly excellent, and its being made up of non-professionals, testifies how dearly and universally appreciated are the lays of Coila's bard. Fruits, &c., were distributed in course of the evening, and the proceedings altogether terminated to the satisfaction of (if such there were) even the most fastidious. Votes of thanks were unanimously accorded to the several parties that had so cheerfully contributed to the evening's entertainment, as also to Mr. M'Nab for the efficient and instructive manner in which he discharged the duties of the chair.

WEST-WATER.—Mr. D. M'G. Peter, teacher of Tillybardyne School here, celebrated Burns centenary in his own way, viz., by extemporising—

> "O! eighteen hundred and fifty-nine,
> In Westwater thou'lt aye mindit be!
> For there 'a blast o' Januar' win'
> Ushered in Burns' centenary.

He then told his pupils that that day was the hundredth birthday of the poet Burns, consequently called *centenary*. That the original name of the poet was Burnes, and derived from the abrogated parish of Burnes, in the island of Sanday, Argyleshire; that his great-grandfather, James Burnes (b. 1656), farmer of Brawlinmoor, Glenbervy, Mearns; that his grandfather, Robert Burnes, took a lease of the farm of Clochanhill, near Stonehaven, but was reduced to poverty by the "great frost of 1740." His two sons, James and William, went south to push their fortunes—the former settling at Montrose as a joiner; the latter, Burns' father, was bred a gardener. The former, Burns' uncle, was great-grandfather of Dr. James Burnes, knight of Hanover, and Mr. Adam Burnes, writer in Montrose. Mr. Peter then caused his Collection Class to read "To Mary in Heaven," (as the only specimen of Burns' works within the school.) At the conclusion thereof, he told them how "apt the author (Burns) was to learn, and quick to know"—how that he was a good grammarian at the early age of ten years. He then compared Burns' works to a well-stocked garden, with most beautiful flowers, delicious fruits, but many poisonous plants alongside of these, requiring a skilful botanist to feast upon them; consequently Burns' works required a fine taste to select the flowers and fruit, and leave alone the poisonous plants. Mr. Peter then told his audience how the times Burns lived in were full of loose expressions; compared with the present, both "gentle and simple" were coarser. That Burns being "a' body's body, an' nae his ain body," was quite spoiled by "gentle and simple."

WHINNYLIGGATE.—The inhabitants of this village had a ball in honour of Burns centenary in the village school-room, and enjoyed themselves in dancing and singing Burns' songs till a late hour in the morning.

WHITBURN.—A meeting was held in the Parish School, Whitburn, to do honour to the memory of Scotia's immortal Burns. An excellent supper, prepared for the occasion, was tastefully served up. A paper on the life and genius of Burns was read by the Chairman, Mr. Little. A few of the select songs and poems of Burns enhanced the evening's enjoyment. The meeting separated at a seasonable hour, when

> "Each took off his different way,
> In hopes to meet some other day."

WHITHORN.—The centenary of the birth of Burns was celebrated here by two public dinners and a ball. At five o'clock P.M. a large number of gentlemen (upwards of a hundred) assembled in the Town Hall, from whence they marched in procession, headed by our instrumental band, to the Galloway Arms Hotel, to partake of a dinner in honour of the above event. Our much-respected townsmen, Mr. Jas. M'Keand, acted as president, and Mr. James M'Adam as vice-president, assisted by ex-Provost Simpson, &c. After the usual patriotic toasts, the President gave "The Memory of the immortal Scottish Bard," prefaced by a neat and suitable address, in which he extolled highly the mighty poetical and intellectual powers of the great poet. Making these the chief subject of his speech, he paid the highest compliments at the shrine of his genius, and wisely refrained from subjecting the character of "Robin" to an analytical examination of his presumed virtues or vices. The toast was drunk in solemn silence, and was followed in succession by various others, including "The Peasantry of Scotland;" "The Trades of Whithorn;" "The Agriculturists of Scotland," &c., &c., all of which were appropriately replied to. The meeting was in every way a happy one—such a one, in our opinion, as the social spirit of the poet himself would have relished. At eight P.M. the dining-room was deserted for the ball-

room, and dancing was kept up with great spirit till a late hour in the morning.

A like respectable company, but fewer in number, dined in the Grapes Hotel. The chair was occupied by Provost Main, who discharged the duties in a most satisfactory manner.

WICK.—In Wick the Burns centenary was celebrated by the observance of the day as a general holiday, and by a festival and soiree, held respectively in the Town Hall and Pulteneytown Academy. At the meeting in the Town Hall, which was presided over by Provost Bruce, there were about a hundred persons present, including gentlemen connected with the different professions and public offices, and a number of the principal merchants in the town. A numerous assemblage of ladies also graced the hall by their presence, those of their number who took the most active part in the preparations for the occasion presiding at the different tables, upon which were laid out, in becoming style, an inviting variety of viands. By the introduction of gas, the hall was also brilliantly lighted, and the adornments, in the form of wreaths of evergreens, &c., with some water-colour and chalk sketches of scenes from Burns' country, were displayed to much advantage. The presence of the John o' Groat Musical Club and some amateur musicians, who, at suitable intervals, sung some of the best of Burns' songs, likewise lent a charm to the proceedings.

After tea, the PROVOST, in some remarks, in the course of which he complimented the ladies and gentlemen of the committee for the taste and spirit they had displayed in organising such an entertainment, referred briefly to the object of the meeting. Our object (said the Provost) is to celebrate the centenary of our national bard; and as a proof of the manner in which his talents are appreciated, thousands and tens of thousands are now assembled throughout the length and breadth of Scotland to do honour to the memory of Robert Burns. Who but Burns, he continued, could express in such beautiful and truthful language the loveliness and virtues and excellencies that adorn the female character? Who but Burns could so well expose hypocrisy or false professions of religion, and at the same time so beautifully describe the evening devotions of a truly pious family? Who but Burns could so well expose the gross superstitions that prevailed in his day, and corruptions in the highest offices of State, and infuse and diffuse a love of liberty, freedom, and independence—principles which, I trust, will continue to be dear to Scotia's sons for many ages yet to come. As a further evidence of the manner in which the works of Burns are appreciated, his songs and poetry have been translated into every language of the civilised world, and are everywhere sung and admired fully as heartily as in his native land. May our meeting be a worthy tribute to his memory.

Mr. PEPLOE, agent for the Commercial Bank, subsequently addressed the meeting. To-day (said Mr. Peploe) has been one of the most astonishing, as it must remain one of the most memorable, epochs in our country's history. In all places and by all ranks a nation has united in holding high festival in commemoration of one man's birth. The cities, burghs, and even hamlets of our land have suspended the ordinary business of life to pay the highest honour which they can ascribe to the name and memory of a Scottish peasant, a Scottish poet, and a Scottish man, of whom all ranks are eager to declare their pride that he was of their country, their admiration of his surpassing genius, and their gratitude for the rich legacy which he has left for their intellectual and moral enjoyment. The name of Burns bears with it more than enough to preclude any man from attempting at this time of day to offer a formal exposition of his claims as a great genius, and as a man who has made and will continue to exercise the most powerful effect upon the mind of Scotland. Why should I then attempt to explain to you his claims as our great Scottish genius, and as one of the most potent instances of what a Scot from the humblest ranks may, by native pith and vigour, accomplish? But there is one especial aspect of his power to which I would advert, and that is the instructive, healthy, and moral influence which his writings have exercised upon the minds of the Scottish people, and of those whose circumstances preclude them from the lessons of a more pretentious caste of instructors. I mean the class to which he himself belonged. Speak to one of that class from whom Robert Burns sprung, of the intrinsic value of a man's character apart from his conventional rank. He will at once show that he is well aware of the truth, by answering us in the language of Burns, that

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

This is but one instance of a thousand which may be cited of the ingrafted hold which the sentiments of Burns have secured in the public mind. I might quote innumerable others which exemplify that he is their "guide, philosopher, and friend," in relation to the scorn of everything that is servile and mean; it is more pleasing, however, to remember how much he has done to maintain the spirit of national patriotism by such strains as "Scots wha hae,"

and national piety by such as the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and many even more direct and affecting effusions; and the old national love for humour and fun, of which "Tam o' Shanter" is only one, but a sublime, instance. But perhaps the ladies here will agree that no one who ever attempted the theme, has more earnestly, more continuously, and more gracefully, because more truthfully, described the charms of the fair and all the fascinations with which feminine grace, affection, and purity, adorn, sweeten, and dignify human life; and it is thus, by his noble appeals to the masculine mind, in urging rectitude, honour, and independence, and in his varied and exhaustless tributes to female excellence, that he has earned and secured the respect and enthusiastic attachment of both these great classes of human society—all that Burns cared for—and whom he summed up in the comprehensive appellation of "Honest Men and Bonnie Lasses."

Mr. Peploe's address was received with much applause.

The recitation of an ode on the centenary by Mr. Hay, who joined the meeting for a short time at request, and to whom a hearty vote of thanks was accorded, varied the sources of entertainment, and songs and tunes by the band continued to alternate.

As the evening advanced, the assemblage partook of the character of a ball, and till about one o'clock dancing was kept up with much spirit, the entertainment, thus pleasantly concluded, having throughout given the greatest satisfaction to all present; indeed, a more happy, harmonious, and enthusiastic meeting has not taken place in Wick for a long series of years; and Messrs. M'Alister and M'Kenzie, and the other gentlemen who proposed the votes of thanks at the close, though they overlooked themselves, were right in saying that to the Ladies' Committee the community were deeply indebted.

Pulteneytown Academy Festival.—Under the auspices of the Young Men's Societies of the town, a festival was held in Pulteneytown Academy, the attendance at which numbered fully 200. Music was a chief attraction, the instrumental part of which was conducted by Messrs. Andersons, Geddes, Fletcher, and Webster. Miss Webster excellently performed several national airs on the piano, being assisted in the vocal department by another young lady. A variety of the choicest songs of the Poet were also sung during the course of the evening by Messrs. Panton, Couper, Gulland, Masson, Anderson, and Manson, and recitations were given by Messrs. Anderson and Duncan.

The chair was occupied by Mr. George Hay, of the *Journal*, who was supported by the Rev. John Currie, the Rev. William Hutchison, Mr. M'Lean, rector, Pulteneytown Academy, Mr. Morris, Westerseat, and other gentlemen. Grace having been said by Mr. Currie, and the tea part of the entertainment disposed of, and after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman introduced the toast of the evening in an excellent speech illustrative of the Poet's life, character, and genius. After which he delivered a poetic effusion composed by him for the occasion.

The Rev. Mr. Currie proceeded to propose the toast of "The Poets of Britain." After some preliminary remarks the rev. gentlemen proceeded—I shall tell you in a word or two why I am here to-night. I saw that the nation had resolved to keep this centenary. It seemed to me that wherever the arrangements for the commemoration were such that a minister could with propriety attend he might have an opportunity of doing what he could to impart a healthy tone to the meeting, and I am pleased to see that some of our most influential journals have given expression to much good sense in anticipation of the engagements of this day. We are not here to say that the man who more successfully than any other has struck the chords of the nation's heart was faultless. We are not here to affirm that his virtues atoned for his vices. We are not here to deny that in some respects his life was a sad one, that his constitution was shattered by excess, and that when little more than thirty-seven years of age he was laid in what may have been a premature grave. Neither are we here to signify our approval of everything that Burns wrote—far from it. That which is impure and licentious in our literature will perish sooner or later, even though it may have emanated from a genius like Burns. When, however, we have cut out the objectionable parts of our Poet's writings, I need hardly say that a great deal remains that is as beautiful as it is pure, and as pure as it is beautiful. If the observance of this centenary should have the effect of making the young men of the present generation imitate the faults and vices of Burns it will be a sad calamity. But I have no fear of that. If the observance of this centenary should have the effect of imparting new life to the licentious parts of the Poet's writings, that too will be a sad calamity. On the other hand, if the observance of this centenary should have the effect of inspiring us with a love for the beautiful in nature akin to that of him who sung of the "wee modest crimson tippit flower;" if it should have the effect of inspiring us with a feeling of kindness towards the inferior animals akin to that kindness towards the brute creation

which he displayed who sang of the "wee bit cow'ring tim'rous beastie," whose nest was disturbed by the cruel ploughshare; if it should have the effect of inspiring us with that respect for man as man which he evinced who sang "A man's a man for a' that;" if it should have the effect of inspiring us with the noble independence which finds expression in some of the stanzas of "Man was made to mourn;" if it should have the effect of inspiring us with that patriotism which pervades "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" if it should have the effect of inspiring us with that hearty hatred of hypocrisy by which Burns was characterised; and if it should induce us all to admire the true religion, the genuine piety, of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," then this centenary shall not be without good fruit.

Mr. John Weir in a few words proposed the toast of "The Scottish Clergy," responded to by the Rev. Mr. Currie.

Mr. Doull, in an eulogistic speech, proposed "The Scottish Peasantry," to which Mr. Morris, Westerseat, gave an appropriate acknowledgment.

The Rev. William Hutchison gave "The Benevolent Institutions of our Country." In the course of his remarks, he observed how these institutions had increased since the time of Burns, and how much they were in unison with the sentiments to which the Poet had given expression. There was not a line in the whole of Burns' writings but was instinct with humanity. Had he lived in our day, he might have been a nobler man, as he would have been surrounded by nobler influences. The Poet was but a man, and therefore a sinner, and it was for those who were without sin to cast the first stone. He was not worse than his times, and it would not be difficult to frame a correct code of morals out of his writings. He was a man to be admired and honoured for his genius, and for the use which he had made of it—the good of his species and of Scotland, and there could therefore be no reason why honour should not be given where it was due.

Mr. David Petrie replied to Mr. Hutchison's toast, noticing ragged schools as important among our benevolent institutions, these schools being the result of that universal benevolence the spirit of the poetry of Burns.

Mr. D. Sutherland proposed "The Scottish Lassies" in a graceful speech, Mr. James Sinclair acknowledging on the part of the ladies in terms equally neat and graceful.

"The Press" was given by Mr. James Duncan, who traced the advance in the intelligence of the operative classes to its influence.

Mr. William Coghill, as connected with the printing profession, responded.

Several votes of thanks were then proposed, including one, moved by Mr. M'Lean, to the Chairman, which having been acknowledged, "Auld Langsyne" was sung by the company, when a very harmonious and enthusiastic meeting was brought to a close.

SUPPER.—A sumptuous supper was prepared in Mackay's Wellington Hotel for a numerous company, who met at seven o'clock, and who, under the presidency of William Grey, Esq., writer, with Mr. David Gunn as croupier, enjoyed an exceedingly pleasant evening, and did all honour to the memory of Burns. The room was elegantly decorated for the occasion, and to the host great praise was given for the provision which had been made for the party. On the separation of the company, a collection was made for behoof of the unemployed.

There was also a very respectable supper party at Lybster, in Waters' Hotel—Mr. Sutherland, Latheron, Mains, in the chair, and Mr. Mowat, banker, Lybster, acting as croupier. A soiree was held at Golspie, and was well attended; also a soiree at Cromarty, at which there was an excellent turn out.

WIGTOWN.—The Centenary was commemorated here by a public dinner, held in the Commercial Inn, a concert, &c. Provost M'Guffie presided at the dinner. Bailies Murray and Graham were croupiers. Fifty-six sat down. The front of the Inn had been decorated with evergreens, and the dining-room with artificial flowers. At the upper end of the room a beautiful device, bordered with Christmas roses, snowdrops, and other winter flowers, adorned the wall, and bore in large gilt letters the following inscription:—"In Memory of the Poet Burns." The blessing was asked by the Rev. Irving Beattie.—"The Memory of Burns" was proposed by G. C. Black, Esq., in an able address. After some preliminary observations, he drew attention to the fact of Wigtownshire being immediately adjacent to that which could claim the honour of being Burns' place of birth, and expressed the regret he had often felt that there appeared no authentic evidence of Burns having ever visited this county. In that case, and had Burns found a patron among any of our gentry, our many lovely scenes, such as Glen Trool, Castle Kennedy, &c., might have shared in the immortality conferred on the banks of the Doon, on Alloway Kirk, and many other spots made famous by him. But, apart from mere localities, for how many generous, patriotic, and tender sentiments do we not stand indebted to Burns? In reading Burns' writings, we must not omit to look at his life, the morality of which had at times been so much

assailed, but after all, what did the proved charges against him amount to? That he, a man of very melancholy temperament, with few opportunities of mixing in society, had at times been tempted to indulge in conviviality beyond the strict limits of propriety, and had occasionally at such times written verses, which he subsequently bitterly regretted. In opposition to this, there is good evidence of his having been in early life sincerely devout, and the close of his life presented the same picture. Poor as he was, Burns was ever ready to help a friend in distress, and with all his alleged extravagance, he died without leaving a shilling of debt. The best test of his character is to be found in the fact that he preserved the esteem of all his best friends, several of them estimable and virtuous ladies, to the last; and Mr. Black here alluded to the striking story told by Lockhart of Mrs. Dunlop's daughter on her deathbed, and soon after the poet's remains had been removed to the mausoleum, having desired that she might be laid in the grave that had contained the remains of Robert Burns. In the course of the next ten years we may be called on to celebrate the hundredth birthday of a Scotchman still more eminent—Sir Walter Scott—and it should never be forgotten that it was owing to the success of Burns in making the Scottish language popular and intelligible, both here and in England, that Scott was induced to make such liberal use of it in his immortal Waverley Novels. For many years has Burns' birthday been celebrated wherever our language is spoken,—nay, he (Mr. Black) had been informed by an Ayrshire friend that he had lately met with a very intelligent Spanish gentleman who assured him that there was a Burns Club in Madrid. There is little doubt that this feeling, which has hitherto gone on increasing, will in future years only gather strength; and looking to benefit and pleasures which the muse of Burns has conferred upon us all, we may confidently exclaim, "*Esto perpetua!*" [The toast, "The Memory," was then drank in solemn silence, and apparently with deep feeling by the whole company standing, and during Mr. Black's address he was repeatedly interrupted by the cheering of the guests, whose sympathies were unmistakably demonstrated.]

John Moore, Esq., gave—The Descendants of Burns. Mr. Carson gave—The Memory of Sir Walter Scott, whose Centenary he hoped all present would live to see. Bailie Murray gave—The Memory of Allan Ramsay and Christopher North. James M'Lean, Esq., gave—The Living Poets of England. Alexander Aitken, Esq., of Bladnoch—Our Living Scotch Poets. Dr. Snowden gave—The Memory of Thomas Moore. Bailie Graham—The Peasantry of Scotland.

On the motion of William Carson, Esq., a hearty vote of thanks was awarded by the meeting to Provost M'Guffie for his conduct in the chair. Songs were sung by Mr. Pritchard and Mr. Hodgson.

THE CONCERT.—The committee of the Mechanics' Institute having agreed to celebrate the centenary of the Poet, and to raise funds for purchasing books for the library at the same time, held a public concert in the Assembly Room in the evening. Mr. Carson, President, presided. So great was the demand for admission that the room was perfectly crammed, and many had to go away for want of accommodation. All the songs were Burns', and were sung by members of the Institute, aided by a few young ladies of the town. The first song, "There was a Lad was born in Kyle," was introduced by Mr. Murray, and sung by Mr. R. M'Clymont in fine style. Next, Mr. William Blacklock, a mechanic, read an excellent essay on "Burns as a Poet," which was rapturously applauded. Mr. Aitken, in a very clever speech, introduced "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Mr. Husband, in a short and appropriate address, introduced "Highland Mary," which was very feelingly sung by Mr. Thomas M'Knight. The other singers were Messrs. H. Pritchard, Alexander M'Queen, and Robert Payne. A ball in honour of the Poet was held at Bladnoch.

WISHAW.—A party of about 50 sat down to dinner, on the evening of the 25th, in Mr. Clark's Hotel here, to celebrate the centenary of Scotia's bard, Robert Burns. Dr. Steel in the chair. Mr. Barrowman officiated as croupier. On the cloth being removed, the Chairman gave "The Queen," and the croupier gave the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." Mr. Hogg, poet, replied, after which he recited his prize poem on the centenary of Burns. Mr. Sneddon gave the Miners of Wishaw, coupled with the health of Mr. A. Robertson, the secretary of the Miners' Society; Mr. Robertson replied. Mr. Thomas Barrowman gave the Strangers, coupled with the Singers; Mr. Deans replied. The meeting was enlivened with some of Burns' best songs, which were sung by Mr. Deans and party with great taste. The dinner was served up in Mr. Clark's best style, and was all that could be desired. The thanks of the meeting were given to Mr. Wm. Reid for the manner in which he looked after the comfort of the company in various ways, during the course of the evening.

The people's celebration of this national

event came off with great *éclat*, in Mr. Thomas Brownlie's (Wishaw Inn). At about six o'clock upwards of forty (male and female), sat down to a sumptuous supper, provided by mine host, and served up in a very handsome manner by Mr. William Reid, pastry baker, Main Street. The chair was ably filled by Mr. J. Reid, and the duties of croupier were discharged by Mr. Thomson. The meeting having been addressed by several speakers, and song and sentiment passed off freely, the company adjourned (in consequence of Forbes Mackenzie's interference), to a room prepared for their reception,

> "To trip it gaily as they go,
> Upon the light fantastic toe."

A meeting, consisting of dinner and ball, was held in the Public School. Bailie Thomson presided at dinner, supported by the Rev. James Dunn, and James Livingstone, M.D.; Mr. Steele, writer, officiating as croupier, supported by Dr. Barrie and James Glass, Esq., factor, Coltness. Amongst the usual toasts given at dinner, was "Burns' Centenary and his Living Relations," &c., proposed by the croupier, and responded to by Mr. W. Burns Begg, a grandson of the poet. After a most enthusiastic fellowship of about four hours, the dinner party separated.

WISTON (Parish of).—Among the many paragraphs that chronicle the universal demonstration to the memory of Burns, the proceedings of the parish of Wiston at the base of Tinto, deserve also to be "printed." "On that ne'er to be forgotten day" an enthusiastic meeting of the spirited youths of that locality took place at Castledykes, on the estate of Hardington, presided over by Mr. Jack, veterinary surgeon, and "gudeman" of the house, who had every preparation in perfection; the table was most ingeniously decorated with devices, emblematical of the ploughman bard, and every other arrangement in tasteful correspondence. Mr. William Muir, junior, acted as croupier. The chairman, in whose breast there burns a spark of genuine patriotism, introduced the necessary toasts in befitting style, and the "Toast of the evening" was drunk with heartfelt nature, and deafening applause. With song and anecdote a happy evening was spent; nor can we omit to mention how well Mrs. Jack can produce "the chieftain o' the pudding race,"—

> "Wi' hurdies like a distant hill,
> And pin would help to mend a mill,
> In time o' need."

WOODHALL.—A supper party met here at seven o'clock, which was numerously attended — Mr. John Thomson in the chair. After supper the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given, when the Chairman, in an eloquent speech, proposed "The Immortal Memory of Burns." Song and toast followed in rapid succession. Two original odes for the occasion were read; and the meeting, after spending a very happy evening, and singing in unison "Auld Langsyne," separated about two o'clock in the morning.

ZETLAND, North Yell.—The Centenary birthday of Burns was celebrated in the Parish School-house here on the evening of the 25th. The chair was occupied by Thomas Irvine, Esq., of Midbrake, and Mr. Houston acted as croupier.

The Chairman, in opening the meeting, said he felt it an honour to be called upon to preside at a meeting in one of the remotest corners of the Zetland Isles to express their admiration of Burns as a poet. He lamented his inability to do justice to his own feelings, or to deliver a suitable eulogium on the poetry of Burns. Its praise, he said, was in the mouth of the peasant and the peer. It was not from John O'Groats to Solway Strand, nor from Skaw of Unst (the most northerly point in Zetland), to the Land's End in Cornwall that his poems were read and admired, but from the western shores of America to the eastern verge of Asia. Wherever a true-born Scotchman was found, Burns had, as he might say, canonized the Scottish dialect. His genius had been extolled by all. He had to struggle with the difficulties of humble birth, limited education, and want of fortune, yet his genius burst through all obstacles, and soared above all restraints. Bigotry, envy, or prejudice might attempt to slander him, but in vain. Burns possessed a thorough knowledge of human nature, deep penetration, a strong mind, and sound judgment, a keen perception of all the feelings and sympathies of the heart with wit and humour—equally at home in the pathetic, the grand, or the ludicrous. The Chairman also referred to Burns' love of freedom and patriotism. Burns, he said, had the frailties and failings of human nature, but he (the Chairman) did not believe that any right-minded man, imbued with sound principles of morality and religion, had ever been demoralized by Burns' poems. For his own part, he could say that they had often elevated his sentiments and inspirited his heart.

At six o'clock tea was served round. In addition to the nice cakes prepared for the

occasion, there was an excellent and genuine one from Ayrshire, a gentleman from that county being one of the party. After tea it was moved by the Chairman that every gentleman should sing a song of Burns' composition. and that it be accompanied with the violin. Here the Chairman made a few happy allusions to Burns, and struck up "A man's a man for a' that."

The Croupier, before singing his song, made a few remarks by way of introduction, in the course of which he said—When I see such a large amount of the intelligence of the parish assembled within these walls, of which I am the humble tenant, I feel proud of the honour which your presence confers; but the feeling of pride becomes transformed into that of gratitude when I know that you have assembled here to celebrate the centenary birthday of none other than the immortal Burns—a man whose memory will be ever dear to those who are qualified to admire and appreciate towering intellect and unparalleled genius—a man who, although the continual subject of pecuniary difficulties of no ordinary nature, still breathed the noble spirit of independence—and who, had he taken hypocrisy as his handmaid, and bent the knee to the powers that then were, might not only have been placed beyond the reach of pecuniary embarrassments, but ranked amongst the noblest of the land. But Burns, as we all know, despised hypocrisy, and his noble spirit could not stoop to the degrading position of bespattering rank with fulsome praise. He always judged and spoke of his fellowmen impartially, and poured forth his poetic effusions in such touching language, that his readers are drawn unconsciously into the very centre of his scenes, looking on the one hand with reverential awe and holy feelings on the "lyart haffits" of the cottar as he closes "the big ha' bible, ance his father's pride," and bends his knee at the family altar; and on the other, turning with disgust from that foul hypocrite, end-serving, and Deity-mocking "Holy Willie." It is true Burns had his failings, but who wants them? His enemies take delight in presenting his "cracks an' flaws" to the world through a magnified medium, but his virtues they carefully keep in the back-ground. Who amongst those of his revilers would dare attack him were he still in Scotland to defend himself. A few dashes from his pen would force them, if not to sue for mercy, to hide their diminished heads, and shelter in the shade of obscurity. The good qualities of Burns more than counterbalanced his failings, and the majority of his poems may be perused with impunity by the most rigid "holy Willie" in the world; and those unfortunates who cannot appreciate true-born poetic genius are objects of commiseration. Gentlemen, when we know that the noblest of the land are this night employed like ourselves, whether descended from the Saxon, the Celtic, or the Scandinavian, to commemorate departed genius, it should satisfy us that we too have taken a step in the right direction; and now let us sing "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

The following gentlemen then sung each a song, introducing it with brief but appropriate remarks:—Messrs. A. A. Ferguson; W. Pole, yr. of Greenbank; P. M. Sandison, merchant; Bruce A. Sutherland, merchant; J. M. Moar, late from Australia; Neil Macleod, a hero of Alma, Balaclava, and Sebastopol; J. Spence, proprietor of Mursetter; and T. Sutherland, from Unst.

After partaking of a substantial supper, a vote of thanks was proposed to the Chairman, and also to the Croupier, who had been the original proposer of the meeting, "the wee short hour ayont the twal" reminded them that they had begun a new day, and after singing "Auld Langsyne" with great glee, the meeting separated.

ENGLAND.

LONDON.

Crystal Palace. — This long-expected event came off on Tuesday in due course, and was attended by one of those enormous crowds only to be met with at the Crystal Palace, because no other building is large enough to hold them.

Soon after the doors were thrown open, visitors began to arrive in considerable numbers; and long before the hour appointed for commencement, the trains, both from Pimlico and London-bridge, were pouring in their hundreds without cessation. Nevertheless the Palace was by no means inconveniently crowded when the first part of the entertainment took place; though the shouts of satisfaction which hailed the uncovering of the Bust, and the "Court of Relics," were something to remember. The Bust (modelled and executed by W. Calder Marshall, R.A.), was elevated on a pedestal in the centre of the "Court of Relics," and in front of the Handel Festival orchestra. The interval between the ceremony of unveiling and the time for the concert to begin—during which the crowd, continually reinforced by fresh arrivals, rendered passage to and fro no easy matter—was busily employed in examining the various objects of interest which had been industriously brought together for the occasion. Among these were the Nasmith, Taylor, David Allan, and Stewart Watson portraits; the desk at which "Tam o' Shanter" was written; a variety of manuscripts, including among the rest, that of the famous war-song, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" a lock of the poet's hair; a lock of his wife's hair ("Bonny Jean"); a silver snuff-box, made out of a Charles I. ten-shilling piece, &c. The most unremitting attention, however, seemed to be attracted by the autographs; and the glass cases in which they were deposited were at all times difficult to approach. Meanwhile the band of the Caledonian Asylum, the band of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and the pipers of the same regiment, alternately played spirited medleys, composed of well-known Scottish tunes. In another part of the building (the lecture-room) the admirable poem of "Tam o' Shanter" was recited at appointed intervals to overflowing but attentive audiences, the principal "situations" being illustrated by dissolvings views photographed from the subjects by Mr. John Faed, R.S.A. This was decidedly one of the most popular incidents of the day, so much so, indeed, that scarcely more than a third of those who were desirous of attending the recitals could at any period obtain admission. Lastly, the military bands, after playing in the great Handel orchestra, repaired to the galleries above the proscenium erected for the Italian opera concerts; and from that elevated point their strident harmony was heard reverberating through the edifice in a well varied series of performances, terminating with "God save the Queen."

Thus much accomplished, the refreshment department was eagerly invaded, and the official representatives of Messrs. Sawyer and Strange were at their wits' end to satisfy the innumerable demands of pressing and hungry applicants, anxious not to lose one note of the forthcoming concert. Among the comestibles most congenial to the occasion were "Cock-a-Leekie," "Haggis," "Dumfries Meringues," and "Ayrshire puddings," to promote the comfortable digestion of which a "drop of whiskey" was evidently looked upon as indispensable by many of the Scottish visitors, who, aware that such a commodity was not to be obtained at the Crystal Palace, had come provided with convenient flasks of their own, which passed from mouth to mouth in right good fellowship.

At 2 P.M. the concert began; and this feature in the day's amusements must, in strict justice, be condemned as utterly unworthy the Crystal Palace and the occasion. The overture to Guy Mannering, performed by the band of the establishment, under the direction of Mr. Manns, being a *pot pourri* of familiar Scottish airs, was quite in keeping; nor, considering that the festival was in commemoration of

Burns, could anything have been more appropriate than a selection of the songs of Burns, set to the national melodies of his country. But, except in the instances of Miss Dolby and Miss Ransford, the singing was as bad as could well be imagined; and the miserable expedient of a pianoforte accompaniment in so vast an arena, and one so hopelessly unaccommodating to the transmission of sound, produced an effect verging upon the ridiculous. A sounding-board, hung from the roof directly over the heads of the singers, was so constructed, and of such diminutive proportions, as to be absolutely good for nothing. The following ballads were included in the first part of the concert:—"There was a lad was born in Kyle" (Mr. MacDivatt); "Lord Gregory" (Miss Dolby, sung with exquisite feeling); "A Highland lad my love was born" (Miss Ransford); "The Banks of the Devon" (Miss Lizzie Stuart); "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon" (Miss Ransford); "I love my Jean" (Madame Poma); "Highland Mary" (Mr. MacDivatt); "O were I able to rehearse" (Miss Dolby); and "O my luve is like a red red rose" (glee by the four singers).

The important event of the day was now at hand—the opening of the sealed envelope containing the name of the author of the Prize Poem—the Fifty-guinea Ode to Burns, "not less than 100 nor more than 200 lines in length," the copyright of which becomes the property of the Sydenham donor. Breathless was the attention with which the short preliminary address of Mr. Phelps was listened to. The popular tragedian, with lungs of Stentor, said—"I am requested to break this seal, and to announce the name of the author of the poem I am about to read to you." Mr. Phelps deliberately broke the seal, and as deliberately pronounced the favoured name—which, to those situated near enough, sounded very like "Esau Crag," but to those further away was unintelligible. The directors, however, had caused the name of the fortunate minstrel to be written on parchment, and by exhibiting this, revealed to the spectators the legitimate orthography. The prize poem was the work of a lady—"Isa Craig"—a communication hailed with reiterated plaudits. Mr. Phelps then declaimed, in that grave and weighty style for which he is notorious, the following—

"ODE ON THE CENTENARY OF BURNS.

"We hail this morn
A century's noblest birth:
A Poet peasant-born,
Who more of Fame's immortal dower
Unto his country brings
Than all her kings!

"As lamps high set
Upon some earthly eminence—
And to the gazer brighter thence
Than the sphere-lights they flout—
Dwindle in the distance and die out,
While no star waneth yet:
So through the past's far-reaching night
Only the star-souls keep their light.

"A gentle boy—
With moods of sadness and of mirth,
Quick tears and sudden joy—
Grew up beside the peasant's hearth.
His father's toil he shares;
But half his mother's cares
From his dark searching eyes,
Too swift to sympathise,
Hid in her heart she bears.

"At early morn
His father calls him to the field;
Through the stiff soil that clogs his feet,
Chill rain and harvest heat,
He plods all day; returns at eve outworn
To the rude fare a peasant's lot doth yield:
To what else was he born?

"The God-made King
Of every living thing
(For his great heart in love could hold them all);
The dumb eyes meeting his by hearth and stall—
Gifted to understand—
Knew it, and sought his hand;
And the most timorous creature had not fled,
Could she his heart have read,
Which fain all feeble things had blessed and sheltered.

"To Nature's feast—
Who knew her noblest guest,
And entertained him best—
Kingly he came. Her chambers of the east
She draped with crimson and with gold,
And poured her pure joy-wines
For him, the poet-souled,
For him her anthem rolled,
From the storm-wind among the winter pines,
Down to the slenderest note
Of a love-warble, from the linnet's throat.

"But when begins
The array for battle, and the trumpet blows,
A king must leave the feast and lead the fight;
And with its mortal foes—
Grim gathering hosts of sorrows and of sins—
Each human soul must close.
And fame her trumpet blew
Before him, wrapped him in her purple state,
And made him mark for all the shafts of fate
That henceforth round him flew.

"Though he may yield
Hard-pressed, and wounded fall
Forsaken on the field—
His regal vestments soiled,
His crown of half its jewels spoiled—
He is a king for all.
Had he but stood aloof!
Had he arrayed himself in armour proof
Against temptation's darts!
So yearn the good—so those the world calls wise
With vain presumptuous hearts,
Triumphant moralise.

"Of martyr-woe
A sacred shadow on his memory rests;
Tears have not ceased to flow;
Indignant grief yet stirs impetuous breasts,
To think—above that noble soul brought low,
That wise and soaring spirit fooled, enslaved—
Thus, thus he had been saved!

"It might not be!
That heart of harmony
Had been too rudely rent;
Its silver chords, which any hand could wound,
By no hand could be tuned,
Save by the Maker of the instrument,
Its very strings who knew,
And from profaning touch his heavenly gift withdrew.

"Regretful love
His country fain would prove
By grateful honours lavished on his grave—
Would fain redeem her blame
That he so little at her hands can claim,
Who unrewarded gave
To her his life-bought gift of song and fame.

"The land he trod
Hath now become a place of pilgrimage,
Where dearer are the daisies of the sod
That could his song engage.
The hoary hawthorn, wreathed
Above the bank on which his limbs he flung
While some sweet plaint he breathed;
The streams he wandered near;
The maidens whom he loved; the songs he sung—
All, all are dear!

"The arch blue eyes—
Arch but for love's disguise—
Of Scotland's daughters soften at his strain;
Her hardy sons, sent forth across the main
To drive the ploughshare through earth's virgin soils,
Lighten with it their toils;
And sister-lands have learned to love the tongue
In which such songs are sung.

"For doth not Song
To the whole world belong!
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?"

Many passages were interrupted by applause, and among others the sixth strophe, alluding to the poet's intimate familiarity with all the phenomena of nature; the eighth, which insinuates the folly of regretting that he possessed the weaknesses of a man; the tenth, which implies that only the Almighty could have made him other than he was; the eleventh, alluding most eloquently to the veneration that now attaches to every scene and object with which the poet was familiar during his lifetime; and the twelfth, setting forth how his songs have been endeared to distant lands, through emigrants whose toil they have helped to lighten. The termination was followed by deafening shouts of applause, and repeated calls for the author, which last were so obstinately persisted in, that Mr. Bowley, general manager, was compelled to come forward and protest. "It is," said the zealous and able functionary, "the wish of the directors, as well as of yourselves, to have the lady here; but you must be aware that we cannot bring her here. I hope, therefore, you will allow the concert to proceed." The logic of this appeal proved irresistible, and the second part of the concert began. The subjoined pieces were introduced —"Auld Langsyne" (solos by Mr. Ransford); "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman" (Miss Lizzy Stuart); "For a' that and a' that" (Mr. MacDivatt); "John Anderson my jo'" (Miss Dolby); "Duncan Grey" "Somebody" (Miss Ransford); "Green grow the rashes, O" (Mr. MacDivatt); "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad" (Madame Poma); "O Willie brewed a peck o' maut" (glee); "Scots wha hae" (Mr. MacDivatt); and the National Anthem, to which the following occasional stanza, written by Mr. T. Oliphant, Hon. Sec. to the Madrigal Society, and Poet Laureate to the Crystal Palace, was appended:—

"Long live her daughter fair,
Loved wife of Prussia's heir,
And future Queen.
On this their wedding day,
Sing we a joyful lay;
God bless them both, we pray—
God bless the Queen!"

In all the above pieces—except "John Anderson my jo'," which Miss Dolby sang without accompaniment and to perfection—the thousands of visitors were expected to join. Their zeal, however, was by no means overpowering, the only instance in which discretion wholly gave way to enthusiasm occurring in the National Anthem.

The Caledonian Society of London.—On an occasion so interesting to Scotsmen as the centenary of the birth of their most distinguished poet it would have been singular, indeed, had a body so thoroughly national in its character as the Caledonian Society of London remained silent amid the festivities by which that event has been celebrated. When the first note of preparation for commemorating the birth of Robert Burns was sounded in the north, it was taken up by the Caledonian Society of the metropolis with characteristic warmth and energy, and preparations were made to do all due honour to the memory of the poet. The largest room of the London Tavern was fixed upon as the place of meeting, and there, accordingly, a very numerous and respectable company of ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner,—a considerable number of persons anxious to be present having been disappointed from want of accommodation. The room was very tastefully decorated for the occa-

sion with flags and insignia of various kinds. Behind the chair was a framed likeness of Burns by Nasmyth, and several very interesting relics of the poet were exhibited by Mr. W. Chambers of Edinburgh, who appeared as one of a deputation from the body of gentlemen by whom the centenary festival has been got up in Edinburgh.

The chair was occupied by Mr. R. Marshall, the president of the Caledonian Society, and among the gentlemen present were—Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. William Chambers, Professor Masson, Dr. W. B. Hodgson, Mr. D. Roberts, R.A., Mr. Calder Marshall, R.A., Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Major Adair, Captain Adair, Lieutenant Malcomson, Major Leith, Mr. A. Maclure, Mr. R. Hepburn, Mr. F. Carew, Dr. M'Laren, Rev. W. H. Gray, &c. Grace was said by the Rev. Mr. Gray. The dinner, which was served up in the usual style of the London Tavern, embraced some favourite Scottish dishes, among which, worthy of special notice, appeared a huge haggis, sent from the neighbourhood of Kirk Alloway, "warm reekin', rich." During dinner the company were solaced with the sounds of the bagpipe, and when it is mentioned that not fewer than five pipers, blowing might and main, marched at one time round the tables, some idea of the harmony that prevailed will be conveyed to the readers.

The CHAIRMAN gave in succession, prefaced with appropriate observations, "The Queen," "Prince Albert and the Royal Family," "The Army and Navy," for which Major Adair returned thanks; "the Caledonian Society," the characters and social qualities of which he briefly described to the meeting.

Mr. HEPBURN, late president, proposed "the memory of Burns." In the course of his observations he said,—You are all aware that we are met here to-night to do honour to the memory of one who has long since passed away,—who now lies slumbering silently in the "Auld Kirkyard," in that grave which has been so often watered by the tears of a repentant people. (Hear, hear.) We are met to do honour to the memory of one of whom a distinguished writer of the present day (Thomas Carlyle) says, "he was the greatest soul that lived in all that 18th century;" we are met to do honour to one of the most gifted sons of Scotland, her own immortal bard, Robert Burns. (Cheers.) To-night "ayont the Tweed," in the modern Athens, in the Western Capital, and in nearly every town and village from "Maiden Kirk to John o' Groat's," vast numbers are at this moment assembled, commemorating the centenary of his birth. The sentiment I am about to express has already been enthusiastically responded to by all ranks and classes, it now resounds throughout the length and breadth of Scotland, it finds a genial and an almost universal echo on this side of the border, and it is re-echoed from across the eastern and western waters. Methinks it now falls on the ears like the murmuring of winter winds, the rustling of autumnal leaves, the rushing of mighty waters, and the sound of distant thunder; and strange would it have been had Scotchmen not have assembled to-night in this great metropolis to swell the lofty strain (cheers); strange, indeed, would it have been had this society, which has ever been foremost in the cause of nationality, not have assembled to-night in such large numbers to do honour to the natal day of Scotia's poet; stranger, indeed, would it have been had this assembly not been graced by the presence of those who have better feelings, warmer affections, and kindlier hearts than ours, to testify thus their sympathy with the cause that brings us together. Is it not pleasing to find around this festive table men who are highly distinguished in the literature and arts of our country—men of kindred spirit, who have come nobly forward to assist us in twining fresh laurels around the brow of our great national poet? Is it not pleasing, sir, to see Englishmen here to-night, offering that homage at the shrine of Burns which we have ever offered at the shrine of Shakspeare? (Cheers.) Is it not pleasing, sir, to find Irishmen here, paying that honour to the bard of Coila which we have ever paid to the bard of Erin? (Cheers.) We are all met here to-night to join heart and hand with the thousands upon thousands of our fellow-countrymen and others throughout the world, who are now proclaiming with a loud voice, which rends the air as it is wafted from shore to shore, their respect for the memory of Robert Burns. It has been my privilege to visit lately that corner of the land for ever hallowed by its association with the name of Burns. I have sauntered with delight along the "Banks o' Doon." I have stood in rapture on that spot where "Ayr gurgling kissed its pebbled shore." I have climbed the "Braes o' Ballochmyle;" and I have wandered through the woods that "skirt the castle of Montgomery." I have looked with emotion on that humble cottage wherein he first drew breath. I have gazed in sorrow on that lowly chamber whence that breath for ever fled. I have followed him in his chequered career from infancy to manhood—from his cradle to his grave—and time will never efface the impressions made upon me while in the midst of those scenes. Were it possible that I could carry you there now in imagination, would we not conjure up the manly form of the Heaven-inspired poet—truth and honesty engraven on his heart, independence and nobility stamped upon his brow;

throwing off once more his uncongenial husk, would he not stand forth erect in all the pride of manhood, the image of his Maker, one of God's own aristocracy? (Cheers.) In fancy would we not behold him on that classic spot where "the poetic genius of his country found him, as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough," when "she threw her inspiring mantle o'er him, and bade him sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of his native soil, and in his native tongue?" Would we not look with reverence on the poet who sang his native "wood-notes wild" with a power and a pathos never surpassed, probably never equalled? Would we not call to our remembrance much that he has said and sung? Gathering inspiration, would we not think of the poet who, in glowing but truthful language, portrayed so faithfully that touching picture of a humble Scottish fireside, where sat the old man with "lyart haffets, wearing thin and bare," in the midst of his family, offering up thanks for daily mercies and for daily bread? (Cheers.) Think of the poet who, with one stroke of his magic pen, stripped off the gem its superfluous dross, and revealed it in all its simple purity, when he said:—

"The Power incensed the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain and sacerdotal stole,
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
Will hear, well pleased, the language of the heart,
And in his Book of Life the inmates there enroll."

Think of the man who, teeming with fervid nationality, said that "the story of William Wallace poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins, which shall boil along there until the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest." (Cheers.) Or when, as a humble reaper, toiling for a scanty pittance under the heat of the noonday sun, he suddenly saw before him the hardy emblem of our country, with the same veneration with which Mungo Park gazed on the little gowan in the desert, so did he upon the

"Rough-burred thistle spreading wide
Amang the bearded bere,
He turned his weeder clips aside
And spared the symbol dear."

(Cheers.) Think of his exquisite sensibility and deep-rooted affection when, in thrilling words that burn, he depicts his taking his last farewell of his "ain dear Highland Mary," on that spot where—

"Too, too soon the glowing West
Proclaimed the speed of parting day;"

on that spot where he gave her as a parting gift that sacred relic, the little Bible, which now contains a lock of her auburn hair, murmuring in bitter anguish, while thinking of his early love in Heaven—

"Still o'er those scenes fond memory dwells
And fondly broods with miser care,
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams the deeper channel wear."

Think of the innate nobility and glorious independence of the man who wrote the memorable words—

"A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith! he canna fa' that.
For a' that and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

(Cheers.) Think of the ardent patriotism of the man who wrote that spirit-stirring address—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

But I fear I tire you with quotations. The patriotic spirit which Burns breathed was as pure as his own mountain air; that spirit, the spirit of his fathers, he had by inheritance. Well did he preserve it, and hand it down as a rich legacy to posterity. I am certain that, before we bid farewell to the shade of the mighty genius we have ventured to call forth, every Scottish heart will join with the patriotic poet in his prayer for the weal of auld Scotland—

"O Thou that poured the patriotic tide
That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart," &c.

Many a time, and oft we have met to celebrate the natal day of Caledonia's favourite minstrel—once, and only once, can we meet to commemorate the centenary of his birth—shortly, very shortly will the unerring hand of time proclaim that 100 years have passed since he was ushered into existence. Brief though that existence was, he has left behind him an imperishable name. Another 100 years will float rapidly down the stream of time, century will succeed century, generation after generation will pass away, all the monuments that have been erected to his memory will crumble into dust, and be scattered to the four winds of Heaven, but his name shall live to remotest ages, it will live long after the language he has written in shall have ceased to be spoken, it shall live so long as pure loyalty, honest worth, manly independence, and Heaven-born genius hold any sway among the nations of the earth. Drink to his memory, then, not in sorrow, or in sadness, but in all the plenitude of joy. Let there not be a wail of the coronach, but a song of triumph. Rejoice that such a man was ever born, and still further rejoice that Scotland gave him birth. Surrounded as we are by much that is emblematic of our native land,—cheered by much that reminds us of "Auld Lang Syne,"

with Scottish feelings awakened, and with hearts atuned to do honour to the memory of one who, "Take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again," let us drink with acclamation the undying memory of Robert Burns! (Great cheering.)

A variety of toasts followed.

The Chairman proposed "The Guests," coupling with it the name of Mr. Charles Knight.

Mr. Charles Knight, in replying, said that about ten years before Robert Burns was born, Gray wrote his celebrated Elegy on a Country Churchyard, in which he said—

"Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest."

That was no doubt true as regarded the English peasantry, who, at the time he wrote, were not in a very satisfactory state in the matter of education; but Burns had received the inestimable advantages of that parochial system of education which had long prevailed in Scotland, and which did so much for him in the position to which he was called. (Cheers.) He did not say that a poet was made and not born, but he meant that if Burns had been born in England in the humble circumstances in which he was born in Scotland, the chances were, that he would not have attained the eminence of being the greatest original mind of the 18th century. (Cheers.)

"The health of Professor Masson of London," was proposed by the deputy-chairman, and suitably acknowledged.

"The health of Mr. William Chambers of Edinburgh," was next proposed, and received with great cheering.

Mr. William Chambers, who appeared as a deputation from the Edinburgh Festival Committee, thanked the company for the cordial reception his name had met with. He referred to the many similar demonstrations which were now taking place all over the world; and said that this singular unanimity of feeling must undoubtedly be traced to a heart-felt admiration, not only of Burns's high qualities as a poet, but of certain noble and manly sentiments which he entertained, and which were at length beginning to be properly recognised in the general economy of society, as for example, the universal brotherhood of man, irrespective of race, rank, or station. Yet such was the fine tone of feeling in Burns, that with these great notions of the dignity of man, he associated a due respect for those social distinctions, without which human life would be a very dreary affair. Nor, in estimating Burns's character, can we, continued Mr. Chambers, pass over the marvellous modesty and unselfishness, nay, his generosity and kind-heartedness, in all which respects he bore a strong contrast to what is so plentifully exhibited where, from pretensions, it ought least to be expected. The manner in which Burns helped the several members of his father's family, the extraordinary manner in which he absolutely gave away, from sheer kindness, his poetical productions—literary property, as they would now be called, ought to shelter his name from a thousand malignities. No sooner had he realised a few hundred pounds by the sale of the second edition of his poems, than, as was well known, he lent a large portion of the money to his brother Gilbert, and the rest was lost in that hard but manful struggle with a farm, which made him glad to seek for subsistence as an Officer of Excise. Then, look at the hundreds of beautiful lyrics he contributed, without a thought of remuneration, to Johnson's Musical Museum, and Thomson's Collection of Scottish Songs. Who would do this among all the late or living poets of England—who among them do not haggle for the money-value of every line they write? But we know that mercenary feelings had no part in the noble character of our great Scottish bard. Detesting meanness, he sought only the glorious privilege of being independent—that is, the ability to toil for his own bread, and to be beholden to no man. Speak of the degradation of becoming an exciseman! I can see no degradation in a man doing the best he can in an honest way for himself and family. At all events, a hundred times more honourable was Robert Burns, in filling this humble and somewhat unpleasant office, than he would have been in retiring, as many less deserving men have done, on a state pension, procured by personal or political subserviency. (Cheers.) We have heard not a little of Burns's unfortunate irregularities, most of which were clearly traceable to the general bad habits of the period; and if any greater extenuation was required, we had only to remember what immense service he has done to song, by substituting tender and beautiful lyrics, which would live through all time, for pieces of a coarse nature, that were now properly consigned to oblivion. We need only look over his correspondence with Thomson, to see how much he had thus done in the cause of purity; and I hold that for this good work alone, his name ever deserves to be mentioned with respect—his poor personal faults covered with the mantle of charity, and lost in the blaze of his immortal genius. (Cheers.) Mr. Chambers said he would not extend his observations, but do that which was perhaps more agreeable to his auditors. He proposed to relate an anecdote illustrative of the susceptible feelings of the poet. Burns, it will be recollected, came first to Edinburgh in November 1786, and remained till May 1787, during which interval he saw the second edition of his poems through the press, and was in the full

blaze of his fame. He became acquainted with Dr. Blair, Dugald Stewart, Henry Mackenzie, Black, Hutton, John Home, Dr. Adam Ferguson, Lord Monboddo, and other distinguished men of the time. It was now that he wrote that beautiful address to Edinburgh—

"Edina, Scotia's darling seat,
All hail thy palaces and towers,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet,
Sat legislation's sovereign powers."

It was also at this time that his portrait was executed by Nasmyth, and engraved by Beugo. So humble was he in his means and aspirations, that he was contented with getting a share of the room and bed of his friend John Richmond, in Baxter's-close, Lawnmarket. Frequently he was invited or taken to the houses of his literary friends, and among others that of Dr. Adam Ferguson, the historian of the Roman Republic. One evening, about April 1787, he was conducted by Professor Stewart to a *conversazione* in Dr. Ferguson's house in the Sciennes. On this memorable occasion there was present young Walter Scott, a lad of fifteen or sixteen years of age. Scott had heard much of Burns, he had read with delight his newly-published poems, and was anxious to be in his company. But this, as he tells us, could not well be managed. A fellow-clerk in his father's office made a kind of promise to get him introduced through a friend; yet this plan failed, and Scott would probably never have seen Burns, but for the circumstance of having for his acquaintance the son of Dr. Ferguson, who latterly became Sir Adam Ferguson. Hearing about the *conversazione*, and the probability of Burns being present, young Adam gets hold of Walter, and takes him to his father's house on the occasion. In the "Life of Scott" we have an account of this remarkable interview; but Sir Adam, who died only two or three years ago, favoured my brother with some additional particulars. It seems that Burns did not at first feel inclined to mingle easily in the company. He went about the room looking at the pictures on the walls. At length one picture arrests his attention; it is a common-looking print, in a black frame. The painter of the picture is Bunbury, and the scene is that of a dead soldier lying on the snow, with his dog watching over him, and near him is his shivering wife, who suckles a baby in her bosom—altogether a subject of a most dismal kind. Beneath are some touching verses:—

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain—
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingled with the milk he drew,
Sad, mournful presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears."

Burns was much affected by the print; he read the lines, but before getting to the end of them his voice faltered, and his big black eye filled with tears. A little after, he turned with much interest to the company, pointed to the picture, and asked if any one could tell him who had written those affecting lines. All were silent; no one knew except the unnoticed lame boy, Walter Scott, who modestly whispered they were written by Langhorne, in a poem called the *Justice of Peace*. Scott was rewarded with a look which he never forgot, and also with the words, "You'll be a man yet, Sir." Now there, gentlemen (said Mr. Chambers, pointing to a framed print behind him), hangs the identical picture. It was presented to my brother by Sir Adam Ferguson, and as a curiosity I have brought it with me from Edinburgh to show on the present occasion. Intrinsically, the picture is not worth five shillings; but how priceless its value as associated with that deeply-interesting and only interview which took place between Walter Scott and Robert Burns, undoubtedly the two greatest men whom Scotland has ever produced. Mr. Chambers concluded amidst great cheering.

Dinner at the Guildhall Coffee-House.—Last evening upwards of one hundred gentlemen, chiefly from the land of the poet, whose birth-day centenary they had met to celebrate, dined together at the Guildhall Coffee-house, King Street, Cheapside; Mr Hannay in the chair. The customary loyal toasts having been given, enlivened with appropriate songs, the Chairman proposed, in a very able speech, the "Memory of Robert Burns." He said he did not rise without some hesitation and apprehension to bring before them the toast of the evening. It was quite impossible that any man with the ordinary sympathies of Scotchmen and of men of letters should not feel anxious, when calling attention to one who had not only assembled them together, but had brought at that moment thousands upon thousands of men of their race in every known quarter of the globe. (Cheers.) They all met together, inspired by a great memory, to perform a solemn and affecting duty. (Cheers.) He could not but feel the great difficulty of doing justice to the memory of that poet who, perhaps alone, of all the poets in the world, was honoured by such a celebration. (Cheers.) He would speak of him not only as a poet, but as one of the greatest men that the race of which they were all proud had ever produced. He would not simply look upon him as a man of letters, but as a great Scotchman, and as part of the history of that great Scotch land which was the mother of them all. (Cheers.) They would do Burns a great injustice if they set him up against great poets, and compared

his casual writings and poems with the writings of literary celebrities. By doing that they would not only do an injustice to Burns, but also do an injustice to the country from which he came. He preferred to look at him as the product of the nation to which he belonged, and as part of it—a man whose writings and life became as much a part of Scotch nationality as the Castle of Edinburgh, or the Palace of Holyrood. (Cheers.) They were not merely met to celebrate the memory of a great man. They might have centenaries in honour of many great men amongst their countrymen. (Cheers.) If they held a centenary for every Scotchman of importance in Europe they would never be sober. (Cheers and laughter.) There was some reason why one particular man should be selected for honour all over the world. It was not merely in consequence of the force of his understanding and intellect. No man would doubt that David Hume was a man as remarkable in natural gifts, and they might just as well expect another Hume as another Burns; but they did not attend there to drink old David's health. He was a much greater man than Burns in some respects, and yet they met to celebrate the memory of Burns, and not of David, because there was about Burns a humanity and manhood beyond all intellectual traits. They could not but see that Scotland was the only nation in the world that had produced a modern popular poet, for, although England had produced great writers, it was absurd to say that those men were popular poets in the sense in which Robert Burns was popular. (Cheers.) He proposed to look upon Burns as a creation of the history of Scotland, and as himself a part of it. He might also look upon him as a kind of martyr sent out by Providence for the benefit of modern Scotland. That was the historical view to take of the man, and that was the way to get over all the phenomena of his life and memory. What Nature did, when she furnished them with Burns, was to send forth a man at the time of the eighteenth century who embodied in himself knowledge of the late times of Scotland with all the intellect that was necessary for a new period. He began by being a Jacobite and ended by being a Jacobin—a totally different animal. It had been suggested by some writers on the subject of the centenary meeting that nothing should be said about Burns's life and character; but he (the chairman) contended that there was nothing in the whole course of Burns's biography of which they should be ashamed. Burns's heart was good; his head was good; his principles were good; he displayed fidelity to his friends, and both kindness and affection towards his equals. Very few men that ever had been known could be compared with him. (Cheers.) Whose friendship did he betray? Whose wife did he seduce? Whose honour did he calumniate? Whose generosity did he neglect? The worst that could be said of him was that he was too indulgent of his animal capacity. He was not the man to say that these things were defensible; and if they thought him a very bad man, the mere fact that he had written clever poems would not justify them in honouring his memory. He felt convinced, however, that, taking into consideration the notions that prevailed in the days when Burns lived, and all the circumstances that surrounded him, an expression of kindness and affection was due to his memory on personal as well as on literary grounds. (Cheers.)

Many other toasts followed, including "The Memory of Wallace, Bruce, and the Patriots of Scotland," "The Memory of Knox and the Scottish Covenanters," "The Literature of Scotland and of England," "The Peasantry of Scotland," "The Lasses," and "The Press," all of which were duly responded to, and a very harmonious evening was concluded with the national finale of "Auld Langsyne," at the "wee short hour." We must not omit to mention that the veteran Templeton kindly came from the London Tavern to sing one song of his countryman Burns. He gave "My Nannie O," most sweetly, and was rapturously applauded.

ALNWICK.—The Centenary of Burns was celebrated in Alnwick by supper, held in different inns in the town. One large party, under the presidency of Mr. W. Ferguson, assembled at the house of Mr. Golding, Three Tuns Inn. Another large party, at the house of Mrs. Popkiss, Grey Inn, Mr. James Archbold in the chair; and another large party at the house of Mr. Marshall, Crown Inn. The evening was spent in pronouncing eulogiums on the poet, in recitations from his works, and in singing his most popular songs. The whole of the parties were characterized by the utmost cordiality, conviviality, and harmony; and the number of his admirers which attended on the occasion, mark the strong hold which the works of the poet have on the public mind in this locality.

BARNARDCASTLE.—At the Burns Centenary, on Tuesday, the Rev. Canon Dugard, M.A., delivered a short but able and eloquent critique on the Life and Genius of the Scottish Bard, and recited the Crystal Palace Prize Poem in a very impressive manner. The programme included many of Burns's finest songs and poems. The harmonized songs were given by a trained choir of upwards of forty voices; and much credit is due to Mr. Raper, their talented conductor, for the very efficient and tasteful manner in which the part songs were got up. Mr. Robert Galt read "Tam O'Shanter" and the "Cottar's Saturday Night," with great effect, and elicited much applause. Although the weather was very stormy, a high wind and rain prevailing, the room was crowded to the door by an enthusiastic audience.

BERWICK.—The event was observed in this town with as much enthusiasm as in any of the other towns in which it was celebrated; and the various entertainments got up for the occasion came off with great eclat, and in such a manner as to afford general satisfaction.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the shops were closed, and a general holiday commenced. The weather was gloomy and uninviting; still crowds of persons were attracted to the streets. The Tradesmen's Band and the Band of Hope paraded the town, and general hilarity prevailed. As five o'clock approached, the companies for the various entertainments were to be seen wending their way to their respective places of meeting.

DINNER AT THE RED LION INN.—In the Assembly-Room of this inn there was assembled a company of forty gentlemen, comprising the Mayor, in the chair, having on his left hand Captain Smith, R.N., P. Clay, Esq., R. Home, Esq., and Mr Joseph Wilson; on his right, R. Ramsey, Esq., Rev. W. Gray, W. H. Logan, Esq., J. R. Dunlop, Esq., and Dr. Cahill. The Sheriff occupied the vice-chair. The grace and the thanksgiving were said by the Rev. Wm. Gray. An apology was read for the absence of the Vicar, who had promised to be present, but was prevented by a domestic affliction. In the course of the evening a handsome punch-bowl, handed down from the period of Robert Burns, was placed before the company, filled with punch.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Mayor called upon the Rev. W. Gray to give the toast of the evening.

In proposing the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," the Rev. WILLIAM GRAY spoke to the following effect:—The aspect of the weather was singularly appropriate to the Centenary of the poet's birth. As happened on the 25th January 1759, the sky was cloudy and lowering, and the wind blew in loud and fitful gusts. Such, indeed, was the fury of the blast on the poet's birthday, that the mother and her infant were removed from the falling cottage to a neighbour's house for security and shelter. The reverend gentleman then recited the four opening verses of the well-known song, "There was a Lad was born in Kyle," as, perhaps, the most fitting introduction that could be found to a sketch of the life and writings of Burns, as preliminary, necessarily, to the toast of his memory. He then proceeded to say that, although few enlightened men held that man was merely the creature of circumstances, few would deny, on the other hand, that circumstances have much to do with a man's education and the formation of his character. What, then, were the circumstances that went to influence the character of Burns? In the first place, the scenery of his birth-place must have had a great share in the development of early sentiment in the poet's breast. Indeed, fine scenery is almost indispensable for poetic culture. Why did excellent divinity and cheese come from Holland, but never a great poet? Why, because swamps produce frogs,—not nightingales; and because, also, frogs have always croaked, but never sung. It was, therefore, very fortunate for Burns that his birthplace was surrounded by sweet rural landscapes. It was next observed that the historic traditions of Ayrshire would naturally occupy the attention of so thoughtful a youth as Burns. Now, it is remarkable that two of the greatest names in Scottish history, those of Sir William Wallace and King Robert the Bruce, are intimately blended with the local history of Ayr. The influence of the romantic career of both patriots is easily discernible in the poetry of Burns, and finds very grand expression in "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." A hundred years ago, it was further remarked, our forefathers were not so clever and clear-sighted as we: for they believed sincerely in the existence of witches and fairies. When a fisherman perished in a gale, his widow and sorrowing relatives made it their first care to select some reputed witch in the country side, who was suspected to be at the root of the mischance. Old ladies, too, faithfully narrated their adventures with the fairies; and Burns has accordingly made witches in "Tam o' Shanter," and fairies in "Hallow E'en," play a conspicuous part. The influences of the peasant life were then adverted to as, perhaps, the most potent in forming the character of the poet. Through hardship, and toil, and self-denial, Burns at length emerged from obscur-

ity, and became the most famous of Scottish poets. Having married Jean Armour, he settled on the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries. The farm was a failure, and want was staring him in the face, when a paternal government appointed him to be a gauger at Dumfries, with a salary of some £70 a-year. Here he spent the rest of his life, contributing most of his fine lyrics to the *Musical Magazine* of George Thomson in Edinburgh. When he lay down at length to die, while yet a young man, then came the pity and remorse of his countrymen; but too late to compensate the neglected and dying poet. Alas! poor Burns, his sun went down while it was yet day, "and the pale shadow of death eclipsed it at noon." What he might have been, what he might have done, in prolonged days, who can calculate? It is enough to know that he now lies in an honoured grave, kept ever fresh by the tears and regrets of his passionately attached country. Having thus sketched the story of the poet's life, Mr. Gray next proceeded to the criticism of his works. After answering, in a humorous strain, the sneering question often put,—"What is the use of poetry?" he divided the writings of Burns into four classes:—the Didactic, the Humorous, the Lyrical, and the Descriptive. In all these, he observed, that Burns was a follower of no master, a pupil of no teacher, but was thoroughly individual and unique. His didactic poetry did not exhibit the worldly wisdom of Pope, nor the cynicism of Byron, but was rather the expression of a brotherly regard for our welfare. Hence Burns secured our love, which is higher than admiration. Mr. Gray next declared that Burns was the only poet who had written great poems of humour, as distinguished from wit. He could make one laugh heartily, which is more than Milton could do. The lyric poetry resembles a patch of some beautiful landscape of nature, so wildly various and beautiful is it. His descriptive poetry is a series of photographs, sun-pictures, or, rather, of stereoscopic views of nature restored to her pristine beauty. With the exception of Wordsworth, nature never found such an interpreter of her loveliness as Robert Burns; for he brought to the study of her beauty a hand that could portray her most exquisite forms,—a heart that could sympathize with all her various moods, and an ear that could hear, through all her bounds, the echo of an eternal melody! The reverend gentleman concluded by calling on the company to drink, in silence, to the "Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." The toast was drunk accordingly.

Robert Ramsey, Esq., favoured the company with a masonic song having a reference to Burns. W. H. Logan, Esq., in an excellent speech, proposed the toast of the other poets of Scotland. Mr. Ramsey proposed the toast of both sides of the Tweed. Mr. George Bogue, in a long address, gave the toast of the poets of England. A variety of other toasts were given, and many songs were sung appropriate to the occasion. The hilarity of the evening was kept up with great spirit, and the company were kept together till half-past ten o'clock, when they broke up.

Dinner in the King's Arms Hotel.—About eighty gentlemen sat down to dinner in the King's Arms Assembly Room, James T. Wilson, Esq., Spittal, in the chair. Messrs. John Fish, John Morton, and Richard Atkinson, acted as vice-chairmen. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman said that the next toast he had to submit for the acceptance of the meeting was the toast of the evening,—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," for which he craved a full bumper. He said—That day was witnessing an event the like of which had never occurred in the history of the world before. That an entire people—a whole nation—with unanimous voice, should celebrate the birth of one of its sons, was something hitherto unheard of. Doubtless we have had our Burns clubs, our Fox clubs, and our Pitt clubs, which have met at a specially appointed place, and on a limited scale, to celebrate the anniversary of their respective heroes; but these meetings have been attended by comparatively few individuals, the interest they excited was never shared in by the many, and received only a momentary thought from the public in general. There is something inexpressibly grand, however, in the idea of a whole nation meeting together for special festivities in honour of a man. And not only throughout Scotland and the principal towns in England, but in America, in Australia, and, indeed, in every land where the language is spoken, and where our country's literature is read, will special celebrations be observed in honour of the day which gave to the world this great poet and noble-hearted man. (Cheers.) The question very naturally arises—How comes it that Robert Burns only of all the poets and patriots of Scotland—and no people, perhaps, has more reason to be proud of, or admire their great men more, than the Scotch—how comes it that neither Wallace nor Bruce has received that share of attention which the peasant-bard Burns has called forth? It has not been for the number of his poems—for many other writers have far outstripped him in that respect; nor has it been for the grandeur of their subjects—for others have written poems of more imposing character than Burns; it is

not even for their general poetical excellence—for many of the poems of Burns are not first class. But the secret seems to be, that Burns has written, on the inspiration of his transcendent genius, that which touches the very inmost soul of man, which comes home to every heart, and which every one can understand; the bard, while we read, seems to be thoroughly identified with us, and we are involuntarily compelled to acknowledge the presence of a genius whose power it is in vain for us to resist; we feel, in short, Burns to be not dead, but a living companion, who delights while he instructs us. (Applause.) This seems in great part to account for the singular fact of Burns having towered so loftily over all the other heroes and bards to whom Scotland has given birth. It had been suggested to him that the company should drink to the memory of Burns in solemn silence, which is the rule in corresponding cases, but on the present occasion he thought this rule should be departed from. They were not there to mourn for the dead, they were rather met to rejoice that Burns had ever lived, and as the immortal bard who still lives in the hearts of his countrymen; and whose honoured name will go down more honoured than before from generation to generation even to the latest ages. (Immense cheering.) He would now, therefore, claim a special bumper to "the Immortal Memory of Burns." [The toast was drunk with the utmost enthusiasm.]

Mr. R. Boig here sang a "Lament for Burns," which was received with great applause. Many speeches, songs, and toasts followed, and after "Auld Langsyne" had been sung by Mr. Boig, and chorussed by the company, the dinner party broke up; and immediately thereafter the doors were thrown open for the admission of the wives and sweethearts of those present at the dinner, and others, for whose amusement a theatrical entertainment had been arranged. It passed off well, and the evening was happily spent.

Soiree in the Corn Exchange Saloon.—A soiree in celebration of the Centenary of Burns, was also given in the Corn Exchange Saloon. It was under the management of gentlemen connected with the Golden Square Musical Association, assisted of course by the indispensable advice and co-operation of the ladies also connected therewith. The party, which consisted of about one hundred and forty, assembled at five o'clock. Mr. John M. D. Patterson was unanimously called to the chair, and, after tea, stated the object of the meeting in a few appropriate remarks. The remainder of the evening was pleasantly filled up by songs, speeches, and recitations. The songs, which were all ably rendered, were confined to selections from Burns, and the singers were accompanied by the harmonium. Services of fruit, &c., were made during the evening. The meeting broke up about ten o'clock, evidently well pleased with the manner in which they had been regaled. The surplus arising from the soiree is to be devoted to charitable purposes, and has been placed in the hands of Mr. Leech, town missionary, whose visitations are invoked by the poor of all denominations. A moiety of the company adjourned to the hall of the Exchange to dance, and everything, we understand, proceeded very orderly and agreeably until a few *gentlemen* (who ought from their position in society to have known better,) from the Red Lion Hotel dinner, intruded themselves without invitation. The party broke up about one a.m. on the 26th.

The Townhall.—A party of teetotallers and others assembled in the Townhall, where tea and cakes were served. At five o'clock a company, which completely filled the outer hall, and numbered about five hundred children and adults, were comfortably seated. The Rev. A. Cant of Tweedmouth was in the chair. The Band of Hope musicians were present, and in the course of the evening played a variety of airs. The chairman gave a biographical sketch of the life of the poet Burns, and a number of songs of his composing were sung by different members of the company. Messrs. John Beveridge, A. Paton, and others, gave exhortations on temperance. Towards the close of the meeting the magic lantern was introduced, and its operations afforded much amusement to the juvenile portion of the company. Altogether the evening was spent very pleasantly, and at half-past eight o'clock the party broke up.

Soiree.—There was a soiree in connection with the second Baptist congregation, held in their place of meeting. The company, which amounted to about two hundred persons, was presided over by the Rev. W. Lees, and, in addition to that gentleman, was addressed by the Rev. Messrs. Pearson, Nicholson, and Thompson; and by Mr. John Cockburn. An excellent entertainment was provided, and at the close a vote of thanks was passed to the several parties who had contributed thereto.

Dinner at the Pack Horse Inn.—On Tuesday evening a meeting was held in the Pack Horse Inn, Church Street, to commemorate the Centenary of Scotland's illustrious bard, when thirty gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous dinner, prepared in Mr. Gray's usual first-rate style, to which great justice was done. Mr. James M'Laren occupied the chair, and Mr. Gibson, a well-known admirer of the poet, was croupier; on the right of the Chair-

man sat Mr H. Calder, a gentleman 98 years of age, who sang one of the poet's favourite songs, which was very heartily responded to by the company, there were some very impressive speeches delivered by a few of the gentlemen present, and some fine songs sung in first-rate style, and the hilarity of the meeting was kept up till an advanced hour, when all departed highly delighted with the manner in which the evening's proceedings had been conducted.

SUPPER AT THE WHITE SWAN INN.—A party of thirty-eight assembled at this inn, where an excellent supper was provided, under the auspices of the Yearly Benefit Society. A variety of speeches were made, and a number of appropriate songs were sung by Messrs. A. Yeoman, Swinney, Farmer, Turnbull, and Nicolson; and a pleasant meeting was much enjoyed by all present.

BIRMINGHAM.—Birmingham lent its little rill to the great river of homage to the genius of Burns, which flowed through the length and breadth of the civilised world on Tuesday evening.

ASTON HALL.—Fifty gentlemen sat down to an excellent supper in the fine old room in Aston Hall, in which the Queen lunched last year. The Chairman was Mr. Samuel Timmins, and the Vice-Chairman was Mr. Ross. Burns' well-known "grace before meat" prefaced the supper:

> "Some hae meat and canna eat,
> And some would eat that want it;
> But we hae meat and we can eat,
> Sae let the Lord be thankit."

Supper over, and the usual preliminary toasts having been given, Mr. TIMMINS, after a few introductory remarks, said the occasion was so remarkable a one that it was worth while attempting to see why they had met there, and why, after the lapse of a hundred years, Burns was so much reverenced and loved. It was one of the peculiarities of the meeting that it was not an assembly of Scotchmen, to whom the works of their national poet had been familiar from boyhood. It was a meeting of Englishmen, who had had to master much of his meaning by the aid of clumsy glossaries or marginal notes. And the fact that a humble Ayrshire peasant, writing in a dialect much of which was not known even in some parts of Scotland, should have achieved not merely a local fame, but a fame which had crossed the Tweed, and gone through the whole world, was one of the most marvellous things of modern times. It would be worth inquiring how it was that Burns had retained his popularity. His great glory was that he was a thorough son of the soil. (Hear.) Like the giant of old, he derived all his greatness from contact with his mother earth. His life showed that it was possible for a man to have the highest natural sensibility, and yet follow the humblest employment, and tread the lowliest walks of life. (Hear.) Too many of our poets have lived too much in the clouds; and with the exception of Shakspeare, there were few in regard to whom we did not separate the poet from the man. Take, for instance, Wordsworth, the high-priest of nature, the man who taught Englishmen to love nature in its highest aspects. They might be proud of him, but he was a strange cold man, and there was a lack of warmth in his works. So it was with Coleridge; he had said some excellent things, and was an admirable man, but still they did not feel any great personal fondness for him. In the case of Burns, however, they never separated the poet from his works; in spite of his faults and sins, they not only admired his genius but revered the man. It seemed to him (the Chairman) that the intense humanity running through all his works was the first claim Burns had upon their affection and regard. (Hear.) Another point was that he was always thoroughly natural. He wrote simply of what passed under his own eyes, and did not ransack old romance for his themes. After all, popularity with the people was the best test of true poetic powers. Unless a poet could make himself understood by the people, he certainly did not stand in the very highest and noblest rank. This was one of the great characteristics of Burns. In spite of his localisms, in spite of his wanting the only glory he lacked, that of being an English poet—for it was to be regretted he did not write more in English, and thereby secure his works a much larger diffusion—notwithstanding these things, he was the poet more than any other who ran Shakspeare hard in the matter of popularity. We send out scores of Englishmen who know little if anything of Shakspeare, but wherever a Scotchman plants his foot, he erects some little memorial of Burns, carrying the fame of his national poet throughout the wide world. (Cheers.) Regarding the "Cottar's Saturday Night" as solving the problem of how the moral tone of Burns' works was acquired, Mr. Timmins next glanced at the characteristics of some of his poems. As to his personal character, he did not stand there with any absolute defence of Burns. But when they remembered the remarkable sensibility of his genius, and the troubles and temptations to which it exposed him, they must look with a very lenient eye upon his failings and his sins. Let them remember they had the testimony of his much-loved wife, that he was a good and model husband,

and that as to the reiterated charges of drunkenness, she never knew him come home in an evening in a state which prevented him taking care of himself. (Hear.) As one of his friends told some calumniators, there could be little doubt that if half his virtues and all his sins were distributed amongst a dozen of them they would have been a vast deal better men than they were. (Applause.) While mixing among those higher in rank than himself, he was never servile or creeping, always maintained his own opinions, and was yet held in high honour by all who knew him. (Hear.) Burns was essentially a "man of men." He (the Chairman) would now ask them to drink "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," and he would not ask them to do so in solemn silence, for Burns himself would have been one of the first to protest against any such sombre nonsense. The toast was drunk most enthusiastically.

"Shakspeare and the Poetry of England," proposed by the Vice-Chairman, was responded to by Mr. Charles Matthews in a clever speech. A special toast, referring to the educational purposes to which Aston Hall is to be devoted, having been proposed by Mr. Morrison, "The Ladies" followed, (proposed by Mr. O'Neill, and acknowledged by Mr. Cornish); and towards what Burns calls "the wee short hour ayont the twal," "Auld Langsyne," sung as it never was before in Aston Hall, brought the meeting to a close.

Commercial Inn.—On Tuesday evening upwards of eighty gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner at the house of Mr. James Varie, the Commercial Inn, Great Hampton Street. The chair was taken by Mr. G. H. St. Clair, the vice-chair being ably filled by Mr. Reuben Roe. The usual loyal toasts having been proposed, the Chairman, in an eloquent speech, gave the toast of the "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." The next toast was that of the "Men of the North," proposed by Mr. Roe, the vice-chairman, who made an eloquent and effective speech. The Chairman then proposed the "Men of the South," which was responded to by Mr. Ashcroft, who read some very excellent lines, written for the occasion by the Rev. Hugh Hutton. A number of other toasts followed, including the "Vice-Chairman," the "Ladies," the "Host and Hostess," whose catering was a subject of high commendation. A most agreeable evening was spent.

Nelson Tavern.—A dinner also took place at Mr. Taylor's, the Nelson Tavern, Nelson Street, Sandpits, and was attended by about sixty persons. After the withdrawal of the cloth, Mr. William Smith was called upon to take the chair, and he fulfilled the duties of his office in a very able manner. Mr. J. Doak occupied the vice-chair. The Chairman having given the usual preliminary toasts, called upon the company to fill a bumper "To the Immortal Memory of Burns," a proposition which it is needless to say was enthusiastically received by a party composed almost exclusively of Scotchmen. Several other toasts followed, and the intervals between them were agreeably filled by members of the company, who sang and recited some favourite compositions of the great national poet. A most pleasant and enjoyable evening was spent.

Another party was held at the Fountain Tavern, Camden Street, the chair being occupied by Mr. Hughes. A very pleasant evening was spent.

BLACKBURN, (Lancashire.)—The banquet took place at the Old Bull Hotel, where the large dining-room was completely filled by a highly respectable company. The chair was occupied by Alderman James Cunningham, who was supported right and left by Sir William Henry Feilden, Bart. of Feniscowles (who appeared in full Highland costume); James Pilkington, Esq., M.P. for Blackburn; John Baynes, Esq. (mayor of Blackburn); Rev. A. Fraser, M.A. (Congregational minister). The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. John Murray, supported on the right by the Rev. H. Cock (Congregational minister), and on the left by Mr. William Gourlay (editor of the *Blackburn Standard*). Besides Blackburnians, and Blackburnian Scotchmen, there were present many friends from a distance. Ample justice having been done to the good things provided, and the tables having been cleared,

The Chairman gave in succession "The Queen," and "The Prince Consort and the Royal Family."

The Chairman then called on the Rev. A. Fraser to give the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Burns." The rev. gentleman was received with loud applause. He said that he took part in their meeting with very great pleasure, and he very willingly undertook the task which had been assigned to him. The subject was a large one, but he would not attempt on an occasion like the present to give them either a lecture, a critical disquisition, or a laboured historical discourse. He would be content with something less than either. When he spoke of Scotland, although a Scotchman, he did not speak of "home." The place where he now resided was home. His native land had been, not abandoned, but left. His early associations, literary, religious, and otherwise, had been given up, and others had been formed in this locality, which had thereby become his home. But still he had

not lost the nationality, which was a peculiar characteristic of mountaineers; and therefore he had great pleasure in trying to bring before them some historical, religious, and political points regarding the great poet whose centenary had brought them together. A century had passed away since Robert Burns was born, and these centenary celebrations carried one's thoughts back to almost the time of the last civil war, the rebellion of 1745–6. A century ago—"Waverley" refers to a period slightly anterior, and every person has read Waverley, the production of another immortal genius, and he too a Scot—a century ago was a cold, ungenial age. There was a spice of tyranny in political matters. The gospel in the church was a little diluted, or, in some cases, even tainted with error; and where the holy Evangel was clearly taught and faithfully, much of narrow prejudice and bigotry mingled with it. At this period was our poet born, of poor but honest and industrious parents—to receive a very slender education, but to have and to hold strong sentiments and passions, and to wield the powers of a splendid genius, and wake the responses of nature,

> "While wood shall grow,
> And water flow."

But how came Burns to be the man he was? He was of wonderful genius, and his genius was of a peculiar character. It was that which expresses itself in the language of feeling: his poetry is the poetry of the affections. A genius, and other great gifts, God bestows with much more impartiality then many imagine. In this matter there is no respect of class or persons. God gave genius to the ploughboy! His compeers acknowledged it, and admired him and feasted him for a little while, and then abandoned him to poverty and distress. His distresses were not useless. Who has ever learned much without suffering? Who that has suffered in a noble cause may not adopt the language of Virgil: "Not ignorant of misfortune myself, I have learned to succour the wretched?" Pathetic depths and glowing feelings result from blessed pain, and hence the allurements of dangerous enterprise and the interest of tragedy. From amidst the lights and shadows of Scottish humble life, Burns distinguished himself. Like Horace, he reared for himself a monument more lasting than brass. Like Horace, and even far more widely than this favourite of Augustus, his satire and his song were heard. He raised the fallen spirit of his country from the dust, and throwing targets and claymores aside, in a peaceful, ethereal, immortal strain, uttered his voice. He did not choose as his themes scenes and events which occurred one or two hundred years ago, but he laid hold of the present and the passing. He sung of the great mountain, the flowing stream, the fertile valley, the foaming cataract, the scenes of active life—scenes between soul and soul. He sung of man, and all man's hopes and aspirations. He sung of love—pure, upright, virtuous love. He sung of prayer, and piety, and heaven—"The land o' the leal." He spoke to nature, and nature's echoes keep replying. He wrote for men, and the masses own his sway. You are witnesses, and the many tens of thousands who have met this week in all parts of the world. With each returning season the themes of Burns' songs are ever fresh and ever new; and thus it is that we speak of "The Immortal Memory of Burns." It is because his themes are immortal that he is immortal. And Burns brought to bear upon his themes the power of a feeling mind, which caused him always to be in the extreme of ecstacy or misery. But it is the feeling with which he spoke and wrote that will make his works remain while the world remaineth. Scotchmen have a right to be proud of Burns. He is peculiarly their own—a countryman—a kindred mind, clear-headed, warm-hearted, of boiling spirit and indomitable courage, romantic and enterprising. There is another thing which this great man has done: he has embalmed a language, he has rendered classic his native dialect—"the gude braid lowlands" of his age and locality. And why should not our mother tongue, like the ancient Greek, have its dialects? Attic, Ionic, Doric, Hellenistic, all of them have their own excellences and their own writers in prose and verse? Had circumstances varied—and the court been transferred from London to Edinburgh, instead of from Edinburgh to London, the classic English must have been Scotch. At all events, why should not our mother tongue—I mean what is now English, with all its appurtenances—be the language of humanity—the language of the world. I think it may be; and the scholars on future forms—on timber yet to be grown—will be studying together, as illustrations of the force and pathos of the old Saxon speech—"Thomas and Mary," "Thomas of Shanter," and "Souter John!" For Burns lived for the future. His poems are a complete essay on man. He sighed for the good time coming, and prayed for it likewise, in the faith which Isaiah and Micah had inspired—that happy future time, when they shall "hang the trumpet in the hall, and study war no more." All honour to warriors while they are needed. But in that fair future time the rank and file of men will be men—and good men—and true men—and golden men, as the poet has predicted; and of sufficient calibre to receive a charge of such poetry, and sound it forth again until the wel-

kin ring! The contributions of Burns to the pleasure and profit of the human race—like land bequeathed in ancient time to religious and charitable purposes—will ever rise in value as time rolls on. The well of truth can never be emptied, and genius is a perennial stream; and the human heart, with all its earthliness, has gold in it, and the gold of that land is good; and the more diggers the more finders, and the supply is inexhaustible. And when we have done working, and learning, and enjoying, and suffering on earth, let us cherish the faith that we shall meet,

> "No wanderer lost,
> A family in Heaven!"

Mr. James Jardine then addressed the meeting, on "The genius of Burns," as follows:—I cannot but think how cheering it would be to such a noble and generous heart as Burns's to have lived to see the day dawn upon this our world, when men of all nations and of all ranks in society, forgetting their past grievances, laying aside their little prejudices, should meet as on the present occasion, and pay that debt of humble gratitude which is due to departed genius and sterling worth. He touched the dearest chord in our nature when he sung in the following strains:—

> "Then let us pray, that come it may,
> As come it will for a' that,
> That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
> May bear the gree, and a' that.
> For a' that, and a' that;
> It's coming yet, for a' that,
> That man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be, for a' that."

Then, like Burns, we care not from what nation you come, or what land you claim to be that of your birth, "we shall brothers be, for a' that." If we cannot literally love our neighbours as ourselves, we ought to try to imitate that heaven-born precept—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." That was the "Union Jack" which our hero fought under as he crossed life's stormy ocean; that was the standard he wished to plant upon every towering mountain top, as he climbed life's slippery steep; that was the flag he wished to see riding upon every wave and floating in every breeze. I expect that the day is not far distant when men will all be like our rural bard, and will plead the principles of our common humanity and universal brotherhood. That was the fairy crown the finger of nature had wrought for him; these were the gems the lily-white hand of genius planted in his crown; these were the jewels that adorned his brow: and although this crown sat upon the head and these jewels nestled on the brow of a neglected son of rustic toil, they shine now with more brilliant lustre and dazzling splendour than even the crown and the diamonds that bedeck a monarch's state. Then let his faults be what they may (and there is not one that deplores them more than I do), charity, like some heavenly visitant, whispers in my ear, "tread upon these spots but lightly," for his faults and his follies were those of erring humanity. But, thank God, his laurels were not stained with blood, nor bedewed with the tears of our widows or of our fatherless children. They were those of humanity, equity, sincerity, peace, and true liberty. These are the laurels that fear no decay. They will live when this world, with its sects and parties, nations and nationalities, its pools of blood and fields of mangled slain, is no more. They will bloom as fresh as the rose, and as fair as the lily, in the second Eden's lovely bowers. They are like the source from whence they sprung—eternal. Mr. Jardine concluded by reciting a poem composed by himself for the occasion. Other eloquent speeches followed, songs were sung, and the evening was one of rare enjoyment.

BRADFORD.—A great dinner party met in St. George's Hall. Five tables stretched from end to end of the spacious area, and at the top, just from below the orchestra, an elevated table was placed transversely for the principal guests. The front of the orchestra was tastefully decorated with three large mirrors, surrounded by crimson and white drapery, and on the orchestra was placed a collection of evergreens. The band of the Enniskillen Militia occupied the front of the west gallery, and in the early part of the evening, played with effect many national and popular airs. The guests at the dinner table numbered three hundred and forty, and after dinner about three hundred ladies in evening dress occupied the stalls. Sir Peter Fairbairn, mayor of Leeds, presided. He was supported on his right by the mayor of Bradford (H. Brown, Esq.), R. Milligan, Esq., (Acacia), H. W. Ripley, Esq. (Lightcliffe), Rev. Dr. Willis, incumbent of St. John's, James Wheelhouse, Esq., of Leeds, Mr. Alderman Mitchell, Mr. James Law, and Mr. Wm. Byles; and on his left by J. Botterill, Esq., ex-mayor of Leeds, Rev. D. Sim, Rev. Dr. Fraser, Walter Milligan, Esq. (Low Royd), Dr. Carrington, of Yeadon, &c. Dr. Macturk occupied the vice-chair, and the other tables were presided over by members of the committee.

The following gentlemen officiated as stewards:—Dr. Macturk, Dr. Wright (Halifax), Messrs. D. Salmond, A. Neill, John Glover, A. M'Kean, D. Abercombie, J. G. Wilson, John Wilson, Adam Brown, A. Falker (Leeds), W. Duckitt, S. Smith, W. Douglas, W. Bil-

lington, A. S. M'Laurin, Thomas Smith, W. Milligan, Peter Law, John Beattie, R. Milligan, jun., Richard Hamilton, Thomas Tindal, D. Thomson, and R. Douglas.

After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman gave "The Army and Navy," when "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," was sung by Mr. Joseph Jowett. It was no sooner concluded, than the Chairman, conveying the evident feeling of the company, requested its repetition. The large assembly, whose enthusiasm had been thoroughly aroused by the song, rose to their feet, and on the repetition of the song, joined in chorus in the alternate verses. The scene is one which will long live in the memory of those present.

The Rev. D. Sim said—Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, in undertaking the duty of introducing the toast of the evening to your notice, I have obeyed, too rashly, perhaps, the call of the gentlemen with whom this banquet originated, deeply sensible of the honour conferred on me, yet no less conscious of my unfitness to do justice to such a theme, and of the large measure of indulgence which I must hope to receive at your hands. It is without affectation—it is but the honest sentiment of my heart, when I say that I have no title whatever to the place that has been assigned me in these proceedings, unless it be in sharing with you—my fellow-countrymen and women—in ardent attachment to our native land; in admiration, fervent as your own, for our great national poet, deepened in my own case, it may be, by a residence of years in what has been truly called the land of Burns, amidst those scenes, beautiful by nature, yet invested with new charms, by the grateful and adoring child, whose latent genius they evoked and nurtured. But, sir, whatever apprehensions may be felt by me, I dismiss them on a moment's reflection, that it is the memory of Burns to which you are now invited to pay your meed of homage. The fame of him, who left us only too soon, for himself and us, rests on a foundation too deep and enduring to suffer any damage from my imperfect advocacy. The name of Robert Burns will speak, and is speaking for itself. At this very hour, what a potent spell is it proving over the whole face of the civilised world. Were it possible that the bard could rise from his lonely sleep, and see the world-wide reputation he has created for himself, how gloriously would he find the vision of his early youth fulfilled, in which the Muse of his native country bound the green holly round his head, and bade him wear it—realised in a manner and to an extent, even he, probably, in his most sanguine moments, never ventured to anticipate. (Applause.) As the lapse of years has borne us further and further away at once from the cradle and grave of the man, his surpassing gifts, instead of dwindling on the view, have been only growing larger and more luminous. A hundred years complete their course to-night, since he opened his eyes in the little cottage—the "auld clay biggin'" by the banks and braes o' bonny Doon. Many changes has that century carried in its bosom—many things once interesting has it buried in darkness and silence, but the name of Burns stands higher at this moment than it has ever done, and promises to live for many centuries to come. What do we witness, sir, when we look around us this night? Throughout the length and breadth of that land from which the poet's name can never be dissevered till it ceases to exist—in its cities, its towns, its remotest hamlets—in forms the most manifold—we see all classes of the people hastening, with an enthusiasm hitherto unparalleled, to celebrate the hundreth birthday of their greatest countryman. The swell of their acclamation has crossed the border, and England warmly takes it up; our American brethren shout across the Atlantic that they shall not be wanting—and even at the Antipodes, under the Australian cross, the season shall not pass without befitting commemoration. And, coming to ourselves, permit me to say, sir, that it is with no ordinary pleasure I see this large and influential company convened in this hall under your presidency, prepared, as I believe you all are, nay, eager, may I not say, to give the name of our poet your very heartiest reception. Scotchmen we have here, who may naturally feel proud this night of their country's gifted son, and be the foremost to wreath their chaplet round his bust. Englishmen are here who, though they glory, as we also do, in their peerless Shakspeare—join us not the less cordially in this tribute, to one who has been happily described as the brightest of the planetary train that circles round the mighty sun of the Bard of Avon. Irishmen, with their warm hearts, are here, who, in honouring Burns, will pay the most graceful compliment to the lyrical genius of their own sprightly and charming Moore. Gentlemen, who may be collectively taken as the representatives of the industry and commerce of this great West Riding, who, by your presence here, bear a practical protest against the alleged materialism of the age, who thus testify that you can appreciate other than material interests; who hail as the benefactors of their species, those from whose lays dew distils to refresh our hearts when dry as summer dust, and who, more than any others perhaps, impress all ranks with a sense of their common brotherhood, by touching those chords of feel-

ing to which the universal heart of humanity vibrates. Last, but far from least, we have here the ladies, casting the radiance of their smiles over this scene, and proving that the very memory of the bard still retains something of that fascinating power which ever drew them around his living presence. Who could be expected to remember Burns, if he were abandoned by those whom he esteemed as the latest and most finished product of divine workmanship—the bonnie lasses, whom he loved and sung? (Applause.) It were impossible for me, even if I were competent to the task, and this the proper time for it, to attempt anything like a critical estimate of the genius of our great countryman. Those who wish to see this done in a manner creditable alike to the writers and their subject must betake themselves to the pages of Carlyle or Wilson. But even before these had taken up the pen, the hearts of mankind, whose instincts are often truer than canons of criticism, had already and decidedly pronounced their verdict. I will not venture to criticise the genius of Burns. And with respect to his failings as a man, which undoubtedly he had, as in some form we all have, as Shakspeare, Byron, Moore, and a host of others had, with respect to these I shall only say, that we regret them as sincerely as he himself did. (Hear, hear, and applause.) We are here, not as morbid anatomists of moral infirmities, but as the admirers of genius—of all that was true, and beautiful, and good in the man; and well entitled to our deep and glowing homage is our Ayrshire bard, the poet of nature. If ever there was one who could be regarded as a poet born and not made, surely that man was he; a man as original in his subjects as in his manner of handling them; a man—

> "Whose songs gushed from his heart
> As showers from the clouds of summer,
> Or tears from the eyelids start;
> Who, through long days of labour,
> And nights devoid of ease,
> Still heard in his soul the music
> Of wonderful melodies."

A man whose productions are his veritable self—Nature's own work; every page and almost every line bearing the impress of that large-hearted, open-hearted, unhypocritical, manly being. (Applause.) When the poetic genius of his country found him, as the prophet bard Elijah did Elisha at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him, she bade him sing in his native tongue, the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures of his native soil. He accepted the mission, and how very nobly did he fulfil it.

> "No idly feigned poetic pains,
> Arcadian raptures quaint and tame,"

are those which breathe in his impassioned strains. The fountains of his inspiration were in the common air, and earth, and sky about him—in the incidents of his own life—the emotions of his own heart, the simple cottagers with whom he mixed, the every-day doings in which he bore his part, and over all that world of hard reality he poured the wealth of his genius till it became full of beauty and pathos. (Applause.) "That," said Coleridge once, when in some lonely cottage he fell in with a well-thumbed copy of Thomson's "Seasons," "that is true fame." And what is it that constitutes the highest fame of Burns? It is not, like some great masters of the art, to be praised much and little read. It is not the monuments that have been reared to him. It is not even such gatherings as these to celebrate his natal day. His chiefest honour, and what would have been deemed by him his richest reward, is, that his "native wood-notes wild" are still mingling with the mirth and melancholy of thousands at home and far away—in the moorland cottage, in the city workshop, on the harvest field and the field of battle. And why is it so? It is because the throbbings of their own manly hearts, in all their manifold moods, which otherwise would have continued mute, have found utterance through the inspired lips of the poet. The hills and woods and streams grow brighter under the light of his song. Sacred memories steal softly on the spirit when, in the finest offering that genius ever laid on the shrine of domestic affection and devotion, when, in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," the priest-like sire is seen opening "the big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride." (Applause.) The spirit of patriotism burns with a keener glow in the bosom, and the pulse beats quicker, while "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" rolls like the thunder and flashes forth its condensed energy like the lightnings on the moor where it was composed. (Applause.) The honest labourer, battling manfully with the toils and cares of life, feels the natural glow of honour and independence quickened, and lifts his brow, unabashed, before the highest-born as he sings—

> "A man's a man for a' that."

The lover pours softly into the ear of some other Mary or Jean, the verses in which the immortal minstrel first woed his own; and well he may, for he knows that no poet, either of ancient or modern time, ever sung to noble lady strains of more fervent tenderness, couched in sweeter words. Nor is the poet less exquisite in his sympathies with all other living and lifeless things; there is nothing too lowly for his loving heart, and in his hands the meanest

object can "unseal the source of sympathetic tears." The daisy, "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," catches his eye as the ploughshare unheaves its bed, and, with the grace which he has made for it, it glints for ever on the reader of his page, as it did from the "histie-stibblefield," the emblem of despoiled innocence or suffering worth. (Applause.) When the storm is up on a winter night, with "flaky showers and whirling drift," what pathos is there, as he thinks of "Ourie cattle or silly sheep wha bide this brattle o' winter war;" and still more of

"Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring,
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What comes o' thee?
Whar wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
An' close thine e'e?"

But I must not enlarge. Only a genius akin to his own can worthily descant on the excellences of Burns. I call on you then to join me, and let it be with all your heart in devoting an overflowing bumper to the immortal memory of Robert Burns. (Applause).

The Rev. Dr. Fraser, in introducing the "Memory of Sir Walter Scott," remarked that it was matter of no small pleasure to him to look upon an assembly such as that, gathered together to do honour to departed genius, and the pleasure which he felt was enhanced by the thought that the tribute of respect which was being rendered that day to the memory of Burns was confined neither to the land of his birth nor to the numbers of his countrymen. He (Dr. F.) believed, and was not alone in believing, that a true poet, like a true patriot, belonged to all lands, and to all time. (Applause.) He was the world's property—a gift sent down from heaven to man on earth. The narrow boundaries of his father-land could not limit the sphere of his influence who, inspired by genius, came forth the interpreter of nature's beauties, and added to truth and duty a freshness and a charm unfelt before. (Applause.) The glorious visions which burst upon the poet's eye when he soared aloft upon imagination's pinions were free to all; the only spell that was needed to unlock their splendours to human view was the possession of an intellect that could comprehend them. The brotherhood of intellect was a universal brotherhood. Wherever there was found that taste which the poet so beautifully described when he said it was

—"like the silent dial's power,
Which, when supernal light is given
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven."

Wherever there was that intellect—that taste, the triumphs of genius would ever find a response and a welcome. All honour, then, he said, as a Scotchman, to those men who, though not of Scottish birth, united with them that evening in paying their tribute of respect to the memory of Burns; men who showed by their presence amongst them that they had that taste which could appreciate the beauty of his imagery, the striking creations of his fancy, his simple heart-winning pathos, and his kindling, soul-stirring thoughts of honest worth and manly independence. (Applause.) He liked to hear an Englishman join in singing "Scots who hae." (Applause.) It told him this, that that Englishman looked beyond national differences and party feuds; that that Englishman looked upon his once Northern foes with the same generous feelings with which Roderick Dhu regarded Fitz James in the Highland pass—

—"in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

and just as Englishmen and Scotchmen found in each other no unworthy opponents in times that were past, so they found now noble and glorious assistants in the great work of advancing the civilization and freedom of the world. (Applause.)

Many other excellent speeches, toasts, and songs were given. "Auld Langsyne" was sung by Mr. Councillor J. Jowett, the whole company up-standing and joining therein. The National Anthem was then sung, and the company began to separate about eleven o'clock.

BRISTOL.—The Centenary of the birth of Robert Burns was commemorated in this city by a couple of public dinners, one of them being held in the large lecture hall at the Athenæum, and the other at the Angel Inn, High Street. About one hundred and twenty gentlemen sat down to dinner at the Athenæum, under the presidency of P. F. Aiken, Esq., grandson of Robert Aiken, writer, Ayr, the early friend and patron of the poet; and amongst those present we observed Dr. Symonds, Captain Hardy (of the 1st Bombay Lancers), and Messrs. —— May, M. Dunlop, J. M'Arthur, E. S. Robinson, J. Bush, J. Sadler, —— Vassell, G. S. Bryant, —— Warren, W. Hathway, W. Little (Chippenham), —— Mack, R. Wilson, W. H. Williams, &c. &c. The wall at the lower end of the room, behind the Chairman's seat, was hung with festoons of evergreens, suspended from the centre of which was a transparency, representing the thistle—the emblem of Scotland—with the motto underneath of "Nemo me impune lacesset." At the opposite end of the room, underneath the

tribunes, was a scroll, bearing the inscription, "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot."

On the removal of the cloth, and previous to "Non nobis Domine" being sung, a number of ladies, in evening dress, entered the tribune, and their appearance was greeted with loud applause on the part of the gentlemen in the body of the hall.

After the usual preliminary toasts, the CHAIRMAN rose and said—Ladies and gentlemen, all nations have celebrated the public services of eminent men by triumphs, festivals, statues, monuments. Our poets, whose characters are various, and their works of unequal merit, have their monuments in our churches and cathedrals. At Westminster Abbey, they cluster like stars in the milky way, and their dust mingles with that of heroes, statesmen, and kings. It is a sad thought that posthumous honours come too often after a life of comparative neglect and adversity. Milton complained that his lot fell on evil days; but little disappointed, not at all dejected, he looked forward with confident hope to the verdict of posterity. And so those best thoughts and words, that bear the stamp of immortality, come down to us in books, which Bacon finely calls "the ships of Time." As your cargoes, merchants of Bristol, increase in value when they come from afar, so the rich freights of genius that have safely crossed the waves of time are all the more precious. Burns and Scott have made Englishmen and foreigners acquainted with their country. Even in Dr. Johnson's time, Scotland was imagined to be a hilly region without trees, bleak and barren, inhabited by a race half barbarous and half clad, fed on oats, like English dogs and horses, the clansmen and followers of lawless chieftains. Edinburgh was named "Auld Reekie," smoky like London, to which Dr. Johnson could not object; but there were no police, and the houses were very high, and lazy cooks and housemaids in the eighth or tenth story, discharged the office of board of health by summary methods of domestic purification, perilous to passengers, which made the Doctor complain to Boswell of the Canongate and High Street after nightfall—(laughter). Now Englishmen are aware that romantic Edinburgh, the modern Athens, has few equals among cities; the commercial Glasgow is the Liverpool of the north; and that the waters of the estuary of the Clyde are, at least, as clear as those of the Severn—(hear, hear). Highland chieftains and their clans are respected among their native hills, and for many a well-fought field, and their merits are acknowledged south of the Tweed, with the exception, perhaps, of one chieftain, under whose plain, uninviting exterior, there is warmth of heart—a solid substantial worth, which recommends him to his countrymen—I mean that great chieftain of the pudding race—haggis—(cheers and laughter). What Burns and Scott together have done for Scotland, Burns did for Ayr—

> "Wham ne'er a town surpasses,
> For honest men and bonnie lasses"—

a town situated between the rivers Ayr and Doon, and on the shore of the broad blue sea of the Forth of Clyde. Those two beautiful rivers, and neighbouring scenery of Dumfriesshire, Burns has made classic ground. And here you will pardon me for adverting to some facts incidentally relating to the family of him who has the honour to address you, as they are his apology for occupying this place, but especially as they are connected with the literary history of Burns, and therefore I am sure you will not regard them as egotistical. William Burns, the father of the poet, was the gardener and bailiff of Mr. Fergusson of Dunholm. The daughter of Mr. Fergusson married Mr. Hunter, of Bonnyton, also in Ayrshire, who became proprietor of Dunholm, for which the river Doon is the boundary. A brother of Mr. Hunter was proprietor of Barjarg, on the Nith, a few miles from Burns's farm of Ellisland, and their sister was the wife of Robert Aiken, to whom Burns dedicated the poem ("The Cottar's Saturday Night"), the original copy of which, in his hand-writing, is here—(Cheers). When Burns was about to embark for the West Indies in despair, his warm friends, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Aiken, encouraged the publication and sale of his poems; and Gilbert Burns wrote to Dr. Currie that "'The Cottar's Saturday Night' is inscribed to Mr Aiken, a man of worth and taste, of warm affections, and connected with a most respectable circle of friends and relations. The poems of my brother no sooner came into his hands than they were quickly known and well received in the extensive circle of Mr Aiken's friends, which gave them a sort of currency necessary in this wise world, even for the good reception of things valuable in themselves." But Mr. Aiken not only admired the poet as soon as he became acquainted with him, but he shewed the warmest regard for the man, and did everything in his power to forward his interest and respectability. The "Epistle to a Young Friend" was addressed to this gentleman's son, Mr. Andrew Hunter Aiken, of Liverpool. Having been taken, when a boy, from an English home to my grandfather's, to attend a celebrated school at Ayr, I remember that holiday when I first saw a cottage, over which was a sign, better

understood than expressed:—"Stop, passenger, and read! This is the humble cottage which gave birth to the celebrated poet, Robert Burns." With relations at Ayr and at Doonholm, with other friends also on the banks of the Ayr, were spent the happy days of boyhood; and at a later period, while visiting at Barjarg, near Ellisland, I became familiar also with the banks of the Nith, and saw and conversed with Mrs. Burns, the widow of the poet, in her own house at Dumfries, his last residence and place of burial. I will now mention a piece of history not generally known. My aunt, Miss Aiken, when a child, used to delight Burns by singing charmingly his own songs. She met him at Dumfries a short time before his death. He said, "the fire in me is almost extinguished; I am the shadow of my former self." She invited him to dine with her relation, and in their agreeable society he still displayed those wonderful powers of conversation which, by her report, by the testimony of Dugald Stewart, and other learned men, impressed them more with an opinion of his pre-eminent ability than even his poems. When Dr. Currie was about to publish the life and poems of Burns, Miss Aiken went to Liverpool, and was in that society of which Currie and Roscoe were the ornaments. At Dr. Currie's request, she wrote to Scotland for the poems which Burns had sent to her father, and the letters that accompanied them, to be published. Many of these letters were written, to use the words of Burns, "when his heart glowed with honest warm simplicity, unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world." In them he addressed his loved and honoured friend, led him to the Muses' fountain, and showed him the purest sources of his inspiration. What admirer of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Tam o' Shanter," and the "Twa Brigs of Ayr," and the "Twa Dogs," and the "Mouse," and the "Mountain Daisy," and many more, would not wish to read the letters that accompanied them, containing the poet's own commentaries, fresh from the heart? The poems were in a cabinet or secretary, in one parcel; the letters from Robert Burns to Robert Aiken, in another. The poems were found and forwarded to Dr. Currie for publication. The letters had been removed by some one, who probably thought he had possessed himself of the literary treasure. Advertisements offering a reward for their restoration were unavailing; for to this hour they have never been recovered. If they still exist, I can only entreat, in the name of Burns and of literature, that they may be sent to the grandson of him to whom they were addressed. I have just one short unpublished letter, which owes its preservation to its having been written on the fly-leaf of a copy of the "Elegy of Sir James Hunter Blair:"—"To Robert Aiken, Esq.—My Honoured Friend,—The melancholy occasion of the foregoing poem affects not only individuals, but a country. That I have lost a friend, is but repeating after Caledonia. This copy, rather an incorrect one, I beg you will accept, till I have an opportunity in person, which I expect to have on Thursday first, of assuring you how sincerely I ever am,—Honoured and Dear Sir,—Your oft obliged,—Robert Burns."

Of the many most interesting letters sent by Burns to Robert Aiken, only one appears in Dr. Currie's edition, whence another editor has drawn an erroneous inference. The absence of that correspondence I have now explained—(hear, hear.) It is characteristic of great painters and poets, that they are never at a loss for a subject, and whatever they touch they adorn. Nature is their teacher and their subject; and Nature is everywhere. The master's hand is seen in the truthful delineation of home scenes and wayside beauties. To depict Nature correctly is a high achievement, and still higher to paint her with imaginative truth, with feeling, and passion. In all this Burns excels. Trivial incidents suggest to him genuine poetry. Guiding the plough, he overturns a mouse's nest. His sympathetic soul presses forth its strain of pity at the ruin he has made, and then rises to a loftier sentiment. Having given quotations from that well-known poem, from the "Winter Night," and the "Mountain Daisy," Mr. Aiken proceeded. But Burns can descend to things most insignificant, most unpoetical, and yet charm you.

Burns went to hear a sermon, and saw a lady who wore a bonnet very large and very lofty, fashionable then, but not now—(laughter). By some untoward accident, there had strayed upon that towering structure of millinery something that has not a local habitation nor a name in civilized society—(renewed laughter). Burns, with comic humour, traced its impudently ambitious career; and then, finding good in everything, he exclaims—

> "O wad some Power the giftie gie us,
> To see oursels as others see us!
> It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion.
> What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
> And ev'n Devotion!"

Burns describes the natural according to nature. When he attempts the supernatural, it is, at least, in an original way. The witches in "Tam o' Shanter" are unlike the awful weird sisters of Macbeth. They are a jovial

crew of dancers, who, notwithstanding their horrible accompaniments, inspire more of mirth than of dread. And so, in the "Dialogue of Death and Dr. Hornbook," and in the "Address to the Devil," solemnity of feeling yields to a jocund familiarity. Burns did not attempt to follow Milton in the great sublime; but in his "Address to Satan," after expostulating with the author of evil for the mischief he had wrought, he takes the reader by surprise with a touch of compassion, not only for the victims, but for the tempter:—

"I'm wae to think upon yon den,
Ev'n for your sake."

After quotations from several other poems, concluding with some stanzas from "The Cottar's Saturday Night," Mr. Aiken proceeded:—Three characteristics of Burns's poetry are—strong sense, simple manly vigour, intense feeling. Like the ancient prophets and bards, he was a seer. His sensitive mind received distinct images of what he saw, and he transmitted them in sun-pictures of nature in her beauty and grandeur, her brightness and gloom; in portraits of men and manners coloured according to the moods of his mind,—mirthful, melancholy, humorous, rejoicing, overflowing with tenderness and pity, vehement with passion, or glowing with rapture—(applause). The soul of a sincere and great poet speaks to your soul in tones that thrill and vibrate through your whole being. This is true poetry, true eloquence. Possessing these qualities, his flowing verse, animated songs, and lyrical compositions, are unsurpassed. His best works, composed in the intervals of labour during a short life, indicate a power which, with more of learned leisure, might have achieved those higher results of continued industry on which the fame of the greatest masters in the art depends. But he had great industry, great energy, and, notwithstanding his occupations, trials, difficulties, and temptations, the vision of his youth was realized; for Scotland has bound the holly round his head, and crowned him her national bard. In every library, in every house,—ay, in every cottage whose inmates can read, is the favourite volume; and in their Bibles and standard books of divinity, that well-instructed peasantry have the best corrective of what is evil both in life and in literature; the best preparation to appreciate what is pure and excellent in both—(hear, hear). Not only are the poems and songs of Burns read and sung by the fireside and in the field, the expatriated Scotchman takes them as the companions of his exile to Canadian wilds or to a tropical climate. There the glowing lines of the rustic bard recall fair visions of the purple mountains, the woody vales, the banks and the braes where his boyhood wandered, till he seems to feel the breeze from his native hills fan and revive his languid frame; to see the well-known river,—to hear the dash of its waterfalls, and listen to the murmuring flow of its crystal streams, at the magic touch of genius. And if among heathen temples, and shapeless idols, and polluted rites, the sacred day has been unhallowed, haply the "Cottar's Saturday Night" may remind him of the coming morn and the simple worship of his father's home. This is what we commemorate when we approach the poet's tomb to hang our grateful garland there. And if every epitaph were as candid as that which his own hand inscribed upon it, how much posthumous flattery would disappear!

"Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs himself life's mad career
Wild as the wave?
Here pause, and through the starting tear,
Survey the grave."

Who can survey it without mingled admiration and sorrow? Who will survey it in any other spirit than that of the lowly publican? Had I been born in a clay-built cottage, cradled in adversity, with a loving, ardent, lofty, impetuous soul, raised suddenly from the depths of despair to the perilous heights of fame; from frugal poverty to scenes which realized the voluptuous den of Comus and his crew, how should I have broken the spell, and escaped the snare? Down, censorious pride! be humble, be contented, be grateful. It is thus we would pay the tribute due to genius, yet render that higher homage we owe to truth and virtue. (The Chairman resumed his seat amidst long-continued and enthusiastic cheering).

Duet.—"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

The memory of the "Immortal Burns" was then drunk in solemn silence.

The Chairman then called on Dr. Symonds, who in an eloquent speech proposed "The English Poets."

Song.—"Bonnie English Rose."

Song.—"Highland Mary."

Mr J. Brown then delivered a brief address on Burns's "Bonnie Jean."

Mr. J. M'Arthur, in a brief but humorous address, proposed the toast of "The Ladies," characterizing it as the most important one of the evening, and remarking that Burns was evidently fully aware of the superiority of the fair sex. In speaking of Nature, he had said—

"Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O."

The toast was drunk amidst enthusiastic applause.

Mr. E. S. Robinson proposed the toast of "The Peasantry of Scotland." He concluded an eloquent speech as follows:—It has been said, that "there are those among the English aristocracy who would be noble, though coronets and privilege had no existence." In further illustration of the same sentiment, that true nobility is confined to no class or section of society, I would say that there is one, at least, among the "Peasantry of Scotland," who, wearing no coronet, and being endowed with no privilege, is yet worthy to rank with the nobility of that land he has done so much to adorn and immortalize by his verse—(loud cheers).

Song.—"A man's a man for a' that."

Mr. Little acknowledged the toast on behalf of the peasantry of Scotland.

Mr. J. M'Arthur proposed the Chairman's health, which was enthusiastically received and warmly responded to. "Should Auld Acquaintance be Forgot" was then sung, and the proceedings shortly afterwards terminated.

Dinner at the Angel Inn.—A second dinner, to which between sixty and seventy gentlemen sat down, was held in the large room of the Angel Inn, High Street, at which the anniversaries of the bard have been hitherto celebrated. Mr. John Chisholm presided; Mr. Collings and Mr. Lockie occupying the vice-chairs; and among the company were Messrs. Tovey and Ayre (of the Town Council), James Tilley, Martyn, Muire, G. Tovey, J. A. Hill, &c. The room was elegantly decorated, and the dinner, which comprised some cockie-leekie, and a profuse supply of game, was of an elegant description. After the customary toasts had been drunk, the Chairman gave the "Immortal memory of Burns;" and in so doing observed, that although a hundred years had passed since his birth, his memory was that day being celebrated throughout the globe. Wherever the children of England and Scotland had gathered together, his songs would be sung with feelings of pride and satisfaction. Few could be ignorant of his writings, or insensible to the spirit he breathed into them. Who was there who had not read the words of tenderness and love with which his rich muse sung of the virtues of woman, or the scornful yet truthful language in which he rebuked the vices and follies of men? This was the muse of nature; and where nature was loved, it would ever be admired. Mr. Cozens delivered an oration on the life of Burns. The Crystal Palace Prize Ode was read, as was also the bard's famous poem of "Tam o' Shanter." Various appropriate toasts were drunk, and many of Burns's songs sung, and the evening was spent in a spirit of the truest conviviality.

BURY.—The Bury demonstration was held at the Theatre Royal, when Mr. Wardaugh, the proprietor, delivered a very eloquent address on the life and character of the poet, which was listened to with marked attention by a crowded house, and much applauded. "Auld Langsyne" was then sung by the whole strength of the company, the audience joining in the chorus.

CARLISLE.—The Centenary of the birth of the poet Burns was celebrated in this city with much enthusiasm. The principal meetings were at the Coffee-House Assembly Room and at the Lion and Lamb Hotel, the former presided over by John Clarke Ferguson, Esq., himself a poet of ability, supported by his brother, Robert Ferguson, Esq., the Mayor of Carlisle, a scholar and poet also, whose literary acquirements and working have placed him for the second time in the position of chief magistrate of the city in anticipation of the visit of the Archæological Association to Carlisle, and William Nicholson Hodgson, Esq., the popular member for the city; the latter by Philip Henry Howard, Esq. of Corby Castle, than whom no man, from his refined taste and literary research, is more capable of appreciating the lives and works of great men. In both cases the demonstration was quite successful, and worthy of the occasion. That at the Coffee-house was more numerously attended, and the arrangements as to time were such as to allow many of the gentlemen who were present at the more select assembly, to attend and take part in the proceedings of the greater demonstration. There were other minor festivities, which are noticed elsewhere. Altogether the Border city has no reason to be ashamed of the effort made to commemorate the birth of the greatest genius the sister country has ever produced.

The Dinner at the Lion and Lamb.—Between fifty and sixty gentlemen sat down to dinner. The room was decorated for the occasion. A portrait and relics forming part of the decoration. The chair was occupied by P. H. Howard, Esq., who was supported by Mr. Robert Dixon, Mr. George Dixon, of the Knells, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Aiken, Mr. Thomas Donald of

Linstock, Mr. G. Mounsey, and others. Amongst the general company were Mr. M'Alpin, who ably discharged the duties of the vice-chair, Mr. Irving, Mr. M'Gibbon, Mr. F. Gibbons, Mr. Alcock, Mr. E. Bowman, Mr. Daly, Mr. Scott, painter, Mr. Ferguson, Scotch Street, Mr. James Clarke, Mr. Wills, Mr. T. James, Mr. Bertram, Mr. Nanson, painter, Mr. Binning, Mr. Lowes, dentist, Mr. R. Creighton, Mr. T. B. Crowther, Mr. W. J. Fairlie, Mr. W. Bell, Mr. W. Jackson, Mr. W. Wilson, Mr. J. Wills, Mr. R. Barton, Mr. G. Brown, Mr. E. Cartner, Mr. T. Rayson, Mr. H. Tweddle, Mr. G. Temperly, Mr. H. Barnell, Mr. Thompson, Mr. W. Glendinning, Mr. D. Blackburn, Mr. C. Armstrong, Mr. E. Potter, Mr. W. Nanson, Mr. H. Gilkerson, Mr. W. Bailey, Mr. Saul, Mr. R. Nanson, Mr. R. Foster, Mr. J. Sowerby, Mr. Monteith, Mr. Bell, &c.

After the usual preliminary toasts, the CHAIRMAN introduced the toast of the evening in an eloquent review of the ancestors, life, character, and poetry of Burns, which he concluded as follows:—There are many of his martial poems whose inspiriting effect no one can be insensible to, and there are others of a different description, samples of which, I believe, you will this evening have an opportunity of hearing to advantage. There are many tender odes and songs which will awaken a response in the hearts of all present. Other poets have sung of the early raptures, the early glow of affection of young love, but it remained to Burns, in his "John Anderson, my jo," to describe the evening of affection, and show the two lovers descending the hill of life together, increasing in affection as they go. (Cheers.) That poem, I believe, is unique of its kind, for so far as I know, gentlemen, no other poet has taken exactly that view of the case. (Hear, hear.) One great peculiarity of Burns's writings is their intense nationality; and no wonder—for Scotland can boast almost solely of being the only country that did not bow the neck to foreign invasion. When the southern portion of the country was overrun successively by Romans, Danes, Saxons, and others, all that even the conquering Romans could attempt was to bar them out by that gigantic wall which has been contemplated with wonder by both countries for centuries, and which in July will no doubt be the occasion of great interest both to us and many strangers from a distance. (Cheers.) Now, gentlemen, I may safely leave the toast in your hands, to honour it as it deserves, but before resuming my seat I may mention that I have received from Mr. Walter Buchanan, of Ayr, a recommendation that you will not forget the neices of the poet—the daughters of Mrs. Begg, who paid the debt of nature only in December last. I hope that some time, at an hour better adapted to business than just now, your names will be put down for contributions that will show that you wish to render a living and lasting tribute to the memory of the great poet. (Hear, hear.) In whatever light you regard him—whether in his martial strains, in the tender or the comic, I am sure you must have been filled with admiration for his genius. Even in his more comic pieces there are touches of sentiment and feeling of the most beautiful kind. For instance, where he says, just after the lines—

> "King's may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
> O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

> "But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-fall in the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever;
> Or like the borealis race,
> That flit ere you can point their place;
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
> Evanishing amid the storm."

(Cheers.) That beautiful blending of pathos and humour is a remarkable feature in the writings of Burns. (Hear, hear.) A poet he may and would have been in whatever station of life he might have been placed, but had he been born in a higher position we should not have seen him studying nature so near to its source—(cheers);—and, above all, we should probably not have seen him indite his lays in the beautiful, feeling, and pithy language of his native land. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I now call upon you to drink to the Memory of Burns, and I feel sure that at another time you will not forget the necessities of his neices who survive him.

The toast having been duly honoured, Mr. Aiken recited, in a very humorous manner, "Death and Dr. Hornbook." Mr. Daly then sang with great spirit—"A man's a man for a' that."

The VICE-CHAIRMAN proposed "The Memory of the Poet's wife" (Jean Armour.) He said they were met to celebrate the memory of a great poet and a man of genius. They had just done honour to his well-earned fame, and they were now called upon to consider him in his private and domestic life—as a man, a husband, and a father. (Cheers.) How fervently and truly he loved the partner of all his joys and sorrows was well-known to all of us who had read his poems, some of which were addressed to her, and formed no small part of that world-wide celebrity which he had earned for himself. Though *his* life was a troubled one, and was unfortunately extinguished amid the clouds of adversity, to *her* were vouchsafed blessings of which *he* had been deprived. She lived to realise the dearest wish of a wife's and

a parent's heart—she lived to see and participate in the rising prosperity of her family—she lived to realise the happiest vision in the poet's dream—to find her husband's name acknowledged by his countrymen. (Loud cheers.) She lived to know that his memory was cherished and enshrined in their grateful hearts, and to feel that those errors which would never have been noticed but for the splendour of the shield—that, though they might tarnish its brilliancy for a moment, were lost and obliterated in the brightness and glory which illumined the memory of the poet. (Loud cheers.) The Vice-Chairman then gave "The Memory of the Poet's wife," which, like that of the poet, was drunk in solemn silence.

Mr. Scott sang—"Of a' the airts," which was received with great applause.

Various toasts and songs followed, after which Mr. Bertram, in very appropriate terms, proposed the health of the Chairman. He remarked upon the significance of the fact that a gentleman in the high position of Mr. Howard, a gentleman who was himself a man of cultivated taste and poetic feeling, inheriting as he did "the blood of all the Howards," should be there to do honour to the memory of the humble Burns.

The toast was then received with enthusiastic applause and with musical honours.

The Chairman acknowledged the compliment, and expressed his satisfaction at having been allowed to take part in this celebration.

The evening was spent most delightfully, and even after "Our next merry meeting" had been drunk, and "Auld Langsyne" sung by the company standing, those present seemed loath to depart, and more toasts were proposed and more songs sung.

MEETING AT THE COFFEE-HOUSE.—This meeting was got up, and conducted by working-men, and was in all respects successful. The whole length of the large Assembly Room was laid out with three rows of tables and a cross-table at the head. At the upper end was a bust of the poet, graced with the laurel crown, and at the other extremity there was a medallion-likeness of the bard in plaster, likewise ornamented. The number of persons present was about three hundred and fifty. The dinner was plain, but good, and served hot. John Clark Ferguson, Esq., who presided, took his seat at the head of the table soon after seven o'clock, and was supported by R. Ferguson, Esq., the mayor, W. N. Hodgson, Esq., M.P. for the city, Mr. Jameson of Penrith, Mr. Perring, Mr. Cartmell, Mr. Irving, Mr. John Ferguson, Lowther Street, Mr. Davidson, Mr. Armstrong, &c., &c. Mr. T. W. Arthur occupied the vice-chair. Mr. Howitt presided at the pianoforte, which was conveniently placed in the recess of one of the windows. The grace was appropriately said by the Chairman, in Burns's own words:—

"Oh THOU who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want!
We bless thee God of Nature wide,
For all Thy goodness lent:
And, if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent;
But whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content.
"AMEN."

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the CHAIRMAN said, he now came to the toast of the day—"The Memory of Burns." (Applause.) You are all doubtless aware of the interesting circumstances under which we are met together this evening, as on the date of to-day, January 25th, 1859, exactly one hundred years have elapsed since the birth of the illustrious individual in honour of whom we are assembled, and in consequence of the fact I have just mentioned, while I yet speak, festivals are being held in nearly every town of Scotland, and in some of the most important of England, while at the Sydenham Crystal Palace, a demonstration on an unusually large scale is now taking place, a demonstration attended by the wealth, beauty, title, and talent of the Great Metropolis of the world. (Cheers.) Here I cannot fail to express the pleasure afforded me, when I consider the fact, that this important Border town, this town, perhaps the largest in immediate contiguity with the sister-country, this "merrie old city of Carlisle," so celebrated in history, has not been behind her neighbours in her zeal to promote the praise, and celebrate the honour, of the great national poet of Scotland, and here. Burns is especially the bard of virtue, intelligence, and independence, those moral paraphernalia which bestow on the lowest individual a greater dignity than the shining diadem that adorns the brow of the greatest earthly potentate! Burns, though of lowly extraction and peasant-born, did especial homage to the greatness of that aristocracy, which is, when compared with all external titles, to use the language of the poet himself, as the gold to the guinea-stamp, and which, while the latter are transient, and but empty glitter, sits enthroned in the heart of the individual, consecrates his character, and gives it the lustre of a more than kingly splendour. After a masterly exposition of the varied characteristics of Burns's poetry, the Chairman concluded as follows:—And now, gentlemen, having briefly referred to the works of Burns, let me remark that the spirit which inspired him, when he wrote "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "A man's a man for a' that,"

glows at present in the breasts of the Scottish peasantry, for it is a well-ascertained fact that in nearly every cottage of Scotland, however poor that cottage may be, are to be found not only a Bible, but also books which show that the inmate has formed some acquaintance with literature, and is alive to his dignity as a man and a rational being. But, perhaps, the characteristic which most distinguishes the Scotch is the reflection of the patriotic ardour that animated Burns when he wrote "Scots wha hae," the spirit of determined and invincible heroism, and in proof of this I need only, gentlemen, refer you to the conduct of the gallant Highlanders at the ever-memorable field of Waterloo!—while they have put the seal upon their courage and valour, within the recollection of all present, at Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann. And since the sympathies of the two countries have become interwoven and consolidated, the Scotchman is now one of the main supporters of the majesty of that flag, the glorious symbol of our national pride and independence,—

"The flag that braved a thousand years, the battle and the breeze,—"

that flag which is ever the precursor of victory, of destruction to the tyrant, and of mercy to the captive! (Cheers.) Allow me, then, gentlemen, briefly to propose "The Memory of Burns," Burns who though born a peasant, has shed over his name a lustre which shall remain so long as virtue, intelligence, and independence can dignify the character of man!

After several other toasts had been given, and songs sung, the Vice-Chairman proposed "The Mayor and Corporation of Carlisle." They had arduous and important duties to perform, and the public ought to be much obliged to them for their services. They had the honour of the Mayor's presence, and his name alone would ensure for the toast an agreeable reception. (Three times three.)

The Mayor, in returning thanks, said, that never, perhaps, in the history of this country has a more signal homage been paid to genius than is this day paid to the genius of Robert Burns. Some three thousand years ago, when a blind minstrel might have been seen wandering about the Greek islands, singing his verses, getting a dinner here and a lodging there—treated always with consideration and respect (for the Greeks of all people had an instinct for beauty) yet still only a poor, blind, wandering minstrel. I say who could have thought that a day would come when in all the great schools of the world it should be a necessary part of education to understand the verses of that poor blind man—that a great scholar and a great statesman of a country then unknown, should be proud to add to his laurels of scholarship and statesmanship one more garland from having thrown some light upon the verses of that poor blind man? (Applause.) And so, when some eighty years ago an Ayrshire ploughman might be seen following his team, singing to himself with a light heart some song of which he had composed the words, I say who could have judged that the words of that song should become known wherever the mighty tide of the English language rolled, and in those lands where the English language had yet to make itself a home—that it should be a spell to cheer the lonely shepherd upon Australian hills—a charm to lighten the gloom of the American wilderness? I am reminded by the unusually fashionable hour at which this gathering is held, that there are many present of the class to which Burns belonged, and I think that those who have arranged this festival have done well to make the gathering in this ancient city a thoroughly popular one. The class to which he belonged may well be proud of him, and they do right to cherish his memory—because he has left them words of beauty which shall be a joy for ever, to soothe, to cheer, to animate, and to delight;—because he has given them priceless words, which amid their struggles and their troubles, and it may be their temptations, they may wrap as a talisman round their hearts;—because he is their own chosen representative in the halls of immortality, wearing the laurels which he won upon the world's universal field. (Applause.) There is no royal road to immortality for the great, and there is no backway for the small. It is the one path, steep and difficult, which must be climbed by all. And manfully Burns, girding his shepherd's coat around him, strode up the foremost among them all. And there he sits—the representative of his class, among the few of all ages and of all lands whose names shall never be let die.

Song, toast, and sentiment followed, until the "wee short hour ayont the twal" had arrived, when the Chairman vacated the chair, and the meeting concluded as it had begun—in perfect harmony.

CHELTENHAM.—The anniversary of the hundredth birthday of Robert Burns was celebrated at Cheltenham (where the two sons of the bard reside) on Tuesday 25th Jan. by a public dinner, got up by a committee of Scotch gentlemen resident in the town, and which took place at the Queen's Hotel. Sir Alexander Ramsay, M.P. presided. The poem for which the £50 prize had been awarded was read, after which the Rev. G. W. Smythe

addressed the assembly upon the subject of Scotch literature. Several appropriate toasts followed.

CHESTER-LE-STREET. — One of the ablest lectures that have been delivered in Chester-le-Street, marked the centenary of Burns on Tuesday 25th Jan. To hear a glowing account of the great bard was no ordinary pleasure, but to hear it from the lips of one of Scotia's sons, who, as he poured forth his praise and admiration of his illustrious countryman, rose to the highest eloquence, was a treat that will not soon be forgotten by the overwhelming audience that listened to it. The lecturer was Mr. Birnie, of Chester-le-Street. He showed how ill-founded was the calumny heaped upon Burns by the "unco gude," particularly that cast upon him by a reverend detractor, who, after finding his slander unavailing, was trying his hand at political agitation; and then went on to show the patriotic spirit, the sympathising nature, the kindly heart, the noble mind, the cheerful humour, that marked the beloved poet of Scotland. "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and "Tam o' Shanter," were among the gems of the night, and being recited with all the fervour of one who loved and revelled in his native tongue, brought repeated rounds of hearty applause.

CLEATOR MOOR.—The centenary of Scotland's national poet was celebrated by a supper at Mr. Armstrong's, Railway Hotel, Cleator Moor, near this town, when from forty to fifty ardent admirers of the ploughman bard assembled, several of them being natives of Ayrshire. The chair was ably filled by Dr. Syme, of Egremont, and the vice-chair by Mr. John Clark, land steward to Thomas Ainsworth, Esq. The supper was excellent, and served up in a style creditable to the worthy landlord and landlady. A band of music, under the management of Mr. W. D. M'Donald, attended, and considerably enlivened the evening. After the cloth had been drawn, and the usual preliminary toasts were given,

The CHAIRMAN said—They were assembled together upon that occasion to commemorate the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns, the peasant bard of Scotland, and, he might say, the most remarkable man the last century had produced. Well might his fellow-countrymen be proud of such a man. He made Scotland vocal with his songs. His countrymen felt a sense of remorse and regret that he should be an illustration of the fall of genius. He was condemned to an uncongenial occupation; hence it was difficult to dispel the idea, that had his fate been a kindlier one he had not been cut down in his prime, nor had his genius been curtailed, crushed down by the political tyranny that informed him his business was to act, not to think. Liberty—a life of literary leisure, with a decent competency—was the summit of his wishes. He would propose "The memory of Robert Burns." Drunk with the greatest enthusiasm.

A number of toasts and songs followed, and the company separated about four a.m., highly pleased with the pleasant evening they had spent.

COVENTRY.—A public dinner, to celebrate the hundredth year of the birth of Robert Burns, took place at the Castle Hotel, Coventry. Mr. A. M'Millan occupied the chair, and Mr. A. Bell the vice-chair. On the right of the chairman sat C. Dresser, Esq., and on the left J. S. Whittem, Esq. Several members of the town council were also present. About one hundred sat down to dinner. After the loyal toasts, the chairman proposed the "Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." He gave a brief history of the principal events in the life of Burns. He then gave quotations from the poems of Burns, showing his insight into nature, and men and things, his love of patriotism, and civil and religious liberty, his independence and manliness, and concluded a long, interesting, and eloquent address by stating what he considered due to the memory of Burns.

The next toast was "Shakspeare and the other English poets." Mr. W. H. Bray responded. The next toast was "Sir Walter Scott and the Scotch poets." This was responded to by Mr. Whittem. The "Living Scotch poets," was responded to by Mr. M'Dowell, from Glasgow. Mr. C. Dresser proposed the "Health of the Chairman," and in doing so, he complimented him for the eminent ability he had displayed on the occasion, and spoke in the warmest terms of the able and eloquent manner in which he had brought Burns and his poems before them. He then proposed the toast which had been put into his hand, "The Town and Trade of Coventry." "The Land of Burns" was responded to by Mr. James Browett. "The Land we Live in" was responded to by Mr. Robert M'Millan. Various songs were sung by Messrs. Austey, Pratt, Nicholls, Small, and Lockey.

CROOK.—Among the many meetings in celebration of this event, the one in the National School-room at Crook, under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Lawton, of the Temperance Hotel, Hope-street, may fairly claim a notice. Mr. J. M. Brown opened the proceedings by giving an

outline of Burns's time and character, and Mr. M'Laughlan, a native of Ayrshire, gave some pleasing reminiscences of the scenes amongst which Burns lived and moved.

DARLINGTON. — This event was celebrated in this town on Tuesday 25th January, at the house of Mr. Charge, the Dun Cow Inn, where an excellent dinner was provided for the occasion. Mr. Horner, solicitor, occupied the chair, and after the removal of the cloth, several toasts were proposed and responded to. Mr. M'Pherson gave several selections from some of Burns's poems, accompanied by appropriate and eloquent remarks. Songs followed, and the evening was spent in convivial harmony. The attendance was not large, but all were highly delighted with the entertainment.

DERBY.—On Tuesday 25th January, at least, it was the privilege of one hundred years to be a Scotchman. Heads higher than mere Saxons stood the Caledonians that day, on either side the Tweed. Surely, for once, the Scottish lion had no grievance, and smoothed his mane. Never did England honour any of her own sons as she that day honoured Burns. But it was not England alone, the world kept festival on Tuesday. When all the world was thus raising voice in honour of the great Scotch bard, it would have been a shame had the Midland counties, in which it is understood there is a sprinkling of Scotchmen by no means sparse, remained silent. They did not. It was arranged that a joint festival, representing the sister counties of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester, should take place. The arrangements took the shape of a banquet, and of the one hundred and fifty gentlemen who sat down at the King's Head, Derby, at five o'clock in the afternoon, more than a third were from Nottingham. Mr. Hugh Bruce Campbell, solicitor, Nottingham, occupied the chair, while the post of vice-chair was ably filled by Dr. Legge, of Leicester; and Derby was most fittingly represented by the presence of the mayor. A few minutes past five o'clock, the company marched into the dining-room, headed by Mr. Campbell, the chairman, preceded by Mr. Macgregor Simpson, of Sheffield, in full dress, as a Highland Piper, playing upon the bagpipes the very appropriate air, "The Campbells are coming." The decorations of the room, including a portrait of Burns, suspended at the back of the chair, and the arrangements of the tables, reflected the greatest credit on Mr. and Mrs. Huggins, the worthy host and hostess. As might have been expected, the majority of the visitors were from the other side of the border, and in reference to their tastes, as well as the peculiar occasion, several characteristic dishes were included in the bill of fare. "Scotch soup," "Scotch haggis," "Scotch cake," &c. After true Caledonian justice had been done to the feast, and the usual toasts had been given—

The CHAIRMAN rose and said—Dr. Legge and gentlemen—We are assembled to commemorate the centenary anniversary of the birth of one of the most remarkable men, not only of his age, but of his country. (Hear, hear.) One hundred years have this day rolled away since the birth of that extraordinary man, and more than sixty years since his death. Yet I think we may say that his fame is but in his infancy (applause); for every year it spreads more widely around the earth, and I think we may safely say, that as long as the Scottish dialect lasts, the name and the fame of Robert Burns will be coeval therewith. The universal admiration and high esteem in which he is held, is perfectly marvellous; it extends over the civilised world; at all events, it extends to every part of the world where Scotchmen are to be found, and where, gentlemen, are they not to be found? (Applause.) They are to be found either impelled at honour's call, or engaged in commercial enterprise, or pursuing the discoveries of science all over the world; and have been so from the time of Bruce the Abyssinian traveller in the last century, to the present time, when our Dr. Livingstone is engaged, as was his great predecessor, James Bruce. (Applause.) As the former traced and explored the sources and progress of the Nile, so Dr. Livingstone is now tracing those hitherto vast, unknown, and impenetrable regions of central Africa. But probably the most extraordinary demonstration that will take place to-night will be in America. (Hear, hear.) In the United States, in almost all the principal cities, there are what are called "Burns' Clubs," the members of which assemble every year; but this night, probably at the very moment I am now addressing you, they are specially assembled to express, in far stronger language than I am adequate to use, their high admiration of the great minstrel. They are to meet this night at Cincinnatti, in the State of Ohio, and not only are they meeting there, but the members of these clubs are to assemble in the same way from Nova Scotia, the Canadas, and indeed all other British possessions this day. Carry your thoughts, then, gentlemen, over the wide Atlantic, and judge what a marvellous thing it is, that at the very moment while we are indulging in these ex-

pressions of admiration, they are doing the same everywhere, all over the world. You are all so familiar with the language, with the poetry and songs of Burns, that it would seem presumptuous in me to recite or to refer to any of them; but still I think, in my present position, I should not be doing right if I did not do so. Because looking at them, it is no wonder that he has so completely overcome all the prejudices which existed against him at one time; no wonder that he has so successfully entwined himself in the hearts of mankind over every part of civilised Europe; no wonder that his works have passed through so many editions, and have been translated into so many foreign languages. Joy and care, sorrow and mirth, appear to have been successfully the emotions under which he wrote, sometimes humorous, sometimes pathetic; excellent in all, but surpassed by none in the delicacy, the beauty, the chasteness with which he depicted the feelings of pure and genuine love. In so much so, that I almost dare venture to say, that in tenderness, in sublimity, and in humour, on that subject, he can be compared to none but Shakspeare. His works appear to be almost the mirror of his mind; and you may clearly see the character of the man from his writings. Burns was essentially a man of the most religious sensibility. He was a man, despite all that has been ever said, who had religion in his heart. Then he was the poet of the poor man, and his greatest comforter. After many apt quotations from the poems of Burns, the chairman concluded as follows:—Gentlemen, I feel that I ought to apologise for indulging so much in the pathetic part of the great poet's writings, but it really is a spirit so much in congeniality with my own taste, that I could talk the whole night through in the language of Burns. But I am aware, to continue further would be to give way to vanity in listening to my own voice (no, no); for there are abler persons to follow me, more competent to speak upon the great subject than I am. I, therefore, conclude in the language of a poet, I believe an Ayrshire poet, James Montgomery,

> He pass'd thro' life's tempestuous night,
> A brilliant trembling shining light;
> Thro' years to come he'll shine from far,
> A bright unsetting polar star.

I give you as a toast, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." (Loud and prolonged applause.)

The toast was drunk standing in solemn silence.

Many other toasts interspersed with songs were given, and at the suggestion of the Chairman, a punch bowl was sent round the room, for a subscription on behalf of Burns's two nieces, and the result was that between £5 and £6 were realised.

This closed the proceedings, and a few minutes "ayont the twal," the Nottingham visitors, accompanied by Mr. Macgregor Simpson, again playing on the pipes "The Campbells are coming," marched to the railway station, where a special train was in waiting. Thus happily concluded the celebration of an event which, as it can only happen once in a hundred years, is not likely to occur again in the lifetime of any who was present!

THE SOIREE IN THE TEMPERANCE HALL.—The Temperance Hall was well filled with an enthusiastic party, who had assembled to celebrate by a soiree this "red letter day" of north countrymen. Jeffrey Etches, Esq., occupied the chair, and delivered an appropriate address when the tea apparatus was removed. The evening was occupied in music and singing of poems, principally selected from Burns's compositions. A band, consisting of six instruments, played alternately with solo singing. Miss Poyzer sang several Scotch airs, with great applause. Mr. Carnal sung several pieces, among which "Ye Banks and Braes," and "O Nanny," were very pathetically given. Mr. Mosley sung "For a' that an' a' that" most gallantly, and was encored. Mr. Horsley played the accompaniments on the piano. Dr. Hutton read the prize poem on the poet Burns, and afterwards recited three poems from the works of the great Scottish bard, the last of which he gave with considerable effect, and was greatly applauded. Mr. Stokes played several popular airs on the accordion with much taste and skill, and received the applause he deserved. Mr. Adair recited "Tam o' Shanter," the *chef d'œuvre* of Burns's poetical genius; and altogether this was a cheerful and temperate celebration.

DOUGLAS, (ISLE OF MAN.)—While the fame of Robert Burns has been sounded wherever the sweet strains of his muse are understood and appreciated, this little island has not withheld its expression of esteem for the memory of the peasant bard. The manner in which his natal centenary was celebrated here was by a public dinner and soiree, which took place at the York Hotel on the evening of that auspicious day. At six o'clock, upwards of forty persons, the greater portion of whom were the bard's countrymen, sat down to dinner in the spacious coffee-room of that establishment, which was fitted up on the occasion with appropriate decorations. The walls all round were adorned with mementoes of the poet and his associations, such as portraits of Burns and his friends, views of his native place, and of scenes forming the subjects of some of his poems, and a number of

printed verses selected from his works. After the company had done justice to the various dishes set before them, which would have gratified the gusto of the most delicate epicurean, the cloth was removed. The proceedings were ably presided over by General Gillespie, who was assisted by G. H. Anderson and D. Lyell, Esqrs., as vice-chairmen. The usual patriotic toasts having been drunk with all loyalty, and followed by appropriate airs, the gallant chairman next proposed "the health of the Lieutenant-Governor, and prosperity to the Isle of Man." The Manx melody of "Mylechrane" was sung after this toast.

"The Church of Scotland and Clergy" was then given by the Chairman, and responded to by the Rev. James Cleland, who, in returning thanks for the honour done the Church of Scotland, observed that Earl Grey once said on a public occasion, "I love my order;" he, too, loved his order, and was glad to see the deference paid to it. In no other land was education more highly appreciated by all classes, or obtained upon more easy terms. Scotland's position among the nations in regard to the intelligence of her sons, their general morality, sense of independence and bravery in war, was to a very considerable extent owing to her churches and schools. He cited several illustrious names which Scotland had produced, in the pulpit, the senate, the law, and the world of letters. It had been said that Burns was no friend of the clergy, but if he was the enemy of any, it was chiefly of those who, by their conduct, were first enemies to themselves.

The toast of the evening—"the Memory of Robert Burns"—was then given by the Chairman, who said, one hundred years this day our great poet was born, and which for ever will place the 25th January amongst the brightest galaxy of the calendar; it would appear as if then nature had, by a prodigious effort, produced a genius, which, as time rolled on, became more and more duly appreciated, till it had at length burst out into the enthusiasm of this day, which is as unexampled as it is unequalled. It is now about sixty-three years since his death, and though his mortal remains lie mouldering in dust, still his name is and will for ever remain immortal. In the extraordinary and world-wide enthusiasm of this day, I may be excused for again reverting to it. There is not a town in Scotland, certainly no large town, where it is not celebrated by large and numerous different meetings, and in some it is kept as a half-holiday; we all know here the preparations that have been making close to us, at Liverpool, and indeed in every quarter of the globe. There is an old saying, "Let us join heart and hand;" but if this was taken in a literal sense, it would require a very long arm in this instance, for it would have to reach to Peru on one side and China on the other, besides touching every state of the Union of America, and indeed every part of the known world; but this we can do, we can lend the sympathy of our hearts to the many thousands now assembled for a like purpose, many of whom may be now drinking the very toast I am about to propose, and that is, "To the undying Memory of the Great National Poet of Scotland, Robert Burns." The toast was drank with all due solemnity, and was followed by the song of "Auld Langsyne," in the chorus of which the company joined with great heartiness.

Among other toasts, that of "The Lasses," was given by Mr. Lyell of Balagûinnea, who concluded an eloquent speech as follows:—Weak, indeed, must be the patriotism which can look on the field of Bannockburn with indifference, or hear Bruce's address without a swell of rapturous emotion. The beauty, the innocence, and the modesty of the Scottish fair, are, by the muse of Burns, celebrated in immortal strains. The affection of the patriot is warmed and roused into action, and the intrepid heart that stands forward "in the day and hour of danger, his country's stay," the supporter of her rights and the avenger of her wrongs, hears in every bugle swell the voice of his ancestors and the calls of posterity. Let the man, whose bosom love and friendship never warmed, whose heart never beat at the sound of freedom, nor bled at the voice of woe—withhold that tribute of gratitude and praise, which our bard so richly deserves. But I trust it shall never be said of the free, generous, and undaunted sons of Scotia, that genius raised his august form amongst them, and passed away neglected and unknown. No! Let the peal of joy in commemoration of the birth of Burns resound from shore to shore! Let Scotland own that she feels an honest pride in her immortal son; and let us, my countrymen, on this auspicious, this glorious day, unite with one soul and one voice to the greatness of Scotia and the memory of Burns.

Votes of thanks were passed to the Chairman, vice-chairmen, and committee, for their exertions in getting up the festival; to Mr. and Mrs. Duxbury, for the satisfaction which their culinary skill had given; and to Mr. Clucas and the vocalists—Messrs. C. Morrison, J. Kelly, and J. Brown—for the enjoyment their musical talent had added to the evening's entertainment.

DUDLEY.—The Centenary of Robert Burns was celebrated here in a manner which reflected great credit on the hearts and heads, not only

of the Scottish residents of the place, but also on many who were born far south of the Tweed. Upwards of a hundred sat down to a sumptuous repast in the Assembly Rooms, Bush Hotel. The Rev. George Lewis, Presbyterian minister, occupied the chair; and John Gibson, Esq., Bristol, discharged the duties of the vice-chair. Among those present were the Rev. Alex. Gordon, LL.D., Walsall; Rev. A. Davison, Ph.D.; Rev. D. Evans; E. Hollis, Esq., Mayor of Dudley; Chief Superintendent Burton; besides a goodly number of English gentlemen, and the majority of the leading Scotchmen of the town and district. A letter was read from H. B. Sheridan, Esq., M.P., expressing his sympathy with the proceedings, and regretting his inability to be present, but offering to give twenty free tickets to those admirers of Burns who were not able otherwise to be present. The Chairman gave the toast of the evening, "the Immortal Memory of Burns," in an able and eloquent address. "The other Poets of Scotland" was given by Mr. John Young. The Vice-chairman gave "Scotland—the Land of Burns." Mr. Bryce gave the "Peasantry of Scotland." The Rev. Dr. Gordon of Walsall proposed the "General Literature of Scotland." Among the other toasts proposed were—the "Irish Poets," by Mr. Wm. Gilbert; "the Plough," by Mr. R. M'Intyre; the "English Poets," by Dr. Davison. Excellent songs were sung by Mr. D. M'Gill, senior, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. Edgar, senior, &c. &c.

DURHAM.—There was a most enthusiastic and successful centenary meeting, presided over by G. J. Banks, Esq. The programme set forth was thoroughly Scottish—"Tam o' Shanter," "Last May a braw wooer," "Duncan Gray," "A man's a man," &c., being the great attractions. An original poem on the occasion, by J. B. Rogerson, Esq. of Manchester, was read; and a magnificent oration was spoken by the Chairman, from which the following is an extract. He said—"We read in Roman annals of the civic crown which was reserved for her famous poets and philosophers; and in modern times it is no uncommon thing to see thousands of foot-worn pilgrims wending their way to the old house at Stratford, and the soil made sacred by the dust of Shakespere. But when has the world witnessed a spectacle at all comparable to this centenary keeping of the Ayrshire ploughman? (Cheers.) To-night, one wondrous name alone hangs on all lips, and one bright train of kindling associations crowds upon all minds. To-night King Robert holds his court in dust and darkness. (Cheers.) Millions of his and our countrymen, the high-born and the low-born, in lands near and remote, forget to-night their ordinary enjoyments and avocations, and wander in thought where the peasant-born ploughed his way to universal empire. (Loud cheers.) The 'auld clay biggin,' around which the storm beat one day a century ago, is prouder to-night than ever were Assyrian halls or Egyptian palaces. (Cheers.) The Scotch emigrant pictures it to himself in the silent solitude of his forest home, and listens in his soul to the thrilling melodies which sprang from it. In imagination he has crossed the seas, and is once again making his way towards the 'Brigs of Ayr' and the 'Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon.' (Cheers.) Every spot consecrated by the pen or the footstep of the poet is to him a living reality. He sees 'Kirk Alloway' wrapped in a blaze of supernatural light, and the 'Birks of Aberfeldy' looming grandly in the distance. He sees the clear waters of 'the Lugar' gliding merrily in the sun, and the mountain heather sporting with the sturdy breeze. He hears the shepherd at the fold tuning his simple stave, and the blast of the bagpipes cleaving the morning air—that blast which, as we are told, is so uncouth to an English ear, but which to the Highlander, in a remote land, comes like the wild voices of home—like the wind shrieking round his father's threshold—like the old ballads which of a winter's evening made him go early to bed when a boy—like the sound of the burns which he knows are dancing in the glens of Lochiel and Breadalbane." (Loud applause.)

EXETER.—On Tuesday, the centenary of the birth of this celebrated bard, a number of his countrymen resident in this locality, as well as several of his English admirers, prompted by the same feeling that animated those who engaged in the larger celebrations in various parts of the kingdom, dined together at the White Lion Hotel. Mr. Templeton occupied the chair, and Mr. Weir (Plymouth) officiated as vice-chairman. Among the company were Messrs. Murray, Henderson, Carmichael, G. Down, J. Burrington, Davy, Brown, Inglis, Clark, Catford, Spence, Hare, Mitchell, Miller, Blight, M'Nab, Clifford, M'Lean, Mortimer, Bellerby, Plunkett, Taylor, and M'Leod. The catering of Mr. Moxon was excellent. On the removal of the cloth, the usual toasts were given, after which the CHAIRMAN introduced the toast of the evening:—Mr. Vice-president and other brother Scotchmen, English friends, admirers of Burns, we are this night met to celebrate the memory of one of nature's true poets. Throughout the length and breadth of our own dear native land, "frae Maiden Kirk

to John o' Groat's;" in England from Land's End to the utmost boundary of Northumbria, now no longer 'debateable' ground; in every the most distant of our colonies and dependencies, wherever Scotchmen who are "baith leal and true" are to be found, the same festive occasion calls them together. In presiding for the first time in my life over a public meeting of this kind, I have to crave the indulgence of all who hear me. To my fellow-countrymen I trust I shall not appeal in vain. Sickness, or urgent engagements, having prevented the attendance of older and better men who ought to have presided over you, I could not at last resist the unanimous request made to me to occupy this chair, as I was informed if I did not take it, the lovers of Burns would be driven from our "ever faithful" city to join their ardent brethren in a locality far removed from this lovely county. Let me also beg the forbearance of our friends sprung from this side the Tweed, a country which Scotland, some two and a-half centuries ago, united to its "ancient realm," by sending them a king to reign over them—a poor sample of kingcraft, I own—one who, from the seeds sown in his day, raised a crop of woes to all his hapless race. Englishmen this night favouring us with their company, will excuse us if we be intensely national—if our tongues, which, should we ever desire it, can seldom hide our origin, are to-night to be more than usual the witnesses of our birth-land. Well-nigh one hundred years ago, when Burns was but a stripling, when George the Third was king, and showed perhaps undue partiality to his minister Lord Bute, the very Scottish name earned in this country an evil report; but when Burns sprang up a poet from the plough's tail, when in due course Walter Scott succeeded him, and both of them made so many scenes of Scotland classic ground, then the countrymen and interpreters of Burns and Scott, who could read, or, still better, sing the effusions of those gifted men, were no longer looked upon with jealousy or dislike, but the aspirations of the bard were realised between Briton and Briton at least, if not in their more universal sense—

> "That man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be for a' that."

So this night let every one say to his neighbour, be he English or Scotch—

> "Then gie's a hand, my trusty friend,
> And here's a hand o' mine."

By what right, apart from your indulging confidence, have I this evening a claim to preside over you? Though not born in Ayrshire, I am sprung from a long race of humble yet honest Ayrshire men, many of them sturdy followers of the plough, as Burns and his father were: I was born in a city within sight of Kincardineshire, the county from which Burns's father migrated to the west. I remember but as yesterday some forty years ago, when first I swam from Aberdeenshire to Kincardine across the silvery Dee—a river which the Queen delighted to honour by placing her Highland home upon it. So bear with me if I trespass at some length upon your patience in striving feebly to do all the justice I can to the memory of Burns. The Chairman gave a graphic sketch of the poet's life, and a dissertation on his poetry; concluding an eloquent speech as follows:—If an eminent author could say, "Give me the writing of the ballads of my country, and I care not who makes its laws," truly Burns is a greater man than Scotland's greatest statesmen. His finished poems are the admiration of the learned; his songs are "household words," from the stately mansion to the cottar's shed. I compare him not with the immortal Shakespere, nor with the lofty Milton. Things or persons to be compared must have something comparable between them: the former of these penetrated every depth of passion in the human breast, the latter sang the sublimest and heavenliest strains. Ireland has its 'Tom Moore'—writer and singer of her plaintive lays; we would not rob him of a leaf of his laurels. England has its Tennyson and other poets, who have written some charming lyrics; but Burns has composed more lovely short poems than them all put together. He is in a special manner Scotia's darling poet. His beautiful compositions depend not merely on skilful arrangement of words, which, when dissected, convey but little sense, but contain condensed thought and matter which would set up a hundred minor poets. The genius of his country has consecrated him as her own peculiar prophet and poet, and removing the wreath from her brow, has placed it on his lofty temples, addressing him—

> "'And wear thou this,' she solemn said,
> And bound the holly round my head."

I am sure all devoutly wish, may its verdure be for ever green. And wherever a son of Scotia's soil is found, who has a heart to feel the "lays" that sprung from his too often saddened heart, the name of our bard will, as year and centenary come round, be ever more and more revered—

> "Peace to the dead of Scotia's choir
> Of minstrels, great and small:
> He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
> The Phœnix of them all."

I call you with heart and soul to fill a bumper

and drink to the memory of Robert Burns, Poet."

Several other toasts, including the health of the "Members for the City," the "Mayor, Magistrates, and other Civic Authorities," the healths of the Chairman, Vice-chairman, Committee of Management, &c., were enthusiastically received, and it was not without a feeling of regret that the happy party was reminded that the "sma' hours ayont the twal" were fast approaching.

EYEMOUTH.—We have much gratification in noticing that the ancient Lodge of St. Ebbs assembled at Eyemouth, on the centenary of Robert Burns. The brethren came out in great force, decorated with the valuable insignia presented by Sir James Stuart, to pay respectful homage to the memory of Scotland's greatest poet. With the exception of Burns's mother lodge (the St. James's at Tarbolton), we believe there is no other in the country has a better right to hold high festivals in his honour. It is now seventy-two years since Burns, accompanied by his friend, Robert Ainslie, W.S., made a tour through Berwickshire, and it was while visiting Mr. Robert Grieve, at Eyemouth, that the St. Ebbs Lodge was so highly honoured by having the privilege of exalting the poet to the sublime degree of a Royal Arch Mason within its walls, a special encampment having been held for that purpose. After opening the lodge, initiating several new members, and discussing some indispensable business, the members walked by torch-light through Eyemouth as in olden time, preceded by the Coldingham band, and returned to the lodge-room for the purpose of celebrating the festival of Robert Burns's birth-day. The right worshipful master, David Hope Somerville, presided, supported by Past Master Wilson, Senior Warden Poole, and Junior Warden Colville. The evening was afterwards spent in that harmony and festivity known only to the brethren of the "Mystic tie."

FLEETWOOD.—The centenary of the birth of Burns was commemorated at Fleetwood in a manner worthy of the usual spirit of the place, by a dinner at the Crown Hotel, at which J. Kemp, Esq. presided, and the vice-chairs were filled by Mr. Drummond and Mr. Gibson. Nearly fifty gentlemen sat down, and the repast was of that sumptuous and generous character for which mine host of the Crown has become so famous. The room was hung round with pictures and other suitable decorations, and over the chair was suspended a very excellent portrait of the poet.

After the cloth was removed, the Chairman gave in succession the usual loyal national toasts. The toast of the evening, to "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," was then given by Mr. Porter, who in the course of a vigorous speech, gave several specimens of the genius and dignity of the poet's writings.

Mr. Stott then sung, "Ye Banks and Braes;" and the Crystal Palace Prize Poem was read with much pathos by Mr. Munro.

Various other toasts followed, many of Burns's favourite songs were sung, and the recitation of "Tam o' Shanter," and several other of Burns's best compositions by Mr. Macdougal, kept the company in roars of laughter. A more agreeable and pleasant evening could not have been spent.

HALIFAX.—Upwards of thirty Scotchmen sat down to dinner at the Old Cock Hotel on Tuesday last. The Chairman (whose name does not appear from the report) gave "The Immortal Memory of Burns." The evening's proceedings were agreeably diversified by music and singing. Mr. Crichton, of Bradford, in full Highland costume, executed several airs on the bagpipes. Songs were sung by Mr. Scott, Mr. Martin, of Bradford, Mr. R. Paton, and Mr. R. Henderson. The speakers were Mr. W. Kerr, Mr. Hogg, Mr. R. M'Burnie, Mr. Paton, Mr. M'Vine, Mr. Martin, and Mr. M'Kenzie. The proceedings were brought to a close by the company singing "Auld Lang Syne."

HARTLEPOOL.—In Hartlepool and West Hartlepool, this commemoration was held with great gusto. At West Hartlepool a company of singers from Edinburgh had been expressly engaged for the occasion, and sang with great applause, in the Athenæum, a number of Burns's favourite songs. At Hartlepool the temperance committee took advantage of their usual fortnightly meeting to join in the universal celebration of the bardie's natal day. Addresses descriptive of the life and genius of Burns were given by the Rev. A. Howson and the Rev. J. Douglas (the latter of whom read the "Cottar's Saturday Night"); and several songs and recitations were given by amateurs, whose very creditable imitation of the rich old Doric in which Burns wrote, gave a great zest to the proceedings. The proceeds of the evening will be devoted to the funds for the erection of the temperance hall. At West Hartlepool the pro-

fits are to be given to the Ladies' Indigent Sick Society.

HEXHAM.—The Mutual Improvement Society, composed principally of working men, determined to take this occasion to pay fitting tribute to the genius of "the poor man's poet," Robert Burns. The proceedings of the meeting were commenced by the Chairman reading, as an introduction, De Rossiterre's admirable address on Burns, supplemented by Mr. Temperley Grey with a laudatory poem. Then came, thick and fast, speeches, readings, and recitations—the sweet strains of the Band of Hope breaking in at regular intervals, making glad music in the hearts of all. Very pleasant, too, were the songs from Burns, sung with evident feeling by the musicians extemporized for the evening. During the whole evening, the audience, composed of the pupils of the society's night school, and friends of the members, gave manifest attention, and frequently displayed their appreciation by hearty and prolonged applause.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The Centenary of the birth of Burns, Scotland's greatest poet, was celebrated by a public dinner at the Zetland Hotel. About one hundred and twenty gentlemen sat down to dinner. Alexander Hathorn, Esq., occupied the chair, and Mr. G. W. Rhodes occupied the vice-chair.

After the usual loyal toasts, the CHAIRMAN rose and said—Mr. Vice-Chairman and gentlemen, we have assembled to do honour to the memory of Scotland's greatest poet, and to pay our heartfelt tribute of admiration of his transcendent genius, by commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth-day,—a day memorable indeed in the annals of Scotland, and, I may add, of the nation at large, in ushering into the world one of her greatest, and certainly her most truly born poet.—(Applause.) In proof of this, if proof indeed were wanting, I need only point you to the numberless gatherings of men of all ranks and pursuits throughout the length and breadth of our land on this most eventful and auspicious day, to celebrate as we are now doing, Burns's Centenary. The very contemplation of this day's proceedings gives rise to many most interesting associations, to many conflicting emotions. One hundred long years have rolled away since Burns first saw the light of heaven; upwards of sixty years have elapsed since he was removed from this chequered scene of time—for chequered it was to him, though, let us hope and believe, for wise and gracious purposes. I need hardly say that none of us now present had appeared on this scene of time, even at the death of the poet, and none of us have had the privilege of looking upon that nobly expressive and manly face, or of meeting the glance of those large and lustrous eyes, glowing with poetic fire, or in listening to the witching music of his tongue. What greater or more convincing proof, I would ask then, of the undying fame of Burns as a poet, than is our assembling here to-night, the assembling of so many of our countrymen and of our brethren of America, more especially, as well as of other parts of the world. We have all had the privilege of reading his effusions in poetry and song; and sure I am that none of us can have done so without a thrill of admiration, and a glow of patriotism, or without being inspired with the love of all that is true-hearted, gentle, and loving, and, at the same time, manly, generous, and independent. We cannot but reflect upon the important and heart-stirring national events that have occurred in the history of our country during this period of a hundred years. Empires have been lost and won; many battles, both by sea and land, have been fought; men most distinguished in every walk of life have lived and died; science, literature, art, and mechanics, have made the most rapid strides the world has ever before witnessed; the most important reforms, whether religious or political, social or domestic, have taken place; and, indeed, in everything that can minister to the happiness, prosperity, comfort, and onward progress of the civilized world,—the most wonderful and rapid strides have taken place. Yet, amidst all these great and engrossing events, the fame of Burns has remained undimmed in its lustre, and lies enshrined, bright and pure as ever, in the hearts of every lover of true poetic genius; and every succeeding age and generation has been, and we cannot doubt will be, inspired with the same ardent feelings of admiration and enthusiasm.—(Applause.) Burns was emphatically a national poet; almost all his musings are racy of the soil, if I may so speak, and his early and simple life, that of a ploughman, was assuredly more favourable for the full development of his true poetic genius, than if he had been placed in more prosperous circumstances and in a more exalted position.—(Hear, hear.) The period in which Burns lived furnished ample poetical materials, and his own solid learning, which a moderately liberal and careful education had imparted, aided by his own strong and deep feeling, enabled him to "unlock his heart" in song, and in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" in a word (to use the words of my friend, Mr. Law Walker), to "let his poetry escape," and thus to portray, in every line of his own matchless verse, the heart and feelings

of his country. From the almost countless effusions of Burns's genius, I would select his "Cottar's Saturday Night." This inimitable poem has a world-wide fame and homage. I am sure that no one can read it without emotion, or without a full and cordial appreciation of its many excellences; and these all the more beautiful and attractive because of their perfect truthfulness and reality. It is, indeed, an immortal model of the cottage life, and presents a vivid picture of the daily life of the right-hearted Scottish peasantry in its most humble, attractive, and sacred aspect, while, at the same time, it breathes forth such a pure and Christian feeling; portrays such a scene of domestic peace, of true and pure love, and, withal, such a noble and generous love of country, as is unsurpassed by any, even of our most admired poets. It is indeed a "gem of purest ray serene;" and if Burns had written nothing else, he would have been entitled to the warmest admiration of his countrymen.—(Cheers.) But I am detaining you too long, more especially when I tell you that one now present, and a most ardent and genial admirer of the great poet will follow me, and will dilate much more appropriately and eloquently than I can possibly do, upon this rapturous theme. I would just add, however, in conclusion, that I am well assured that there is no one in this assembly so dull, so passive or unimpassioned, who can witness this event, or think of all that is passing this day, without deep emotion. To all whose heart's strings have thrilled responsive to the chords of the poet's lyre,—whose bosoms have swelled, like his, with love and gratitude, with tenderness and sympathy,—have glowed with patriotism, or panted for glory,—this day must be a day of exultation. In one word, the poet of the heart is the poet of mankind. I would ask you to join me in drinking, with the deepest feeling and the utmost earnestness and sincerity, "The Memory of Burns."

The toast was drunk in silence.

Mr. J. Woodhead, *Huddersfield Examiner*, rose and said—Mr. Chairman, Mr. Vice-Chairman, and gentlemen, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns" having been proposed by our esteemed Chairman, a gentleman who, if I mistake not, was born in the same county as the great bard, I think it is not inappropriate that the sentiment should be responded to by one born south of the Tweed, as both Scotchmen and Englishmen will then be represented; and I cannot but feel that I have some claim to call Burns a countryman, without exciting the jealousy of my Scotch brethren.—(Hear, and laughter.) Scotland and England are so thoroughly united,—their people living under the same government, speaking the same language, believing essentially in the same religious faith, rejoicing in the same freedom, and aiming at the same great destiny, that, notwithstanding the Tweed runs between the two lands, they can say in sober truth, "We are brithers a' for a' that." This remarkable celebration of the day on which a true poet was born into the world, is of deep significance. It proves that poetry is yet considered a divine thing in this prosaic, mammon-worshipping world of ours,—a something that can exalt and beautify everyday life, and can wreath with flowers the very chains that bind us to our dullest task. It shows that poetry is deeply rooted in human nature, and that the true singer, who comes to us in the fulness of poetic gift and blessing, is to be received as the highest and kindliest of them, having a divine mission to his brethren "to charm, to strengthen, and to teach."—(Cheers.) Burns came as one of these singers; and having uttered some of the sweetest, most touching strains that ever saluted human ears, he passed away from among men, leaving a fame which has grown brighter with the lapse of time. No poet was ever so honoured before, and we know of no human being whose birth-day was ever commemorated with such a spontaneous and wide-spread enthusiasm. He was but lowly-born, and he did nothing to increase the material wealth of the world. He invented no new machine to lighten human toil, and made no scientific discovery; but he gave his country and the world poems which will afford intensest pleasure, and add largely to the sum of human enjoyment, long as men have heads to think and hearts to feel. Burns's naturalness and exquisite simplicity are appreciated by all, but especially by the humble poor, who, for his strong sympathy with them in their labours, their difficulties, their amusements, and their aspirations, "Lo'e him as a vera brither."——(Hear, and applause.) The pearls of rarest beauty which he scattered around him with such a profuse hand, were not cast before a heedless people, but were caught up and treasured as the richest, most splendid ornament of which dear old Caledonia could boast. An intense love of nature, and wonderful powers of description, are prominent in all Burns's pastoral poems; and "Tam o' Shanter" and "Hallowe'en" will live for ever, testimonies to his genial humour; while his "Cottar's Saturday Night" reveals his genuine religiousness, his tenderness of feeling, and his strong sympathy with his class—that of the Scotch peasantry. His pictures of Scotch manners and customs glow with life, and are faithful, as if photographed. It is fitting, then, that we

should thus celebrate the Centenary of Burns's birth-day, and cast our wreath upon his glorious tomb—

"A tomb for which e'en kings might wish to die."

Again, then, I say, green for ever shall be the memory of Robert Burns.—(Cheers.) Long as the rivers he has rendered sacred by his song shall roll their waters to the mighty ocean; long as the heather shall bloom, and the waters leap, and the fresh air blow among the hills of bonnie Scotland; long as the gowan, the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," shall gem Caledonia's soil; long as the laverock shall sing its morning song, "up in the blue lift sae hie," to cheer the early labourer at his toil; long as friend shall meet with friend to have a crack about "Auld Langsyne;" long as stalwart youths and bonnie lassies shall wander by the rivers and 'mang the braes of Scotland, to "breathe the tender tale;" long as wedded love shall be a sacred thing, and home shall be the abode of all holy affections; long as patriotism can inspire, and the beautiful in the outer world can charm; long as delineations of the joys and sorrows of human life shall have power to touch the heart; in short, long as poetry shall be able to border with flowers the pathway of humanity, and cause fountains to spring up by the way-side for the refreshment and solace of the weary life-pilgrim; long as it shall fringe with gold the light cloudlets that flit across the skies of man's happier hours, or give a silver lining to the dark clouds which lour over the heads and depress the hearts of the children of men, so long shall Robert Burns be reverenced and admired universally as a true poet, and be loved and honoured by his countrymen as Scotland's great national bard.

The toast and song went merrily round, and it was not until "the witching hour ayont the twal" that the meeting separated.

JERSEY.—A literary and musical festival, at which five hundred persons were present, was held in the Queen's Assembly Rooms, which were splendidly decorated for the occasion. Beneath the central of the three elegant Gothic arches was seen a fine transparent portrait of the cherished poet, the tastefully executed work of Mr. Collie, a Scottish artist, who has resided many years in Jersey. The company chiefly consisted of the elite of the island, among whom were the Very Rev. the Dean of Jersey, Sir George Maclean, Joshua Le Bailly, Esq., one of the jurats of the Royal Court, and Mr. Advocate Horman. Several of the gentlemen were more or less Scottish in their costumes—a national homage paid to the poet's memory, and many of the fair sex assembled to honour the memory of Burns. R. Kirkpatrick Howat, Esq. (yr. of Mabie), took the chair. The chairman and members of committee each wore a sprig of heather decorated with blue ribbon. The chairman delivered a brief but appropriate opening address, in which he gave a compendious sketch of the poet's life, and then went on to observe:—Many have said, and with great show of reason, that Burns, during his lifetime, was not appreciated; but when you come to take into consideration the state of Scotland at that period, and the then condition of authorship, you will, I think, agree with me, that during his brief career, after emerging from his provincial obscurity, he achieved no small amount of success. Some of his songs were no doubt rather too radical in their tendencies to please the upholders of the Divine right of kings, particularly his song of "A man's a man for a' that," in which he says:—

"A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,—
Guid faith he manna fa' that."

He was one of our greatest reformers, and with the keen edge of his satire, he not only lashed the abuses of Government, but also attacked the great social evil—the vice of hypocrisy. In his treatment of the latter subject, he reminds me of one of the most powerful satirists the world ever produced, the great dramatist Moliere. Whatever Burns's failing may have been as a man and a poet, is there any man of Scottish blood among us who will say that the good did not immensely preponderate over the evil? (Applause.) But the days have gone past for entering into a criticism on the works of Burns, he has now taken his place among our British authors, and nothing we can say will add to or detract from his reputation, so I think also that the time has come when the man ought to be merged with the poet. Let us falsify Shakspeare when he says: "The evil a man does lives after him, the good is often interred with his bones." His poems have now become household words among us, and as the tide of civilisation flows through the wilds of the far West, and through that great empire of Australasia, Burns' reputation will still increase. Our countrymen will carry his poems with them, and will read them by their hearths and by their campfires, to their children and their children's children, and they serve to instil into their hearts that love of honesty and independence for which he, as a bard, was so remarkable, and for which we, as a nation, above all other

nations, have been hitherto, and, I hope always shall be pre-eminently distinguished. The Chairman's admirable address was warmly applauded. Among the leading features of this interesting festival, was the recitation of Mr. Davis, printer, of an original prologue on Burns, the singing of Burns's best songs by eminent vocalists, including "La fille aux cheveux de lin," a French version, by Leconte de Lisle, of Burns's "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," sung by Monsieur Charles Benezit. This novelty could be better appreciated in Jersey than in any other part of the United Kingdom, a large number of the audience understanding the language in which the singer sang, and it elicited the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

LIVERPOOL.—The local celebrations of the hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of the Scottish poet, Robert Burns, included a dinner at the Adelphi Hotel, and another at the Brunswick Hotel, Hanover Street, a musical soirée and ball at St. George's Hall, and another soirée at the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson Street. The dinners were held at half-past five and six o'clock, in order to allow gentlemen to attend the soirée at St. George's Hall.

THE ADELPHI HOTEL.—About a hundred gentlemen (exclusively sons of Scotland) sat down to dinner, and Mr. J. C. Ewart, M.P., presided.

DINNER AT THE BRUNSWICK HOTEL.—A dinner took place at the Brunswick Hotel, Hanover Street, where Mr. Ming served up a most excellent as well as substantial repast in a style which won for him the warmest encomiums of all present. Mr. David Ross, editor of the *Liverpool Chronicle*, presided; and, though the invitations were by no means restricted to Scotchmen, it is needless to add that the majority of those present were natives of Scotland. After the tables had been cleared, the Chairman proposed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, which were all duly honoured.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said—Gentlemen, I have now to propose to you what is emphatically the toast of the evening, namely, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." (Loud cheers.) It is no easy task to assign to Robert Burns the precise rank which he should occupy in the Temple of Fame. In comparing his works with others I shall say nothing of the poetry of the Bible, the grandest collection of sublime ideas and high and holy thoughts that ever were comprised in a single volume—partly because these are the productions not of one but of many authors, and partly because, if we believe in the doctrine of divine inspiration, they come not within the category of human performances. Classical scholars will tell you that Homer was the first and greatest of all poets, and that all his successors have only in one form or another reproduced his ideas. I do not myself subscribe to this dictum, and we should certainly search in vain in the exquisite lyrics of Burns for the remotest imitation of the Homeric sage. Without referring, however, to the other illustrious names whose works enrich and illuminate human literature, I would say that there is none of them with whom Burns can be fairly compared. Shakspeare and others have indeed bequeathed to us greater literary treasures than even the Ayrshire bard. And Jeffrey, the greatest critic of his day, has placed Walter Scott next in rank to Shakspeare; while Allan Cunningham, who cannot be accused of any undue prejudice against Burns, confesses that he stands surpassed by the author of Waverley. I saw a paragraph in the papers the other day in which Burns is spoken of as the Scottish Shakspeare. This, however, is no new idea. So far back as the year 1787, when his early poems were first published in Edinburgh, "the literary men of the south," we are told, "seemed even to fly a flight beyond those of the north" in their praise of the author, and, it is added, "some hesitated not to call him the northern Shakspeare." In another place we are told that Lord Sidmouth "saw in the verses of the rustic bard a spontaneous vigour of expression and a glowing richness of language all but rivalling Shakspeare." And a greater than Sidmouth, namely, Walter Scott, speaking of "Tam o' Shanter," says, "No poet, with the exception of Shakspeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions." As I have already hinted, however, it would be highly unjust to the memory of Burns to weigh his productions in the same scale with those of the great writers I have named, and for this simple reason, that he did not possess anything like the advantages enjoyed by the others. Allan Cunningham, indeed, says that "in true knowledge the poet was at nineteen a better scholar than nine-tenths of our young gentlemen when they leave school for the college;" and Jeffrey conjectures that he "had about as much scholarship as Shakspeare, and far better models to form his ear to harmony, and to train his fancy to graceful invention;" while Scott, as we know, had both the scholarship and the models. But here, in the words of another poet, "Here all likeness ends between the pair." Both Scott and Shakspeare survived to

an age when their genius was ripened and matured, while Burns was cut off, if not in early youth, at least in the very prime of his manhood. Had those great authors died, like Burns, at the age of thirty-seven, they could only have bequeathed to us a mere fraction of their entire productions, and their greatest and noblest conceptions would never have sprung into existence at all. Had Scott, for instance, died at the age of thirty-seven, Marmion would have been his latest work. Waverley, the first of that glorious series which has placed the name of Scott at the very head of Scottish literature, never saw the light till its author was forty-three. Had Burns, on the other hand, been blessed by Providence with equal longevity, what might we not have expected from his pen? We may form, indeed, some vague conjectures of what we have lost from what we have obtained. But who can predicate with anything like certainty as to the wealth of that mine of which we have only been suffered to gather some scattered "nuggets"—nuggets rich, indeed, in virgin gold, but adulterated with the dross inseparable from the first diggings of even the most auriferous soil. (Loud cheers.) The space of a hundred years has this day elapsed since the birth of Burns. It has been ascertained that one person in every thousand reaches the age of a hundred. It is, therefore, quite within the course of nature that he might have lived to witness the celebration of his own centenary—that he might this evening have been here or in some other assembly of his votaries who are at this momont met to pay to his memory the tribute of their praise. (Loud cheers.) Had this been the case, with what an acclaim of welcome would he have been hailed! Had he in person filled this chair, or been at this moment seated by my side, how strange, how overwhelming must our sensations have been! (Hear, hear.) This is a picture which we may indeed imagine, but can scarcely realise. But though he failed to reach that extreme verge of human existence which other less gifted men have done, yet had he reached the span meted out by the inspired penman of threescore years and ten, or even, like Scott, threescore years, is there any one here who can venture to say that he might not have rivalled both Shakspeare and Scott? We cannot tell. But we do know this: that had he lived to an age when his intellect would have been matured and his judgment ripened, and his experience of life and of nature proportionally expanded—when his mind had purified itself, as such a mind could not fail to do, of those youthful errors and follies which unhappily cloud though they cannot obscure his genius—when his moral nature had been purged of its impurities, and his aspirations become more high and holy as he neared the confines of a brighter sphere—high as he stands in our estimation now, and in that of all our countrymen throughout the circuit of the globe, he would then have stood upon a far loftier pinnacle, and realized a still more enduring fame. (Great cheering.) As it is, he may boast, with a poet of kindred genius, whose memory has been mellowed but not effaced by the lapse of nearly twenty centuries—

> "Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
> Regalique situ pyramidum altius."

"I have raised a monument more durable than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of the pyramids." But had the dream we have fancied proved true he might have achieved a triumph even nobler still, and shone with a lustre bright and clear, "above all Greek, above all Roman fame." Leaving those fancies, however, for more modest realities, let us rejoice with pride in our national bard as he is, and cherish with love and with reverence in our heart of hearts the honoured name of Burns. (Loud cheers.) The classical quotation in which I have just indulged suggests, by the way, another idea. The three greatest lyric poets, I suppose, that ever existed—always excepting, as before, those of the Bible—were Pindar among the Greeks, Horace among the Romans, and Burns among ourselves. Of the first I can say little, having, unfortunately, a very slight acquaintance with the language in which he wrote. But the odes of Horace and the songs of Burns have been my study and my delight from my earliest years, and I must say that they divide between them the admiration which I own for this description of verse. Of Horace, Byron says—

> "It is a curse
> To understand, not feel, thy lyric flow,
> To comprehend, but never love thy verse."

And the same remark may be applied without qualification to our own national bard. Instead of likening Burns, therefore, to Shakspeare, Scott, or others—to whom his works bear no sort of affinity—I would rather say that the sweet singer of the Augustan age might aptly be termed the Burns of Italy, while Burns might be christened the Horace of the North. The men, indeed, were in some respects as different from each other as any two men could be. The one was a fawning parasite, who ascribed to a blood-stained tyrant all the virtues of a god; while the other was a patriot as well as a poet, and valued human worth, irrespective of the concomitants of rank, or wealth, or power: in his estimation

"The rank was but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

(Cheers.) But for the exquisite beauty and indefinable charm of their verse it would be difficult between them to award the palm. (Hear, hear.) It may now, perhaps, be expected that I should say a few words respecting the character of Burns, not as a poet, but as a man. And here the first thing that strikes is his manly independence. (Cheers.) This noble principle characterises all his thoughts, all his writings, and all his actions. It has been regarded by some as "approaching to arrogance," by others as "the cant of independence," and by others still as "rudeness and vulgarity." But no one, I think, can attentively peruse his biography, and compare it with the noble utterances of the man himself, without being convinced that this was a salient feature of his mind. Surely no one was ever more entitled to exclaim—

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;
Thy steps I'll follow with my forehead bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

(Cheers.) The next thing that strikes us is his natural good sense. In all the fluctuations of his fortune, this never deserted him. When suddenly raised from the position of a peasant to be the pet of rank, and fashion, and beauty, and to be placed on a footing of familiarity with the most distinguished men of his day, it was the wonder of all the philosophers with whom he came into contact that his head was not turned; and the prudence of his demeanour in these trying circumstances excited scarcely less surprise and admiration than his genius itself. In the reverses of his fortune, when he had to submit to neglect, and calumny, and insult, he bore them, not, indeed, without resentment—not, indeed, without fierce retaliation, but still with unshaken firmness. In his domestic relations he was a dutiful son, an affectionate husband, and a tender parent; and his dying hours were soothed with the consolations of that religion which he is said to have blasphemed. On the whole, I regard the character of Burns with feelings of mingled admiration and love. He was far, indeed, from being a pure and perfect model of humanity, but his many noble and manly virtues far outbalanced his defects. But dear to every Scotsman as the fame of Burns must be, whatever the clime or the country in which we may be located, there are gentlemen now present in this company to whom it must possess a still more peculiar charm. We can all, I hope, appreciate the genius of the poet, but to those who were born and brought up in "the land of Burns," as it has been happily called—a district remarkable for the birth of distinguished men—who have been familiar from their infancy with the scenes and associations which originally inspired his muse—those lyrics, which touch every human heart, must stir in theirs inexpressible emotions. This is a privilege, indeed, of which I cannot boast, but I see around me more than one individual whose infant feet have trod the ground that has been hallowed by the genius of Robert Burns, and in whose breasts the associations thus excited must now come back with tenfold tenderness. In every man who is deserving of the name, the place of his birth and the scenes of his infancy, and, still more, the distant recollection of these from a distance, from which he is now severed by a double bar, by the distance of time and the distance of space, must excite a species of local patriotism, more powerful because more special than even the love of our country itself. May not each of you, then, who is thus fortunate, repeat in the words of your own bard—

"Strong memory on my heart will write
These happy scenes when far awa'."

And for us who have been less favoured in the locality of our birth, let us join with you, with all, in pledging, as befits us, amid solemn silence, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

"One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the bard that's far awa'."

The toasts of "England," "Ireland," "Scotland," and "America," as nationalities, were afterwards proposed and suitably acknowledged. These were followed by "The Press," "The Town and Trade of Liverpool," "The Chairman," and "The Ladies;" and altogether the proceedings were of the most agreeable character, the memory of the "Ploughman Bard" being, it is needless to add, duly honoured at every stage.

During the evening, Mr Brown sang "A man's a man for a' that;" Mr. Dalziel, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and a number of other Scottish songs selected from the writings of the Ayrshire poet. Mr. Lee, Mr. Smith, and Mr. Harris also contributed by their efforts much to the harmony of the proceedings. Mr. Dalziel likewise read the Crystal Palace Prize Poem on the Centenary of Burns, and sang an original song composed for the occasion, entitled, "Robin's Awa'."

St. George's Hall.—For the musical soiree and ball every part of the building was brought into requisition and suitably decorated. Immediately on alighting on the north entrance, the visitors stepped on scarlet baize, which was laid in every passage and corridor, even to the

grand jury room at the extreme north, and covered the stairs of the small concert room as well as of the gallery of the large hall. The pit of the large hall was covered with wooden flooring. The organ loft was converted into a capacious orchestra, by the addition of wings on each side, which were also covered with scarlet cloth. The steps in the north entrance hall were lined on each side with plants from the public gardens, and some large and rare plants of South America stood at the top. In the large hall, plants lined the steps leading, at the north and south, into the criminal and civil courts, now converted into refreshment rooms; and smaller plants ornamented the niches and the corners of the column pedestals. This celebration originated with a meeting of a few gentlemen at the Clarendon Rooms, who afterwards formed themselves into a large committee, and met in the library of St. George's Hall. Having determined the form the celebration should take, they divided themselves into sub-committees to provide for the three departments of music, dancing, and promenading; and they have worked earnestly ever since the scheme was set on foot. It was hoped to have made one of the principal features of the celebration the delivery of an address by Mr. W. M. Thackeray, or some other gentleman of equal eminence; but being unable to secure the services of any person of sufficient distinction for this purpose, the project was abandoned and the cantata of "The Jolly Beggars" added to the programme of the concert. Up to midnight, there were simultaneous attractions in the concert room, the great hall, and the library (apart from supper and refreshments).

Scottish music was performed in the small concert hall from eight to twelve o'clock—during the first two hours with orchestral accompaniment, and afterwards without it, the band being withdrawn at ten o'clock, when the ball commenced in the large hall, where at half-past eight and half-past nine o'clock fantasias were performed on the organ by Mr. Best; whilst, in the library, relics, &c., of the poet were exhibited. The company began to arrive about seven o'clock, soon after which hour the line of carriages waiting to set down reached from the north entrance of the hall to St. Luke's Church, at the top of Bold-street. During the first hour, in the north entrance hall, music was performed by the band of the pensioners, who were afterwards removed to the large hall, and played between the organ performances.

The Concert Room.—Soon after the opening of the doors, this room gradually filled, and presented a brilliant appearance. The earliest comers were those most anxious to hear the performance of Scottish music; a few, however, preferring to promenade the large hall and inspect the objects of interest in the library. The only special adornment which the concert room presented was a tribute to the poet placed in front of the orchestra. It was a niche of scarlet baize, which formed an effective background to a group of sculpture, consisting of four pieces. A small bust of Burns was in the central front, and Poetry held the laurel over his head. On one side of the poet was Wallace, and on the other Bruce. Beneath was the following inscription:—

> The poetic genius of his country found him at the plough,
> Threw over him her inspiring mantle,
> Now offers at his shrine the poet's crown of
> Imperishable fame, the wide world's award.
> January 25, 1859.

Thus, a century from the poet's birth, posterity bestowed upon the poet that which he despaired of in life when he said—

> "Then farewell hope's o' laurel boughs
> To garland my poetic brows!"

The band consisted of forty performers, of whom eleven selected violinists had been brought from Scotland especially, by Mr. R. B. Stewart. For the vocal music the committee were under obligation to Mr. Armstrong and the Vocal Union, who made the necessary arrangements on the shortest notice, so soon as it was known that an address could not be obtained. The principal vocalists were Miss Clari Fraser, Mrs. Stedman, Mr. Kennedy, and Mr. Armstrong. The programme was as follows,—"The Jolly Beggars," Overture on Scottish airs, "There was a Lad was born in Kyle," "John Anderson, my jo, John;" Scottish airs, arranged for the orchestra, "Coming through the Rye," "O' a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw," "Oh, Wert thou in the Cauld Blast," "Duncan Gray cam' here to Woo;" Quadrille, composed for the occasion, "Here Awa, There Awa, Wandering Willie," "Oh, Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut," "Oh, Whistle and I'll come to ye, my Lad," "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "Last May a braw Wooer cam' down the Lang Glen," "Green Grow the Rashes, O," "My Love is like a red, red Rose," "Gather in, Gather in, Ane an' A'."

The fantasia went merrily. Mr. Kennedy read the recitatives with good effect, being thorough master of the Scotch brogue. Mr. Armstrong, one of the craft, who were previleged to wear their aprons on this occasion, left the conductors' stand to sing the ditty of the maimed soldier, which was warmly applauded. Mrs. Stedman bewailed the loss of her "Braw John Highlandman." The cantata, as a whole, was the most interesting musical performance of the evening. The chorus and

the orchestra preserved throughout most effective concord and harmony. In the second part of the concert, Miss Clari Fraser pleased very much in her rendering of "John Anderson my jo," and the audience accorded a hearty applause; but, apprehensive of an encore to delay the dancing, the rest objected to a repetition, which otherwise would perhaps have been demanded. The overtures on Scottish airs, arranged by Mr. Stewart, were highly appreciated. After the commencement of the ball the concert room was nearly deserted. During the second part of the concert Mr. M'Bride, one of the secretaries, read the Sydenham prize poem.

The Library.—The library contained a number of relics of the immortal bard, which had been kindly lent by the owners for the occasion, and was much frequented during the evening, and its contents were closely inspected with great curiosity and interest.

The Ballroom.—During the first two hours of the concert, when the concert hall was filled, the corridors were almost impassable, the galleries of the great hall were filled, and the protected dancing floor was thickly surrounded, and as many as possibly could do so were enjoying Mr. Best's fantasias on the organ and the music of the pensioners' band. Soon after ten o'clock the room was thrown open, and quickly filled by a gay and glittering crowd. The opening quadrille was danced in lines across the room, and not in sets, which was a considerable relief, and so soon as the impatient dancers had formed, the signal was given which

> "Put life and metal in their heels."

The programme contained twenty-four dances, which were the ordinary ones, except the Tulloch reel, all being danced to Scotch music. The schottische had been omitted, but it was substituted for a gallop. The scene which the ballroom presented was brilliant beyond description, whilst the crushing and rushing were almost unparalleled. It was estimated that about three thousand persons were present. The Highland costume was not such a striking feature as we might have expected, there being more freemasons' aprons than Highland bonnets and jackets, whilst the ladies displayed the most tartan in ribbons, scarfs, cloaks, and dresses. As seen from the galleries, the ballroom was a continuous dissolving view of commingling colours, chiefly pinks and blacks. Soon after midnight, according to programme, the company was concentrated in the large hall, and "Auld Langsyne" was sung under the leadership of Mr. Kennedy. The whole audience joined enthusiastically in the chorus; they cheered loudly when the second verse was completed, and would have the third verse; and when it was given they clapped hands and cheered more lustily than ever. Then dancing was resumed, and

> "The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
> The pipers loud and louder blew;
> The dancers quick and quicker flew."

The great success attending this celebration was in no small manner due to Mr. Newlands, Borough Engineer, Mr. G. A. Mackenzie, treasurer, and Mr. W. M. Mackenzie of the George Hall.

Soiree of the Working Classes.—The demonstration of the working classes took place in the Concert Hall, Lord Nelson-street, under the auspices of the committee of the Saturday Evening Concerts. From their first issue the tickets were eagerly sought after, and for several days before the time not one could be procured, although an advanced price would have been given for almost any number. At the back of the platform a medallion portrait (colossal size) of Burns was placed, surrounded by wreaths of evergreens. During the early part of the evening Mr. Notman appeared in full Highland costume, and on the Scottish pipes played some popular national airs. After tea the tables in the body were removed, and room being thus obtained, a considerable addition was made to the company, which on the whole numbered about two thousand. Mr. J. Skeaf, jun., presided at the pianoforte. The chair was occupied by Nathaniel Caine, Esq., the Chairman of the Saturday Evening Concert Committee.

Before tea, the whole audience joined in singing, to the tune of "Martyrdom," Burns's grace before meat:—

> "O Thou, who kindly dost provide
> For every creature's want!
> We bless thee, God of Nature wide,
> For all thy goodness lent:
> And, if it please thee, Heavenly Guide,
> May never worse be sent;
> But whether granted or denied,
> Lord, bless us with content!
> Amen."

The Chairman, who was loudly applauded, said, in introducing the business of the evening,—We meet to-night, as an assemblage of the people, to do honour to the memory of the poet of the people, the peasant bard of Scotland—to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Burns. We meet under the auspices of the Committee of the Saturday Evening Concerts—the people's concerts, an institution which has rendered itself popular by directly appealing to the tastes, the feelings, and the sympathies of the people. The committee felt that they would be failing in their duty if on

such an occasion they did not afford to the people of this borough an opportunity of holding their own demonstration. As the president of the institution, it becomes my duty to conduct your proceedings. Though it is not my fortune to be a Scotchman, I am no stranger to the green hills of Caledonia, for some of the pleasantest hours of my life have been passed in Scotland. For twenty-six years I spent an average of two months annually there, and many old and highly-valued friends have I in the "Land o' Cakes." Familiar with most of the scenes depicted by your poet, having known some of his personal friends, a frequent visitor to the place of his birth, almost at home in Dumfries, where the closing years of his life were spent, and in whose grand "Auld Kirkyard" rest his remains, I may not be altogether without some claim to participate in the festivities of an occasion like this. It would ill become me to enlarge upon a theme which will be taken up by those far more gifted, whose eloquent lips will descant upon Burns as a man and as a poet. Others to-night will speak to you of his soul-inspiring song, and the enthusiasm which it has created. The conductors of this institution have had frequent opportunities of witnessing its effects; its electric influence, as rendered by Wilson, Templeton, and others, has often been felt within these walls. From the programme before you you will see there is a rich treat in store for us. It may perhaps be as well to observe that some of those who will take part in our proceedings are not accustomed to appear in public; and however fluently a man may discourse with a friend, however easily he may deliver an oration to himself, when he comes to stand before a large audience, when all at once he finds two thousand pair of eyes flashing into his very soul, it makes a mighty difference with his nervous sensation. Certain am I, however, that that kindly feeling which has ever prevailed among "brither Scots" will lead us to accept their efforts to gratify and amuse us, and to receive them with a hearty and considerate welcome; and if you will bear in mind that for this "A'e night," we are all "John Tamson's bairns," my word for it it will be found at the close that we have spent a happy evening together. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Adam Gibson then sang some original lines to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the audience joining heartily in the chorus.

The chairman then called upon Mr. Robert P. Scott, teacher, of 14 Melville Place, Oxford Street, the author, who delivered an original poetical address. (Loud and long-continued cheering followed the close of the address.)

Several Scottish songs and duets were sung by Mr. Skeaf, sen., the Misses Wemyss, and Mr. Wands.

The Chairman then introduced Mr. J. M'Dermaid, who delivered the following address on "Burns as a Poet:"—

Friends and Neighbours,—This overflowing assemblage is the truest tribute the working men of Liverpool could offer to the memory of the poet of the people; to him whose muse so often cheers the sons of honest toil, and makes their hard labour at once dignified and respected in their own eyes and in those of their fellow-men.

I am glad to greet so many "Brither Scots;" they were sure to be "to the fore" where honour could be paid to one of whose name "auld Scotland" is so proud; and the goodly array of "honest lads and bonnie lassies" proclaims that the memory of him who so sweetly tuned the "rural pipe to love," will ever be cherished in young hearts, to whom love's wondrous tale, so ancient and so often told, is ever fresh and ever new.

It is time I tell you why I am here; not why I am one of your meeting. That I rejoice in; but why I stand on this platform to say what had been better said by an abler man. The Burns Centenary demonstration is so universal throughout the country, that, I am told, the supply of real orators has entirely failed to meet the demand. The worthy Secretary of this institution called on me, explained that he had happily secured speakers for two themes, but was in a state of destitution for a third, and begged me to come forward and aid him in his need. I had just returned from my native "Banks of Nith,"—that stream made classic by the genius of Burns, and beside whose clear waters his ashes rest in peace. I was so infected with the enthusiasm for this great anniversary, there universal, that I consented, I fear rashly, to your Secretary's request. This is why you have so thrilling a theme as that of "Burns as a Poet," put into the mouth of a plain man of business, instead of its being entrusted to some one who could throw the light of poetry and of genius around it. I feel that I owe you an apology. All I can say is, that I could not brook the thought that my Scottish tongue should be silent when called to sound the praises of its country's bard, and so I come to try. It is something entirely new to me to address an audience such as this; but I am sure of your hearty sympathy with the subject, if not with the speaker, and I beg and claim your kind indulgence for him also.

I am no dealer in metaphysics, and will not attempt to define poetry by its rules. Poetry lies hid within the inner core of man's thoughts and feelings and affections. It pervades the

glorious universe in which the Almighty has placed him. It shines forth from the starry heavens, and from the deep blue vault of the summer sky. It lurks amid the grean leaves of the groves, and gushes forth in the "wood notes wild" of their sweet songsters. It sparkles and plays in the flickering eddies of the stream; and, last and best, it loves the mantling cheek and snowy breast, and beaming eye of maidenhood, in all her purity and beauty.—(Cheers.) There is a chord of poetry, I do believe, in all men; petrified and frozen up, it may be in too many, by the cold realities of this work-a-day world; yet, at times, that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin," shoots like the electric spark through their veins, and thaws and softens the hard and care-worn heart. God has spread out the beauties of creation before all his creatures; "but not alike to every mortal eye is this great scene unveiled." The secrets of Nature's beauty, as well as of her philosophy, must be interpreted, and poets are God's interpreters to make these secrets plain.

Genius finds many forms of expressing the poetry which she breathes. In painting and in sculpture, she teaches that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." In the concord of sweet sounds, she conveys to the heart an idea of the music of the spheres; but when she would hold closest communion with the sons of men, she takes her place in the breast of the poet, and teaches them in their own speech and language. Words are her most potent spells,

> "For words are things, and a small drop of ink,
> Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
> That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

The handiwork of man may fade away, but true words once uttered endure for all time, and "the poet being dead yet speaketh."—(Cheers.)

Poets, however great, bear always the impress of the country whence they sprung. His country's history, its scenery, its spirit, and its manners, are mirrored in the mind and reflected in the verse of the national poet. Richly does he repay these gifts; for he, in his turn, makes his impress on his country; he leaves its former glories all the brighter for his genius, whilst he adds, as a treasure for the future, a page which is all his own. The wild and rugged character of Scotland, combining all that is grand and majestic in mountain and in flood, and sweet in hill, and stream, and dale, with a soil which, somewhat sterile in its nature, requires no slothful hand to till it, has reared a people hardy, laborious, and prudent, but, at the same time, deeply imbued with a love of nature and a love of poetry. The early and glorious struggles for independence, resulting in liberty, often sorely tried but never vanquished, stamped the name and the reality of freedom of country on the national character. It has received no less impress from later struggles for freedom of a still higher order,—freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, and free access to an open Bible. Let us remember that the history of these struggles is not that of the few, but of the many; not of the hereditary leaders of the people, but of the people themselves. When the great nobles of the land were divided by jealousy and strife, and many of them ready to sacrifice the liberties of their country to gain their own narrow and selfish ends, the people of Scotland chose a leader for themselves, and under Sir William Wallace freely offered their lives on the altar of their country's freedom.—(Loud applause.) When a libertine or a despot on the throne of temporal power strove to usurp authority in a church where Christ alone is King, many of the great ones of the land bowed and bent beneath the yoke; the people and peasantry, never. As freely as their fathers had of yore laid down their lives for their country, so did their sons lay down their lives for their religion. The tree of national liberty was watered by the blood of patriots; the tree of religious liberty by the blood of martyrs.—(Loud cheers.) Glorious traditions these! They have been kept alive in the hearts of the people by song and story, by the country pulpit and the country school; and they have formed a peasantry hardy, rugged, and independent; not free from follies, or free from vices, but elevated by their traditions, by education, and by self-culture, to a higher position than the peasantry of other lands. Such a people is ever fertile in great men. One of them was Robert Burns, whose memory we are this night met to honour.—(Loud cheers.)

Nature gave to Burns the poet's soul; she endued him, moreover, with the manliest and most gentle mind. "He had," it has been most truly said, "the fire of a hero and the tenderness of a woman." The scene of his boyhood, the district of Kyle, in Ayrshire, was full of natural beauty; it was also rich in historic association; for it was the country of the patriot Wallace. His mother sang the ballads of the country; from an old crone he acquired a rich store of tales of ghosts and witches, warlocks and brownies, and such like; while, in addition to the plain but sound education of the Scottish parish school, the youthful poet obtained a knowledge of the French language from a worthy dominie, Murdoch by name, whose disinterested labours for the improvement of a favourite but penniless pupil, deserve

to be gratefully remembered by every admirer of Burns. When we add that the boy had access to several standard works and collections of poetry, which he eagerly devoured, we may close this sight summary of his early education. The story of the patriot Wallace first roused the youthful spirit, and, to quote his own words, "poured a tide of Scottish prejudice into my veins, which will boil along them till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest." Poets are susceptible creatures,—what true-hearted man is not? Burns had a heart of tinder, often lighted by a spark from a bright eye. Love and poetry began together, and this at the age of fifteen, when he was coupled at harvest work with a "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lassie," and tried to string a rhyme to her favourite reel tune. The boyish passion was short-lived; but when succeeded by the ardent love of youthful manhood, a flood of song poured forth, to which we owe some of the finest lyrics of this or any other language. Burns was a true lover: many a bonnie face pleased the poet's fancy, and called forth his sweetly flowing verse in its praise; but it was to his "Highland Mary," his betrothed love, whom "fell death's untimely frost nipt in the flower," and afterwards to his cherished and loving wife, his "Bonny Jean," that his heart was alone truly given.

When Burns was leading a happy wedded life at Ellisland, the anniversary of the death of his first loved and lost Mary always cast a sadness over him. On one of these occasions, Mrs. Burns relates that he could not rest, and, though suffering from cold, wandered about in the chill night air, intently gazing on a planet, then shining like another moon. He then threw himself down on some loose sheaves, where he long lay wrapped in thought. On entering the house he sat down and wrote the first part of his address to "Mary in Heaven." As far as we can learn, Mrs. Burns was too proud of her husband's genius, and too true a sharer of his joys and sorrows, to shew feelings of jealousy at such outpourings; and she was well rewarded by songs in her own praise that will make the name of "Bonny Jean" live as long as our language.

It is impossible for us to range over the whole of Burns's varied and wondrous muse; if we did so, we would not part before the "hour o' nicht's black arch the keystane," or maybe, the "wee short hour ayont the twal." Of his rich powers of humour, in bold contrast with the deepest pathos, and chequered with vivid descriptions of the "horrible and awfu," you will to-night have the choicest specimen in the poem of "Tam o' Shanter."

I wish to speak, in the short time that remains to me, of two leading sections of his poetry, and those which I think have produced the most powerful results on his country and on his "Brither Man." I wish to speak of the dignity he has thrown over the honest toil and over the daily life of the peasantry from whom he sprang, and of the martial fire with which his muse has stirred the soldier's heart.

The poet Gray did not long precede our Burns; he was a scholar and a gentleman. He, too, wrote of the poor peasantry in the sequestered village, in words of great beauty. Gray died in 1771, when our poet was in his twelfth year. A few years later, and, instead of living a "mute, inglorious Milton," the tenant of the lowly cot roused the hearts of his brother peasantry, and startled the ears of grandeur with a bold assertion of independence in strains as stirring as they are true. Gray's elegy, beautiful and tuneful as it is, is but an exterior view of the village life, where much is fanciful and little real. With Burns all is reality—we learn to know each inmate of the cot. We leave with the worthy cottar "his weekly moil;" and when

> "The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
> Does a' his weary carking care beguile,
> And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil,"

we feel that the lowly cottar's joys are great and true. Our sympathy but deepens as we follow all the details of this family picture. The obscure peasant, whom had we seen at work from the roadside, with "his spade, his mattock, and his hoes," we might have passed carelessly and unheeding by, is now, in his true character of the "saint, the father, and the husband," approached with respect and with veneration.

Let us turn to the strains of patriotism, the trumpet calls, which have often roused the blood of his countrymen to battle with no uncertain sound. In 1795, when the country was roused by the danger of a French invasion, Burns joined the corps of Dumfries Volunteers, and stood shoulder to shoulder with some of his most intimate friends in the ranks. His muse was not behindhand in infusing spirit into his brother soldiers, and the song of the Dumfries Volunteers ran like wildfire through the country. It had the best effect, not only in lighting up the military spirit, but in restoring that healthy tone of feeling towards our country's institutions which had, in some measure, been lost by the infection of the French revolutionary mania. The time may come, though I do not apprehend it, when Britons may need again to rally round their homes and hearths. No fear for them whilst such sentiments inspire their hearts; and all hon-

our to the bard who wedded these sentiments to music.

Many spirit-stirring war-songs does our country owe to Robert Burns; but poetry and heroism reached a climax in "Bruce's Address to his Soldiers on the Field of Bannockburn." "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," has a local habitation and a name. It points to the most glorious epoch in Scotland's struggle for independence; but its spirit and its fire endure for all time. And if the English sailor has been fired by the songs of Dibdin to fight for "England, Home, and Beauty," and Irish courage has been kept up in all its military glee by the wild war-notes of Moore and of Wolfe, it is no stretch of fancy to say that the resistless charge and the stern endurance which alike distinguish the Scottish soldier, have been fed and nourished by the songs of Robert Burns.

I am transgressing the limit of time; but I must give you one wreath of everlasting for the tomb. They are the concluding lines of that beautiful song beginning, "Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies." They were inscribed on the funeral car which bore the remains of the immortal Nelson to their resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral; and truly no more fitting inscription could have been found for the bier of England's naval hero than the lines of Scotland's rustic bard:—

> "When victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
> Oh, who would not die with the brave?"

Next followed a selection of Scotch airs, the song, "Green grow the Rashes, O" being given by Mr. Adam Gibson, the whole audience joining heartily in the chorus.

The CHAIRMAN referred to the excellent addresses which had been already delivered, and remarked that Mr. M'Diarmid, whom they had last heard, was a native of Dumfries. He knew his father well; he had spent many happy hours with him, and been delighted with the brilliancy of his conversation. He thought it right to mention that there was an old lady present who knew the poet Burns personally. She was on the platform, and though upwards of eighty years of age, was hearty and well, and able to take part in their proceedings. He thought the audience ought to see her; for there were not so many left who knew Burns.

The old lady referred to then stood up and advanced to the front of the platform, where she was introduced to the assembly by the Chairman amidst enthusiastic cheering.

The Chairman intimated that the name of the old lady was Ellen Grayson.

After a further selection of music, the Chairman called upon Mr. ROBERT WANDS, who read an address, "Burns as a Man," concluding as follows:—As a man, Burns showed himself to be a most affectionate husband, a kind parent, and a true friend. Who can help admiring the sympathetic tenderness of the man who could express himself as he has done about a little insignificant mouse, when he saw its "Wee bit housie, noo in ruin;" and where can we find an example of such an apparently trifling circumstance exciting such a noble and charitable thought as—

> "I'm truly sorry man's dominion
> Has broken nature's social union,
> An' justifies that ill opinion
> Which makes thee startle
> At me, thy poor earth-born companion
> An' fellow mortal."

Burns had a great and a most generous heart; his affections appeared to be unbounded; they extended alike to animate as to inanimate beings. The human, as well as the brute creation, were alike the objects of his affectionate regards. Whatever his genius condescended to touch became idealised and honoured. In short, his whole life and writings evidence the most kindly and benevolent disposition towards all created beings. We must not omit to notice another of Burns's manly characteristics, one which, perhaps, appears more prominent than any other,—I mean his independence of spirit. This independence seemed to be one of the guiding principles of his life. Whether as a ploughman, a farmer, an author, or an exciseman, it never forsook him. He had, however, the native delicacy to so subdue it, that unless under severe provocation, it never exhibited itself in a rude or offensive form; on the contrary, his conversation while in society was considered most fascinating; it mattered not whether he was in the company of the noble, the learned, or the illiterate,—his conversation was equally admired by all. Throughout his whole life he exhibited the most extreme sensitiveness regarding his honour and reputation; he was jealous to a fault of receiving patronage as a mere favour, or as an act of charity; he contemptfully despised and rejected all patronage which did not spring from a thorough appreciation of his own worth. In no part of his life were this independence and self-reliance more strikingly exhibited than during the few months he resided in Edinburgh. In Edinburgh he mingled in the society of the nobles of the land; with the greatest literary spirits of the day, as well as with those who were attracted towards him simply for the purpose of gratifying an idle curiosity, spending an evening in his society, and so having their dull souls tickled and astonished by the flashes of his genius and wit. Night after night was he thus feasted and flattered, and yet, accord-

ing to the authority above named, he withstood the almost overwhelming temptations which surrounded him. Nay, more, we have many of his letters preserved—written on the nights after these carousals—expressed in the most elegant language, in which he shows how properly he understood the worthlessness of those merely convivial evenings. When intelligence and learning prevailed, he was happy and at home, and retired pleased and contented; when these were awanting, he often retired sad and wretched. It is certainly most gratifying to feel, in connexion with all this, that notwithstanding the nominal difference of rank between himself and those whose society he was permitted to enjoy, he never for one moment forgot his position as a man. His noble independence of soul sustained him to the last; and when he left Edinburgh, he did so carrying with him the respect and admiration of all who had made his acquaintance. "Burns as a Man," despised not the lowly; neither did he court or flatter the great. He thought and felt, what he had before so nobly sung, that in all ranks of life "A Man's a Man for a' that."

Mr. Adam Gibson than sang with much spirit "A Man's a Man for a' that," the audience joining enthusiastically in the chorus.

Mr. Skeaf, senior, sang "Of a' the Airts the Wind can Blaw."

Mr. Adam Gibson read the celebrated poem of "Tam o' Shanter."

Songs and duets followed until after eleven o'clock, when the proceedings were brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Langsyne," all the company joining in the chorus, and the gentlemen on the platform joining hands in true Scottish style.

Windmill Tavern, London Road.—The admirers of Scotia's immortal bard, Robert Burns, mustered, according to previous agreement, at the above well-known house to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of their illustrious countryman. The Chair was ably filled by Mr. J. B. Campbell, who in his opening speech set forth, in an able manner, the genius and beauties of the poet. He was ably supported by Mr. Walker as Croupier; and the evening was spent in that social and convivial style by all the guests which would have greatly delighted the immortal bard, whose motto was, "A Man's a Man for a' that."

LONGTOWN.—Longtown had its Centenary, a merry party assembling at Mr. Thomas Graham's, Green Dragon Inn. An excellent supper was provided by the worthy host and hostess, and the proceedings were of a spirited character. Mr. James Wright presided, and Mr. John Williamson filled the vice-chair, both to admiration, and the company spent a very pleasant "nicht wi' Burns."

MANCHESTER.—Several celebrations of the Centenary took place in Manchester, the principal one being held at the Queen's Hotel. The Mayor of Manchester (Ivie Mackie, Esq.) occupied the chair, Mr. Malcolm Ross the vice-chair, and among those present were Mr. T. Bazley, M.P., Professor Scott, Mr. Charles Swain, the Rev. W. Gaskell, Mr. H. M. Acton, Mr. Joseph Heron (town-clerk), Mr. Robert Stewart, Mr. Balfour, Councillor Neill, Councillor M'Dougall, Mr. James M'Connell, Mr. Murray, Mr. George Falkner, Mr. John Shaw, &c. &c.

After the cloth had been withdrawn, the Chairman proposed, in succession, "the Queen," "The Prince Consort, and the members of the royal family," and "The Army and Navy," which were all duly honoured.

Professor Scott, Owen College, then rose to propose the toast of the evening, amidst loud applause. He said, Mr. Mayor and gentlemen, it is now seventy or eighty years ago since first the mind of Scotland was stirred, and then the hearts of all Scotchmen, by an incident that seemed, in its commencement, exceedingly small. It was the publication of a volume—a little volume—that somehow went home to men's business and bosoms as volume had hardly ever done before. Ploughmen and serving maids, who had been looking forward to the time when their wages should come in that they might supply themselves with some needful articles of dress, preferred rather to buy a copy of Burns's poems with the money. (Hear, hear.) That which was so valued by those of his own class was not confined to them. This young peasant of seven-and-twenty visited Edinburgh about that time, and Dugald Stewart admired the force and directness of his intellect; Erskine was charmed with his wit and humour; the Duchess of Queensberry admired the tact and delicacy of his conversation with women, the mingling of humour and tenderness with which he always found his way to their hearts; and, above all, every one felt that this man so praised, so courted, so raised out of his original station, took the place in which he found himself—the place that Nature had prepared for himself. (Applause.) Petty affectations, petty vaunts, caprices, and awkwardnesses, were far from him. He had been called to this place because of gifts which reached the heart of high and low, rich and poor, and he accepted

the call with the firmness which belonged to those endowments. (Hear.) These ploughmen and serving maids learned that some twenty-seven years before that a little infant had been carried out of one of the poorest cottages of Ayrshire, because the roof of the building threatened to fall in on the head of the mother that had so recently borne him, and that that infant was Robert Burns. The time passed over;—I pray you to remember, for Burns deserves it, it is due to his memory; the time passed over—a very short time, only ten years more were given to this young poet in the world; and during that time he was busying himself in a small county town and neighbourhood with the songs of his native land—counting it a privilege to be allowed to work at them—refusing to make a matter of commerce of them, and continuing to find that ready way to all hearts which he had done from the first, when he went to that village inn late in the evening, and the landlord, waiters, guests, and the neighbours got up to spend a night with Burns. Ten years after that of which I have first spoken, and another scene shadowed over the town of his residence: Burns was ill, he was dying. Men, and women, and children in the streets asked how his illness was passing on; what opinions the medical men had of his complaint; what the issue was likely to be; how he was looking; what he was saying; and, at last, the tidings came that he was dead! And into that poor house the neighbourhood reverently and quietly, but in multitudes, entered, that they might contemplate the face of the dead poet. Afterwards he was borne to his grave, ten thousand or fourteen thousand people following him with an interest which no rank or wealth could have called forth, and no family affection could have diffused through so vast a multitude. Why was this? What was the specialty of this man? Other men have been poets—we will not question whether or not with greater, or, at least, with wider or more cultivated gifts—but there was something special about this man; he was, of all poets, the most thoroughly national. Other nations have poets they feel that belong to them in a special sense. Dante is the poet of the Italians. Shakspeare and Milton are the poets of England, and well may Italy and England be proud of these names; but no poet has yet spoken so thoroughly out of the heart of a whole land, and from the heart of a whole land met with so continued and unbroken a response. (Applause.) There is no rank or condition, no measure of education of Scotchmen that distinguishes those who know Burns and love him, from those who know him not and do not care for him. He belongs alike to all. Compare him with other so-called self-taught poets, and this difference will strike you. There have been men of remarkable endowments, like Clare and Bloomfield, or like John Bethune, a noble and heroic specimen of a Scotchman, but different in many respects from Burns; compare Burns with any one of these, and you will find that they are men whose endowments have lifted them out of their original class, and have given them something in common with another than that in which they were born. It is rather a remarkable circumstance that a certain refinement, and grace, and delicacy, seem to distinguish them and constitute their greatest claim to the possession of specific genius. Burns is altogether and utterly a man of his class as a man. He had the powers and thews and the delights of a Scotch peasant, and it is from the heart and head of a Scotch peasant that those utterances have come as the voice of a whole country, and of that portion especially in which we may most justly have pride. Burns was a man who boasted—and he was not apt to boast—that he feared few men, in being challenged to a day's ploughing, or reaping, or shearing, or any of the work that became his original position, and we feel it as he writes; he has the arm of a ploughman in his lines; he is not ashamed of it, and we are not ashamed that he makes us feel it. Surely something in this most peculiar relation belongs to the character of the people from which he sprang. Other nations have boasts, perhaps, in which we do not share. We are willing to allow that no other land has produced a Shakspeare; we are willing to allow that that width and depth, that universal human culture is unparalleled in the whole history of human intellect, and let England glory in it; but let it be allowed, also, that a general diffusion of the sense of poetry and of song has belonged, at least at one period, and in a large measure does still belong, to the peasantry of our native land, and is so peculiar to it that it is implied in the power which Burns was found to possess over all their hearts. (Applause.) Burns is intensely national; and then again this influence being admitted to be so powerful, and widely felt, is it an influence for good, as some would ask, or, as some have recently asked, is it an influence for evil? If they knew what makes Scotchmen love Burns they would not ask. (Applause.) We who have come forth from the heart of it can have no question about the matter. (Applause.) To be made to feel the power of genius is good for all, whoever makes us feel it. Any of you who are susceptible of the full influence of Beethoven or Mozart in song or symphony feel not only stirred, but for the moment lifted up, and desire to keep some measure of that influence with

you in your future life, that you may be higher and better than you were before. (Hear.) If it is good for a people to feel what genius is, then surely a special glory belongs to the remembrance of that man who was capable of making it felt by a whole people, penetrating with a sense of it all its ranks. But can we say nothing more specific in regard to the influence of Burns, and with regard to the question whether that influence be beneficial or hurtful? I have said we know what it is that makes us love him. In "The Cottar's Saturday Night," how many thousands of Scotchmen have honoured the memory of their own fathers, and the purity of their own homes? Burns seized upon the music of Scotland, which was intensely national, and as diffused as its breezes, seeming to be no more created by any man than the sounds of those breezes as they were heard on the rushes of the heath—he seized on the music of Scotland, and wedded it to verses which bring home to the hearts of Scotchmen all over the world such feelings as those of early companionship with worthy friends, of long partings, of joyful, tender meetings that are sung in "Auld Langsyne." Such feelings as those elevating endearments of domestic life that are sung in "John Anderson," such feelings as the Scotchman finds quite as appropriate now that he has to cultivate his patriotism as a Briton, and not as a Scotchman exclusively, as those that are uttered in "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Excuse two childish recollections. Occasions like these that soften us bring out the recollections of childhood. As a boy I remember the close of the great war. I was with my parents at an inn, and there suddenly sounded forth in a neighbouring room a manly voice with the words, "When wild war's deadly blast was blawn," and the remaining portion of the "Soldier's return." The tune was telling on the souls of all men; I stole from the room from which I was listening to that from which the voice proceeded, and there I saw a veritable soldier in the uniform in which he had served in war. Think how many soldiers brought home to Scotland the appeal to the affections and sympathies of their friends that spoke in that noble song with the added power of that noble air. But morality in the special sense,—what has Burns done for that? I have already appealed to some instances of this. Permit me one other anecdote, one other early recollection. I was acquainted when a child with a Scotch merchant, who had resided for a long time in British America. Whilst a resident of Quebec, he became the entertainer of the officers of the ship in which Prince William Frederick, afterwards William IV., was serving as a midshipman at the time. It was proposed that "John Anderson, my jo," should be sung. The gentleman at the head of the table trembled, as he knew the song only from certain old associations of a questionable sort. He spoke afterwards, however, of the melting feelings of exquisite delight with which he had listened to the song of Burns, then new to him. Instead of feeling ashamed of his country and its music and poetry, he was glad and proud that he had such a specimen to display before his prince. Gentlemen, I conceive that there is hardly any subject on which a man can rise to speak to greater disadvantage in some respects than the present. What can I tell you of Burns that you do not know? What can I refer to in his works with which you are not already familiar? What can I try to make you feel that you do not feel already? Have I not said he is our national poet? That implies all this. And yet the advantage is greater than the disadvantage. You are better prepared than any words of mine could make you; you are prepared by the associations of a whole life-time to do honour to the memory of Robert Burns. I would that our fellow-countrymen, as I rejoice to call them, that our countrymen of England, should understand us in this matter. We have representatives of England here, we have here a representative of English poetry. (Loud applause.) We value them and their opinions too much to be willingly misapprehended by them. We are sometimes accused of boastful nationalism. I am not careful to answer in this matter. But it is not boastfulness that brings us together this night. The feeling is too deep, too earnest, too tender for boastfulness. This ploughman was a brother that we loved. He had his faults, the faults of those

> "To whom is given
> So much of earth, so much of heaven,
> And such tumultuous blood."

He had his faults, but we feel, if we desire to learn mercy and forgiveness, it is wholesome for us to be compelled to reverence and love, in the very act of lamenting over weakness and sin. (Applause.) You have sometimes felt, I doubt not, perhaps in the presence of some grand chorus of Handel—"When Israel went out of Egypt," or some such subject—you have felt, whilst looking round the orchestra and chorus, as if one soul were actuating them all; as if the great dead man had put himself into every voice and every instrument, and as if it were but Handel, and Handel alone that was speaking to you. Would it be an exaggeration if I made the comparison—is it not a proof of the truer presence of a mighty departed spirit, to see a whole people converted into such an

orchestra as this? Burns breathes the heart-music through us, scattered as we are over all the world. The hoary soldier in India feels it, and responds; the anxious merchant, literally in every quarter of the earth, feels it, and answers; the solitary student, labouring in the vast quarry of national book and manuscript learning, although he may shrink from any public utterance such as this, feels it; and the tear in his eye shows that a tone has been drawn from that heart also. This heart-music gathers as it comes from the remote quarters of the globe, and passes over the millions of souls of cultivated Europe, with louder and wider accord; for Germany has also loved to honour him whom she has called "the peasant thunder-god!" (Loud applause.) It reaches highest as it passes over our own land; a mightier electric chord carries it across the Atlantic; it passes the Blue Mountains, and mingles its sounds at last with those of the Northern Pacific Ocean. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I feel that instead of its being possible for such language to exaggerate the power of the presence of this great spirit, that any language I can employ in the matter falls so much below it that I prefer leaving it to that preparation in your own minds to which I have alluded. Gentlemen, I propose "the Memory of Robert Burns." The toast was drunk in solemn silence. "The Land of Cakes" was then given in an excellent speech, by Mr. G. Falkner.

Mr. James Dunn next gave "The Land we Live in." He observed that it was a common reproach against the Scotch that they were too "clanish," but he was sure that there were many Scotchmen in Manchester—and he would refer particularly to their worthy Chairman, the Mayor—(cheers)—who were free altogether from the imputation, if it were meant to convey the impression that they were indifferent to the prosperity and the glory of the noble country in which they lived.

Mr. Cameron proposed "The Heroes of Scotland, and the health of Lord Clyde."

Mr. H. M. Acton, in an eloquent speech, proposed "The Admirers of Burns, all over the world."

Mr. Alderman Clark gave, "The health of the Chairman, the Mayor," who, he said, united with the strongest patriotism, the most generous feelings, and the most catholic spirit.

The Mayor very briefly responded.

Mr. M. Ross next proposed "The City of Manchester, and its Representatives in Parliament." He was sorry to say that one of the members for Manchester was absent on account of ill health, brought on by his labours in the cause of the public; but the other was present, and it was worthy of remark that he was the first gentleman who had ever been returned by the unanimous voice of the whole community of Manchester ever since it had had the right of returning members to parliament at all.

Mr. Bazley, M.P., on rising to return thanks, was received with loud cheers. He said he regretted very much that Mr. Turner was not present on this interesting occasion, but he was sure he might say on his behalf, as well as speaking on his own, that their united best efforts would be ever devoted towards promoting the best interests of this vast community. He rejoiced in the opportunity which had been given him of meeting them on this occasion, and joining in this expression of their esteem for mutual worth and intellectual power, rather than for national wealth. If Burns had flourished in our day, he believed they would not have turned the poet into a gauger; he believed they would have recognised his great genius more clearly, and rewarded it more worthily. (Cheers.)

The Rev. Mr. Gaskell, in a few appropriate observations, introduced the next toast, "Mr. Charles Swain, and the English friends who have honoured us with their company." He quoted Mr. Southey's opinion of Mr. Swain, "that he was a poet of whom Manchester would yet be proud," and expressed his regret that his health had not permitted him to devote himself to literary labours of late years.

Mr. Swain returned thanks. He said that he had devoted a few hours of his leisure time, after completing the ordinary duties of the day, to literary labours and literary accomplishments; and he was heartily glad if he had done anything which his fellow-townsmen considered worthy of approbation and remembrance.

The health of the vice-president, and of the honorary secretary, and the stewards, was afterwards drunk; and the proceedings terminated about eleven o'clock.

After the banquet a number of interesting relics of the poet were exhibited in the room.

Hulme.—Another company of Burns's admirers, numbering between seventy and eighty, dined together at the Stretford Road Inn, Stretford Road, Hulme. Mr. John Bolton Rogerson presided, and, after the customary loyal toasts had been duly honoured, he reminded the assembly that the centenary of the bard of Scotland was being celebrated, not only in our own country, but in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, America, and in our various colonies. Burns was a man who embodied the nationality of his country, and drew his inspiration from the hills and valleys of his native Scotland. He concluded his remarks by stating that he had been requested to write a few lines upon the subject. Mr. Rogerson then read "A Hundred Lines on the Centenary of Burns." Mr. Angus

Ross, the vice-chairman, proposed, in a pertinent speech, "The Memory of Robert Burns," whom he characterised as Scotland incarnate—Scotland in the flesh; Scotland portrayed in every lineament. Mr. Chrystal responded, and spoke not only of his talents, but of his faults, deeply confessed. Burns was not a man to rise from Bacchanalian orgies to write a note on teetotalism. Had he lived in another country and at another time, his faults would have been less rigorously recorded. He sang of the bravery of Scotland's sons, of the beauty of her lasses, and of the potency of her whisky in undying strains.

Song, "The Land of the Leal."

Mr. Bryce Blair recited "Tam o' Shanter," in a vigorous style, amidst much enthusiasm. The vice-chairman having proposed "The Lancashire Authors," Mr. Benjamin Brierley responded, enumerating in the course of his remarks, Mr. Samuel Bamford (who sent a note of apology for absence), Mr. J. Bolton Rogerson, the Chairman, Mr. Charles Swain, Mr. Edwin Waugh, and Mr. Critchley Prince. He concluded with reciting a poem by the last-named author. "Our English visitors" was next given, and met an able response in Mr. Page (Felix Folio). Other toasts followed, and Englishmen seemed to vie with Scotchmen in their appreciation of the genius and manly independence of their favourite poet.

MERTHYR.—The great event of this week in Merthyr, as in most other large towns, has been the Burns' Centenary, the dinner in honour of which came off at the Bush Hotel. Henry Austin Bruce, Esq., M.P., had consented to preside on the occasion; and on taking his seat, the whole company, led by Mr. D. C. Green, and accompanied on the piano and flute by Mr. T. Carlyle and another gentleman, sang "Scots wha hae." The Rev. J. O. Hill asked a blessing, and the company then proceeded to discuss the edibles laid before them. Mrs. Overton had provided an excellent dinner for the occasion; and the table abounded with all the constituents of a good dinner, delicate in flavour, admirably cooked, and in pleasing as well as tempting variety. Nor were there wanting special features appropriate to the time and circumstances; and several gentlemen who should be good judges, in our hearing pronounced the haggis excellent, even though cooked in the principality of Wales.

After the usual loyal toasts, the CHAIRMAN proposed the toast of the evening, namely, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns;" and in doing so dilated largely upon the character of the man and his conversation, the depth of his poetic inspiration, and the universality of his influence. He said he was happy to meet on such occasions gentlemen assembled to do homage to intellectual greatness. Too often gatherings of this kind were of a less justifiable character. Sometimes they were held to flatter some rich man, and to eulogise him for acquiring wealth without reference to the use he made of it. At other times they were held to celebrate personal merit; but in no case was such a meeting more justifiable than when gentlemen, engaged in commerce—gentlemen too often charged with being eager in the pursuit of wealth—laid aside their cares and assembled to do honour to the memory of one who had done so much for his country, and so much for the world at large, as Robert Burns. "Gentlemen," said he in conclusion, "let us drink to the 'Immortal Memory of Robert Burns.'" (Hearty cheering.)

Mr. Milligan then sang, "There was a lad was born in Kyle."

Mr. W. M'William, who occupied the vice-chair, then proposed, in a short address, "The Poets of England;" and Mr. Hemmons favoured the company with a song.

Mr. John Forrester afterwards proposed, "The Bards of Cambria."

Mr. THOMAS STEPHENS, in a speech descriptive of the connection existing in ancient times between the bards of Wales and North Britain, acknowledged the compliment. He said he felt a pleasure in fraternising with his North British friends on that occasion, not only on account of his admiration for the poetry of Burns, but also on a ground analogous to that suggested by the chairman, namely, that the original inhabitants of the Lowlands were a people of the same race as the Cymry of Wales, and that probably some Cymric blood might have flowed in the veins of the ploughman poet. It was a fact, he said, easily demonstrable, that many local names in Scotland could only be satisfactorily explained by reference to the language of the elder inhabitants, namely, that now spoken in Wales, Penpont, Ecclefechan (the birth-place of Thomas Carlyle,) Carngrish, Craigton, Dumbarton, Inverness, formerly Aberness, were all illustrations of this; and Penpont, for instance, could not possibly be explained in Gaelic, for that language had no *p*, and can have neither the sound of *Pen* nor *pont*. The history of the older Welsh bards also served to illustrate this ancient affinity; for several of them had their birth among the Cymric inhabitants of Strath Clyde and other parts of the Lowlands. Merlin, too, as a poet, to romance an enchanter, was a native of Lanark. Llywarch Hen appears to have belonged to Dumfries-shire; and Aneurin, the singer of the Gododin, was one of the Novantians of Wig-

tonshire; and just as Burns's celebrated—"Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon," so the hills of Doon figure in the verses of Aneurin, and he says that he saw a battle in the plain while he was "conducting sacrifice at the sacred fire" on the hill top. These remarks, he said, would serve to show that there was an old-standing connection between Wales and Scotland (hear, hear;) and that there was a good historical ground for their fraternization that evening. He than dwelt on the merits of the bards of Wales, and concluded by acknowledging the compliments paid to them by the proposer of the toast.

The Rev. J. O. Hill then proposed as a toast "The Bards of Ireland;" and "Erin go bragh" was played upon the piano and the flute by Mr. Wilkes and another gentleman.

"The Poets of Scotland" were the subjects of a neat address from Mr. Menelaus; Mr. Gawn sang Hogg's lyric, "When the kye come hame;" and a Scotch air on the piano and flute succeeded it.

The Vice-Chairman then proposed the health of the Chairman, which was given with musical honours, in the shape of "A man's a man for a' that," led by Mr. Gawn and sustained by the company. Three cheers were given to him as member for the borough, as also three cheers for Mrs. Bruce.

Mr. Bruce, in returning thanks, said he had all the more pleasure in presiding, from the cordial reception given to him by the friends he then saw around him in his canvass before the last election. On that occasion he had many assurances that the descendants of the Scots who had with Wallace bled, were equally ready to follow a Bruce to the field. (Cheers.)

Mr. J. W. Russell proposed the health of the Vice-Chairman, which also was warmly received and briefly acknowledged.

Thus terminated, about eleven P.M., the formal proceedings in honour of Burns's Centenary; and the meeting altogether was a very agreeable one. A few enthusiastic spirits remained behind, and prolonged the festivity to a late hour.

NEWCASTLE.—The Centenary of Robert Burns was celebrated in this town with extraordinary enthusiasm. The three largest rooms which the town can boast, namely, the New Town Hall, St. Nicholas Square, and the Music Hall and Lecture Room, in Nelson Street, were all thronged at the same time with extremely large and respectable audiences, who had assembled for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of the great Scottish bard on the recurrence of the Centenary of his birth. The bells of St. Nicholas' Church rang merry peals during the day, performing their part in the general tribute of homage to the genius of Scotland's great poet.

The Town Hall Festival.—At five o'clock about four hundred gentlemen sat down to an excellent dinner provided by Messrs. Brinton and Son, of the Crown and Thistle Inn. The band of the Northumberland and Newcastle Yeomanry Cavalry, in uniform, and under the masterly leadership of Mr. Matthew Liddell was stationed in the orchestra, and at dinner and during the evening played the music of several of Burns's songs. After dinner ladies were admitted to the side elevations and gallery, and their entrance was greeted with loud applause.

Sir J. Fife occupied the chair, and Mr. Joseph Cowen, sen., the vice-chair. On the right of the chairman were George Ridley, Esq., M.P., Messrs. M. L. Jobling, T. M. Greenhow, M.D., H. M. Greenhow from Lucknow, and Dr. Macintosh; on the left Messrs. A. Nichol (ex-Mayor), S. Donkin, Bywell, and Dr. Donkin. In the room, amongst others were—Councillors H. Parker, W. Weallens, R. B. Brown, B. Plummer, and G. Hunter; Messrs. P. G. Ellison, J. T. Hoyle, B. Lawton, J. G. Grant, Sunderland, John Forster, Joseph Cowen, jun., J. C. Murray, Gateshead, Charles Brough, E. D. Davis, Alexander Wood, Charles Mitchell, Low Walker, A. C. Houen, Robert Liddell, H. A. Bagnall, Winlaton, M. W. Lambert, M. Foster, W. Meikle, Thomas Doubleday, J. B. Langley, Henry Gilpin, F. Jackson, George Shield, J. Johnstone, T. F. M'Nay, J. B. Manson, A. M. Cuffe, John H. Burn, Tynemouth, George Meikle, and Robert Ward.

The cloth having been withdrawn, the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were given, after which the Chairman rose to give the toast of the evening, and said—One hundred years ago this very day an extraordinary man was given to the world—one whose writings and whose precepts had made a great impression upon succeeding generations. To pass an unqualified panegyric upon his memory would be an ill compliment to a man characterised by so rich a variety of various qualities, and it would be equally unworthy of ourselves. Because I conceive the page of Burns's history could well afford to spare a broad margin for the annotations of the most candid or for the severest of critics. (Applause.) There were men who would contend that the writings of Burns had been productive of as much evil as of good; and there were others even who say his talents were counterbalanced by his vices. I propose

—and I think you'll approve of the course I take—to meet fairly these objections to the character and writings of Burns, and to give them a fair answer. I don't conceive that it would be becoming in your chairman to pass over his failings and his weaknesses, but at the same time we ought in common justice to look to the extenuating circumstances under which Burns lived. My argument is that this extraordinary man only possessed the faults of the society and of the age in which he lived, while he had virtues and talents all his own. (Loud applause.) His genius was the gift of God, the patent of his nobility, and along with it was bestowed a wizardlike spell of power. His poetry was full of a life and power which reached the human heart with a force and certainty never exceeded by any poetry in our language. (Loud applause.) It would be unjust to the memory of Burns to contemplate his history without, at the same time, looking closely into the condition of society during the day in which he lived. At that period the Whigs and Puritans were diminishing in popularity, while the jovial Jacobites were in the ascendant, and carried with them into society all that rollicking, reckless gaiety which characterised their party. The morality of the Scottish peasantry was at that time, and is perhaps still—to use a gentle phrase—rather Arcadian, and it must be confessed that at that period convivial excesses were common, and dissipation was the fashion of the day. It is not surprising, therefore, that one whose philanthropy of heart, and whose acuteness of feeling was revolted by the morose and gloomy character given to religion by the Puritans, should rush in the thoughtlessness and impetuosity of youth into an opposite extreme; and that is the whole history of what is termed the profligacy of the life of Burns. Burns was not a Highlander: he was of Saxon blood, and was born in the Lowlands. He was not particularly susceptible of the wild grandeur of Highland scenery, and when he and his friends made their little tours in various directions, they were more fascinated with the smooth-polished beauties of Roxburghshire, Ayrshire, and Dumfries, than with the rougher features of mountain scenery. It is most important to observe that in the Highland districts the poetry of Burns has made less impression than it has in the south of Scotland and in the north of England; and you will very soon understand the reason. The Highlander speaks and writes English as a translated language, and can easily understand, and well understands, good English; but that which we call broad Scotch is exceedingly puzzling to the Highlander—he is altogether lost in it—and the consequence of it is that we find the poetry of Burns less generally known in the remote Highland districts than we find the solemn beauties of Ossian—which are more congenial, perhaps, to the Highland temperament. It is interesting to observe, early in the life of Burns, the curious way in which his intellect developed itself, the zeal and energy he exhibited in the acquisition of learning, and the extraordinary way in which his genius penetrated and overcame every difficulty and every discouragement. (Applause.) In his magnanimous sympathy Burns little calculated that his poems would ever attain their world-wide fame; he little expected that they would ever be so generally known and exercise so powerful an influence over mankind, particularly in his own country. Least of all did he anticipate that they would be quoted to excuse excesses which he himself, in his reflecting moments, never could have desired to become general. I conceive it exceedingly unfair to suppose that any man who sings a convivial song at a convivial meeting, or who may be guilty of an occasional excess, should gravely and deliberately desire that those mottoes should be the guide of his neighbour's life. (Loud applause.) If Burns could have anticipated that his poems would have been so abused, I have no doubt the philanthropy of his heart and the clearness of his head would have induced him to write very differently. We know that when Schiller wrote the drama of "The Robbers," and the students of Heidleberg were carried away with enthusiasm, and rushed to the forests for the glorious purpose of imitating the *dramatis personæ*, the author could not be responsible for this conduct. In early life Burns was not altogether without education. He was tolerably advanced in elementary education at a very early age. Then he found great friends on every side who lent him books. He was quite young when he was familiar with the compositions of Ramsay and Fergusson. He gradually cultivated his mind, developed his genius, and at last he was invited to Edinburgh. He was flattered and caressed by Dugald Stewart, and he became the familiar and intimate associate of all the most distinguished and learned men of Scotland, who were at that time in Edinburgh. At that time, and even in the memory of many of you, excesses in conviviality were not unusual even in high places—excesses which are now totally unknown in good society. At that time these excesses were mentioned with a sort of humorous indulgence. Now they are never alluded to but in terms of reprobation. At that time Burns very naturally was captivated with the pleasures of society; he rushed into them headlong; he was the idol wherever he

went; and whether it was at the convivial meeting, or in the literary society, Burns was the lion of the evening, and the hero of the day. (Loud applause.) Some dark clouds pass over the meridian of his life, but with these we have little to do at present; and in the latter part of his history we have much to meet with which is humiliating and distressing. His health was broken, his circumstances were not flourishing, and he was apprehensive of sinking into a state of absolute want; he died not unhonoured, but with an anxious mind and amidst comparative difficulties. But, ladies and gentlemen, is not this the history of the majority of the great poets and men of genius? It has been remarked by a great writer, that there is not in the whole page of the history of man a more painful and humiliating picture than the biography of men of genius; and Burns was not in this respect a very extraordinary example. I now leave the more gloomy picture of the life of Burns, and proceed to a consideration of his genius. (Hear, hear.) At a very early age, indeed, he composed many of those poems which raised him to eminence, and which brought him to Edinburgh. He had a peculiar power in moving the feelings and affections of mankind, which he possessed, I believe, not so much from a glowing imagination—not so much from emphatic eloquence—as a large and warm heart, and sympathies which were contagious and irresistibly demanded the sympathies of others. In whatever style Burns chose to write he proved himself a master; and whether we look at the cool sarcasm on society, the exquisite humour of the conversation of "The Twa Dogs," or the fun to be found in "Tam o' Shanter;" or whether we turn to the glorious aspirations we meet with in "Bruce's Address to his Army;" or to the pathos and exalted piety we find in "The Cottar's Saturday Night," we find Burns unequalled and alone on the subject which he takes up. The acute feeling of Burns made him both enemies and friends. But there was one magnanimous peculiarity in the character of Burns, and which was the mystic charm he had for the ears of the million, and which was, in fact, the cause of the grand sympathy he awakened wherever his poems became known. Burns measured his fellow-countrymen, not by their titles, nor by their acres, but by their largeness of mind and of heart. Upon a great occasion in olden times, a Roman patrician exclaimed—

"Homo sum et nihil humanum mihi alienum puto."

That sentiment ran through the world. It exercised its influence wherever civilisation existed, and greatly advanced the progress of mankind; Burns, without knowing that motto, said as much in five words, "A man's a man for a' that." (Loud applause.) And this glorious principle, which is constantly breathing through his works and through his character, even in his least prosperous days, seems to have exalted into a brotherhood all those who are his admirers; and while I feel in my own heart that brotherhood towards the admirers of Burns, let me wish a happy evening to those other societies under different roofs in this town who are now with us celebrating his memory, and let us, with your consent and that of the ladies, send at this moment a telegraph to Edinburgh, to Lord Ardmillan, who is the chairman of the Burns's festival there, and let us assure him, as we assure our townsmen under different roofs, that we fraternise with them most sincerely—that we join with them most heartily in the large-hearted, liberal spirit which Burns himself possessed, in celebrating this great day. Burns was buried with military honours. He was a volunteer, and his funeral was attended both by the volunteers of his district, and by a sort of coast-guard force. These marks in these days were very generally signs of popular favour and general affection, and they are sufficient to show that Burns, even upon his death-bed, and at the latest period of his life, was still regarded with affection and with respect by those who knew him best. The drum and fife play merrily away from the soldier's funeral; and so they did from the funeral of Burns. I don't know, therefore, whether it would be consistent on the present occasion for us, instead of drinking to his memory in silence, to give to his memory, as the drum and fife did after his funeral, three hearty cheers. (Loud applause.) I am rather inclined for the cheers—(applause)—and I think the ladies will join us. I give you, ladies and gentlemen, "To the Immortal Memory of the poet Burns." (Three cheers.)

Mr. Ridley, M.P., next—in an elaborate speech—gave "The Mining and Manufacturing Interests of the Tyne."

Mr. J. Baxter Langley, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, in an eloquent speech, gave "The British poets." (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Samuel Donkin gave "Our country's peasantry."

Mr. J. T. Hoyle, in a humorous speech, proposed "The Corporation."

The Chairman responded.

Mr. Joseph Cowen, jun., next gave "The Brotherhood of Man." He concluded an eloquent speech on the progress of humanity, with the lines—

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
When man to man the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."

Dr. Greenhow next gave "The Members for Newcastle." He trusted that on many occasions these gentlemen would be elected for their own merits, and for "Auld Langsyne." (Loud applause.)

Mr. RIDLEY responded; and referring more especially to the theme of the evening, said—What little he knew of the poems of Burns, he had been much struck with that deep and sincere love he had for nature—animate or inanimate. Whether it was the tender grass, or the daisy; a wounded hare, or an animal that excited his sympathy, he had shown he had that deep sympathy with all on earth, which had rendered his poems not only justly popular, but deservedly retained in the memory of all those who joined religion to their lives. In one of his poems—"Unco Guid"—the same feeling crept out with reference to his fellow-creatures.

Mr. Henry Gilpin next gave "The Ladies," to which Mr. Henry Shield responded.

Mr. Gilmore gave the "Press," and Mr. Bradley responded.

"The Chair," by the Vice-Chairman, "The Vice-Chair," by Mr. Councillor Nichol, and "The Committee of Management," by Mr. Councillor Brown, concluded the programme of toasts. and the last piece of Burns' poetry—which had been interspersed by amateurs in songs and recitations in a very able manner throughout the toasts—having been given, viz., "Auld Langsyne," the proceedings terminated.

THE "PEOPLE'S" FESTIVAL.—The second demonstration took place in the Music Hall, Nelson Street, Mr. William Newton presiding, and Mr. Charles Larkin occupying the vice-chair, whilst the platform was filled with ladies. The audience was composed chiefly of working men, presenting a most respectable appearance. After dinner, the public were admitted at reduced prices, and great numbers availed themselves of the opportunity, as the hall was quickly crowded to a rather uncomfortable degree. The platform and room were tastefully decorated with evergreens on the occasion, the names of the Scottish national poets, "Scott," "Hogg," "Tannahill," and "Ramsay," being placed in prominent places, whilst that of "Burns" graced the centre. After partaking of a substantial repast, the cloth was withdrawn, and the business of the evening was proceeded with.

The CHAIRMAN first gave in succession "the health of Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the rest of the Royal Family, and the Army and Navy."

The CHAIRMAN rose and said,—I beg to propose "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." It is a hundred years ago to-day since, in a mud-built hovel, erected by the rude hands of William Burness, the gardener, that the gifted bard first saw the light, and the infantile cry of him who afterwards so finely sung "Man was Made to Mourn," was drowned in a storm which swept across the land, and drove in the gable-end of the "clay biggen" in which the humble matron, his mother, was then in travail, so that the infant had to be carried through the drifting storm to another and securer hovel; and thus, in the first hour of life, that head, which for thirty-seven years felt little sunshine that was not intermingled with the tempest, was exposed to the pelting of the pitiless blast. That cottage has since become a memorable place, more memorable than the abode of the ancient votary of the Doric muse which the Macedonian conqueror affectionately spared. In this rude hut, this simple shieling, the lowly yet imperial babe was born,—though, certainly, not in the purple, not in painted chamber, nor beneath gilded canopy, was this great ruler of the human heart ushered into the world. I speak it in all reverence for higher and holier things, but here Genius truly had its Bethlehem. But on that dark and stormy night no star had yet risen to tell that the peasant-boy would in time leave the plough only to wield a universal sceptre over mankind. Burns has beautifully said that the genius of poesy found him following the plough, as Elijah did Elisha. He might also have said, as it was said of the sweet singer of Israel, "I took thee from the sheepcote and from following the sheep," and gave thee as a gift thy country's lyre, to be attuned to the song of the mavis, the sighing of the autumnal breeze, the rushing of waters, or to the tumultuous throbbings of thy own sympathetic heart in the valleys shaded by the fragrant birch and the white hawthorn, and in the distant fields decked by the unspun and untoiled-for glories of the gowan wet with morning dew." That lyre has made his country's scenes immortal, and the Doon, the Lugar, and the Nith, are now as memorable as the Thames, the Danube, or the Rhine, or as the Alma, that young stream so recently baptized with blood. He has bathed old Scotia in the sunlight of his genius, and she is radiant for ever in all lands. Burns increased in stature and in fame, and was invited to Edinburgh. There the ploughman found no superior. He could discourse with philosophers and divines, and captivate a beautiful and accomplished Duchess by his manly and natural eloquence. This is he who was called from the plough and the sheepcote. "This is the sweet singer of Scotland's lays,—of a beautiful countenance,

and goodly to look to," of whom all men said, "Arise, anoint him; crown him with the crown of poetry, for this is he." And he wears without dispute the diadem of lyric song. He has more than realised the old poet's wish, who preferred to make a people's songs rather than make their laws, for he has composed the songs of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. His voice is as well known on the ocean-like shores of the Mississippi as on "the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." Burns's short life was one of industry and unceasing toil, and it was only in the bright or gloomy intervals that he was enabled to amass that golden treasury of poetry and song which has made nations rich indeed. Burns died at the early age of thirty-seven; and measure his life by the thoughts he has given you, and the emotions he has brought crowding into every breast—by what he has achieved—and the term of his short life seems to be infinite. Most distinguished men have bequeathed their greatest legacies to posterity after the age of thirty-seven. It was so with Lord Bacon, with Shakespere, and with Milton. At that age the amiable author of the "Task" had not written a poem, and at that age the great author of Waverley had not laid hands on his magician's rod, and became more than the "Ariosto of the North." Burns was certainly neither an idle nor a dissipated man, and he was certainly no abstraction. He was essentially human. Amongst his God-like qualities, the dust of earth was mingled; and whilst he took the hue and colour of the times in which he lived, and though his strong passions sometimes overpowered him, yet, strange to say, he mirrored back little of the impurities of the world. It was the mere passing cloud-stain on the surface of the lake, darkening it for an instant, but not defiling its limpid and unknown depths. From the meanest thing he extracted beauty and purity. He could strike the hard rock of his condition, and open sweet springs almost in all hearts and in all places. He could also gather speech from the communion of days, and knowledge from the voices of the night. All the good remains, and grows brighter, and even is increasing in splendour with increasing years, whilst the evil has long since perished, or is picked only out of the charnel house by the chiffoniers, the dust and ragmen that haunt, like bats and owls, the tomb of genius. But I must not detain you from the "feast of reason and flow of soul" that awaits us. Burns has long sunk to rest. I have seen the clay biggen in which, on that stormy night, just a hundred years ago, he came into the world; and I have reverently beheld the stately tomb in which his ashes rest. Though sorely borne down by gathering calamity, and with his eyes fixed passionately and intently on the cruel waters of his captivity, he never hung his country's harp on the willows; he never uttered a slavish thought; he never shed an unmanly tear; his soul took a quiet leave of all around it; and there was around it much that was very dear, and departed from this vale of tears in thoughts of duty, and resignation, and song, not unmixed with apprehensions for the safety of his little ones, and solicitude about "Bonnie Jean," who, whilst the mourners were carrying the corpse of her husband along the streets of Dumfries to its resting-place, seemed thoroughly to fill, even to overflowing, that cup of sorrow of which he could drink no more, by adding to it the anguish of a desolate woman in travail. But let us turn away from the sad scene, and, in conclusion, contemplate the vision of his fame. Burns is not a name—he is now an almost universal presence. The temple of his fame, in which we are humble and devout worshippers to-day, is the wide world itself. Europe, Asia, America, and even the great islands, or rather continents in the Pacific Ocean, severally constitute its long-drawn aisles. Its pillars are sunk in our own and in other lands and seas, and humanity itself is the officiating high-priest; and the incense that we offer in this place is the offering of the heart, sanctioned by reason, and purified by the lapse of a hundred years.

(Mr. Newton was repeatedly applauded during the delivery of his speech, and sat down amidst protracted cheering.)

After a short interval, the Chairman announced, that as the programme was so exuberant, they would be unable to get through it at a reasonable hour, it was their intention to cull it, and give the best pieces first. In accordance with this arrangement, two or three capital songs were sung by Mr. Sced, the Misses Blake, and Mr. Alexander. Recitations were also given by Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Rea, and Mr. Cummings (the latter in character.) Each song and recitation was loudly applauded. In thus noticing the musical part of the evening's entertainments, we must not omit to mention as worthy of especial commendation, the performances of the band, under the leadership of Mr. T. S. Watson. In answer to repeated calls, the Vice-Chairman proposed "The Peasantry of the Three Kingdoms." In an eloquent address, he argued that the peasantry ought not to be exposed to contumely and insult from the possessors of wealth and acres, on account of their poverty, and that no nation was really great in which the peasantry were unhappy. The great test of civilisation was the happiness or the misery of

the cottage. Burns had given them an exquisite picture of what constituted the happiness of the cottage in his "Cottar's Saturday Night;" and he considered that, inasmuch as in the happiness, bravery, and courage of the peasantry consisted the wealth, the power, and the safety of the State, it was the duty of Governments to legislate for their happiness. (Loud applause.)

A number of other songs followed, and the proceedings concluded about twelve o'clock.

THE "ABSTAINERS'" FESTIVAL.—A third gathering took place in the Lecture Room, under the presidency of Mr. John Benson, and came off most successfully, the large room being crowded in every available spot. Although different to the other two meetings in respect to the gastronomic part of the entertainment, the company seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves; and the manner in which they sung the National Anthem at the close, shewed that, as well as being admirers of Burns, they were a very loyal assembly. There would be upwards of 1500 persons present.

The CHAIRMAN, in opening the meeting, said,—They were called upon to celebrate the centenary of one whose fame was well-nigh universal.—(Applause.) In justification of their gathering to do homage to Burns, he deemed it right to say that they did not intend any disrespect to the men whose greatness and worth had been overlooked by the nation. It had been too general for the people to be slow to recognise and acknowledge greatness. Only now was a statue being erected to the ever-to-be-remembered Jenner; and Harvey, whose discovery of the circulation of the blood was so invaluable, was long neglected. And this night, in celebrating the great poet whose genius raised him from the plough to be admired by all, it might be a just reflection upon the nation for its neglect of the great in every department of science and of art. Turning to the history of Burns, he rebutted the charge that the poet's education had been neglected in youth, and said that, at an early age he was sent to school, and it was recorded by one who knew him well, that he became a good English scholar; but he had said that this had cost the master a great deal of trouble and thrashing. Before he had reached seventeen, the poet had read a great number of profitable and religious books. At the early age of sixteen, when on his father's farm, he became the unconscious victim of his first love, and, at the same time, there was the first recognition of his poetic genius,—love and poetry being born together. His early life was marked by innocence and accompanied with toil. So hard was his lot at one time, that he was driven to contemplate his extirpation from home and emigration to America. In order to meet the expense of his outfit, he first published his poems, and so successful was the publication, that he realised no less a sum than £700 as the produce of his genius and his toil. He now found a new field and a better enterprise for his genius and labour, and the idea of emigration was given up. He was then invited to the Scottish metropolis, and this inducement, though kindly intended, exposed him to temptations and dangers with which his simple and untutored mind was ill prepared to grapple. It was at this period in his history that he began that course of life which has been so employed against him by a severe posterity. Were he (the Chairman) to tell them of the nature and number of letters which he had received since he agreed to become Chairman of that meeting, they would not be surprised that Burns wrote against the want of charity in Christian professors; and it was not to be wondered at that he, in his untrammelled and ardent youth, frequently poured out his denunciations of the hypocrisy of that day, in terms, perhaps, somewhat extravagant. They were not there to say that Burns was in every respect an upright man and a Christian; but they were there that evening to strive to remember that there were many bright, sunny spots in his life, and he claimed at their hands—a testimony posterity would freely award him—the honour and reward of a son of genius, whose glory shone out brighter than that of others.—(Applause.) Even when, in the midst of the dissipation of Edinburgh, his genius did not sleep, although his subjects partook too much of the character of his pursuits at the time. His pen most eloquently pictured the realities of the scenes through which he passed, as any one reading "Tam o' Shanter" would see. He would remark that all his pieces were fragmentary, bearing on the face of them the stamp of nature's voluntary working—of the overflowing of the poetical art, like a river which could not be contained within artificial limits. The poet's brother left recorded, that when walking out with him, one night, he repeated the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and he said that it thrilled with ecstacy his soul. And it was well known that the measures of that beautiful poem were derived from his own home; and he often spoke of the solemnity with which his father devoutly said, "Let us worship God." He was not going to read or criticise the poetry of Robert Burns; but there was one stanza which he might venture to repeat, and it was one which, however often repeated, was ever new:—

"Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside."

Thus wrote Robert Burns of family worship. They might learn many lessons from the life of the poet, and not look down upon him with that severe and unforgiving criticism which, like the horse-fly, seeks out the festered spot, and passes by the symmetry and soundness of the whole. There was one feature in Burns's poems which should not be forgotten or overlooked, and that was, the honesty of the man, even to the revelation of his own failings. And in judging of him, they must remember the circumstances and the state of the age and country, and the associations under which this man of genius was born. He was the victim of surrounding circumstances from which young men of this generation are happily set free. Robert Burns died a young man, at thirty-seven; and he might only add, that in every cottage and kitchen in Scotland, and in every part of the civilised world, the name of Robert Burns was a "household word." Alongside of the Bible lay some of the sentimental works of Robert Burns.—(Applause.) They should strive to forget many of the faults of Burns, and remember that they were met in "Canny Newcastle"—which was half Scotch—to commemorate the birth of his genius. Burns dreaded disgrace, he dreaded debt, he dreaded ignominy, but he never feared the face of man. Poor as he was, thoughtless and foolish as he became, he never sought paltry dependence upon his fellow-men; and though he died a poor man, there was a sum of £200 due to him from men whose poverty had been relieved out of his scanty income. He (the speaker) had to remind the young men of these days that the fashions and drinking customs of society were now changed, and whilst met to celebrate the greatness of the poet, they had also to be admonished that the dangers which beset talent were to become warnings to them. Burns was very tender, and would not damage his fellow or injure the poorest of God's creation, and over him should be flung the mantle of charity. He regretted, at that moment, that he was not a Scotchman, and that he had not an ear for poetry; but his heart would belie itself if he did not find something more in the poetry of Burns than he found in most of the flashy rhymes of the present day. He would pronounce no opinion on those who commemorated the event with carousing; but they would endeavour calmly and intellectually to celebrate the centenary of one whose poetic writings are unrivalled for manly and noble sentiment, and whose genius in future generations would receive a just recompense and reward.—(Applause.)

The Chairman then called upon the Choral Class to give "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." Mr. M'Kelvin then read the "Cottar's Saturday Night," followed by the other pieces in the programme; and the Chairman closed the pleasant evening's entertainment with some appropriate remarks, the audience joining in the chorus of "Auld Langsyne."

NEWPORT (Monmouthshire).—The enthusiasm with which the anniversary of the hundredth birth-day of Scotland's greatest poetical son, Robert Burns, has been observed through England and Scotland, was fully shared within the bounds of Old Cambria. A public dinner was held in the King's Head, Newport. Shortly after six o'clock, about seventy gentlemen sat down to a most excellent dinner, the getting-up of which did very great credit to the worthy host, Mr. Lloyd. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. C. Paterson, proprietor of the *Star of Gwent*, and the vice-chair by Mr. Smythe, surgeon, of Abergavenny, Councillor Hyndman, Newport, and Mr. John Grant, timber-merchant, Cardiff. The chairman was supported on the right and left by the Mayor of Newport, Mr. James Brown, Mr. R. M. Toogood, Mr. Titus Lewis, Mr James (Bristol), Mr. Austen (Sheffield), Mr. L. Mackintosh (Tredegar), Mr. Richard Ion (Newport), Mr. C. Clarke (Cardiff), and Mr. T. Wilson (Newport). From Cardiff the gentlemen present were Messrs. R. Alison, A. Adams, John Dalziel, William Wallace, T. Abbott, David Robertson, James Allen, David Duncan, M'Donald (Canton); and James Brown, Forest Farm, Glamorganshire, &c. From Pontypool:—Messrs. Andrew Hair, Thomas M'Carnie, and W. M'Gowan. From Newport:—Messrs. W. W. Morgan, surgeon, J. Hardie, W. D. Evans (Leon), J. Morgan, Wyndham Jones, J. Andrews, W. B. Stocker, J. Norris, A. E. Gibson, A. M'Donald, W. Macintosh, Beynon, R. H. French, George Bateson, W. Pickford, M. Horrigen, J. Bradgot, A. Barfoot, J. Hurd, Thomas Holmes, H. P. Bolt, John Wallace, W. Macbeth, Donald Fraser, W. Cuthbertson, R. Sutherland, P. Ross, W. M'Daniel (Maindee), &c.; Mr. David Thompson, Llangattock, Crickhowell: Mr. Johnson, Henllys; Mr. Wightman, Llantarnam; Mr. Gow, of the 21st North British Fusiliers, &c., &c.

The dining-room was tastefully decorated, and on the wall opposite the chairman, at the

back of the vice-chairman, was a beautiful transparency representing a statue of the bard in honour of whose memory the company had assembled. The painting, which was exceedingly well executed, and greatly admired by the guests, was the work of the *chef de cuisine* at the King's Head Hotel. The figure of Burns was appropriately crowned with holly, sprigs of which were also arranged to form elegant festoons surrounding the framework by which the transparency was supported. At one end of the room was stationed Mr. Pollock's band, the members of which performed a selection of appropriate pieces at intervals between the speeches.

After the usual loyal toasts, the CHAIRMAN gave "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." He said, I lament that the toast has fallen into my hands, and that I am little qualified to do it justice, great as is my admiration of the bard; but no one can give the toast more proudly than I do, or with a heart that glows more warmly than mine does at the name of Burns. I give it not merely as a countryman, but as a county-man of the great bard—one familiar with every foot of the ground he has made classic—with the windings of bonnie wimpling Doon, from its source to the sea; with "Afton water," "weel-fed Irwin," "romantic Coil," and "auld hermit Ayr" stealing softly through its splendid woods. I give it as one whose infancy was soothed with the songs of Burns, sung by the streams and in the scenes they celebrate; who grew up a worshipper and humble imitator of the bard, visiting like a pilgrim, and with all the devotion of an enthusiast, every spot of Scotland that he has made famous, from "Logan Water" to sounding Foyers; and I give it as one who now rejoices as for victory in the great recognition which this day proclaims of the name and fame of Ayrshire's ploughman bard—Robert Burns. The victory, gentlemen, is over prejudice and bigotry: all that was earthly in the poet is forgotten; all that detractors have said we pass by; we hail him and claim him as "the bard," crowned with the "holy wreath" for ever! Gentlemen, while we raise the wine-cup to the toast, and know that in all lands where the language of this country is spoken eloquent lips are at this moment uttering the praises of him in whose honour we are met, it is pleasant to remember that this wide testimony to the merits of the poet is made when his immediate descendants, his sons and daughter, are still amongst us, and when a few still survive who remember him as he was when mortal. We have only to look back upon his works—we have only to consider the energy with which he laboured, accomplishing so much in so short a life—we have only to read his poems and his songs in the true spirit of the language in which they are written, to understand how it is that their fame has been comparatively so immediate. Two thoroughly national poets, Allan Ramsay and Fergusson, had gone before him, and prepared a way to the hearts of the people. Their songs were in the affections of the peasantry of Scotland—their poems were recited, as they still are, at village festivals and country ploys. But Ramsay and Fergusson were small in the presence of the poet-giant on whom, a hundred years ago, "hansel" was blown by an "orra blast o' Januar wind." He laid the foundation of his fame by the strongest satires in any language, on the hypocritical pretensions of some of "the unco guid" of his own neighbourhood; by showing up to ridicule, in the strong, burning light of his genius, local "kirk" dissensions, and pretensions that were not calculated to advance the cause of true religion. These satires were peculiarly well understood and appreciated in the locality, for the characters drawn stood living before the people! He sang the superstitious and the social observances of the country in which he lived—and these were understood and appreciated still more widely. He sang his own loves—he celebrated the beauties of the country—in lyrics which far surpassed, with scarcely an exception, all the songs that a song-loving, a strong feeling, and a warm and passionate hearted people had ever before known! What wonder that these extraordinary lyrics spread widely over the land—what wonder that they are now sung on every civilised shore on which the sun shines! Every Scotsman who leaves the land of his fathers carries with him the Bible, and poems and songs of Burns: the poems are ever to him the dear link that holds his memory faster to his native land; and deep in the heart of every Lowland maid, whom hard fate or blind fortune sends abroad, lie those well remembered songs that express so tenderly, so touchingly, the passion of love. These are the missionaries who have carried to all lands the fame of Burns—who have made his name as dear in the log-hut of the Canadian woodman, and the bark-tent of the Australian and the Columbian gold-digger, as it is here and to us. Gentlemen, it is sometimes said kind "auld Scotland" was niggardly in her treatment of Burns; but I cannot join in the cry against the land we love, because a careful review of all the circumstances, from an impartial point of view, leads me to the belief that no reproach can truly be said to lie upon the country. Look for a moment at the facts. Burns began rhyming—"rhyming for

fun"—when he was a youth of seventeen, working hard on his father's farm of Lochlea. He rhymed still more after he and his widowed mother settled at Mossgiel. He spread his songs and poems in manuscript round the neighbourhood, and when he published his first volume in the autumn of 1786, his neighbours and local patrons subscribed the money that produced the work! Six hundred copies were sold, and Burns received a profit of £40 on the venture. Few bards, either in old or modern times, have done better! Burns was then in his twenty-seventh year, and had been so unsuccessful in his labours and his loves that he was about to fly from the country to the doubtful haven of a West Indian island. A chance letter of approval from a blind poet of Edinburgh at once changed his route. He forfeited his passage in the outward-bound Greenock bark—he rode to Edinburgh without a single letter of introduction, and there a chance meeting with an Ayrshire gentleman, who knew the poet, resulted in an introduction to the Earl of Glencairn, who introduced Burns to the great bookseller of the day. The second edition was at once taken in hand—all the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt subscribed for it—and in six or eight months from the time of the publication of the first edition, the second was issued, and in a year more Burns retired from Edinburgh, famous, and possessed of a clear £400. This, most authors will say, was very good. But the warm heart of the bard did things too generous for his pocket. Nearly half of the money was given to redeem family misfortunes. He obtained from a landed friend a lease of Ellisland, on the Nith, on his own terms. He was helped with his "stocking." He married the woman of his heart,—one able to be a helpmate in his farming. But the poet and the man of business are seldom united in one man. Burns was generous. In three years, "a man who had had losses," as the inimitable Dogberry says, he gave up the farm of Ellisland, and retired to Dumfries on that commission in the Excise, yielding some £70 a-year, which he had prudently solicited from his noble friend Glencairn three years before. These last years, these four or five years of hard work, humble fare, and narrow means,—these brought the poet to that early death which a feeble frame in youth, a glowing eye brightened by the seeds of latent disease, a keen, exciteable, nervous system, and an oft-recurring melancholy, had predicated for him. Most melancholy those years appear to us, who look back and see the poet slowly dying, with glorious song still flowing from his great heart! But we must remember that the greater number of his songs were then unpublished, or were only fresh before a select class of readers, and that some of his most striking poems were not printed for many years after the poet slept the sleep of death. But when we wonder that no public patron stepped forth from the ranks of his admirers, we have to remember the independence of the man, and the difficulty his friends had in saving him from those political adversaries in high places whom his political songs, his election ballads, and his freely-scattered witticisms offended. He lived in troubled times; he would be indebted to no man; he refused even that recompence for the labours of his muse to which he was entitled; few men could have borne themselves so nobly. That he should have passed those four short years of hard toil in something approaching penury, was a most grievous misfortune; but can we blame "auld Scotlan'?" I do not think we can. After some other remarks on Burns as a humorist, a satirist, a moralist, a patriot, a lover, and a man, the Chairman concluded as follows:—Within a year or two of Burns's death, he wrote thus of himself:—"I have some little fame at stake,—a fame that, I trust, may live when the hate of those who 'watch for my halting,' and the contumelious sneer of those whom accident has made my superiors, will with themselves be gone to the regions of oblivion." So, truly, it has come! One hundred years ago the poet was born. Now, on one of the great landmarks of Time, all his detractors forgotten, the world inscribes, in a wreath of undying laurel, the name of Scotland's bard. With these imperfect remarks, Mr. Vice-Chairman and gentlemen, I ask a bumper, with cheers, to "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."

The speaker was repeatedly interrupted by the enthusiastic cheers of the assembly, and the toast was drunk upstanding, with several rounds of cheering.

Band—"Auld Langsyne."

After some other toasts, the Mayor of Newport gave "The Land of Burns" in an able speech, in the course of which he said,—It had been his fortune to tread much of the hallowed ground which Burns had rendered classic. Near the town of Ayr, he recollected well the enthusiasm and the deep feeling of respect with which he entered the humble walls within which the great bard was born.—(Hear, hear.) He recollected the pleasure he felt when, with the poems of Burns in his hand, he followed him step by step on the banks of "Bonnie Doon," to the places of which he had written.—(Applause.) And never should he forget his feelings of delight, when standing on the "Brig of Doon," and thinking of the inimit-

able "Tam o' Shanter," he almost fancied that he saw the redoubtable Maggie losing her tail, or the pleasure he felt in viewing those world-reputed old ruins of Alloway Kirk—which were still in a perfect state of preservation—and reading the beautiful epitaph which Burns had had engraved upon his father's tomb—those lines so full of feeling, and which shewed how intense was the respect of the son for the parent he loved. He recollected well with what pleasure he viewed that graceful monument erected by the nation in high appreciation of the worth of the bard, and which contained that sacred relic, Highland Mary's hair. Who could but feel enthusiastic in treading such classic ground? He trusted that those among them present who had not done so would, before they died, do as he had done, and trace, step by step, those scenes so full of beautiful scenery, and which Burns had doubly ennobled by his verse.

The evening was spent in great happiness. Eloquent speeches were made, the toast and the song went round, and the meeting separated at a late hour.

OLDHAM.—About seventy gentlemen sat down to a dinner, at the Red Lion Inn, to celebrate the Burns' Centenary. Mr. Councillor Boyd occupied the Chair, and Mr. Councillor Rye the Vice-Chair. During the evening a number of Burns's songs were sung. Mr. Kerry produced an unpublished letter of Burns, which was handed round the room for inspection. The proceedings terminated by all the company singing "Auld Langsyne."

OXFORD.—The Scotchmen resident in this city and neighbourhood, having intimated their earnest desire to celebrate the centenary birthday of their national and beloved poet, Robert Burns, their countryman, Mr. Maclaren, proprietor of the University Gymnasium, kindly undertook to make the necessary arrangements. Invitations were issued to all the Scotchmen that could be found within a reasonable distance of Oxford, and the Banquet Room at the Masonic Hall was secured for the gathering. The room was tastefully and appropriately decorated for the occasion by Mr. Maclaren, and on ornamental scrolls were displayed the names of those Scotchmen who, as warriors, statesmen, poets, historians, philosophers, engineers, &c., have won an immortality of fame. The celebration took place on Tuesday, 25th Jan., when about forty sat down to an excellent entertainment, provided by Mr. Holland, of the Cross Hotel, in his accustomed spirited and excellent style. A good dessert succeeded the dinner, and wines of first-rate character left nothing to be desired.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts,

The Chairman, Mr. Maclaren, said—I now rise to propose what I may emphatically call the toast of the evening, the memory of the most gifted man that our common country has ever produced, though she has many sons whose memory she loves to cherish. I rise to propose the same toast, that on this night is being proposed in every town and village in Scotland; and wherever it is possible to collect a small knot of our countrymen in England, in America, and in the Colonies, there do they meet together, and there do they toast, with a strange sentiment of pride and humiliation, the memory of our national poet; of pride, because of the present full and universal appreciation of his genius; of humiliation, because of the unworthy neglect which he experienced while he sojourned amongst us. On this day, a hundred years ago, Robert Burns was born, on a small rented farm, and in a house built by his father's own hands. An unfavourable position we are apt to think for a poetic mind, but when examined, not altogether so; he had a strictly virtuous and religious home-training; he had a fair education, much beyond what many in our own day, moving in higher walks of life, enjoy; he had considerable leisure, which he employed in reading, and in collecting all the traditionary lore, ballad poetry, and floating unappropriated waifs of song and music in his own and the surrounding districts, and more than all, he lived in a picturesque country,

> "Where he could see fair Nature's face,
> And every changing feature trace,
> As round him passed the varied year."

I see nothing in his early position in life to dwarf his intellectual powers—on the contrary, I conceive that it was more favourable to original thought and expression, than if he had, as is now too much the custom, been set to dull and irksome task-work from childhood to man's estate, learning and thinking the thoughts of others. Yes, I believe that nature placed her darling poet in a situation favourable to the accomplishment of his spirit's task; but I affirm that in after life, when his position failed him, his country cruelly neglected him, a neglect which she has since with bitter tears confessed, and for which she has, we must avow, nobly tried to atone. Burns has been accused of irreligion and immorality. They who so accuse him would wrongfully separate him and his writings from his trials and temptations. They must be judged together. A

terrible ordeal was that practised by our ancestors, called the *trial by fire*, where the accused, blindfold and barefoot, had to walk among red-hot ploughshares strewn in his path. Burns may be said to have passed through this ordeal, and the poems of his which the world condemns, are the utterance of his soul in its agony during its fiery trial. Those written in his more peaceful hours, like—"The Cottar's Saturday Night," "The Prayer on the Prospect of Death," "The Address to a Young Friend," "The Address to Mary in Heaven," contain the purest religious sentiments, the highest moral teaching, and have made the most profound and ineffaceable impression for good on the national mind. The narrow-minded prejudices, ignorance, back-bitings, and meddlings which he had to encounter, were to him annoyances, not sorrows; he had but to draw against his ignorant assailants his invincible weapon—his pen, which, like the spell-wrought sword in the fairy tale, silenced for ever all against whom it was lifted. Burns died at the age of thirty-six; he went down to his grave sorrowing—he saw around him but his widow and orphans; he heard but their sobs and falling tears. He did not know, he did not hear, what was soon to arrive—the cry of remorse from a weeping and repentant nation, mourning for the untimely death of her most gifted son. Yet, who shall say that it was not revealed to him, that thenceforth and for ever his poems would be the delight of every fireside in Scotland—a solace to the weary, and to the happy a higher joy; a bond strong as patriotism, binding the exile still closer to his native land; a power to nerve the soldier's arm in his hour of danger and trial? Who shall say that even now his beatified spirit may not be permitted to look down on the whole people of the land he loved so well, spontaneously rising to do him honour, and that after his claims have been tested by a hundred years? Let us, therefore, as if in his presence, lovingly, reverently, and religiously, drink this toast, uttering his name, and his name only—"Burns."—[The toast was drunk in solemn silence, and had a very impressive effect.]

Mr. Macray, librarian of the Taylor Institution, in proposing the toast, "The Living Poets of Scotland," said the toast will doubtless recall to you the names of many who, like Burns, have contributed to sweeten life, and endear our native land to us by their beautiful and touching strains. The names of Aytoun, Alexander, Smith, Blackie, Aird, Mackay, Ballantyne, Macdonald, Hedderwick, and Gilfillan, are well known to us, and doubtless there are many others of high merit with whose works I am unacquainted, and which confer honour upon English literature, as well as on the land of their birth. Many of our living Scottish poets no longer record their thoughts and fancies in the inimitable Doric of their native land, that early dialect, with which, I suppose, we are all familiar, and which to us Scotchmen has a charm which no other language, however classical or polished, can convey. (Cheers.) A few native poets, however, Ballantyne, for example, wisely prefer speaking to the hearts and affections of their countrymen in the language of Burns—that idiom which he has stamped with the seal of genius and consecrated for ever. (Cheers.) Never may that day come when broad Scots shall be a dead language, no longer heard among the glens and mountains of Scotland, for then the life and glory of nationality will have departed from us, and the strong bond uniting us to "Auld lang syne," will have been rent asunder. (Cheers.) In England we learn its language, which is, in fact, the court style, and which naturally comes to be the standard medium of intercourse in good society, and the language of literature; but in Scotland, the halls of Holyrood and Linlithgow are deserted, and the language which might, three centuries ago, have become the language of a refined and polished nation, has now sunk down to be considered only fit for artizans, peasants, and labourers. Such, however, is the elevating might of genius, that even this language, so low and imperfect, so unfit to be uttered in the ears of the learned and the polite, can be rendered pregnant with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Our national ballads and songs all speak this language, and what nation can produce a richer body of literature than Scotland in this her own peculiar department? (Cheers.) This is that feature in our national character which promises to me to render the language of Allan Ramsay, of Ross, of Fergusson, of Burns, and of Scott, immortal as the granite of our native mountains. (Cheers.) Let native poets consider this, and still may they address our countrymen, high and low, rich and poor, in their own unsophisticated dialect, singing their loves and joys, their hopes and fears, the whole hearts' feelings, in the language lisped on their mother's knees—familiar from infancy, coloured with fancy, brightened with imagination, and warmed with the glow and radiance of genius. Shame on the Scotsman who has forgotten or who disdains his native tongue, and I am quite certain there is not one such person here. (Cheers.) Oh! let us cherish it as part and parcel of ourselves, bound up with our earliest recollections, and for ever embalmed in the songs and ballads of our immortal poets. (Loud cheers.)

The Chairman then read the Crystal Palace Prize Poem on Burns, which was listened to with marked interest and attention, and a round of hearty cheers for its talented author, was given on its conclusion.

The toasts which followed were—"The Cottars of Scotland," which was given in exceedingly good taste by the vice-chairman, Mr. M'Guffy; "The Land o' Cakes;" "The Chairman;" "The Vice-Chairman;" "The Visitors," acknowledged to Mr. Councillor Higgins, and Mr. Councillor Park; "The Press," responded to by Mr. Joseph Plowman; "The Lasses," acknowledged by Mr. Galt.

During the evening, some of Burns's choicest and most popular songs were sung by Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Macray, Mr. Sixsmith, Mr. Plowman, and others. The chief contributor was Mr. Macdonald, in the employ of the London and North-Western Railway Company, who gave, in most effective style, "There was a lad was born in Kyle," "A man's a man for a' that," "Green grow the rashes, O," "Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon," &c. Mr. Macdonald, in returning thanks when his health was drunk, mentioned an interesting fact, that he was born in the same house in which Burns had erected his flax-spinning machine. The spirited and touching manner in which he sang the songs of Burns, denoted that he had caught the spirit of the bard, and possessed both taste and feeling to do justice to them.

The meeting, which broke up at midnight, was remarkable for the evidence of deep and sincere feeling in every one present, and while there was no lack of hearty enjoyment, a sense of the somewhat sacred character of the occasion which had called them together, appeared to pervade the gathering to its close. Every toast was more or less associated with Burns; every song was by or of him, and Burns himself appeared to be uppermost in the hearts and thoughts of all, as he was upon their lips. We congratulate our Scottish friends in this locality on their successful gathering, and it has rarely fallen to our lot to attend a meeting which excelled this in its interest, in its decorous character, or in the warmth of feeling which pervaded all who were present.

QUEENSHEAD.—The hundredth anniversary of the birth-day of Robert Burns, was celebrated at Queenshead, in a spirited manner. An intellectual and very interesting entertainment was given on the occasion. A public meeting was held in the National School-room, under the auspices of the Black Dike Mills Literary and Scientific Institution, when a lecture on the great Scotch bard was given by Mr. Thomas Kenworthy; and selections from the productions of the poet were recited or sung, the latter by an efficient band of vocalists resident in the village. The room was well filled, although the night was most unfavourable.

RAMSEY (Isle of Man).—A public dinner took place in the Albert Hotel, in commemoration of the centenary of the nativity of Burns, and, as might have been expected, a goodly number of Scotia's stalwart scions were present on the occasion, to celebrate the cherished memory of the revered and immortal bard; and though his name was undoubtedly eloquently and pathetically commemorated in hundreds of other parts the same evening, we are satisfied in no place was it dwelt upon with more tenderness, admiration, and enthusiasm, than in the Albert Hotel, on Tuesday evening. Mr. J. J. Corkill, occupied the chair, and E. H. Heywood, Esq., the vice-chair. A most sumptuous and profuse repast was served in excellent style. After the cloth was removed, the chairman introduced the leading toasts of the evening in appropriate and felicitous terms. "The Queen" was the first toast, and was drank with enthusiasm, the band, which was in an adjoining apartment, taking up the response, and playing the National Anthem. "The Prince Consort and the Royal Family" were then given, and responded to with three cheers. Then "The Army and Navy." The next was the great toast of the evening—"The Memory of the Poet Burns," drank in solemn silence. The Rev. Mr. M. Owen responded to this toast in glowing and eloquent language, and referred to the poet's "Address to a Mountain Daisy," and "The Cottar's Saturday Night," as mementoes of his tenderness of feeling, goodness of heart, and poetic genius. The evening was spent in harmony and conviviality, and after enjoying themselves in a liberal manner, the company retired, gratified and pleased with the entertainment.

ROCHDALE.—Two parties celebrated the centenary of the poet at Rochdale. One party consisted of forty or fifty Scotchmen, and was held at the Bricklayers' Arms, Cheetham-street, where the mayor (Andrew Stewart, Esq.), presided. The room was very neatly decorated. The evening was spent in recitations of poems by Burns, songs from the same source, and one or two short speeches were made. At the

Reed Hotel there was an assemblage of about thirty English gentlemen.

SHIELDS.—The admirers of Burns celebrated his Centenary here in hearty style. There were three parties in North Shields; one at Mr. Aylesbury's, another at Mrs. Shotton's, and the third at Mr. Elliott's. There was also another party at Mr. Parker's, at South Shields.

SOUTHAMPTON.—About one hundred and fifty persons dined together at the Victoria Assembly Rooms, in commemoration of the centenary of the Ayrshire poet's birth. Mr. Stewart M'Naghten, of Bitterne Manor House, presided; and the vice-chair was occupied by Mr. James Duncan, M.A., Principal of the Southampton College. The company consisted mainly of Scotchmen. After the usual loyal toasts, the Chairman proposed the toast of the evening in the following terms:—"The Glorious and Imperishable Memory of Burns! May the splendour of his genius, the independence of his character, and the boundless love of his native land which pervades all his writings, ever animate the hearts of his countrymen, and stimulate them to the practice of those deeds of virtue and patriotism which are so beautifully illustrated in the undying verse of their favourite bard, and which have made the name and character of Scotland respected wherever the English language is spoken." The toast was drunk in silence. The festivities were prolonged to a late hour. Several of Burns's choicest songs were admirably sung during the evening.

STAMFORD.—A rather numerous company, composed chiefly of natives of Scotland, resident in Stamford and the neighbourhood, anxious as their compatriots in other parts of the kingdom to do honour to the Centenary of the birth of their illustrious countryman and poet, Robert Burns, met at the Boat Inn to commemorate the event. Mr. J. C. Young presided, and Mr. Norris occupied the vice-chair. A tribute of deep respect was paid to the memory of Burns from the Chair. It was responded to by the company in a true old Scottish bumper. Toasts appropriate to the occasion were proposed and cordially received, and many of the favourite songs of the immortal bard were given with excellent taste and genuine feeling. The following are a few of the many toasts proposed,—"The Land o' Cakes," by Mr. Norris, vice-chair; "The Memory of Bonnie Jean," by Mr. Gracie, in a very neat speech; "The English Present," by Mr. Rodan,—Mr. Manton replied: Mr. Pollock's health was then drunk with musical honours, for the active part he had taken in the concern; Mr. Pollock replied. Among the gentlemen who sung were,—the Chairman, Mr. Caven, Mr. Ross, Mr. Gracie, Mr. Urquhart, and others. The room was tastefully decorated for the occasion; over the Chairman was a design containing the last two lines from one of Burns's early poems, "A Winter's Night:—

> "The heart benevolent and kind
> The most resembles God."

STANWIX.—The celebration at this place was intended at first to be a gathering of a few friends, but no sooner was the announcement made than the application for tickets became so numerous that the originators were compelled to limit the sale to the capacity of the supper room. About forty persons assembled at the time appointed under the roof of Mr. Fairbairn, "Drove" Inn. The supper provided by the worthy hostess was excellent; and before the repast commenced Burns's grace was said. Supper over, and the tables having been cleared, Mr. John Keating took the chair, and the vice was filled by Mr. Carr. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts met with a hearty response. The Chairman then gave the toast of the evening—"The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns." In a brief but feeling speech, he touched upon the discouraging circumstances under which the poet penned his immortal lays, the characteristics of his genius, the love of nature, animate or inanimate, which pervaded his poems, his sympathy for his kind, and the strong feeling of independence with which he was imbued, and of which many of his poems afforded striking examples. He concluded by giving the toast, which was drunk in solemn silence. Shortly afterwards the vice-chairman proposed "The Poet's Wife—Bonnie Jean." It was appropriately responded to. At intervals between the toasts, the Chairman sang, "A man's a man for a' that;" the vice-chairman, "John Anderson my jo." Mr. Robson, fruiterer, gave, "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," with much humour; Mr. M'Gragh, although a native of "the jim of the say," shewed his appreciation of the Scottish bard by singing, "O' a' the airts." "Duncan Gray" was sung by Mr. J. Robinson, "Three Crowns," in good taste. Several other of Burns's songs were sung, but the most pleasing part of this portion of the night's proceedings, and one which the roar and bluster of the storm without rendered very effective, was the recitation by the Chairman of "Tam o' Shanter," in which he was quite at home, giving the whole with much taste and a

keen perception of the humour of the piece. About twelve o'clock the Chairman vacated his post, and the proceedings terminated, all declaring themselves highly gratified at the manner in which the festivity had been carried out.

STOCKTON.—A large and influential number of gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Vane Arms Hotel. J. H. Wren, Esq., Mayor, presided; and the vice-chair was occupied by the Rev. A. Stewart, U.P. minister, Stockton. The evening was spent very pleasantly, with eloquent speeches and songs. The two important toasts of the evening were well given:—"The Memory of Burns," by J. Farquharson, Esq., and the "Surviving Members of the Burns Family," by R. Burgess, Esq. of Stokesley. John Hogg, Esq., barrister, Norton, gave "The British Poets," with thanks to Mr. Heaviside for the verses which he had composed for the occasion. The Rev. A. Stewart, when proposing the health of the Chairman in a pithy speech, at the same time presented the mayor with a silver medal from the Burns Centenary Committee, as a memento of the occasion, and a token of their gratitude for his kindness in presiding. When the health of the ladies was proposed by T. H. Head, Esq., the names of Mrs. Moffat and Mrs. Ditchfield were especially taken notice of, for their kindness in making and decorating a large Scotch haggis for the entertainment. The celebration of the Burns Centenary at Stockton could hardly be surpassed anywhere. Indeed, Charles Trotter, Esq., in his speech, said that he had never been at a more intellectual meeting in Stockton. By the kindness of W. C. Newby, Esq., a letter written by Burns's own hand to the Rev. Mr. Skinner, in which he pronounced "Tullochgorum" the best Scotch song, was read by Mr. Burgess before singing that song. The Scottish songs sung by Mr. Blair were given with a taste and execution that delighted all present. What with Mr. Hunter's excellent dinner and wines, and the famous "Corporation Punch," presented by the mayor for the occasion, the company were in full enjoyment and good humour the whole evening.

SUNDERLAND.—The interest excited everywhere upon the centenary of the birth of the poet Burns affected Sunderland, and manifested itself in various forms. The votaries of the theatre celebrated the event upon the stage. Other parties commemorated the event at their inns. At the Crown and Sceptre, Mr. Bewick provided a grand Burns's supper. But the largest and most generally attractive entertainment took place in the great hall of the Athenæum. There about 500 of the *elite* of the borough assembled to do honour to the memory of genius, poetry, wit, and humour. The chief promoter of this soiree was Mr. George Hardcastle, who, along with Mr. St. John Crookes, devoted every possible attention to it, to make it a memorable celebration. The assembly consisted of ladies and gentlemen, representing the wealth, literature, taste, and fashion of the borough.

The Chairman was the Rev. Richard Skipsey, incumbent of St. Thomas's Church, and who by marriage is related to the family of the bard. He opened the proceedings with an elaborate and interesting historical speech. He said that Robert Burns was the greatest poet of the people of his nation, not excepting George Crabbe, who has always been so designated. He gave a graphic sketch of the poet's life, and said there was one thread that was most conspicuous,—that of great industry and undoubted honesty. He had been told that the poet's excise reports had been examined by one who was formerly in Sunderland, and that not one mark of disapprobation was attached to them, and that this fact was borne out by the evidence of Mr. Findlater, who knew him from the time of his appointment to his death. He always fulfilled the duties of his office till disabled by disease, which rendered him unable to discharge them. To the kindness of his disposition ample testimony had been borne. He took the most anxious care of the education of his family, devoting himself personally to it, as one of his most pleasing engagements. He instructed his eldest son in English poets,—from Shakspere to Gray. He was seldom intoxicated, and it was impossible that a man could be a drunkard who devoted himself to home duties and to the education of his children.

Afterwards the Chairman gave a brief critique upon the poetry of Burns, and made many valuable remarks in reference to each of the pieces and songs in the programme. After describing the difference between epic, dramatic, and lyrical poetry in general, and giving examples from the works of the great masters of the art of poetry, he then shewed that in the poems of Burns there was the embodiment of the truly sublime, the beautiful, the pathetic, the deeply affectionate, the finely descriptive, and the touchingly grand; while, in the humorous, Burns had never been surpassed. He was amusing, exhilarative, and nobly independent. He sang of every gradation of joy and sorrow in every station of life. The "Cottar's Saturday Night" was a fine specimen of his religious sentiments; on all hands his genius was admitted to be unrivalled. Among

all the poets of our land, there is not one to whose memory such honour has been paid as to him whose centenary is to-day. His songs are the best of the kind in the land. He impressed life upon the literature of Scotland. The heart, not of a mere hot-blooded popular verse-monger or poetical restaurateur, but of a true poet and singer, worthy of the old religious, heroic times, had been given him ; and he fell on an age, not of heroism and religion, but of scepticism, selfishness, and triviality, when true nobleness was little understood, and its place supplied by a hollow, dissocial, altogether barren and unfruitful principle of pride. The secret has now come out that he was a truthful, sincere depicter of Scottish life, and it is on this account that the expressions found in his writings come home to the hearts, not only of his countrymen at home, but they come to the deepest affections in distant countries ; and from this truthfulness force the scenes of their fatherland upon their recollections. This remark was not confined to the Scotch people alone, but was applicable to all who could read the English language ; and wherever the language was known, and as long as it lives, there will live Robert Burns, and there will be read his heart-stirring poetry.

The programme of the proceedings consisted of selections from the works of Burns.

The artistes were Mr. T. W. Lee, pianoforte ; Mr. R. Aldridge, double bass ; Mr. Harrison, first violin ; Mr. Jno. Hastie, second violin ; Mr. G. Tate, violincello ; Mr. S. Hall, cornet-à-piston, with Mrs. Marshall, of Newcastle, and Messrs. R. Ferry, Smith, and Whindham, vocalists. Of their merits it is only necessary to refer to the applause they elicited in proof of the high estimation with which their parts were regarded.

A family bust, portraits, and the chairs of Mrs. Burns, adorned the platform. The audience was greatly delighted with the entertainment, and with the arrangements made to secure the comfort of all. The whole audience sung "Auld Langsyne" together with grand effect.

SWANSEA.—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of the Scottish poet was celebrated by a dinner at the Mackworth Arms Hotel, concurrently with similar demonstrations which took place in various parts of the British empire. Upwards of a hundred were present, and a first-class spread was provided for the occasion at the hands of host Viner. The Chair was occupied by Mr. L. L. Dillwyn, M.P. for the borough of Swansea, and the duties of the Vice-Chair were admirably fulfilled by Mr. David Nicol, M.D., of Swansea, and Mr. M'Farlane, of Glasgow. Among those present were the following:—Mr. James Richardson, Chairman of the Mercantile Marine Service Association; Mr. Alderman Glover; Mr. J. Morice, of the Swansea Coal Company; Mr. Young, of the Glamorganshire Bank; Mr. Robert Bryden, of Llanelly, &c., &c.

During the dinner, a selection of Scottish melodies was performed in the vicinity of the dining hall, which was decorated with evergreens; and the cloth having been withdrawn, the CHAIRMAN, after the usual preliminary toast, said the next toast was the great toast of the evening, the Memory of the Immortal Poet whose birth-day they had that day met to celebrate.—(Applause.) They were, of course, all fellow-countrymen in the bonds of universal brotherhood; but he thought the Chair, on the present occasion, ought to have been taken by a Scotchman. However, although he was a Welshman, he would not yield to any one in his admiration of the great Scottish poet, Burns. He *was* a great man. He introduced a tone of manliness and vigour into the literature of the day, and more particularly the poetic literature, in place of the pseudo-sentimentalism that had crept in, and made the bold and healthy introduction at a time when the current literature of the age most required to be so strengthened, and renovated and reformed. He would call upon Mr. Lockhart to propose the toast of the evening, "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."—(Applause.)

Mr. JAMES LOCKHART, of Bryngwyn, then rose and said,—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, the hill-sides have gathered green in the light of a hundred summers since a peasant's son was born in the west of Scotland, whose memory will live for ever in the hearts of the people, and whose very name is a household word in the homes of this island kingdom. Though essentially different from the untutored villagers around him, who would have ever dreamed that strangers, from the most remote nooks of Britain and from beyond the seas, would journey to the mean cottage of his birth with the devotion of pilgrims to a saintly shrine, and boast in their far-off homes that once in their life-time they had seen the clear waters of the classic Doon, and walked over the land of Burns? Condemned by the accident of his birth to the toilsome drudgery of a sterile farm, and all the disadvantages of friendless poverty, with an earnestness of purpose—the certain characteristic of a master-spirit—he applied every leisure moment to the acquisition of human knowledge, and his unquenchable love of the beautiful, consoled him in the bitter anguish of many a weary hour. In the unfurnished garret of a lonely farm house,

those inimitable lyrics were first written, which will descend in undimmed beauty to future ages, though first warbled by the fair-haired daughters of Scotland in the grass-green glades of Ayrshire. In the gilded saloons of fashion, surrounded by the nobles of the land, the inspired ploughman supported the dignity of his character, undismayed by the importance of wealth or the arrogance of titled insipidity.

That Burns was a great and original genius is universally admitted, and he is appreciated and understood equally by the learned and the illiterate. Perhaps his extreme success may be attributed to his great natural force of thought, and the absence of all false glitter and obscure imagery. His singularly felicitous descriptions of nature and the ways of men, continue still to be the wonder of the scholar in every generation, whether he provokes to laughter in "Death and Doctor Hornbook," or melts his reader to tears with the tender pathos of Highland Mary. He has invested obscure labour and religion with a dignity that defies ridicule in the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and most nobly asserted the natural equality of men in the well-known song, "A Man's a Man for a' that." In grotesque humour and terrible horror, he is equally successful in "Tam o' Shanter," which is surpassed only by the Macbeth of Shakspere. His love and sympathy knew no bounds; it ranged from the lowly daisy to the invisible enemy of mankind. A stanch patriot, but an ardent worshipper of independent liberty, his writings have done more to elevate the masses in their own esteem than all the learned homilies that were ever spoken. This day, this memorable 25th of January, will not easily fade from men's remembrance, when all the cities of this mighty nation have united to do him reverence. Time walks in triumph over prostrate thrones, the soldier wins a bloody grave to be soon forgotten, and the counsellors of kings are not remembered, but the words of genius are imperishable as the stars, and its memory is ever green. Gentlemen, I drink to "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns."—(Loud and prolonged cheers followed the speech of Mr. Lockhart, after which the toast was drank in solemn silence.)

After several more toasts and songs, one of the most convivial and agreeable meetings that has been held at Swansea for some time, was brought to a termination.

SWINDON, (New).—A meeting was held here to celebrate the Centenary of Burns, and the Club-room at the Union Railway Inn was completely crowded by eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the commencement of the proceedings. Mr. David Watson having taken the Chair, and Mr. John Gray the Vice-chair, supported by the members of the committee, the G. W. R. Quadrille Band, under the leadership of Mr. A. Sykes, opened the proceedings of the evening by playing with much taste the overture of Guy Mannering.

The Chairman made an eloquent speech, in the course of which he said, if we take a retrospective view of the history of past ages, and examine the moth-eaten volumes of antiquity, we cannot find in any country's records, either in the past or in the present, a poet more deservedly esteemed, or more generally known amongst the working classes, than Burns, the bard of Scotland! (Cheers.) And this is the more remarkable, when we consider his humble station in life, and the circumstances from which he raised himself by the force of his mind to the highest summit of individual greatness. The intellectual grandeur of his genius—the originality of his conception—the compass and energy of his language—and the rich harvest of his imagination, merited the grateful feelings of mankind, as well as the admiration of his countrymen. He was like the blue hills of his native land, subjected to every storm, and exposed to every blast. No genial sun supported him; no fertile showers refreshed him; no charity poured consolation into his bosom; he was like a ship at sea round which the storm clung and gathered; a rock condemned by Nature, as it were, to endure the buffetings of the surge; yet his splendour remained uninjured and unimpaired. Amidst the bitter waters of want and sorrow, of drudgery and neglect, he produced those beautiful poems which will ever exist for the delight of the world, and which will never be read without an expansion of the hearts and understandings of men. He was indeed Nature's adopted son, rejoicing for a little while on the fair face of his mother earth, and sustained by the emotions of his own mind, his firm adherence to truth led him at times to look with indifference upon the neglect or praise of his fellow-men, when he saw his highest efforts to please prove abortive, and his great knowledge fail to soften human feelings in his favour. With becoming fortitude he resigned himself to his fate, and sought consolation in the inherent resources of his own intellect. Burns was the chief of the working-class, and he made their labour honourable; he was liberal in his political opinions, and charitable to the distressed in life; his independent thoughts were directed against abuses both in Church and State—against serfdom and slavery in all its forms. His great aim and object was to raise man from his low condition, and impress him with more importance, more self-respect; and to rely more

upon his own efforts for his future advancement in knowledge and happiness. Burns is also acknowledged to be the chief of Scottish poets, and there is no poet of the present age more popular. He unfolds the beauties of Nature, and the peculiarities of human character, with great strength and perspicuity; and whoever would do justice to his memory, must read his sentiments, and study them in their own language. The love of country spreads its genial influence over all his works, and under its safe covering he speaks his admiration of all that's good and great, stems the tide of disappointment, and struggles with the bursts of passion to control, ennobling all the feelings of his soul.

> "Illustrious Burns! how many different ways
> Thy muse appears to gladden all our days.
> In truth Divine, go wander where we will,
> Thy truths of Nature are remember'd still;
> And all thy thoughts upon a brighter day,
> Shall tend to guide us through life's weary way."

In conclusion, then, gentlemen, I hope and trust that each and all will do their best to make this night's entertainment worthy of such a man; and it may be a gratification to some of us in after years, that we, in our humble way, did something to make ourselves happy upon the Centenary birth-night of the poet Robert Burns.

The tremendous applause with which this address of a brother working-man was received by the company having subsided, the band performed a selection from the Caledonian Quadrilles. Mr. Robert Brown sung "A Lad was born in Kyle." This song having been followed by the performance of some Scotch airs by the band, and Mr. Jeffry Robson having sang "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," and Mr. Whitton "Burns's Masonic Song," the Chairman called upon Mr. Whitton to propose the toast of the evening.

Mr. Whitton then rose, and in a few brief terms expressed what he felt must be the feeling of every Scotchman at that time assembled in various parts of the world—pride at belonging to the land that had given birth to such a man as Burns, and concluded by proposing the sentiment, "To the Memory of Burns." The toast having been duly honoured, the Chairman called upon Mr. William Burton to respond to it.

Mr. Burton responded, and the proceedings of the evening were afterwards further enlivened by drinking the health of the sons of the poet, and the singing of various songs, by Mr. Warburton, Mr. Haydon, Mr. Brimner, and others. Although the meeting was kept up till a late hour, there was not a single instance of excess on the part of any person present. Each and all appeared bent upon doing honour to Scotland's bard in a reasonable and rational manner, and they succeeded admirably. We ought not to omit saying the proceedings were rendered additionally attractive by the admirable performance of the band.

TOW LAW.—The Centenary of Burns, Scotland's national poet, was celebrated at Tow Law, in the house of Mr. Budd, Golden Lion Inn. At eight o'clock a numerous and most respectable company sat down to a very excellent supper, "dished-up" in superb style, and served in a room tastefully decorated with devices, and mottoes proclaiming, "Honour to Burns." After the removal of the cloth, the business of the evening was commenced by the worthy Chairman, Mr. D. Scott, who, in an excellent address, reviewed the life of poor "Robie,"—dwelt upon his virtues and his follies, the former far outweighing the latter,—touched upon the salient points of his character, as illustrated in his life and writings, and concluded a most interesting address by an eloquent peroration in honour of Burns, and with the fervent wish that the hardy sons of toil may long appreciate and live up to the generous principles inculcated by the Immortal Burns. After songs by Mr. Cheeseman, Mr. Hall, and Miss Budd, the Chairman called upon Mr. W. Campbell to address the meeting. Mr. Campbell spoke at considerable length, and in eloquent terms, on "The Influence of Burns's Poetry on Society." After songs by Messrs. Reeves, Golightly, Stephenson, Bond, Potts, and others, Dr. Henderson, vice-chairman, gave a short address on "Burns—his reward." Mr. Cheeseman, of Tow Law, and Mr. Vasey, of Helme Park, also spoke in glowing terms of the great bard. Several songs were now sung, and after the health of the worthy Chairman and vice-chairman (Mr. Reed), the committee, coupled with the name of Mr. Shaw, jun., and the hostess and host, had been drunk and responded to, the Chairman declared the purpose for which they met fulfilled, and the meeting at an end.

TWEEDMOUTH.—At the Railway Hotel there was a party of twenty-two, presided over by Mr. John Moor of Berwick. An excellent dinner was provided, and the company prolonged a social and pleasant meeting till a late hour. At Mr. Logan's inn there was a party of forty assembled, who were sumptuously entertained, and passed a convivial and pleasant evening.

WHITEHAVEN.—About one hundred gentlemen dined together at the Globe Hotel, Whitehaven, in celebration of the centenary birthday of the poet Burns. A considerably larger number would no doubt have been present, had the price of the tickets not been so high.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Smith, of the *Whitehaven Herald*, who was supported on the right by Captain Powe, John Musgrave, Esq., and Mr. R. Fletcher; and on the left by Mr. Gibson, of the Post-office, Dr. Dixon, and Mr. Robertson of Monkwray. The vice-chair was filled by Mr. Jefferson of Preston Hows. Besides our own townsfolk, there were gentlemen present from Workington, St. Bees, &c.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the CHAIRMAN introduced the toast of the evening in an eloquent speech, in the course of which he said—Let us consider who and what the man was, whose centenary we are met to think and speak of with such celebrant and commemorative honours. As far as worldly wealth was concerned, Robert Burns was one of the lowliest of the low. At his birth, and at his death, and for the most part through his short life (he was but thirty-seven when he died), a laborious tiller of the soil, he was but one degree removed from beggary. His exemplary father was a nurseryman, leasing about seven acres of land near the Bridge of Doon; and the clay cottage in which the poet was born, this day one hundred years ago, was built by his own hands. Afterwards William Burness removed to a small farm; and his son's recollections of this time included many bitter memories of "a scoundrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set the family all in tears." For several years, as Gilbert, the poet's brother, has told us, they lived so sparingly, that butcher meat was a stranger in their house; and at fifteen years of age, Burns himself was the principal labourer on the farm. The sad close of his life at Dumfries was not without its counterpart to the "factor's insolent threatening letters" at its beginning, at Ayr. "A rascal of a haberdasher," he wrote to his cousin at Montrose, "to whom I owe a considerable bill"—about £7—"taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process against me"—he had got a lawyer to send him a letter—"and will infallibly put my emaciated body into jail." And his last words, it is said, were a muttered execration against the legal agent whose letter had so ruffled his jaded and struggling spirit. Thus, from first to last, Burns was a poor man. And yet, despite all the disadvantages and deprivations he laboured under—the iron pressure of poverty, or, as he expressed it, "the unceasing moil of a galley slave"—the waywardness of his genius—the errors of his life—in spite, moreover, of the too ample fulfilment of that sorrowful anticipation of his, that, after he should be dead and gone, malice and envy would pour forth all their venom to blast his name—this man, by force of native genius alone, breaking a way through all barriers, scaling every obstacle, and with no artificial stepping-stones to aid him, has upraised and enthroned himself on an altitude of moral influence and renown occupied but by one or two more besides, and such as few, even with wealth and opportunity superadded to genius, may, to the end of time, hope to attain. (Applause.) And to what, let me ask, is owing this interest that we take in Burns—this power and ascendancy of his over the common human heart—and especially the Scotch heart? Certainly it is not due to his letters, in which, affecting often enough to address men of scholarly reputation and philosophical pretension from their own level, he, as often almost, gets upon stilts. Nor is it owing to his other prose compositions, few in number; but to his poems and songs—the most natural, the most genial, and (which is their prime commendatory quality) the most unaffected and sincere which ever flowed from human pen—(cheers); poems and songs the living spirit and literal expression of which are so human, that, wherever read or heard, they at once sing themselves into the heart of reader or listener, and become incorporated with their moral life—an indestructible part of their very being—"a thing of beauty and a joy for ever." (Cheers.) They take place among those acquisitions of which the mind, when once it gets hold of them, never quits the grasp; and whether it be joy or sadness—despondency or buoyant hope; whether it be arch and playful humour, or uproarious jollity and fun; whether it be hot, scathing indignation, or melting pity, tenderness, and love; whether it be the glow of social friendship, or of that patriotic ardour which constitutes beyond doubt the cheapest and best defence of nations; whether it be manly independence, hatred of oppression, a detestation of everything like hypocrisy, or affectation, and cant; whether it be admiration of nature, the purest religious sentiment even, and a philanthropic looking forward to that millennial time when not wealth or rank, but "sense and worth, o'er a' the earth," shall be acknowledged a man's best and only claim to consideration—the reader of Burns, moved to utterance by any of these passions or sentiments, by instinct, as it were, turns to him for assistance, and readily obtains fit vehicles of expression, in no stinted or limited measure. Indeed, so gloriously fecund is our poet, that they come

"Skelpin' rank and file,
Amaist before we ken,"

and rhythmed and set, too, to a most natural and sweet persuasive music of their own. (Great applause.) The magnitude of the prodigy which Burns achieved for us becomes more apparent when we consider what was the style of literature when he sang. The Della Cruscan school had culminated, but its icy influence still reigned; and though on this side the border, but farther south, the gentle Bard of Olney had surprised the world of letters with his "Task," bringing men back to homelier themes, and a purer and more natural style, yet Burns, knowing not Cowper, was all unpersuaded by his example; and from his own mere motion dared to be truthful—dared to stand forth from the common herd, not a sham, but a man, and so to look nature right manfully in the face; and, brushing away the rouged and hooped crowd of Paridels and Phyllises, Damons and Chloes, he sung of real, warm-blooded men and women—partakers of our own flesh and blood—Tam o' Shanter, and Souter Johnny, Highland Mary, Bonnie Jean, and a troop of buxom, substantial Nannies and Peggies, Elizas and Annies, whose very counterparts breathe and move about us, and gladden and endear our homes, every day that we live. (Hearty cheering.) Such, then, are the subjects, and such is the character of Burns's poetry; and it is precisely because they are so —because they are to us such a beneficent boon, giving ready voice to many and many a heart-feeling—that we have met to celebrate the centenary of his birth, and to thank God for having given us such a man! (Loud cheering.) In eastern lands they tell of ghouls who sate their depraved appetites on the rotting, material part of humanity, that given as a prey to the tomb and to the worm. To such only can I liken those who never speak of Burns but to fasten and gloat, in self-righteous spirit, on the worse part of his moral nature. Let them do so, and be the ghouls of the moral universe, if they will. With us it shall be otherwise. Our minds shall rise to the better, the purer, the more loveable, the more immaterial and imperishable products of the poet's genius; we shall cherish them, enjoy them, and profit by them, all we can; we shall honour as a precious and sacred heirloom his immortal memory; we shall range ourselves, at however remote a distance, and in however lowly a sphere, on the side of such gallant men as

"Currie—Chambers—Lockhart—Wilson—
Carlyle—who, his bones to save
From the selfish fiend, Detraction,
Couched like lions round his grave!"

(loud applause); and we shall teach our children to do the same, so that perchance, on the second centenary of his birth, the places we occupy to-night shall not be unfilled. In this spirit, then, and with this deliberate choice and resolution, I call upon you, Scotchmen and Englishmen together, to pledge with me a bumper to "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns!"

The toast was drunk with all the honours, and the greatest enthusiasm.

Song: "There was a lad was born in Kyle," by Mr. Thomas Bell of Woodend and the vice-chairman.

Toasts were given, and songs were sung, in which Mr. Bell of Woodend, Mr. Power of Workington, Mr. Hill, and other singers, took part. The choice of songs, we are bound to say, was appropriate to the occasion, while the singing was excellent beyond the average, and gave prolonged life to the spirit of the meeting.

"Auld Langsyne" and "God save the Queen" were sung by the company, and the party broke up about two o'clock.

CONCERT AT THE THEATRE.—The Centenary was celebrated by a concert in the theatre in this town, under the auspices and for the benefit of the Mechanics' Institution. The chair was taken at eight o'clock by the President, Mr. Henry Cook. The attendance was numerous and respectable, the house, with the exception of the boxes, being well filled.

Mr. Meikle delivered an address on the Life, Character, and Poetry of Burns.

The amateur glee singers, under the leadership of Mr. Scott, at the conclusion of Mr. Meikle's address, sang with much taste and spirit a number of songs, including, amongst others, "A Man's a Man for a' that," and "Auld Langsyne," the audience joining in the chorus of the latter. The first part of the programme having been gone through, the Chairman read the "Crystal Palace Prize Poem."

The entertainments terminated with singing the "National Anthem," and every one left, highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

WIGAN.—A dinner was given by Mrs. M'Lachlan, at her house, the Three Tuns, Wiend, to the customers with whose support she has been favoured for the last thirty years, and a goodly number assembled to partake of the hospitality. The chair was occupied by the Rev. D. Blyth, and the vice-chair by Mr. John M'Muldrow. "The Immortal Memory of Robert Burns" was given in a very able speech, by the Chairman, and duly honoured.

WOLSINGHAM, Weardale, South Durham.—A numerous and most respectable party of ladies and gentlemen met in Market Place, and held a soiree in honour of the bard of Coila—Mr. Lamb, formerly of Ayr, in the chair; Mr. John Davidson, jun., surgeon, master of ceremonies; and with music, songs, and readings from the works of the bard, a most happy night was spent, till "the wee short hour ayont the twal."

The Chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, said, It is twelve months to-night since most of us here present met to celebrate the marriage of Britain's eldest daughter, the Princess Royal, the flower of England—the first-fruits of our inestimable Queen, the best Sovereign that ever ruled over this or any other country; and to-night we are met to celebrate the Centenary of Scotland's son, the peasant poet, the prince of ploughmen. The pictures of Nature delineated by the ploughman bard in the simple and beautiful language of Scotland, and with a faithfulness unequalled in any age, has endeared him to the hearts of the people, by whom his memory is worshipped as no other mortal was ever worshipped before. I shall now very briefly endeavour to show you what raised the mighty ire of one class against Scotland's greatest son. At the reformation of the Scotch Church Calvanism rode rough-shod over Scotland, and although the very antipodes of Romanism, the Calvinist doctrines and dogmas were as overbearing as the Church of Rome. The Presbytery of Ayr condemned and burned Maggie Osborne at the Cross of Ayr for being a witch; but in the days of Burns a new light was beginning to spread, education was beginning to show front, students of a later school with more liberal ideas were beginning to fill the pulpits and to diffuse more modern doctrines, to the great horror of the old light party; and a great commotion amongst the congregations was the consequence. Burns, who was a hundred years in advance of the age, took up the cudgels, and with his satirical pen laid the old light party prostrate in the dust; but the sting adhered to the cloth, and its venom produced gangrene that has cankered ever since, and these very respectable gentlemen, with too few exceptions, have been unwearied in their slanders, whether in the pulpit or on the platform, descanting most uncharitably upon the moral character of the poet, but forgetting the immorality of the age in which he lived, or, perhaps, with worse taste, forgetting the sublime saying of their great Master to the accusers of the woman taken in adultery. But honour to whom honour is due. I heard the Rev. Mr. Cuthill of Ayr, an eminent divine, a number of whose works have been published, and form two volumes of standard sermons, say to the late Mrs. Begg, the poet's sister:—"Your brother did more to reform the Church of Scotland than all the books that were ever published, or than all the sermons that were ever preached;" and let us hope that this night will produce many Mr. Cuthills amongst the Scotch clergy. I said his fame is this night creating an echo throughout the whole world, and I believe if we had a tube through this floor to the antipodes, at this hour of the night we might hear with deafening applause the memory of Burns.

WOOLER.—The Centenary of Robert Burns, the immortal Scottish bard, was celebrated here in the Sun Inn Assembly Room, the house being filled on the occasion. Several of the songs of Burns were sung during the evening. The meeting separated, each to go home and dream of the beautiful and ever-enchanting scenes drawn by the immortal bard with his poetic pen.

WOOLWICH.—The Hundredth Anniversary of the birth of Burns, was celebrated in Woolwich, with a dinner at the Ship Hotel, when about a hundred and fifty persons sat down to table, the Chair being occupied by Mr. Dingwall, head master of Presbyterian Schools, supported right and left by Thomas Collier Walker, Esq., house governor, St. Luke's, London, Walter Shaw, Esq., parliamentary solicitor, Mr. Kirkwood, Quartermaster Armstrong, Royal Artillery, Mr. Vinicombe, Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Logan, Mr. Smith, Mr. Morgan, &c. The Vice Chairs were occupied by Mr. Campbell and Quartermaster Black, Royal Artillery, supported by Mr. Findlay, Mr. Adams, Mr. Muir, Mr. Jack, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Kelly, &c.

The dinner was served up in profusion and first-rate style by Mr. W. Sloman, proprietor of the hotel, and the large room in which it took place was tastefully decorated with flags and other devices. The exterior of the building was likewise embellished by designs in gas, including the name of "Burns," and numerous flags were suspended from each available position. The guests assembled by the call of the "Pibroch," in the master hand of Serjeant Wright, Royal Artillery, and during dinner, Messrs. Harrop, Browning, Buckland, Brown, and Jackson, of the Royal Artillery Band, played a variety of favourite airs, principally Scotch, and well-suited to the occasion. Full justice having been done to the repast, the cloth was removed, and the usual loyal toasts given, after which the Chairman said, we meet to do honour to the memory of one who was gifted with genius, instinct with power; of one whose

services to literature were rare and manifold; whose melodious strains are associated with thoughts that perish not, and who gave "a local habitation and a name" to observances and traditions identified with customs and habits that to a certain extent will ever remain. Peasant as he was, he had the true nobility of soul. Sprung from the ranks, he ever identified himself with his fellows, and became emphatically the bard of his order; and "walking in glory and in joy behind his plough upon the mountain side," he embodied the watchwords of independence in deathless verse. He inculcated in a careless and hollow age the great lesson of true sympathy—"Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep." To the rich he gave a key to the hearts of the poor; to the poor he did yeoman service as a champion with the high and the mighty of the earth. And who can tell how much of that honourable and honest pride, that sturdy, quiet self-reliance which is said to mark our national character, may have been strengthened by the influence of the better part of his writings? Tried by *quantity*, our poet's works bulk little; but just as we know that there are single sentences far out-valuing many authors all entire, so tried by *quality*, we find that he condensed the thoughts of volumes into a few expressions, and that from his verse there rises a strain of music, sweet, tender and joyous. To him Nature opened wide her rich stores, and many a lesson from her book did he learn. And if we remember, as who that ever heard his name can forget it, that his sun went down while it was yet noon, that clouds of blighted hopes and vain regrets darkened it, as it set in sorrow and in sadness; or, to use his own pathetic words—

> "The sun is setting beyond the white waves,
> And time is setting wi' me"—

and this while he was only in his thirty-eighth year, what might he not have done, had health of body and mind been his, with the ten talents which had been given him? But the valley of the shadow of death stretched out before him, and his work was done. Our country and our literature owe a debt of gratitude to his memory. His love-songs equal, if they do not surpass, any songs in any language; nor are they confined to youthful affection or to feelings cherished in the spring-time of life, but they refer to the ever-constant, never wearied love of parents to their children, to the love of husband and wife, to steadfast enduring love, one day of which is worth a whole half-century of blind adoration. (Cheers.) Then how warm are our poet's sympathies for whatever has life, and how beautifully does his intense appreciation and admiration of natural scenery mingle with these sympathies. But when he speaks directly to man, and of man, how manly is the sentiment, and how arousing, elevating and hopeful are the well-known words, in which he vindicates the dignity, ay, the majesty of manhood. The words form part of the proverbs of our common English tongue—

> "The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

Would it be believed that this song, perhaps the best known of our poet's writings, was not permitted at the time it was written to be sung in the streets of our Scottish towns. His age knew it not—it was left to ours to see; nay, should we not be grateful that we feel it already;—

> "It's coming yet, for a' that,
> That man to man the warl o'er
> Shall brothers be for a' that."

(Cheers.) Then the inimitable humour, embodied in the happiest expressions—

> "Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
> And sair wi' his love he did deave me."

And you all know how his scenes of life amongst the lowly are adorned with the same broad-telling humour sliding into the most exquisite pathos. But in addition to this rare humour, we have in the "Cottar's Saturday Night" a far higher element; we see the hallowed influences of piety cheering and sanctifying toil; we see the priest-like father, we hear the bible-taught peasant, giving lessons of guidance to his family, far out-vying all other knowledge. We hear the counsel given that in days gone by tended to make our nation prosperous among the prosperous; that made our countrymen renowned for enterprise; that made our forefathers firm in endurance, and ardent for the right, and fearing God feared nought besides. May counsel such as William Burns, the good honest man, gave to his family, long be given at the firesides of the homes of Scotland and England, for by such counsels alone will our country be respected abroad, and happiness increased at home. (Cheers.) I must not close without adverting to one other most marked feature in our poet's character and writings, his love of country. Hear how touchingly he gives utterance to his early feelings, and they remained with him to the last. He had

> "A wish, that to my latest hour
> Will strongly heave my breast;
> That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
> Some useful plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least."

How he sang that song of patriotism, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," we all feel in our hearts, for words fail to express it. Truly, men

will not willingly let it die. We think we are doing our duty in meeting to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. He was one of the men without whom a country has no history, or at least no history worth reading. Alas, that he was neglected in life. He asked for bread and they gave him a stone. But such lot is not confined to Burns or Scotland. He has a brotherhood in his genius, and a brotherhood in his misfortunes. May the present age be enabled to foster genius in a spirit otherwise than those gone before. His strains are heard amongst the Isles of the Southern Seas, in the gold diggings of Australia, and in the rising townlands of New Zealand—on the continent of South Africa, as in the continent of North America, his name is a household word. The soldier who has gone out from amongst us to restore "gentle peace" on the burning plains of India, over which "wild war's deadly blast was blawn," will think on the "banks and braes o' bonny Doon," while he stands by the Ganges or its tributaries. The "lea-riggs" and "corn-riggs" of his native country will, in his mind, contrast most favourably with the rice fields of the East, and he will think of him who sixty-two years ago was laid in the churchyard of St. Michael's, in Dumfries. Gentlemen, we drink "To his Deathless Memory."

The toast was drunk amidst breathless silence, the pathetic eloquence of the Chairman having evidently produced a deep sensation. The company having spent an evening of much enjoyment, separated at an early hour in the morning.

WREXHAM.—A banquet took place in the Town-Hall, which was magnificently decorated for the occasion. The dinner was at six o'clock. H. Robertson, Esq., Shrewsbury, President; Messrs. W. Low, John Lewis, A. Mackintosh, J. Bury, John Jonnes, solicitor, and R. W. Johnston, Vice-Presidents. Grace was said by the Rev. W. Davies, senior curate.

When dinner was over and the cloth removed, the President, after giving the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, gave "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese," coupling with it the name of the Rev. W. Davies. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. Davies returned thanks, and said, I am greatly pleased with the reception given to this toast. I am gratified to find that the Lord Bishop and the Clergy of the Diocese are worthy of consideration in this social gathering, and that their work is recognised by such an influential company. The members of my profession have better opportunities than most men to form a correct judgment upon the withering influence of poverty. Often have we to mourn over intellects it dwarfs, and souls it crushes; we, therefore, who so often witness the depressing influence of poverty, must look with admiration upon this noble gathering in honour of the birthday of the ploughboy poet, (cheers), who, while struggling with difficulties and contending with bitter disappointment, could present the world with poetry that will ever touch the great chords that vibrate in the human breast. (Loud cheers.) The members of my profession often feel the unpleasantness of exposing error and false professions; it is natural, therefore, that we should join heartily in a celebration in honour of the unequalled song writer, who, lashing meanness, hypocrisy, and pretensions, could become the idol of his native land, and as an author, a honour and an ornament to his country. (Cheers.) I read in the newspapers of church dignitaries being connected with this movement, and I am exceedingly proud of it, as it shows openly to the world that they know how to think kindly of the man, and how to judge admiringly of the author. The term of his life was only thirty-seven years, and during this short span he raised such a pyramid to his fame as the rude hand of time will never destroy. (Cheers.)

The Chairman then proposed the toast of the evening—"The Memory of Burns," and concluded an elegant and appropriate address as follows:—He was proud to find that in this district there were so many to be found who could appreciate the Poet of his Land. (Cheers.) He was proud, too, to know that no less than six hundred and twenty-one bards competed for the honour of this day at the Crystal Palace. (Cheers.) Now, why was it after all that Burns was so much admired? We have had greater poets, and greater generals who have received popular applause; but no ploughman was ever so honoured as he was that day in every country where the Anglo-Saxon tongue was spoken. How was it, then? Because Burns spoke from the heart—and spoke his own experience which is the experience of all everywhere who are called upon to work. His soul was full of patriotism and love of independence, and he touched nothing with his pen that he did not adorn. The President then concluded by repeating Burns's Prayer at the end of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," for his country, and its peace and prosperity. The toast was drunk in solemn silence. Song, "Auld Langsyne," by Mr. T. Jones, the company joining chorus.

After many other speeches and songs, the proceedings were brought to a close by Mr. Jonnes proposing "The Poem."

Upon the conclusion of the proceedings, it was confessed on every hand that a more successful dinner had never been held in Wrexham. It was well got up and well sustained to the last.

IRELAND.

ARMAGH. — This interesting event was celebrated in this city on Tuesday evening with considerable *éclat*. A numerous and highly respectable company, principally the poet's countrymen, joined by several respectable Irishmen, supped together in the Charlemont Arms Hotel, the worthy proprietor of which establishment catered for them in a superior and liberal manner. There were nearly one hundred present.

Mr. Cloe occupied the chair, and Mr. E. Gardner the vice-chair. Among the other gentlemen present were: Wm. Boyd, jun., H. Hillock, R. M'Kean, Wm. Barnes, R. Christie, P. M'Lorinan, James Wilson, A. P. Sheppard, D. D. Leitch, R. Moore, Joseph Matthews, W. H. Leathem, Charles Wilson, W. Kennedy, A. Gibb, W. R. Ferris, R. Temple, J. Lyle, M. Bell (seedsman), A. Bell, Esq., solicitor, A. R. Henderson, George M'Kay, Joseph Purcell, Thomas Forde, Robert Stevens, George Valentine, William Smith, Thomas Stevens, David Ferguson, N. Greer, R. G. Warren, Joseph Gibb, John Barr, James M'Kersie, James Simpson, John Reid, W. White, James Little, John Robinson, jun., John Robinson, sen., Robert Marshall, W. Marshall, jun., John Alexander, A. M'Kindlay, John Wilson, S. Beverley, John Rattery, W. Allan.

The cloth having been removed, and thanks returned, and after the usual preliminary toasts, the CHAIRMAN said—Gentlemen, the next toast is the one which has brought us all together to-night. I will not attempt to place before you the claims of the immortal Burns. The fact of this meeting this evening, assembled while every town and village in England and Scotland is likewise engaged in commemorating the centenary of his birth, is ample evidence that his merit is not local, and that his genius is appreciated by the world. (Hear.) I will be followed by gentlemen better qualified to do justice to Scotland and Burns, and, therefore I shall give you "The Memory of the Immortal Burns." (Drank in solemn silence.)

Mr. EDWARD GARDNER rose and said—Mr. Chairman, I rise with great reluctance to reply to the toast of the night. I do this, believe me, with great reluctance; but having originated this festival here, and finding the warm feeling with which you and my many friends present co-operated, I could not, while all others declined the task, refuse to assume an office which I know I am utterly incompetent to fill. To do full justice to the toast which you, gentlemen, have so solemnly and so becomingly received, would require powers equal to those the Bard himself possessed; and I will venture to assert at all the similar festivals now being celebrated in the old world, and to be celebrated in a few hours more in the new, there will not be an address which will do full justice to the memory of this incomparable poet and man. What an evidence of the mighty influence and worth of genius, to know that all over the globe where Christianity prevails, this 25th day of January is devoted to the memory of one man. Never was there such an event—so universal—so sublime—so indicative of the progress of right feelings—so demonstrative of the mighty advance of humane and ennobling thought. You, Mr. Chairman, and you gentlemen, his fellow-countrymen here present, have reason to be proud of your being natives of that portion of these glorious Islands which gave birth to Burns; and while I honour you for your national feelings, and give your country full credit for the many, for the very many great and good, wise and enlightened men it has produced; while I can trace through her history those many circumstances in her position—her institutions and her laws, which have fashioned and formed her people, and made them what they are; while I can see that her rugged surface—her lofty mountains—her lovely lakes and rivers, and her magnificent friths, have not only created a self-reliant and energetic people, but developed from the earliest periods a high poetic temperament, yet I too claim my share in the fame of Burns upon even higher and holier grounds. I claim Burns on the ground of our common humanity. Though

born in Scotland, Burns belongs to the human race, and with all our imperfections, with all our ignorances and weaknesses, is not man when endeavouring to discharge the duties of his position—when influenced by the nobler attributes of his nature—when giving full scope to the mighty powers of his intellect, and to the active benevolence of his aspirations—and above all, to what is due to Him who has called us into being, and to all his creatures, is not man himself in action and

"In apprehension like a God?"

Burns had the good fortune to be blessed with a truly pious and enlightened father, who was neither a hypocrite nor a pretender—whose sole object was the education of his sons, in order that they might be able to take an independent and respectable position in life. His mother—and I believe no man has ever distinguished himself in life who had not a wise and virtuous mother—his mother was rich in the current literary lore of her country; and with the aid of a credulous and superstitious servant, whose stories of supernatural beings were exhaustless, she no doubt laid the stores of fancy in his soul which, matured by education, judgment, and keen observation, burst forth upon the world in those sweet strains and divine poesy which touch and ennoble the heart and feelings of all mankind. I think it right we should inform ourselves on the origin of the mental development of our great men, who have been our lights and guides, and who have added so much to the pleasures and happiness of mankind. Let us not be deceived, or deceive by idle surmises, and look upon what is called genius as something magical or miraculous, and thus overlook the sole foundation on which real excellence can be built—namely, labour, perseverance, knowledge, and untiring and unceasing industry. I will not attempt to trace the life of Burns—nor am I aware of any biography which treats of what is alone worthy of being known. I mean the inner life—the life of the soul. And what are all the lives which have been written of this incomparable man—simple details which are only so far true of him, as they would be true of hundreds—but which give no insight into the workings of the soul, which in Burns must indeed have been glorious and striking. To enter into this I would not have the folly to presume—but I will now speak of him as he presents himself to my view, or, to speak more correctly, as I view him. I love Burns as a man. I love him for the genial feelings he possessed, which invited as it were the "children to come unto him." I love him for his sympathies with the poor and the lowly, and for the ardour with which he entered into and contributed to their sports and pastimes, alas, too "few and far between!" I love him for that devotion which he felt and immortalized for the last, best, and happiest gift to man, without whose solace and whose support life itself would indeed be a miserable waste. I honour him for his superiority to the tinsel and frivolities of mere fashion and absurd pretence, and for that glorious self-reliant and high-minded independence which characterized his every thought and every action, and made him pursue the promptings of the nobility of his soul "uncaring consequences." I reverence him for that moral firmness which protected him from everything that was mean, and would not suffer the kindness of even friendship to interpose her aid though steeped in the depths of poverty. I esteem him for that consciousness of his own worth which made him the living and unfaltering guardian of the honour and fame of Robert Burns. Though courted and feted by the nobles—with whom he bore himself with conscious dignity, but without sycophancy or presumption—his life was a living illustration that

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

I love Burns for his freedom from all sectarian prejudices, which enabled him to look, in spite of sect or parties, or country, upon all mankind as brothers; and I love him for that true and holy feeling which told him that the Creator was our bountiful and considerate and merciful Father "who delighteth to forgive." I love Burns for the pleasures he conferred upon my early years, when with all the generous and noble emotions of youth, I dwelt with rapture upon his poetry, and drunk in those feelings and views which would make life not altogether useless, and which would lead us to yearn for the rights, the enlightenment, the privileges and the happiness of all mankind. I will say nothing of the weaknesses of Burns, for these ought to be and will be mercifully considered by all who calmly and impartially view their own past lives, and who know how far short the best are from perfection. "What's done, we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted." I will not further occupy your time or delay you from hearing those who have undertaken the task of entering into a review of the literary labours of this great man; and with this poor eloge upon the memory of him whose birth after the interval of a century we have honoured ourselves in celebrating,—I thank you with all my heart for the considerate kindness with which I have been heard.

The Chairman gave—"Burns as a song writer."

Mr. Allen replied.

Song—"A man's a man for a' that."

The Chairman then gave—"Burns, on the development of independence of character."

Mr. Leitch replied.

The Chairman gave "Burns as a painter."

Mr. Gibb acknowledged the sentiment, and introduced several spirited passages to show the purity of Burns' descriptions of nature.

The Vice-Chairman then gave—"The manufacturing interest of Ireland."

Mr. John Wilson replied.

The Vice-Chairman gave—"The agricultural interest of Ireland."

Mr. Robertson responded in suitable terms.

"Education," "The Press," "Civil and religious liberty," and several other sentiments of a personal and complimentary character, followed, and were acknowledged, when the assembly dispersed, greatly pleased with the manner in which the evening had been spent.

BELFAST.—The centenary of the birthday of Robert Burns was celebrated, in the Music Hall, by a festival, attended by a number of the principal inhabitants—the ex-Mayor, S. G. Getty, Esq., in the chair. Upwards of two hundred gentlemen and a hundred ladies were present. The room was simply and appropriately decorated. Immediately behind the chair was placed a likeness of the poet, life-size, painted by Mr. Dobie. The sides and end of the hall were decorated with festoons of laurels. In the centre, at the right hand side, were the Royal Arms, richly emblazoned; and, on the left, a magnificent green silk banner, with the Arms of Belfast.

Amongst the company present were the following gentlemen:—W. R. Anketell, Esq.; Rev. Dr. Montgomery, Alex. Mitchell, Esq.; T. Garrett, Esq.; Robert Boyd, Esq.; Rev. T. Crozier, Major Hobbs, W. Dunville, Esq.; Professor Craik, Professor Macdouall, &c., &c.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts,

The Mayor said—I come now to the toast of the evening. It is the memory of one of the most remarkable men and brilliant geniuses that any age or country has produced. (Cheers.) This day being the centenary anniversary of his birth, we and thousands in different parts of the world have assembled at the festive board to commemorate and to do honour to his name and genius, and give expression to our unfading admiration of his gifted mind—a mind in which the cares and troubles, neglect and coldness, of the world could not repress the aspirations which were ever flowing forth in sublime poetic thought or sweetest song, and which have attained to a national importance, not alone in the literature of his country, but wherever the English language is read. They are more and more appreciated as the intelligence of the age advances, and will yet form a source of delight and pleasure to future generations. How few such men attain to high literary honour, even in a century, achieving a world-wide celebrity, while preserving all his characteristic nationality. There is a freshness in all that he has penned that makes his poetry seem ever new, whilst his subjects are, for the most part, calculated to excite our best sympathies. I feel it would be unbecoming in me to occupy your time, or trespass on the office of the learned gentleman who is to respond to the toast. I, therefore, call upon you to join with me in drinking to the memory of Burns with all the honours. (Applause.)

At the conclusion of the Chairman's speech, the portrait of Burns, which was behind the chair, was unveiled amid loud applause.

Song—"The Land of the Leal"—Mr. W. M'Leish.

Professor Craik then rose, and said—Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen, it is surely not in sadness that we should drink such a toast as the memory of Burns. What we mean is the immortal memory—the everlasting remembrance. We are assembled here to-night not to mourn over the death of the great poet, but to rejoice in his fame, which will live for ever. In his fame, and what his genius has left us.

> "For deathless powers to verse belong,
> And they as demigods are strong,
> On whom the Muses smile."

In the days of the old French monarchy, a change in the occupancy of the throne, which was supposed never to be for a moment vacant, used to be announced in the expressive formula, "The King is dead; the King lives," as if it had been meant to ignore or deny altogether the fact of death in the case of the Kings of France. In another, and a much truer and higher sense, we may say that there is no death for a great popular poet. His death is rather a crowning or consecration of him, and the commencement for him of a brighter life than ever in the minds and the hearts of men. But Burns, it may be said, belongs to Scotland, and we are in Ireland. This is not Edinburgh or Glasgow, but Belfast. It is true that Burns belongs to Scotland, and not to Ireland; but besides that, many of us now present are also Scotsmen by birth, and can only claim the honour of being Irish by adoption, or by sufferance; it might also be made a matter of

question whether this Ulster of ours be not really more a part of Scotland than a part of Ireland. My Scotch fellow-countrymen, indeed, have all along been in the habit of acting in reference to Ireland almost as if they held the whole island to be, in some sort, their own. Have they not, in the first place, appropriated the very name of the country? For Ireland was the original Scotland, or Scotia (unless, indeed, we prefer the opposite theory of a certain school of Scotch antiquaries of the last age, and choose to contend that Scotland was the original Hibernia). Then, in modern times, we have quietly assumed and seized upon as Scotch, not only Ossian, and Fingal, and Cathullin, and the other worthies of that early heroic era, but also many of the most distinguished of latter Irish celebrities — beginning with the famous John Scot, of the eighth century, the chief European light of his day, and the most original mind of the middle ages—the designation or epithet attached to whose name, clearly pointing out whence he sprung. *Erigena* (Erin-born) we ingeniously interpret as meaning, not a native of Ireland, but a native of Ayr. But we have done a great deal more than all this. We have taken possession not only of the saints and the scholars, the poets and the warriors, the literature, the history, and the very name of the country, but, to a considerable extent, of the country itself. We have come over and set up another Scotland here—an Irish or Little Scotland, as it may be called. We have made this Province of Ulster—this Black North——half Scotch, or more than half Scotch, in almost everything—in blood, in language, in religion; even in mind and character. We have covered it all over with Scotch proprietorship and Scotch family names, with Scotch Presbyterianism and Scotch agriculture, and kindled everywhere throughout it, in country and in town, the somewhat rugged it may be, but resolute and indomitable, spirit of Scotch enterprise, Scotch energy, and Scotch industry. It happens, too, that, of all Scotland, the part with which we are here more nearly connected, more intimately linked, is the County of Ayr, the Land of Burns. Its coast is visible from our own; and manifestly the modern colonization of Ulster has been chiefly from Ayrshire. That would be attested, were there no other record or evidence of it, by the leading family names which, as I have just remarked, we find common to the two countries,—such as the Kennedys and the Crawfords, the Montgomerys and the Cunninghams, and others. Nay, more trivial circumstances, even, may be deemed to give Belfast something of a special interest in Burns. His thoughts, probably, sometimes in his earlier years took wing across to this part of Ireland, and dwelt upon our staple manufacture here; for his first attempt to establish himself in life was as a flax-dresser; he worked at that trade for six months in the town of Irvine. One of the earliest editions of his Poems, too,—the very first, indeed, that appeared after the original Kilmarnock edition of 1786, and the Edinburgh subscription edition of the following year—the first, therefore, that was printed out of Scotland—unless we should except a London one of the same date—was brought out at Belfast. It was published here in the same year, 1787, in which the subscription edition appeared at Edinburgh,—probably immediately upon the back of that. The bibliographers describe it as "an Irish pirated edition." This was a kind of *free* trade which was carried on with considerable spirit in Ireland in those days. We are met now, Scotchmen and Irishmen together, with united hearts and united voices, to do such honour as we may to the great peasant poet, on this night, which completes the cycle of a hundred years from his birth in that humble clay-built cottage on the banks of the Doon, the work of his admirable father's own hands, still to be seen standing by the wayside, not far from the ruins of his own "Kirk Alloway"—a hundred years from the date of his birth, and nearly sixty-three even from that of his death. His celebrity began about ten years before his death, so that, at the present hour, it stretches over a little more than the threescore years and ten assigned by the Psalmist as the natural limit of healthy and active human life. A man now of the age of seventy-three has just lived through the period of our literature which the poetry of Burns lights up. Burns, therefore, might not yet be allowed by such a chronological critic as Horace sets before us, to have quite made good his place among the immortals. "Est vetus atque probus, centum qui perficit annos"—"Who lasts a century," as Pope gives it, "can have no flaw; I hold that wit a classic good in law." But, at any rate, if it be, indeed, the case, that "authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old"—"Si meliora dies, et vina, poemata reddit"—he is not, we see, very far from the accredited point of perfection.

> "The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
> And ripens spirits as he ripens minds,

will very soon have branded him with the necessary mark. But, in truth, it was a fame—that of this great poet of the people—which struck firm root at once. His poetry took the heart of his country by storm. Even within some eight or ten years after his death, his name was, I believe, already familiar to every

man, woman, and child, in every dwelling, alike of rich and poor throughout the lowlands of Scotland. And not his name only, but more or less of what he had written also. I doubt if the history of the world's literature affords such another instance of the summit of true popularity gained at a bound; a popularity, I mean — rapid, almost instantaneous, as may have been its growth—evidently destined never to pass away—never to fade. It embraced all classes and degrees of persons by whom his native dialect was read or understood, from the highest names in rank and in letters to the simple servant girl at her spinning wheel. It was, as we may suppose it to have been when the song of old Homer first resounded over Greece, as if the language itself had acquired a new voice, a new music, as if a new soul had been breathed into it. A distinguished literary friend and countryman of mine was, some years ago, found out in London by a half-crazy mendicant poetess from his native district, the South of Scotland. Their talk naturally fell upon poets and poetry. "Ou, ay," said the lady, with the loftiest self-complacency, "there's plenty o' your book poets—Pope, and Milton, and Cammell, and sic like; but Burns and me, ye see, we're pure nature." (Cheers.) Well, no doubt, there never was a truer, deeper voice of nature in any poetry than there is in that of Burns; but, at the same time—and this makes the miracle—there never was, I think, in any other, a more living or more delicate spirit of art. It is at once the truest nature and the most perfect art. And wherever he has most of the one he has most of the other also. If we ought not, indeed, rather to say that the one is only the other in a different form—in a new mode of manifestation:—

> "That art,
> Which you say adds to nature, is an art
> Which nature makes—
> The art itself is nature."

(Applause.) Take Burns, where he has done best, where he is most himself, in whatever style, and I do not think that he has been surpassed even in the management of the instrument with which the poet works—the instrument of language—by any writer of verse that ever lived. There is, for example, his tale, or dialogue, of the "Twa Dogs"—(hear, hear)—with which the original collection of his poems opens. It is in that more level style in which Horace excels.—Has Horace anywhere gone beyond what we have here, in what is a chief charm of this sort of poetry—the perfect appropriateness, the exquisite adaptation, of every word and phrase, never either overshooting the mark or falling short of it? In other and higher styles, again, this young and comparatively uneducated Scottish peasant leaves alike such a cultivated verse-writer as Horace, and such another great people's poet and master of expression as the modern French Béranger, far behind him — far below him. (Cheers.) I will not quote any of his more impassioned passages, such as we have in abundance in his songs more especially, where every breathing thought finds its burning word; but take even such a lighter piece of writing as the inimitable commencement of his "Holy Fair." How faithful here is the word to the thought throughout; how vividly—how brightly—with what dramatic life and spirit, with what flashing play of light and colour, as well as how musically, the whole description flows on. There is not a word that is not perfection—not a syllable that one would alter, or that does not completely satisfy both the mind and the ear, both soul and sense. And so it is with much more of this wonderful poetry—it is all light and life, all air and fire. And yet—with all his passion—with all his fancy—with all his often reckless enough wit and humour—one would say that the foundation of Burns' intellectual nature was sound, strong, Scotch sense. Upon that all the rest was based as upon a rock. It is this, perhaps, which, as much as anything else, has made his popularity wear so well. We all know his errors of conduct. He was not a normal character—a character to be put forward as a general example. By none was that more keenly felt than by himself, by none more deeply deplored; yet how sagacious are always his observations on life—how wise, as well as how earnest, his words of advice and warning to others! Above all, how admirably clear-sighted, at all times, in all circumstances, is his appreciation of himself. Nothing dazzles, nothing misleads him as to that cardinal matter—that first point of wisdom. Probably, no human being was ever subjected to a heavier test of what true strength of manhood, and real moral, as well as intellectual stability, might be in him than was Burns when he was first exposed to the public gaze—lifted up, as he was, from the bare earth, from the depths, not only of poverty and obscurity, but even of ignominy, to the highest pinnacle of distinction by what was in its suddenness as like enchantment as anything to be found in the "Arabian Nights." Yesterday, a hunted fugitive, hiding himself from the officers of justice till the ship should be ready to sail in which he was to work out his passage, serving before the mast, to the West Indies, there to seek the means of a forgotten existence as a clerk on a slave estate—all that was dearest to his heart left, probably for ever, behind him—now the most famous of living men in his

native land, with its gay and lettered metropolis, we may say, at his feet, its rank and fashion, its learning and beauty, conspiring or contending on all hands how most to do him honour. He was at this time only in his twenty-seventh year, yet he stood the trial as if he had been exercised in the knowledge of himself and of mankind by the experience of a long life. I do not remember an expression that ever afterwards dropped, in verse or in prose, from his pen or from his lips, implying any other than the soberest and most perfectly cool-headed appreciation both of his powers and of his performances, and also of what he might reasonably expect to be the results of the success he had achieved upon his future fortunes and worldly circumstances. He repeatedly intimates, in his letters to his friends, in the most unaffected way, how well aware he was of the essentially temporary and evanescent character of the blaze of universal observation which the first appearance of his productions had drawn upon him. He knew, of course, that his poems had merit, but, apparently, his own estimate of their worth was more moderate than that of almost any one else, either then or since. It may be doubted if, to the end of his days, he really thought himself a greater poet than his two immediate predecessors and juvenile favourites, honest, homely Allan Ramsay, and rough, rattling Ferguson. He sees clearly, even at the time, how much, in his own case, the mere novelty and unexpectedness of the phenomenon had had to do with the sensation he had made, and the uproar of wonder and enthusiasm with which his poetry had been hailed. Accordingly, he seems never, all the while, to have had a thought but of returning to spend the rest of his days much in his original state of life, in the condition and occupation in which he had been brought up—that of a small farmer. When we think of the many smaller men who have been completely thrown off their balance by the hundredth part of what failed to upset Burns, or even to make his sturdy, self-reliant nature reel for a moment, we feel what a noble, manly fellow he really was. Burns' biographer, Dr. Currie, remarks of Burns, that, as he rose by the strength of his talents, so he fell by the strength of his passions. But the strength of circumstances, too, should not be forgotten. He had, in truth, everything against him. There is one thing, however, which I do not recollect to have seen noticed, and which explains much. A great event, it is to be remembered—the French Revolution—had shaken the earth, and an immense change had come over men's minds, both in France and in England, between 1786 and 1796. Much that would have been looked upon by most people as only sport at the former of these dates had come to be held no laughing matter long before the latter. We must judge Burns according to the spirit of the time in which he lived and wrote. We know that the most irreverent of his early satires upon one party in the church —his "Holy Fair," his "Holy Willie's Prayer," his "Ordination," his "Twa Herds," and others, were received at first with universal acclamation by the opposite party—clergy as well as laity. That would scarcely have been the case if they had been produced some five or six years later. Still less were men by that time in the humour to enjoy anything of much audacity in the way of political satire or invective, however spirited the poetry. Burns, probably, gave more offence, and did himself more mischief, by some of his escapades in this line than by any moral irregularities into which he may have fallen. Yet the one of these political effusions that is the boldest of them all—that entitled "The Tree of Liberty"—would not be thought anything very terrible in our day. The poet, like many of his contemporaries, may have been somewhat too enthusiastic in his anticipations of the new day that had arisen upon France; but Burns' patriotism, notwithstanding, certainly remained to the last perfectly sound at the core. He was, at heart, in fact, all his life, much more of a Jacobite than of a Jacobin. His real political creed was much nearer to divine right and pure monarchy than to democracy or republicanism.—A passionate love for his country and pride in everything belonging to it, was with him, as it has been with most poets, a part of his nature. And, as for any reform of British institutions to be either imposed by, or borrowed from, France, where, or by whom, has foul scorn of that been expressed more energetically than it has been by him? Perhaps the Scotchmen, on the whole, of most world-wide renown are—George Buchanan, John Napier, Robert Burns, and Walter Scott; Buchanan belonging to the sixteenth century, Napier, we may say, to the seventeenth, Burns to the eighteenth, Scott to the nineteenth. And of the four, Burns is, perhaps, the most famous. (Cheers.) He is, at least, the most thoroughly and intensely Scotch. He has done the most for Scotland—most for her language, most for her people. It has been held by some that its lays—its popular lays—are more to a country than its laws. The songs of Burns are, undoubtedly, to his countrymen, a possession beyond all price. Such a chant as "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" is enough to regenerate a nation. (Applause.) "My country!" the modern rhapsodist, in the well-known ode, exclaims to Greece in her degradation:—

"My country, on thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is silent now."

And what follows?

"The heroic bosom is no more."

Poetry like this of Burns keeps strong and ardent in the breast of a people that martial virtue, which is to the spirit of national independence the air it breathes,—the very breath of life; if it have it not, it dies. Such a poem as the "Cottar's Saturday Night," again, in its homely simplicity and truthfulness so touching to the Scottish heart, one wonders sometimes if it have not done almost as much to sustain both the moral tone and the religious sentiment of the popular mind in the country in whose language it is written, as all the sermons that have been preached since it first appeared. Every Scotchman carries his head the higher for having had Burns, the inspired peasant, for his countryman,—

"Him who walked in glory and in joy,
Following his plough upon the mountain side."

And every poor man—every son of labour all the world over—has something of honour reflected upon his humble lot from the splendour that has gathered around the name of this humbly-born lord of song. [The learned professor concluded his address amidst prolonged applause.]

The Chairman then said—The next toast I have to propose, gentlemen, is "The Descendants of Robert Burns."

Mr. Robert Young, C.E., rose to respond, and was greeted with applause. He said—Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I have been requested by my friend, Mrs. Everett, to speak a few words on her behalf. (Hear.) When Robert Burns died—now almost sixty-three years ago—he left a widow and five sons behind, a legacy to what was to him an ungrateful country. Only two of this band now survive him. James and William Burns have both served with distinction in the Indian army, but have now retired, and are, I doubt not, at this present moment, honoured guests at festivals similar to this—the one in Glasgow, the other in Dumfries. Robert Burns, who was the poet's eldest and favourite son, and who alone of all his brothers retained through after-life a vivid recollection of his father, has, only within the last two years, been laid beside him he loved so well, in Dumfries Churchyard. Of all the children, he bore the strongest resemblance, in face and form, to his father, and was, also, a poet of no mean order himself. The daughter and granddaughter of this worthy man are now honouring us with their presence this evening. (Cheers.) I esteem it no small honour that I have had the privilege of knowing these ladies for some years, and have been often struck with the strong resemblance of Mrs. Everett to the poet, as well in her features as in her independence of mind, and warmth and geniality of disposition. I beg to assure you of the great pleasure she has had in being present when honour is being paid to the memory of one she so much reveres; and, on her behalf and that of her daughter, I now thank you for the honour you have just paid them. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. F. D. Finlay then gave "The Poets of England, and the Memory of William Shakspeare."

Professor Macdouall proposed "The Minstrelsy of Scotland, and the memory of Sir Walter Scott."

The Chairman next proposed "The Town and Trade of Belfast." He said—In such a large company as this assembled here, the town and trade of Belfast may appear a toast of such a selfish nature that I will not say how much I feel interested in its prosperity. Knowing so well as I do that the sympathies of many present are with me, I will simply give you the toast, without further preface. (Cheers.)

The toast having been responded to with great cordiality, the Chairman called on Mr. Heron to respond.

James Heron, Esq., responded.

John Borthwick, Esq., proposed "The Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce of Ireland." (Loud cheers.)

The toast was received with great enthusiasm.

W. R. Anketell, Esq., J.P., being called upon loudly, responded.

Mr. Hugh M'Call, having been called upon, rose at the lower end of the hall, amid loud cheers and calls of "Platform." Ultimately he was obliged to remove to the upper end of the hall, and ascend the platform, which he did amid renewed and enthusiastic cheering. He spoke as follows:—The centenary of the birthday of Burns has aroused a host of new associations in connexion with that great man's history. Wide as is the fame he has already won in castle and cottage, a more extended range of popularity will in future be given to those stirring strains which have lightened with glee and gladness so many hearths and homes of the toiling millions. There is not a spot of earth trod by Saxon or Celt—not a country or clime inhabited by men with British hearts and sympathies—that will not enjoy its own peculiar burst of enthusiasm while recalling to remembrance the proceedings and events connected with this memorable day. (Loud

cheers.) Robert Burns, with all his faults and failings, was the great reformer of his age. Entering into public life at a time when sickly sentimentality ruled the demand for poetic literature, and when the right spirit of independence was hardly known in the world of prose, he at once rose into something like gigantic greatness. Standing out and alone from the dwarfs that surrounded him, he gave utterance to language so new and so novel that many people of that day looked on his sentiments as the wild and wayward imaginings of reckless impiety; but the advanced few hailed them as the early dawnings of a brighter era in the social history of his country. (Cheers.) He saw men and things in a light previously unmarked by pen or pencil; he flung, as it were, on his broad canvas, sketches of formalism and full-length portraits of hypocrisy, which did more to put down the unhealthy spirit then existing in certain sections of his church than all the more elaborate essays of his contemporaries had been able to accomplish. So far, then, the Ayrshire ploughman was a preacher of lay sermons, the apostle of a manly morality which created a revolution in the world that lies far beyond the immediate scene of the poet's influence; and so long as the Scottish language holds a place in current literature, the high-toned sentiments of Robert Burns will shed their greatness and their glory over every phase of human progress. In the course of Professor Craik's speech, that gentleman stated that he felt astonished to see such a number of men in the town of Belfast coming forward to render honour to the memory of Burns. Now, I beg to tell the learned gentleman, and all others who hold similar views, that not even in his own Ayrshire is the poetry of Burns held in higher estimation than it is in the counties of Down and Antrim. "The centenary demonstrations in honour of Burns all over the world" is a text suggestive of matter not for a speech, but for a volume. Readers of the public papers often feel amazed at the lucubrations of some learned dogmatist of the fourth estate, who, seated in his editorial sanctum, has come out with an essay on the crime of some individuals, stigmatising the country of that person's birth, as if the soil of any nation should be held accountable for the errors of all its children. The United Kingdom is of comparatively limited extent; its lands are, as a general rule, stubborn and unfertile; but its people are robust and energetic beyond those of any nation on the earth. In the wise dispensation of Providence, it would seem as if this country had been set apart as the great coloniser of the world, sending forth its industry and energy, its language and its literature from one end of the universe to the other, and carrying its national habits to the remotest regions of the earth. Under all these circumstances, then, we cannot afford to wage small warfare as to the particular locality in which a man first breathed the vital air; higher and nobler duties remain for us to perform; and, if more pains were taken to cherish virtue wherever that is found, I believe we would have much less occasion to battle against vice. Robert Burns, it is true, was born in a little cottage about two miles from the town of Ayr. Every honest-minded Scotchman is justly proud of him; but there cannot be any geographical limit to the citizenship of a great man. No one has the right to tell us that he who has given us that glorious gem—"A man's a man for a' that"—exclusively belongs to this or that country. He is as much the poet of the Yarrow as of the Doon—of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi as the Clyde. I have referred to the great mission of Britain, and the humanising influences which her system of colonisation is extending wherever her fleets sail or her people find a resting-place. Other writers have done much to maintain the spirit of nationality in the far ends of the earth; but no author has achieved more to keep alive and foster the sacred veneration of home. Moody moralists talk of the little value to be placed on human fame—that it is fleeting and evanescent; but who that looks on the glorious scene I see around me—the bankers, merchants, and manufacturers of Belfast met to do honour to the memory of Burns—could say that fame was not a living greatness? (Hear and applause.) Had the poet Burns, when on his deathbed in Dumfries, been able to look through the vista of years, and see that, at the end of a century from the date of his birth, the people of Belfast would have met in such a glorious assembly as I see in this room, it would have given comfort, and, no doubt, considerable happiness, to the deathbed of the greatest poet ever Scotland produced.

"The song is never silent, earth grows older,
Men live and die, states fall or spring to life,
The columns topple and the turrets moulder,
Waging with time unprofitable strife;
And though the reign of error still aboundeth,
Truth wins new fields, unmarked by flame or gore,
While still the echo of that song resoundeth
From heart to heart, on every sea and shore."

The CHAIRMAN next said—Were it not that the hour is so late, I would say something of my opinion and experience on the subject of "Honest Men and Bonnie Lasses," which forms the next toast on my list. (Cheers.) The first part of the toast I cannot better introduce than in the words of one of our greatest modern

poets, "An honest man's the noblest work of God;" and with respect to "bonnie lasses," the poet whose memory we are met to celebrate sings of them in strains we cannot forget:—

"Auld Nature swears—the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O."

This toast was responded to by the Rev. Dr. MONTGOMERY, who said:—A most excellent and worthy lady remarked to me, "Well, I do not know that that is a quite dignified enough sentiment for you, doctor. Having attained some three score years and ten, I think to be talking about bonnie lasses——[The remainder of the sentence was lost in laughter and applause.] I said at once, "You do not know all the facts, for this was Burns' charter sentiment—'Honest men and bonnie lasses.'" I ask you, gentlemen, what you believe Burns would have been worth to us, and to the world, if it had not been for his sentiment of "honest men and bonnie lasses?" He would have been as a clod of the valley; he would have been a thing dead and gone and never heard of, but for his noble love of man and woman. I say, then, I feel greatly honoured in responding to this sentiment, of "Honest men and bonnie lasses." It divides itself, of course, into two parts very nicely. I must get pretty smartly over the first part. I am sorry to say that I do not think the honesty of these countries, and of every other country, has stood quite so high in the last ten or fifteen years, as it did at one time. I do not know that honest men are quite so common. Certainly they are not so universal as we could desire them to be; but I tell you what I think on that subject—that the men whom we have found out, the hypocritical, scheming men—the men robbing the widow and orphan under pious pretexts—the mercantile knaves, the trading knaves of every kind—I take them simply as exceptions to the rule of humanity; and, if they have come out more distinctly before us, they have been more remarked in the last few years. It will come to this, that men will become more vigilant to their own interests; and, if we take a great account of bad men in the world, we are just in the condition of the peasant who looks at the shooting-star, an earth-born vapour, flitting through the atmosphere, marking its radiant course with its train, and then sinking to the earth; and he thinks more of the falling star than he does of all the galaxy of heaven. I feel, therefore, there is no depreciation as to the mercantile honour or integrity of this country, because some men have committed crime. Dr. Montgomery proceeded to speak in eulogy of the general mercantile character of the country, as distinguished from the character of a few clever, but dishonest, traders. With regard, sir (he continued), to honest men, perhaps my views are not exactly those of the general world; because, when I talk of honest men, I mean those who are so in every sense, and I do not express merely the opinion of the man I may have sat beside, and did not pick my pocket—not the character of the man who may be left alone in your office and will not rob your till, but who may not hesitate to overreach you in some bargain. I tell you that is a very limited kind of honesty, if I take honesty in its high and real nature as exemplified in the man who is doing everything that is right, and fair, and proper before his fellow-man and his God, and whose ideas of honesty are not the low and mean ideas confined to pounds, shillings, and pence. This part of the toast I have endeavoured to compress as well as I could, but I don't know how I am to condense in the latter part of it; for, in the present age, the ladies occupy so large a space, my sentiments of admiration for them are so great that it would take an angel's tongue and seraph's fire to describe them. From my earliest years my youngest sentiments were, that women were God's special blessing to an anxious, toiling, sinful world. If six thousand years ago one sinned, she did it from the very purity of her nature; for the most pure and unsuspecting become most easily a prey to the designing and deceitful; and her successors ever since have been making more than compensation in their genial benignity and benevolent efforts to counteract all evils originally done. With regard, sir, to the toast of "Honest men and bonnie lasses," I love everything that's young—the young bud, the young lambkin, and the hawthorn blossom, "that scents the evening gale"—and shall I not love the young of my own race? I do, sir, and I have no merit in that. They are to me doubly interesting, for though I may be old in years, I am not old in heart. But I have often felt it is not where they are most beautiful, and in the gay hour of excitement, that the greatness of their moral beauty appears. (Cheers.) It is in our hours of trouble and trial—when the nerve of the strong man becomes as flax—that woman's spirit and energy rise equal to the occasion, and she is superior to the troubles under which man has been ready to sink. I have known—and many around me have known—families sunk into comparative beggary, and have seen the wife rising in dignity and patient energy in proportion to the difficulties in which the husband was placed. I have known cases where, when commercial ruin was in prospect, and when the

firmness of manhood gave way, woman, by her blessed influence, has been the instrument of raising hearts to hope, and of bringing round a state of things which, instead of want and destitution, produced progress and prosperity. I am always, and I have been always, of opinion that the influence exercised by our women, whether over the destinies of those with whom they are joined in life, or in future generations as their educators, is the most important, as it may be the most beautiful, in this world. I believe that the mother makes the man, and that the influence of the father is weak in comparison. I believe that whatever good is done for our land, or our race, is done through the influence of mothers. Who is it that make our legislators, that frame our laws?—The mothers. Who are they that make and bring out the faculties which, when developed, adorn our statesmen?—The mothers. Who are they that make, in the same way, our divines?—The mothers also. I am afraid that, if it were left to the fathers, their selection would not be for the benefit of mankind. But give me, as I have said, the educated mother, and upon her influence and her choice I will most depend for furnishing us with the men most likely in future time—with the men best calculated hereafter to advance the interests of their kind. (Hear, hear.) There are others among our lady friends who have not, probably from choice, probably from combinations of circumstances which may be understood in the gallery—(laughter)—but which I could not attempt to explain, upon whom such functions have not devolved. Of them I will say one word, and it is this—that, of all the persons whom it has been my chance to encounter in life—of all the women I have ever met, they are among the most estimable, the most useful, and the most honourable. I will go further, and say, that they are more estimable, perhaps, among other reasons, because they exhibit in their choice of life that independence of character which prompts them and encourages them to endure sacrifices sooner than yield up the independence of heart or choice, which ought to place them amongst the most high-principled and useful members of society. But, taking all the incidents of life into consideration, if there be anything in this world which I worship especially, it is that woman who, having passed through the various stages of maiden, matron, and mother, has discharged her duties, and set an example of virtuous excellence in all. (Loud cheers.) I will remark that it may have been the influence of such, to a great extent, which brought together such a meeting to-night. I call this festive meeting a successful one. (Loud cheers.) I do not believe that we have come together through any other motive than the bond of a common humanity, than a common feeling of admiration for the genius of a great man, who loved all his kind. Proceeding to allude to the charge of infidelity against Burns, the rev. doctor quoted the beautiful lines in which the poet described the sneer of the atheist as small recompense "for Deity offended;" and invoked a recollection of the circumstances in which he was placed as a strong palliative of his weaknesses. With reference to the latter point, he remarked that men should remember that if the immoralities charged against him were not so common now—they were, perhaps, more artfully hidden from the public eye. He concluded thus—While God permits me life, and time, and strength, whenever any number of honest men propose to meet in honour of Robert Burns—should there be only twenty in a room together—and ask Henry Montgomery to attend, should he not be confined to a sick-bed he will be found at his post. (Loud cheers.)

After a pause, Dr. MONTGOMERY again rose, and, in neat and appropriate terms, proposed—"The health of the Chairman." He took occasion to observe that his appreciation of Mr. Getty did not date from the universal recognition of his worth by his fellow-townsmen, but was of older date. As Dr. Johnson—a greater man in literature, perhaps more burly, but, certainly, not so good-looking as himself—once remarked about Garrick, he had pleasure in saying to himself, "I taught the boy!" (Laughter and cheers.) The toast was one they would be all sure to honour, and he would not further preface "The health of the Chairman." (Tremendous applause.)

The CHAIRMAN returned thanks, and was received with the most enthusiastic applause.

The "Croupiers," replied to by Robert Grimshaw, Esq.; the "Press," and other toasts, were given, and the company separated at an advanced hour.

SOIREE IN THE CORN EXCHANGE.—While the memory of Caledonia's immortal bard was being honoured by a banquet in the Music Hall, a no less enthusiastic commemoration was in progress at the Corn Exchange. The company at the soiree was considerably more numerous than that which assembled in the former building, amounting to about four hundred. It was composed principally of the more respectable of the working orders. On the platform were several clergymen, and a number of gentlemen connected with mercantile pursuit. A considerable proportion of the company in the body of the hall consisted of ladies. Those at the principal table included the Rev. Dr. M'Cosh, Queen's College; Rev. Hugh Hanna, Rev. George Cron, Evangelical

Union Church, Wellington Place; Rev. Mr. Mackey, Antrim; Mr. William Scott, Mr. W. Shaw, Mr. R. Hendry, Mr. W. M'Cullough, Mr. Benjamin Benson, Mr. John Ireland, Mr. Matthew Steele, Mr. John Ritchie, Mr. John Reid, Mr. Alexr. Reid, Mr. John Mackenzie, &c., &c.

The room was very tastefully decorated for the occasion. The gasaliers and panels were festooned with evergreens. Over the chair was placed a well-painted likeness of the Ploughman Bard. The picture was a half-length, of life-size. It was surrounded by a wreath of the Scottish thistle. To the right, on a scroll, were the words, "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and, to the left, "Tam o' Shanter." Over the poet's head, in a medallion, were the figures "100," and at the base of the painting was the celebrated couplet—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

The Oldpark Band were in attendance, and between the addresses, and at other periods of the evening, performed a number of pieces, including selections from the airs of Burns' lyrics, in good style. The manner in which the stewards discharged their duties during the evening was deservedly the subject of general commendation.

After tea, on the motion of Mr. Jas. Shaw, (Sydenham), Mr. W. Scott was called to the chair, in the absence of James Carlisle, Esq.

The CHAIRMAN, on taking his place, briefly addressed the audience. He said he did not know why he had been called to his present position; but he felt extremely honoured by the favour shown him. This was the first time he had ever presided at a meeting, and having received no warning, he had made no preparation whatever for a speech. It was, of course, unnecessary for him to offer any suggestions as to the manner in which the memory of Burns should be honoured in a company such as the present. Burns was pre-eminently the people's poet, and in that character no one ever held such sway over the minds of the people as he had done. His high genius had been devoted to the elevation of his class and his kind —to the advancement of freedom and independence—and to the correction of abuses—not only in his own age, but ever since. (Applause.)

Mr. Ritchie then sang, with good taste, Burns' pleasing ballad, "There was a lad was born in Kyle."

The Chairman then introduced the Rev. George Cron, who would speak upon Burns.

The Rev. Mr. CRON then came forward, and was received with great applause. He said—It is our impression that, if the memory of "Scotia's greatest bard" should be cherished by any class in the community, it deserves to be cherished by the working classes. There are two reasons why the name of Burns should be specially dear to them. He was ever the warm friend of the working classes. None knew better than Burns that

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

He was one of themselves; he was born in no lordly mansion, but in an "auld clay biggin." He was not born the heir of broad acres—he was born to win his bread by the sweat of his brow. For years he held the plough with his "horny fist," and to this circumstance are we indebted for the much-admired piece, beginning—

> "Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
> Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!

There are those who condemn the poet of Caledonia with great severity. In their judgment, he was the impersonation of all that is bad. When we meet with individuals of this description, we always feel strongly inclined to direct their attention to his "Address to the Unco Guid." For our parts, we cannot bring ourselves to cast stones at him. That he had faults, and even glaring faults, far be it from us to deny. But who is without faults and failings? Had Burns been a common mortal, his blemishes would not have been so noticeable. As a lady, who knew him intimately, justly observes:—"It is only on the gem that we are disturbed to see dust; the pebble may be soiled, and we never regard it." We have not, however, met this evening either for the purpose of defending Burns' character, or apologising for his irregularities. We have met simply to pay a cordial tribute of respect to his genius; and that he was a genius of high order is universally admitted. Dr. Johnson defines genius—"A mind of large general powers accidentally determined in one particular direction." Gilfillan defines genius—"Natural or original thought, invested with the power of passion, and expressed in the language of imagination." Now, Burns will stand to be tested by either of these definitions. In fact, there is scarcely any poet, Shakspeare excepted, that they so exactly suit. His was unquestionably a "mind of large general powers." He possessed a vigorous understanding, an imperial imagination, a fine memory—indeed, every variety of talent in an eminent degree. He would have excelled in any department of literature to which he might have chosen to devote himself. So thought no less an authority than Professor Stewart, and some others, judging from his conversation, for it seems that he

was a noble talker. Two things convince me that Burns was a rare genius:—1. The fact that nearly all his didactic, humorous, satirical, pathetic, and descriptive pieces will bear to be read as often as you please. 2. The number of quotations that are made from the productions of his pen. Well may Campbell represent his lines as "mottoes of the heart." If, then, it is indubitable that Burns was emphatically a genius, what more natural than for us to unite in admiring and respecting him? Honour is due to a good man, and is generally given. Honour is also due to an intellectually great man, and ought not to be withheld. We may be reminded that genius is a Divine gift. We cheerfully acknowledge that it is. God made Burns; and it is important that we should make an effort to remember this, prone as we are to find the creator of genius in its possessor. Before concluding, we would further express it as our conviction, that Burns has achieved lasting fame; and does not the general and enthusiastic celebration of his birthday, though one hundred years lie between us and it, justify this conviction? Scotland and Scotchmen—and where are they not? (and his admirers are by no means confined to his own countrymen)—will long be proud of their Burns. I frankly confess that Scotland is all the dearer to me that I can associate Burns with it. We call him the "Immortal Bard," and I believe, with Tannahill, that

> "Unaided he has fixed his name
> Immortal on the rolls of fame."

(Loud applause.)

Song—"A man's a man for a' that," by Mr. Steele.
Band—"Cheer, boys, cheer."

The Chairman said, the next speaker he would introduce would be the Rev. Dr. M'Cosh, who had attended kindly at their meeting, and who would address them on "Robert Burns and Hugh Miller,"—two great working men.

The Rev. Dr. M'Cosh then rose and said that there was much in his own early history which made him feel an interest in Robert Burns. Not only was he a countryman of Burns, but he was born and brought up on the same stream, the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." (Applause.) There were few of the scenes celebrated in his poetry with which he (Dr. M'Cosh) was not familiar; he had had the pleasure of being acquainted with more than one of his relatives; and often had he met with associates of the poet who told him how, in his better moods, Burns made the listener laugh at one moment and weep the moment after. One of his early poems was dedicated to a friend of his own father, who was also the friend of his (Dr. M'Cosh's) father. Perhaps he might be prejudiced in favour of Burns from early prepossessions; yet he could not avoid expressing his conviction that his songs, of all others that had ever been written, came nearest the heart, for they came from the heart. In respect of original genius he was the greatest poet in the three kingdoms, with the exceptions of Shakspeare, the poet of universal gifts, and Milton who "shone as a star, and dwelt apart." It was upon these grounds that he had felt a deep interest in the proposal to do honour to Robert Burns on the centenary of his birth. At the same time, he did not feel at liberty to join all who might celebrate this centenary. He would not choose to put himself in a position in which his freedom of speech and action would be restrained. (Hear, hear.) If he did so, he would feel himself unworthy of claiming descent from those who had been hunted on the mountains of Scotland and fought at Drumclog. He was not one of those who would say that Burns was without his imperfections.—Who, in fact, was without them? But this he might safely affirm—that Burns himself regretted those failings, especially when he recollected his early days in his father's house. The committee for the management of another centenary celebration of Burns' birthday had done him (Dr. M'Cosh) the honour of nominating him to a place in connection with their proceedings. He preferred, however, on this occasion mingling with the common people. Burns was, emphatically, one of the people; and, if a second Robert Burns—a young Burns—were to be found, it would be in this company rather than in the other. It was natural that it should be so; and it was fitting, too, that, on such an occasion as this, the rich and the poor should be ranged together. It was so in other countries. He had spent several months of the last summer upon the Continent; and there he found noblemen, gentlemen, merchants, young shopkeepers, and artisans, all socially mingling together. He should like to see this upon all occasions; for it made each grade of society love and respect the other more. Nowhere, among the better classes of operative labourers and of small farmers, was so much intelligence to be found, combined with such noble independence as in Scotland. After spending some time in Edinburgh, when his fame was at its highest, Burns declared that nowhere had he found—not even among nobles, and the topmost circles of society—so much intelligence, independence, wisdom, and wit, as among the peasantry of Scotland. There was another Scottish genius of more modern days who had also sprung from the ranks of the people. This was the late Hugh Miller, of whose memory he had been called upon to speak this evening—a

task which he would willingly perform, as for a dear friend—a shining light in the ranks of science and literature. He had been in the habit of spending an occasional hour with Mr. Miller in Edinburgh; and he could testify that his conversation was equally brilliant and graphic with his writings. This he knew from having purposely drawn him out, and from proving that his language in conversation was as beautiful as that of his sentiments expressed in writing. Between Miller and Burns there was much similarity. Both sprang from the noblest class of the peasantry; both were comparatively uneducated; both were once under the necessity of making up their minds to go to America; both had been sons of toil; the writings of each had been devoted to the elevation of their fellow-men. Burns was eminent in poetry; Hugh Miller was eminent in science and in prose. He (Dr. M'Cosh) did not know whether it would be possible to find a writer, either of a past or of the present age, whose language was more graphic than that of this stone-mason. He had a sparkling fancy, broad humour, and a power of bitter sarcasm; and all of these qualities were employed in setting forth the great questions of the day in a manner which would go down to all posterity. His genius was at once firm and flexible as the trunk of the elephant, which could pick up a straw or rend a branch from a tree, and manageable as the steam-hammer, which could drive a pin or mould the plates of a ponderous boiler. (Hear, hear.) So impressed was the great geologist, Dr. Buckland, with the meagreness of his own style, as compared with that of Hugh Miller, that he publicly declared he would give his left hand to possess that man's powers of description. Dr. M'Cosh went on to show that Hugh Miller's genius and talents had been devoted to the advancement of science and religion; and that in this object they had been eminently successful. The ablest literary men of the day had trembled to enter into controversy with the stone-mason of Cromarty. (Applause.) He concluded, amid general applause, by pointing out, in the cases of Robert Burns and Hugh Miller, how much a mere working man could do as the representative of science and religion, or as that of literature.

The rev. doctor resumed his seat amid loud applause.

Band—"Auld Langsyne."
Song—"Scots wha hae," by Mr. Reid.

The Rev. Mr. Mackay of Antrim delivered an eloquent oration on the "Merits of Burns' Poetry."

Song—"Afton Water," by Mr. Hendray. This gentleman was loudly *encored.*

The Chairman then introduced the Rev. Mr. Hanna to the meeting.

Rev. H. Hanna addressed the meeting, after which

A vote of thanks having been passed to the speakers, another to the singers, and a third to the band, the meeting dispersed, the band playing the National Anthem.

DUBLIN.—The Dublin festival to commemorate the centenary birthday of the Poet Burns, was held in one of the Ancient Concert Rooms, and was attended with the most complete success.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor presided, and the Vice-Chair was occupied by Alexander Parker, Esq.

Grace having been said, the usual loyal toasts were drunk with all the honours.

The Lord Mayor proposed "The Lord Lieutenant, and Prosperity to Ireland."

The toast was cordially received.

Mr. Samuel Ferguson rose amidst loud cheers and spoke as follows:—My Lord Mayor, Mr. Parker and Gentlemen—In calling upon me to give the toast I am about to propose, you do me an honour which I prize the more because I am hardly worthy of it; yet I may, without vanity, acknowledge that on this occasion, when you celebrate the memory of the great Scottish poet in the metropolis of Ireland, there is a certain propriety in your devolving that honourable task on one like me, who, although, by the nativity of many generations, an Irishman, am yet, by lineage and descent, a Scot. (Applause.) Six generations and more have passed since the district of Antrim, where my infant ear first became familiar with the accents of Galloway, was peopled from that region which has since become famous as the land of Burns. Time has but slightly altered the Scottish accent on our lips; and, saving our duty to our own country, our hearts still turn with pride and affection to that noble land, whose sons to-day, throughout the civilised world, offer the tribute of a national homage to the great poet of Scotland. Such an homage has not been paid to any man of letters of modern times. Yet it is not in the extent merely of these demonstrations—although they embrace the whole circle of the globe, wherever Scotchmen have penetrated in the pursuit of duty, of fame, or of fortune—that we find the magnitude and the marvel of the praise that you bestow upon him. It is in the character of the nation that bestows it and in that of the man to whose memory the tri-

bute is offered, that we discern the greatness and the worthiness of your praise. A nation, eager and eminently successful in the pursuit of practical objects, proverbially prudent, habituated to a rigorous self-control, selects for the object of its reverence—not a man like Bentham or like Franklin—not a divine, a philosopher, or an economist, but a child of impulse and of passion—a proud, an improvident, an unworldly man. How comes this? By what spell is it that you are thus drawn together in hundreds and in thousands, from the rising to the setting of the sun,—with a contagious fervour which draws into the vortex of your own enthusiasm the sister capitals and all the provincial towns of the United Kingdom—to swell the tribute of honour to the memory of a man apparently so dissimilar to yourselves? The answer to the inquiry—the spell that brings you together—lies in the depths of your own character. It is the old poetic fervour of your race, that faculty which lies at the basis of all enterprize and of all fortune, although not discerned by those who merely view the surface of the Scottish character, which recognises in the poet—in the man of fervid soul, the true representative of the genius of the Scot in its highest and best aspect. Therefore it is that you have well and wisely chosen a poet as the representative of your race and of your nation —a poet who commands the admiration of mankind, because he has given utterance to the noblest sentiments of love, of tenderness, of generosity, of patriotism, and of piety—to the most charming humour and the brightest wit—in numbers perfectly melodious, and in language which, notwithstanding its dialectic peculiarities, is pre-eminently manly, modest, direct and intelligible. (Hear.) The sentiments belong to the world. The dialect and the poet are your own. When it pleased God to ordain that the languages of mankind should be different, he left their hearts the same; and that speech which most directly stirs in the hearts of men the common sympathies of our nature is the truest classic; and when we find those sympathies evoked by language harmonious in its composition, and melodious in its rythmical arrangement, where rhyme reinforces time, and sense falls in with both, and emotion culminates at every turning point of the composition, then, by the common consent of mankind, we acknowledge ourselves in the presence and the power of the poet, whether he speak the language of Attica or of Ayrshire. (Loud applause.) This is the true test of poetic power —that it stirs the hearts of men deeply and vividly by the direct agency of simple and intelligible language. Tried by this test, the poetry of Burns justifies the unexampled honours that to-day are paid to his memory. These poems have the breadth, the ease, and the force of operations of nature. And this is the characteristic of the poetry of the Augustan age of every school of letters, and these demonstrations of yours to-day will do more than all the criticisms of the reviews and magazines to recall our writers from that profitless search after recondite thought, and curious felicities of expression which of late in our literature have become too much the fashion, and in which the careful observers of the progress of the literature of older nations might well apprehend the approaching decay of letters in our own, if the tendency of our favourite writers to abandon the ancient models of simplicity and manliness be not arrested by such demonstrations as these of to-day. If these meetings had no other effect than to warn our men of letters that the lasting praises of the generations are not to be obtained by intricate, conceited, and curious compositions, they would confer a boon on literature, and aid in maintaining the standard of taste. But, gentlemen, they have a wider and deeper significance. Men will not forget their nationalities—men will not lay down the ties of birth and of kindred at the chair of any science or of any *quasi* science. We must be Scotchmen—we must be Irishmen—(cheers)—and we will honour the memories of the men whose genius has asserted and won for us our own places, for ourselves, in the temple of British fame. Honour, then, in full measure, heaped and over-flowing, to the Heaven-born peasant who has borne the harp of his country so high in that temple, that, though it be placed a little lower than the lyre of Shakspeare, it is still so near it that if you make the chords of the one vibrate, those of the other will thrill in harmony, —and who, having achieved that position for the lyrical genius of his country, could say with the modest nobility of a truly manly nature, "I have been bred to the plough, and I am independent." (Loud applause.) Well was it for Burns that he was bred to the plough—that he spent the days of his dawning genius in familiarity with nature, and not amongst the fine ladies and fine gentlemen whose neglect of him has been deplored as a misfortune, but truly was a happy escape for him and for us all. Burns was not ashamed that he was born a son of toil. Why should he? All the pursuits of industry are honourable, especially those of the husbandman. The hands of heroes have been familiar with the plough. Ulysses, the wisest of the Homeric worthies, did not blush to confess his prowess in the labours of the field. When reproached with idleness by one of the proud suitors of

Penelope, you may remember the noble spirit in which, associating the toils of the husbandman with the glories of the warrior, he replied—

"Forbear Eurymachus; for were we matched
In work against each other, thou and I,
Mowing in springtime, when the days are long;
Or if again it were our task to drive
Yoked oxen in the plough; and were the field
In size four acres; with a glebe through which
The share might smoothly glide:—then should'st thou see
How straight my furrow should be cut and true.
Or should Saturnian Jove this day excite
Here, battle, or elsewhere; and were I armed
With two bright spears, and with a shield, and bore
A brazen casque well fitted to my brows,
Me then thou should behold mingling in fight
Among the foremost chiefs, nor with the crime
Of idle beggary should'st reproach me more."

Ulysses did not conceive that skill in manual labour detracted in aught from his position as a prince and chieftain; nor in the case of Burns has it in aught detracted from his pre-eminence as a leader among the intellects of his country. (Applause.) Let no regrets mingle with your festive offerings to his memory. No one with truth can say his life was unhappy. As toil is incident to the eating of daily bread, despondency is incident to the poetic temperament; and he could not have had that keen enjoyment of existence, had he not sometimes purchased it by moments of depression. But of a man who enjoyed in a measure so exalted the raptures of love, the delights of friendship, the enchantments of the fancy, no one can affirm that his lot was an unhappy one. (Hear, hear.) Neither let the libation you pour to his memory be dashed by any bitter thought of supposed neglect or ingratitude in his country. Gentlemen, that is not so. Much as Burns has done for Scotland, Scotland, before Burns was born, had done more for him. He was born the child of a proud, of a renowned, and glorious country. For him Wallace had made the hills of Ayrshire holy ground—for him Bruce shook his Carrick spear—(applause)—for him, as for every child of genius that the soil of Scotland should produce to the end of time, the genius of Scottish music had made the hills and valleys of his country vocal with melodies soliciting to song—for him courageous-hearted ancestors, brave and pious men had watched and prayed—had fought and bled—and on mountain and on moor had offered up the sacrifice of their blood for Scotland's religious freedom; that the cottar on his Saturday at e'en might be free to open his big hall Bible by his own hearth-stone, and that amid scenes of patriarchal simplicity, piety, and virtue, of manly self-reliance and bold self-assertion, the young germ of genius might unfold itself in safety. Let no man, therefore, say that Scotland had not done her part. No, she has not been wanting. She is no unworthy mother of her noble son. In honouring him you honour her and yourselves. With full hearts, then, and with consciences discharged of all feeling of breach of duty towards the man whose memory we are met to celebrate, let us stand up and drain this bumper toast to the memory of Robert Burns. (Loud and enthusiastic applause.)

The Vice-Chairman, in proposing "The Day, and a' wha honour it," said that for the first time he felt his own great indiscretion in permitting himself to follow his learned and able friend, who had so eloquently introduced the toast of the night; but he trusted that he could cast himself upon the sympathies of men who, like himself, were from the engrossing character of their business pursuits unable to make pilgrimages within the territory of literature, and must content themselves with touching occasionally its coasts and promontories. (Hear.) They had not leisure to make literature their study or oratory their pursuit; and they could but trust to that which was, after all, the great charm of the poet whose memory they had met to celebrate. They could but trust to the natural expression of the heart, in order to effect the purpose they proposed. (Applause.) In great sincerity then he had to propose to them the toast of "The Day, and a' wha honour it." There were none of their pleasures that were not increased by sympathy, and great as was their enjoyment that night, it was enhanced by the knowledge of the fact that here, and there, and everywhere throughout the United Kingdom, many kindred minds had met to do homage to the genius of Burns, and they were not alone in the celebration; but even in the most distant colonies of Great Britain—on which it had been truly said the sun never sets—there were meetings to celebrate that day, and to do honour to the great poet of Scotland. They asked the reason of all this, and they found it in the universality of his genius. He had struck a chord for every taste—he had filled up the great hiatus between the "Cottar's Saturday Night" and "Tam o' Shanter;" and certainly it required great versatility to do that. (Applause.) The claim lay, as his learned and able friend has said, in his speaking the natural language of the human heart. Whether he spoke to the martial feelings of his countrymen—whether he spoke to the lover—whether he spoke to the admirer of nature—to whatever man he spoke, he spoke in nature's language, and struck a chord which vibrates to nature's feelings. (Loud applause.) There had sprung up a desire that a deputation from that assembly should visit the

meeting of their juniors, who were celebrating that day like themselves. He could only say that a most excellent friend of his, Alderman Carnegie, had undertaken to head the deputation, and he now asked the lord mayor's permission for them to go; and however much they might enjoy themselves to-night, he hoped their brethren in another place might enjoy themselves not one whit the less. (Applause.)

The Lord Mayor next proposed "The Relatives of Burns," coupling with the toast the name of Mr. Gilbert Burns.

The toast having been drunk amidst loud applause,

Mr. Gilbert Burns responded. He said—My Lord and Gentlemen: As a relative of Burns I thank you for the flattering manner in which you have drunk this toast. I have in my possession some relics of the poet, which I have brought with me with a view of giving additional interest to this festival. They will be handed round presently for your inspection. The most interesting of these relics is the family Bible of Burns' father and mother, containing a record of the births of their children. I have before me a well-executed *fac simile* of that record, and on the same sheet a *fac simile* of Bruce's Address from a manuscript in the poet's handwriting in my possession, and I now beg to present a copy of it to each gentleman present on this occasion. Mr. Burns resumed his seat amidst loud applause.

The Vice-Chairman, in proposing "The Arts, Science, and Literature of Ireland," said that the Scotch could not be charged with insensibility to the land they lived in. (Hear, hear.) It were unworthy the Scotch people to bring such a feeling into the country in which they had prospered, and in which they had been received with many thousand welcomes. (Applause.) They had a lively sympathy with all their institutions, and entered heartily into the commemorations of those memorable and great men that distinguished Ireland by their poetry, their oratory, by their pursuits in science and literature. (Applause.) In looking into her early history, one only wondered that under all the difficulties to which she was subjected from foreign invasion, and under all the misfortune of civil wars, that the taste for the arts had not died out, and that the lamp of science had not been extinguished, and that the path of literature had not ceased to be trodden by her sons. But there never was a time in Ireland's history when some of her sons were not able to take their place in all the three departments of elegant accomplishments. (Applause.) And, following up the old proverb, "There is no time like the present," they could safely affirm that never yet was there a call for an Irishman to take his post in the foremost ranks of those who promoted the arts, advanced science, or were distinguished in letters, that an Irishman was not found to take that place. (Hear, hear.) The Vice-Chairman then, in complimentary terms, coupled the name of Mr. W. R. Wilde with the toast.

Mr. Wilde responded in a speech fraught with eloquence, in which he gave a graphic sketch of the progress science and the arts had made in Ireland.

Mr. S. Ferguson then gave "The poetry and music of Scotland" in an appropriate speech.

Mr. A. Armstrong proposed "The poetry and music of Ireland."

The Vice-Chairman proposed "The health of the Lord Mayor," which was warmly received.

The Lord Mayor briefly returned thanks.

The Vice-Chairman next gave the "Army and Navy."

Colonel Sir J. E. Alexander said that he trusted the army would be found always ready to do their duty; and as to the navy, he was aware they exceeded in their desire to do their duty. In the trenches before Sebastopol, when requested to fire shells, instead of putting in one shell they put in a couple (laughter), and having brought up their heavy guns to the front they exposed themselves most fearlessly. Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen always nobly did their duty. (Applause.) As a Scotchman he felt it his duty to be present there on that occasion, and besides he had the honour for some years of wearing the tartan of the 42d Highlanders. He had marched to the music of the bagpipes, and he knew that Scotch soldiers were always exhilarated by the poetry of the immortal Burns—(applause)—listening to the immortal strain they had just heard sung—

> "Wha will be a traitor knave?
> Wha can fill a coward's grave?
> Wha sae base as be a slave?
> Traitor! coward! turn and flee!"

He would now take the liberty of alluding to Irish soldiers. (Applause.) In one of the last despatches of Sir Henry Havelock, he mentioned the soldier Kavanagh—the brave man who was found at last amidst ten of the mutineers whom he had slain. (Cheers). Sir Henry Havelock expressed a hope that that brave man would not be forgotten, nor his friends, by the nation. He left his friends as a legacy to the nation. He (Col. Alexander) ascertained at length that his father was living in Wexford; he was eighty years of age, in great want, and endeavouring to sustain life by acting as a farm servant. He trusted they would do honour to the memory of that Christian soldier, Sir Henry Havelock,

by seeking to carry out his wishes with reference to the father and friends of the brave Kavanagh.

Mr. H. W. Todd proposed "The city of Dublin, its trade and commerce."

"The Scottish Benevolent Society of St. Andrew," and other toasts having been proposed and responded to, the proceedings terminated.

Another dinner, to commemorate the centenary of the birthday of Burns, was held in Jude's Royal Hotel, Grafton Street. At half-past six o'clock upwards of 150 gentlemen sat down to dinner, which was provided in capital style by Mr. Jude.

The chair was occupied by Walter Irvine, Esq. of Hawick, and the vice-chair by William Keating Clay, Esq.

The cloth having been removed, and the usual loyal toasts having been proposed and drunk,

The CHAIRMAN proposed "The Lord Lieutenant and Prosperity to Ireland." He could not help remembering upon this occasion that the Earl of Eglinton belonged to the ancient and noble Scottish family of Montgomery, near one of whose estates the poet, whose centenary they were met to celebrate, was brought up. They would remember his lordship in connection with the celebrated *fete* of 1844, and while they drank his health as the representative of her Majesty in this part of the empire, they would also think of him as the chivalrous and high-minded Scottish nobleman. (Cheers.)

The toast was drunk amid loud cheers.

The next toast was that of "The Army and Navy," which was received with applause.

The CHAIRMAN now proposed the toast of the evening—He said, Gentlemen—We are assembled to-night to do honour to "The Memory of Burns," and to speak and think gratefully of him as the universal benefactor of his kind. In his noble, vigorous, and pathetic verses he has left a grand endowment, not only to Scotchmen, but to all mankind. He thought solemnly and deeply, and so became an adept in the study of human nature. As a poet, he purified many indelicate ditties, and gave us wondrous beauty instead of pollution. No song writer has ever upheld nobler or better principles in his lyrics. He taught the Scottish peasant self-reliance, and animated by the power of true genius, he stands upright and looks all men in the face without a blush, exclaiming in the language of his beloved bard,—

> "Is there, for honest poverty,
> That hangs his head and a' that?
> The coward slave, we pass him by—
> We dare be puir for a' that."

Grand principles are enunciated in these animated words. The world is not often favoured with such "large utterances." Your own great countryman, Edmund Burke, has given statesmen of all time imperishable political texts. Next to Shakspeare, indeed, he is the most suggestive of all English writers. I think he remarked, "The end of all government is the happiness of the people,"—a truth which all statesmen should bear in perpetual remembrance. Burns was also a moral philosopher. In this department he was as profound as in his favourite province of lyrical poetry. To justify this view, I need only refer you to the "Cottar's Saturday Night," and the "Address to a Young Friend." Every young man who leaves his father's home to "try the world" should keep that address very near his Bible. The wholesome advices contained in this grand homily are more valuable than many sermons. The student may wade through many volumes of learned philosophy, and not be able to cull so much wisdom from their elaborate sections as from the "Advice to a Young Friend." Every young man ought to learn it, and take its truths to heart and practise them. Gentlemen, let us now honour "The Memory of Burns," reverentially and in silence, as becomes the occasion. One hundred years after he dawned on the world, and sixty-three years after his sad life battle was closed, when his bright eyes were prematurely quenched in death, and while we do solemn honour to his memory by silent respect, let us also rejoice in his living works, and let us indicate our joy by grateful applause after we have sung his natal song.

The toast was drunk in impressive silence, after which the song, "There was a Lad was born in Kyle," was beautifully sung, the entire company standing and joining in the chorus. The song was followed by deafening rounds of applause.

At this period of the evening a deputation from the gentlemen who were holding the festival at the Antient Concert Rooms entered the room. They were received with loud applause.

Alderman CARNEGIE, of Cork, stated that they were deputed by the gentlemen who constituted the other meeting held to celebrate the Centenary of Burns, to visit their friends now present, to ask them were they enjoying themselves, and to bring the best wishes of those dining at the Antient Concert Rooms for the happiness of their evening.

The CHAIRMAN said that he was sure those present would appreciate the kindly spirit of good feeling which had prompted their friends in the Antient Concert Rooms to send this deputation. When they returned they might

say that those dining in Jude's were enjoying themselves, and that they reciprocated the kind wishes which had been expressed by Mr. Carnegie.

The Chairman then briefly proposed "Moore and the Poets of Ireland."

The toast was drunk amid enthusiastic applause.

The Vice-Chairman responded. He said:—Irish poetry still found worthy representatives in Samuel Ferguson, M'Carthy, and Lover. But, however, among these, Moore must still enjoy the pre-eminence that Burns did among the poets of Scotland. He was an ardent patriot as well as a graceful poet. It must be admitted that Burns was the greater philosopher, but still there were many points of comparison and similarity between them, and they would long be honoured and remembered as the greatest of lyric poets. (Loud cheers.)

The Vice-Chairman proposed "The Land o' Cakes," which was enthusiastically received.

Mr. Henderson then gave "The Lasses."

The Chairman then proposed "The Land we live in."

Mr. JOHN FRASER, Barrister-at-Law, responded. He said:—Though a Scotchman by descent he could not forget he was an Irishman by birth, and he would maintain that in genius, in poetry, eloquence, arts, and arms, Ireland was not inferior to any other land on the face of the earth. However, he would rather speak as a subject of the British Empire, and he should admit that while Ireland could boast of her great men, and Scotland her Burns, England might claim the two greatest uninspired names—Shakspeare and Newton. (Cheers.) Let them remember this, and while proud of their great countrymen, let them feel particular pride in the greatness and magnificence which the three countries as one empire had attained. (Cheers.)

The toasts of "Living Scottish Poets," and "The Peasantry of Scotland," were proposed, after which the proceedings terminated.

DUNDALK.—An interesting event took place here in the laying of the foundation stone of a handsome monument to be raised by public subscription over the remains of William Gault, land-steward to the late Matthew Fortescue, Esq., and Agnes Burns, his wife, the eldest sister of the Poet, who were both buried in Dundalk churchyard. Major Jocelyn laid the foundation stone. At six o'clock in the evening about seventy gentlemen sat down to dinner in the Market House. The Hon. Major Jocelyn occupied the chair, supported on the right by Chichester Fortescue, Esq., M.P., and on the left by Captain M'Neill and Robert Macneill, Esq., of Ballymascanlon. Mr. Robert Woods, of Stephenstown, acted as croupier. The toast of the evening was given by the Chairman in a brief but appropriate address.

GORT.—Mr. Andrew Wallace, Gort, in honour of Scotland's immortal Bard, invited all his Scotch friends, and a few Irish ones, residing in that handsome little town and neighbourhood, to a private entertainment in his own house. The chair was occupied by the worthy host, who, after the Queen and the other loyal and patriotic toasts had been proposed, gave in a very happy style the "Immortal Memory of Robert Burns," which was received by the guests in the warmest manner. Song—"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." The toast of the "Music and Poetry of Ireland" was replied to by Mr. John M'Glynn in very eloquent terms, after which he sung with great effect a song composed by himself for the occasion. Various other appropriate toasts and songs were given, and the evening passed laden with delight to all present, while at its close all heartily united in singing "Auld Langsyne."

LIMERICK.—The commemoration of this festival came off in the Theatre, Henry Street, with great *eclat*. The house was beautifully decorated—bannerets being suspended from the boxes in a tasteful manner, and mottoes—quotations from the works of Burns, encircled with wreaths, were fixed in various parts around the room. Behind the head table, a large collection of plants, evergreens, orange trees, &c., was displayed to much advantage, and over the Croupier's chair Burns' arms were placed, lighted overhead with a brilliant gas jet in the shape of a star.

The company numbered about 140, and every one of them will have a pleasing recollection of the happiness of such an entertainment. —The utmost cordiality and good fellowship prevailed throughout, and few public dinners in Limerick have passed off so successfully as the one in memory of Scotia's bard. The dinner was supplied by Mr. John Moore, in a manner that reflected credit on the *cuisinage* of his establishment. The entertainment was enlivened by music, songs, and glees, at intervals. Mr. T. Bailey, of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Cashel, presided at the piano.

The gentlemen who distinguished themselves by vocal harmony, such as even few professionals seldom surpassed in that temple of

song, were Messrs. Syme, Robinson, Boyd, and Bailey.

The arrangements of the stewards were excellent,—and these gentlemen were most unremitting in their efforts to provide for the comforts of the company.

The entrance of our two city members was greeted by loud and enthusiastic applause by the entire audience. Shortly after six o'clock the chair was taken by James Spaight, Esq., M.P. To the right of the Chairman sat his colleague, Francis William Russell, Esq., M.P. Among the other gentlemen at the head table, were Rev. David Wilson, A. Murray, T. G. Nairn, Alderman T. M'Donnell, W. D. Joynt, L. Quinlivan, and W. Fitzgerald; Dr. Gore, S. Bourchier, and W. Boyd, Esqrs. Mr. Hogg performed the duties of croupier, and the other tables were presided over by Messrs. J. Fife, and G. W. Pragnell. Grace before, and thanksgiving after the banquet, were said by the Rev. D. Wilson. The Chairman proposed "The Immortal Memory of Burns," in a speech of great eloquence. At about eight o'clock, as the toasts were about to commence, the boxes were thrown open to the admission of ladies, and they were soon filled by a galaxy of beauty, such as Limerick alone could produce,—and their presence added considerably to heighten the charms of as gay and festive a scene as any other centenary commemoration in the world could show.

NEWRY.—A large party dined here on Tuesday, under the chairmanship of James M'George, Esq.; Dr. Conner, and Joseph Longham, Esq., acted as croupiers. The toast of the evening was given from the chair.

TRALEE. — The admirers of the great peasant Bard of Scotland having, as our readers are already aware, determined to celebrate, by social banquets, the centenary of the birth of the immortal Burns, not alone throughout Scotland, England, and Ireland, but in every part of the earth in which the language in which he sang is understood—and where is the land where its beauty and its music are not known and felt?—the Scottish residents of Tralee, joined by several of their fellow-citizens, met on Tuesday evening at dinner in Benner's Great Room.

At half-past six o'clock, between forty and fifty gentlemen sat down to an abundant and exceedingly well-served dinner, every man his "pint-stoup" of excellent Sherry, and at the close of the evening's entertainment a "wee drappie" of something more "racy of the soil."

Mr. John Lumsden filled the chair, with characteristic good humour and judgment.

Mr. William Lunham, to whose enterprise our town and county owe so much, occupied the vice-chair.

In the vicinity of the chair and vice-chair, we noticed—The Worshipful Chancellor Swindelle, Messrs. John Egan, Edward Morphy, Michael Kennelly, Edward Riordan, Joseph J. O'Riordan, John De Courcy, (National Bank,) James Pearson, (Provincial Bank,) Thomas Hodgins, Thomas Morris, Edward Curry, James Lumsden, Charles M'Carthy, William Imrie, William Brick, George Johnston, Charles Johnston, Francis M'Carthy, Alexander Sutherland, John Moore, Adam M'Gregor, Adams Benner, John M'Allum, Donald Sutherland, Samuel Benner, David M'Gregor, George Moore (firm of Donovan and Moore), —— Jones, Dentist, &c.

Connor's excellent string band were in attendance, and, just as the viands were being cleared away, struck up "Auld Langsyne."

Dinner having been discussed, The Worshipful Chancellor Swindelle said grace.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been duly given and responded to, the CHAIRMAN said:—It appears to me that

> "Now's the day, and now's the hour,"

to celebrate the centenary of the immortal Scottish poet, Robert Burns. Thousands of the countrymen and admirers of the genius of that distinguished bard are assembled this evening, like us, to commemorate his birth, to admire his genius, and to do homage to one of the brightest stars that shine around the sun of Shakspeare. (Loud cheers.) Burns was a poet of nature—had a keen perception of its beauties, and what he wrote was the pure offspring of native genius. He tells us that the poetic genius of his country found him as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over him, and bade him sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of his native soil in his native tongue. (Cheers.) He was between fifteen and seventeen when he first wrote poetry. Love was the mother of his muse. He was early blessed with what was early blighted —his love for Highland Mary. How tender are his words—

> "The golden hours on angel wings
> Flew o'er me and my dearie,
> For dear to me, as light and life,
> Was my sweet Highland Mary."

Burns well deserves our homage, for, although

no statesman, warrior, architect, or engineer, has he not benefited our race by expressions of noble sentiment and of glorious thought? Has he not reconciled poverty to its hard lot, and lightened the burden of care with his music? Has he not, in strains unrivalled in simplicity, and yet in fervid solemnity, portrayed "The Cottar's Saturday Night"—so that by this immortal song he has for ever sanctified the poor man's cot, and that by a picture which genius, inspired by piety, could alone have conceived? Has he not poured the patriotism of a Wallace and a Bruce, in language which has immortalized alike the poet and the warriors? Burns loved the humblest condition of humanity, and nobly and boldly stood up for the independence of the class to which he belonged—

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

Sentiments such as these stamp Burns as a poet of the highest order; and while we drink in solemn silence to the memory of Burns, let us think of the honour he has conferred on the country that gave him birth, and of his world-wide fame. "The Memory of Robert Burns."

Drunk in solemn silence.

Air—"Burns' Farewell."

Mr. Joseph J. O'Riordan—Mr. Chairman and Vice, I have now to propose the next toast: I ask you to drink in solemn silence, "The Memory of Tom Moore."

Air—"O blame not the Bard."

The Worshipful Chancellor SWINDELLE then proposed, in a speech which drew down thunders of applause, "The Land o' Cakes." There could be, he said, no more suggestive toast than "The Land o' Cakes." It indicated that, if Scotland was not a land flowing with milk and honey"—though the untiring industry of Scotia's sons might be said to have made it such—it was a land in which no man would be permitted to beg his bread, or die of starvation. It was emphatically, in this sense, a land of *cakes*. The history of chivalry contained no brighter page than that which recorded the martial story of old Scotland. (Cheers.) Her chivalrous loyalty, like that witnessed in our own land, to a dynasty now happily passed away, has afforded a glorious theme for the historian, the novelist, and the poet. To have been the birthplace of Burns is among not the least of her glories. (Cheers.) The nursery of arms and arts and sciences, each of her sons may exclaim, in the words of the immortal bard of Mantua,

"Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris."

(Cheers.) After some further observations, the rev. gentlemen concluded by giving "The Land o' Cakes." (Great cheering.)

Air—"Scots wha hae."

The festivities were continued till after twelve, having been enlivened by several incidental toasts, speeches, and songs.

The Chairman, before vacating the chair, gave the health of their worthy host and hostess (Mr. and Mrs. Benner), whose excellent entertainment and arrangements had contributed so much to the comfort of the evening.

COLONIES.

ABERFOYLE, CANADA WEST.—The anniversary was celebrated by a supper, attended by a party of about thirty persons,—Mr. John Cockburn, chairman; Mr. K. M'Kenzie, vice; and Mr. John Black, croupier.

AYR, C. W.—The dinner was highly successful. Upwards of 150 persons were present. Mr. William Kay occupied the chair, supported on the right by Dr. Caw, and on the left by Joseph Kilgour, senior, Esq. The vice-chair was filled by Mr. Alison.

BATHURST, N. B.—The centennial birthday of the peasant poet was celebrated in Bathurst with all the honours. Thirty gentlemen, including many of the prominent inhabitants of the place, sat down to supper. Wm. Napier, Esq., presided, and John Ferguson, Theophilus Des Brisay, and Matthew Carruthers, Esqs., officiated as vice-presidents.

BELLEVILLE, C. W.—The anniversary was celebrated with becoming honour by the Scotchmen of Belleville and vicinity. Others, admirers of the genius of Burns, who claim not the land of the "heather and the braes," as the home of their nativity, joined heartily in the festivities of the day. The special feature of the day was a sleigh-ride, consisting of over sixty sleighs and cutters. In the procession was a rustic-looking habitation, mounted on runners, intended as a representation of Burns' cot. It was constructed chiefly of evergreen and twisted hay, and presented a very attractive appearance. The festival at the Dafoe House, in the evening, was a grand affair. The large dining hall was crowded to excess, and a considerable number were unable to obtain admittance. There could not have been less than 400 present, among which were the beauty and *élite* of the town.

George Neilson, Esq., President, took the chair, and opened the evening's entertainment by a brief reference to the poets and heroes of Scotland, among whom stood pre-eminent him to whose memory they had assembled to do honour. The oration of the evening was made by Mr. Burdon, Principal of the Grammar School.

The meeting was also addressed by the Rev. Mr. Clunie and others. The speeches were interspersed with a number of Scottish songs, and the proceedings terminated with a ball, which was kept up till morning.

BOMBAY, E. I.—The demonstration in Bombay, in honour of Burns, was all that could be desired. Nowrozjee Ardaseer Davur, Esq., kindly lent his splendid mansion at Tardeo for the occasion; and a more magnificent ball-room than it contained could not have been procured. The grounds were brilliantly lighted up, while the interior was one mass of splendour. The company began to assemble at about half-past eight; and at nine, dancing commenced with great spirit, which was vigorously sustained until twelve o'clock, at which hour all adjourned to supper. Upwards of two hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen sat down to a table laden with every delicacy of the season; and so laid out with fruit, flowers, and lustres, that the scene seemed one of enchantment rather than of reality. The champagne and other wines were iced to a second; and the music of cork-drawing told how well they were appreciated.

After ample justice had been done to the viands, the toasts next claimed attention.

Right Worshipful Brother Crawford, (Manager of the Bombay Steam Navigation Company), Master of Lodge "Perseverance," and Right Worshipful Brother Cartwright, (Leckie & Co.), Provincial Grand Master of Western India, gave the usual loyal Masonic toasts and responses: after which Right Worshipful Brother George Craig, Editor of the *Telegraph and Courier* newspaper, rose and gave the

toast of the evening. He said:—The toast which I have been asked to propose is one, to which both the lateness of the hour and the festivity of the evening will prevent me doing justice. We must not forget that, however alluring the deity of song may be, we have assembled to-night to do honour to the poetess of motion. But my toast is happily one which requires neither an encroachment upon pleasure, the pomp of language, nor the splendour of eloquence; and its best response is silence!

The memory I would recall—the shade I would invoke, is that of Robert Burns—the poet, the mason, and the man! Yesterday was the centenary of his birth, and the sympathies of the civilized world vibrated at the mere mention of his name.

By an accident we have been obliged to celebrate his nativity to-night instead of yesternight; but the enthusiastic and happy faces I see around me are a sufficient guarantee that our worship at the shrine of Burns, although late, will nevertheless be accepted.

I need not here dilate upon his high attainments, his rare genius, and his matchless wit; they are known wherever a taste for the beautiful is cultivated. I shall, therefore, sum up his virtues and his failings in the immortal words of the Poet of all time,—

> "He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again."

The toast, "The Memory of Burns," was drank amidst solemn silence; and it seemed to be regretted that the lateness of the hour prevented the speaker from enlarging upon such a fruitful theme.

Right Worshipful Brother R. B. Barton, Barrister-at-Law, Brother John Macfarlane, Solicitor, and James Berkley, Esq., Resident Engineer of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, proposed and responded to, in neat and appropriate speeches, "The Ladies," "Our Guests," and the other toasts usual upon such occasions.

Right Worshipful Brother Cartwright gave the final toast of the evening—"To all Poor and Distressed Masons wherever they may be; and may they speedily find relief."

This toast, as is customary amongst Masons, was also drank in silence; after which the supper-party broke up and repaired to the ball-room, where dancing was recommenced, and kept up with great spirit until after gunfire.

"Sir Roger de Coverly" terminated the amusements of the evening; and it has been universally admitted that a more pleasing or more successful demonstration than the Burns Centenary Masonic Ball was never witnessed in Bombay.

BRANTFORD, C. W.—The day was celebrated at this place by a large supper-party. Nearly 300 ladies and gentlemen sat down at the table. Allan Cleghorn, Esq., President of the St. Andrew's Society, took the chair, and Messrs. Botham, Greer, Clement, and Henwood acted as croupiers. The Rev. J. Young replied in an able speech to the toast of the evening, and numerous excellent speeches followed.

CHATHAM, C. W.—About 200 sat down to dinner, Dr. Robertson acting as President, and A. M'Kellar, Esq., M.P.P., as Vice-President. The principal speakers were Mr. George Jamieson, Principal of the Grammar School of Kent, Mr. M'Sween, assistant in that institution, Walter M'Crea, Mayor of Chatham, Dr. Cross, George Duck, Esq., Mr. W. M'Kenzie Ross, and Mr. J. W. Rose, of the *Advertiser*. A ball, in which some 100 couples joined, was kept up with great spirit until morning.

CHATHAM, MIRAMICHI, N. B.—The Burns Centenary Festival, under the auspices of the Highland Society, took place at Bowser's Hotel, and for years to come will the happy hours of festive mirth then spent be remembered by those who assembled there that night.

CLINTON, C. W.—The occasion was celebrated in Clinton by a procession and ball. The procession, which was by torch-light, was headed by three stalwart pipers in Highland costume.

DOWNIE, C. W.—Mr. James Simpson, of Downie, invited a number of his friends and neighbours to his house, on the 25th, to do honour to the memory of the poet.

DUNDAS, C. W.—A dinner took place on the occasion at Riley's Hotel, at which were present about 70 Scotchmen, accompanied by English, Irish, Canadian, and American friends. The meeting was one of the most pleasant that ever came off in the town of Dundas, and the proceedings gave unmixed satisfaction to all who were present.

DUNVILLE, C. W.—This testimonial came off in Boswell Hall, where a very large party sat down to dinner at eight o'clock, spread by Mr. Mitchell. The company numbered about 100. The address of the President, A.

M'Donald Lockhart, Esq., was very appropriate.

ELORA, C. W.—The admirers of Burns met in Bain's Commercial Hotel, to celebrate the centennial birthday of the ploughman bard. About fifty gentlemen sat down to supper—Dr. Finlayson in the chair, and Mr. Philips vice-chairman.

FERGUS, C. W.—The Fergus Division of Sons of Temperance held a soiree, which was attended with a degree of success unprecedented on any similar occasion in the village.

FREDERICTON, N. B.—About sixty gentlemen honoured the memory of Robert Burns, on the evening of the 25th, by dining together at Mr. Whelpley's Hotel. Dr. Robb occupied the chair; and the dinner and its associations passed off as well as possible.

GALT, C. W.—With a promptitude which only intense admiration of the man and his works could stimulate, the inhabitants of Galt, and all parts of Dumfries, assembled to the number of a thousand or twelve hundred, ladies as well as gentlemen, in the Town Hall, to do honour to the memory of Robert Burns. These sentiments consisted of recitations from the Poet's works; some of his sweetest, most patriotic, and manly songs; addresses from gentlemen of well-known ability; music from the Galt band; singing by the Galt Philharmonic Society; and exquisite music from the piano, at which Mr. Veit presided.

GEELONG.—The festival celebrative of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Burns was observed in the Mechanics' Institute Hall by 120 admirers of Scotia's bard.

Mr. Alexander Fife occupied the chair.

The vice-chair was occupied by Mr. H. S. Wills, M.L.A. Mr. John Bell, M.L.A., and Mr. John Calvert officiated as croupiers. On the immediate right and left of the Chairman were the Rev. Andrew Lowe, Mr. Wm. Strachan, Mr. A. C. Macdonald, and Mr. William Fraser.

After the usual preliminary toasts,

The CHAIRMAN called upon all guests to fill their glasses, preparatory to the toast of the evening. He felt it a great honour for a Scotchman some sixteen thousand miles away from the land of his birth to have it in his power to say a hundred years after the birth of their illustrious poet that he had had it in his power to preside over a meeting like that. The occasion was no doubt equally gratifying to others who were not Scotchmen, but admirers of Burns. They might live another century, and not see another man like Burns. He did not approach this toast with levity. In Burns they found a man of the people, a man to whom the people of Scotland and England had done justice after they had lost him. On the day of his death there was many a stalwart eye shed tears. He would leave it with the gentleman who was intrusted with the response to the toast to deal more at large with the subject. He would call upon the guests to drink to the memory of Burns in solemn silence.

The toast was drunk accordingly.

Band—"The Land of the Leal."

The Rev. ANDREW LOVE responded to the toast in a speech at the same time pleasant and pathetic. He said he had come from a sick room which he ought not except on such an occasion to have quitted. It would be ungracious and ungrateful in him to say that he had undertaken this task unwillingly; although when he was a boy he could better have quoted the poetry of Burns than his present memory and strength would enable him to do. No doubt they were all aware that some years ago a person of his profession would have felt it an insult to be asked to be present on such an occasion; but that time had passed. He felt it a high honour to be placed in the position he then occupied. As a boy he had often by "Bonnie Doon" read by stealth the poems of Burns, and many a boy had had the book under his pillow in preference to his "Shorter Catechism." (Laughter and cheers.) Burns was the one prohibited book to all who would boast of orthodoxy and virtue. To find a copy of Burns beside the "big ha' Bible" of any family was sufficient in the estimation of canting zealots to stamp that family with all the sweeping condemnation of a "Holy Willie," or an unbeliever. This was among the "unco gude" of Scotland in that day, and this arose chiefly from the irregularities of the man and the freeness and keenness of his satirical attacks on every species of bigotry and superstition which were prevalent in Scotland in the days of Burns, and to some extent in his own younger days also. The supposed looseness of his morals and his irregular habits must ever be regretted, yet if Burns had been of a more sober and staid disposition, less convivial, less impulsive and impassioned under the influence of social companionship, the world never would have witnessed some of his most bewitching

and exquisite pieces, which had raised him to the very highest place among the poets of Scotland, and to a position of equality in all that constitutes true genius with the poets of any land. But Burns, the man, had passed away. Burns, the poet, remained. Let them hope that his words were prophetic when he sung so sweetly and so hopefully of the "Land of the leal." Mr. Love then spoke of the humorous, pathetic, and descriptive talent of Burns, illustrating each by quotations given with great zest, and which were heartily applauded by the audience.

Sundry other toasts were drunk and responded to, and much harmony indulged in, after which the meeting gradually broke up.

GUELPH, C. W.—Such was the interest felt in the occasion, that work was to a great extent suspended in this locality. A goodly number of the poet's countrymen arrived in town during the day from the villages in the district, some of them travelling ten, twenty, or thirty miles, to assist in honouring the memory of the bard. Great difficulty was experienced by the committee on account of the comparative smallness of the Town Hall, the only suitable room in the town. The hall is only capable of accommodating about three hundred, whereas there were nearly twice that number of applications for tickets; and the desire of the committee to accommodate as many as possible caused unavoidable crowding. At the appointed hour the hall was completely filled, about one-third of the company being ladies. A. J. Fergusson, Esq., paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of the poet. A "Scotch" concert followed, which gave general satisfaction. Between the parts the Rifle band played some excellent music. An original poem composed by Mr. Alexander M'Lachlan, was read by Mr. James Gow, after which the company adjourned to the refreshment-room, and dancing was subsequently commenced, and kept up till the following morning.

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—Yesterday was a magnificent day. At early morn, looking eastward, the hazy atmosphere, tinged with the rays of the great luminary behind, seemed figurative of the occasion about to be celebrated. Later in the day the more direct rays of heaven's great orb shone forth in its effulgence, dispersing the hazy veil around.—So, as the day wore on, were the lesser lights and thoughts of those about us forgotten in the magic power and genius of him who was personified so well by the orator of the day.

Displays of flags, in various directions, were floating in the air,—and at every turn animated Scotchmen might be seen, denoting by their smiles, the pleasure experienced at the preparations being made to honour the memory of their favourite countryman.

Between one and two o'clock ladies and gentlemen might be seen moving towards Temperance Hall, which was, very judiciously, first opened to the ladies, who filled the gallery and wings—presenting a magnificent picture.

Shortly after two o'clock the North British and Highland Societies, who had assembled at Masonic Hall, marshalled by Mr. Wm. Grant, moved off to the strains of the Highland pipes, towards Temperance Hall, passing through Granville Street. Prominent in the procession were the rich banners of the Societies, the Highland dresses of several of the members and two or three wee laddies, and the Orator of the Day amid the gaily decorated office-bearers of the Society. Arriving at the Hall the platform was filled by prominent leaders of the Societies and leading citizens; in the centre the Red Lion of Scotland was held by Mr. Thomas Hume, supported on either side by Messrs. James Wallace and John P. Muir, and the wee lads, all in Highland costume,—the venerable Chief Justice occupying the chair. While the procession were being seated, the band of the 62d Regt., who were stationed in the gallery, played a lively Scotch air.

The Chairman observed, that just one hundred years ago, in a humble village of Ayrshire, Robert Burns was born. He said he could not wonder why Scotchmen delight in honouring the name of the poet, when they remembered his "Cottar's Saturday Night" and his efforts to elevate the peasantry of Scotland. He was proud, he said, as a member of the North British Society, to preside on the present occasion. Without further remark, he said he had much pleasure in introducing the Hon. William Young, the orator for the day. This announcement was received with hearty expressions of applause.

The Hon. William Young said—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—When the marshal just now requested the band to play a Scottish tune, and stated by a slip of the tongue that presently you would have something better, he volunteered a promise which it is impossible to fulfil—for what voice, however eloquent or inspired, could surpass the Scottish muse? (Cheers.)

By an unanimous vote of the General Committee, it was determined that besides the banquet in the evening, which will probably be one of the most brilliant affairs ever witnessed in the Province, an oration should be delivered

in this place upon the genius and character of Burns, so as to give scope for a more critical and elaborate review of his writings than would otherwise have been possible, and to admit the fairer sex to a share in the festivities of the day, from which they would else have been excluded.

It was also unanimously decided that I should deliver this oration, a responsible but agreeable duty, and which I cannot but account the highest compliment ever paid me by the partiality of my countrymen. (Cheers.)

It is a gratifying circumstance that the chair is filled by the venerable Chief Justice—the head of my own profession—at the great age of eighty-four, with his affections still warm and his intellect undimmed, a living impersonation of the integrity and purity of the administration of the law. Perhaps on this occasion I may be permitted to say that it is not impossible that the Scottish blood which circulates in his veins may have contributed to the formation of those estimable and sterling qualities which illustrate and adorn his character. (Cheers.)

In glancing my eye over this brilliant *parterre*, it is gratifying to find that the ladies have assembled in such force—for, after all, what would an oration be, and more especially an oration on Burns, the very poet of love, were it not hailed and illuminated by female smiles?—(Loud cheers.) To a Scotchman, and, as I have reason to think, to a Nova Scotian, as well as a Scotchman, the very presence of the sex is an inspiration, and kindles his imagination into a warmer and tenderer glow. (Renewed cheers.) I think also that the General Committee has been happily compounded—all shades of opinion are there—and party differences, by common consent, are for a time forgotten. The extreme Liberal and the extreme Conservative are beside me. Her Majesty's government and her Majesty's opposition are duly represented. I see my honourable friend, the Receiver General, indulging in a laugh with a liberal committeeman, and am inclined to think that he has not appeared to such advantage or enjoyed himself half so much at any time these two years as during the last fortnight while he has been under my fatherly care.

But this celebration is marked by a grander and more distinctive feature. Where in the history of the world was ever such ovation paid as this day to the memory of Burns? In every quarter of the globe, wherever the Scottish race has penetrated, we may be assured that they are now assembled to do honour to their national poet. The most distinguished literary men of the mother country and America, without distinction of origin, will contribute their finest talents to raise one universal song of praise, which will ascend from every corner of the earth. The countrymen of Burns, to be sure, as is natural and proper, lead the way, but they carry with them the sympathy and approval of all educated men. Here is true fame!—an earnest of the spirit, which is every day more and more developed, and overlooking the old and factitious distinctions, awards the highest place to intellect and genius.

And as Scotland, thus glorying in her son, has largely participated in the progress of the age. The Duke of Argyle, in a speech recently delivered in Dundee, shows how wonderfully she has advanced during the last century in all the elements of wealth and civilization, to a degree, indeed, that is scarcely exceeded by the Canadas or the Western States. Cobbett, who, it must be admitted, whatever his faults may have been, was a keen observer, and one of the most racy and idiomatic writers in our tongue, full of English prejudices against Scotland, was tempted to visit the rich straths and valley of the Clyde, and in a sketch which he has given of his journey, recants all his old opinions,—and paints with fervid eloquence the beauty of the river—the exquisite and varied scenery, and the evidences everywhere apparent of improvement and wealth.

Some ten or twelve years ago, while in the North of Scotland, after enjoying the sunrise and the whirring of the black-cock from among the heather on the top of Birnam Hill, I proceeded through the pass of Killicrankie—famous for the fall of Dundee—the Claverhouse of Scott—and was astonished to find in that remote region a skilful and scientific agriculture—cottages embowered with the eglantine and the rose—hotels with all the modern appliances—and symptoms of a refined and progressive people.

With such a country it is not to be wondered at that Scotland takes such a strong hold of the affections of her sons, and that the Scottish enthusiasm is aroused on a day like this.

It will be necessary, in order to understand the character and position of Burns, to take a rapid glance at the literature of his country.

The literary history of Scotland previous to the days of Burns presents some remarkable features. In the days of the early James' she produced a body of men not inferior to the leading minds of the Southern kingdom,—but after the transfer of the court to London, and the withdrawal of the nobility, the spirit of the nation seemed to be paralyzed, and in the long interval of nearly two centuries—from Buchanan to Hume—there was scarcely one distinguished writer to be found in her literary annals. The country, torn by dissensions, and agitated by the rebellions of 1715 and 1745,

seemed at one time as if she were about to lose her ancient manly spirit, and sink into a province. But the native character of the people received a new impulse, and Scotland, in the words of her own poet—

> "Come, firm resolve, take thou the van,
> Thou stalk of carl-hemp in man,"—

assumed fresh courage, and asserted her independence. It was then that a galaxy of eminent men sprang up.

Dr. Robertson's History of Scotland appeared in 1754—Hume's England at the same period—and a few years later, Adam Smith published his celebrated Wealth of Nations, which laid the foundation of the modern science of political economy. Of this celebrated book, Buckle, in his late fascinating and brilliant, but somewhat dangerous work, does not hesitate to say, that it has exerted a larger influence on public opinion and the destinies of mankind, than all the legislation of the Imperial Parliament. Dugald Stewart, too, had just entered upon his course of metaphysical enquiry—and the intellect of the country, although somewhat tainted with foreign admixture, was everywhere reviving and expanding, when suddenly there arose a great national poet from the very midst of the people.

As the ballads of a country are the groundwork of its historical knowledge, so the man who has the genius to write its songs, exercises an influence oftentimes superior to its legislators. God save the Queen and Rule Britannia excite an enthusiasm which an act of Parliament cannot, and the Song of the Shirt has drawn forth sympathetic tears and touched the finest emotions of the heart. Poetry to be effective must be true to nature, and awaken a corresponding echo in the hearts of the people. Now the poetry of Burns was eminently true and eminently national. He was touched by an enthusiastic love of his country, and his country has passionately returned his love. All hail then to the birth of Robert Burns, the poet of Scotland, the poet of all time.

Robert Chambers, in his recent biography, styles him "the great peasant." Professor Wilson describes him as the greatest poet who has ever sprung from the bosom of the people. But it is injustice to him to consider him merely as a prodigy. Had he been nothing else, he had long since been forgotten. His claims to intellectual distinction are independent of his birth. Nature herself stamped on his ample brow the seal of a rare and original genius.

There is nothing more striking in literary history than his sudden appearance—a dark-browed, manly, independent thinker—in the literary coteries of Edinburgh, where he contended on equal terms with the highest—dissolved them by his pathos into tears, or overwhelmed them with floods of merriment. Yet he was not intoxicated by the draught, and when his bubble of fame was in the zenith, he saw the reverse which was too sure to follow. Johnson, the great moralist of England, after producing his London—a satire in its power of expression, knowledge of life and character, and true poetry, scarce inferior to Juvenal—wandered about the streets of the metropolis for days in want of food. The neglect and privations then of Burns were not peculiar to Scotland. He derived his enjoyments from other than external sources, or as he himself expressed it—

> "It's no in titles nor in rank;
> It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
> To purchase peace and rest;
> It's no in makin' muckle mair;
> Its no in books, its no in lear,
> To make us truly blest;
>
> If happiness hae not her seat
> And centre in the breast,
> We may be wise, or rich, or great,
> But never can be blest."

With hard fortune then, but with a stout heart, and calm content in his peasant home, our poet cultivated the seeds of poetry and national feeling. He tells us that Blind Harry's Life of Wallace was his first book. This favourite poet of the Scottish peasant he devoured with patriotic ardour. "It poured," he said, "a tide of Scottish prejudice in my veins which will boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."

The vision of Mirza and the Hymns of Addison, some dramas of Shakspeare, Pope's Homer, Locke on the Human Understanding, were among his earliest studies.

The man who could master these, and appreciate them, was no vulgar peasant. Above all, he was familiar with his Bible, and drew inspiration from the fervid devotion of the Psalms, and the sublime eloquence of Job and Isaiah.

Burns' favourite book, however, was a collection of Scottish songs and ballads. It was his *vade mecum* and his companion—he conned them over line by line till they became his familiar friends, and he taught himself how to distinguish the true pathetic and sublime from affectation and fustian. Like Scott, too, his imagination in early youth was fed from the old superstitions and ballads of his country. An old woman in the family had an immense store of them. His mother was well versed in this favourite literature of the peasantry, and Jean, his wife—like the old woman of Moliere—with her native wood-notes wild—sang every song as he composed it, and married his im-

mortal verse to the favourite airs of his country. He was fired, too, with a lofty ambition—to use his own fine and characteristic image—like the groping of Homer's Cyclops round the cave, he cherished the eager desire which he has poured forth in verse—

> "Even then a wish,—I mind its power,—
> A wish that to my latest hour
> Shall strongly heave my breast,
> That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
> Some usefu' plan or beuk could make,
> Or sing a sang at least."

But he sought greatness by identifying himself with the people. He looked upon rural life not through "the aerial veil of imagination," but in its reality—hallowed and warmed with a poetic glow. He felt the power of nature and aspired to be her poet.

"I have some favourite flowers," said he, "in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can all this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery which, like the Æolian Harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities; a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave."

Thus it was that he communed with nature, both in her external aspects and her immaterial essence, till at length every phase of passion, from the wildest gust that thrills along the strings, and wakes to ecstacy the living lyre—from the sublime ardour of the patriot, roused to defend his country—to the softest breathings of the most delicious of the passions, found its exponent and interpreter in Burns. His famous war ode, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"—the noblest and most stirring ever written by man, and which has nerved many a Highland regiment as they rushed with the far-sounding cheer into the thickest of the battle—he composed amidst the fiercest turmoil of the elements, while the poet felt the inspiration, and thoughts, imagery, and feelings came rushing upon him during the storm, "firm" as the measured tread of marching men.

"It was his delight, he tells us, to wander alone on the banks of the Ayr, whose stream is now immortal, and to listen to the song of the blackbird at the close of the summer's day. But still greater was his pleasure in walking on the sheltered side of a wood, in a cloudy winter day, and hearing the storm rave among the trees; and more elevated still his delight to ascend some eminence during the agitations of nature, to stride along its summit, while the lightning flashed around him, and, amidst the howlings of the tempest, to apostrophize the spirit of the storm. Such situations he declares most favourable to devotion—'Wrapt in enthusiasm, I seem to ascend towards Him who walks on the wings of the wind.'"

It was his pleasure, too, and his good fortune, to cultivate the provincial dialect of his country—a dialect not mean and vulgar, like that of some distant county, but the language of a cultivated people and of polite life—full of a wild, warbling cadence, and, in the mouth of an accomplished woman, the most delicious music in the world.

> "He woo'd each maiden in song,"—

as Wilson finely says—"that will, as long as our Doric dialect is breathed in beauty's ears, be murmured close to the cheek of innocence, trembling in the arms of passion."

But it is said that Burns sang too seducingly the praises of "John Barleycorn." True it is he said—

> "That if you do but taste his blood,
> 'Twill make your courage rise."

True it is, that of his favourite hero he said—

> "Wi' just a drappie in his e'e,
> He was nae fou, but just had plenty."

And that Burns occasionally may have resembled the hero he depicted,—but it is equally true that he was never seen intoxicated in Dumfries, and that he loved "the social crack," and the company far better than the drink—and if the truth must be told, the lawyers of Edinburgh—"the noblesse of the robe," as they were styled with their high jinks, which Scott has immortalized in his Guy Mannering—were more to blame for the example they set than the peasant poet. While, as to the clergy, Professor Wilson testifies that he has heard—"Willie brewed a peck o' maut," sung with great unction and success at Presbytery dinners—but surely this was a libel on the Kirk. A much more serious charge affects the religious convictions of our poet. "Offended conventionalities," as Chambers expresses it, "brooded and whispered over his grave," and it must be confessed that occasionally over his poems there is cast a levity of expression, not at all in accordance with the purer and more refined taste of the present age. Let us recollect,

however, that we must try him by the standard of his own time, and not by ours. His wildest wit, says Gray, was never tainted by indecency. Lord Cockburn, the biographer of Jeffrey, in his recent most amusing and graphic memorials of his own time, describes a laxity of expression and usages, in the clergy and the ladies of that age, not inconsistent with genuine piety and refinement as then understood, but which would be shocking to us now. Some of the verses in "Holy Willie's Prayer" would be nowadays indefensible, but if it were a true picture of the cant and hypocrisy it scourged, the lash was well applied. In his most celebrated piece, the "Holy Fair," which was approved and corrected by Dr. Blair, while he lashes the follies, the affectation, and the grimaces of the actors, he keeps aloof from the Communion Table, and we could hardly wish one of the most spirited and poetic satires that was ever penned, unwritten.

His best letters to Mrs. Dunlop are full of expressions of religious feeling and religious faith,—and in his letter to Cunningham, written in 1794—two years before his death—he says: "It is in this point of view, and for this reason, that I will deeply imbue the mind of every child of mine with religion. If my son should happen to be a man of feeling, sentiment, and taste, I shall thus add largely to his enjoyments. These are no ideal pleasures: they are real delights; and I ask which of the delights among the sons of men are superior, not to say equal, to them? And they have this precious vast addition, that conscious virtue stamps them for her own; and lays hold on them to bring herself into the presence of a witnessing, judging, and approving God."

They, says Lockhart, who have been told that Burns was ever a degraded being—who have permitted themselves to believe that his only consolations were those which "the opiate guilt applies to grief," will do well to pause over this noble letter and judge for themselves.

But the noblest answer may be drawn from the most perfect of his poems—"The Cottar's Saturday Night"—the most beautiful and touching picture that was ever sketched of unaffected piety and rural life in a cottage.

The honourable speaker here quoted largely from the "Cottar's Saturday Night" and "Tam o' Shanter," after which he proceeded: I have been speaking of Burns as a Scottish poet, and Scotland may well be proud that she produced him; but now that the faint lines between England and Scotland have all but vanished, and that Ireland is drawing more closely every day to Britain, so that these two magnificent islands—small in dimensions, but magnificent in power—are combining into a perfect union, Scottish genius is British genius. The unapproachable majesty of Milton—the wonderful power and inspiration of Shakspeare—the felicitous diction and simplicity of Goldsmith—and the airy vivacity and brilliancy of Moore, are the common inheritance of us all, and belong to us in Nova Scotia as well as to the native Briton. (Loud and enthusiastic cheering.)

Burns, like other poets, was a being of impulse and feeling. He had strong passions which sometimes misled him; but his heart was always tender, and he had a generous nature. His anxieties were for others, his mother, his wife, his brother Gilbert, and he had learned the true secret of happiness, without which no distinction in law or literature—in politics or in philosophy—will make a man truly blessed.

> "What maks fireside a happy clime
> To weans and wife;
> That's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life."

Burns was a most affectionate husband. It was his "craze," as he said, to see his Jean well put on. She had the first gingham gown that any woman of her station ever wore in Dumfries, and his extravagance rose at last to such a pitch that her clothing cost the enormous sum of forty shillings sterling a-year.

It was the eminence of Burns that made his errors conspicuous. The dark spots were shown by the very light of his genius. Let him that hath no sin cast the first stone at Burns. He paid the penalty of his genius, and was exposed to a thousand temptations which duller intellects cannot apprehend. God had afflicted him with a constitutional melancholy. "I have wished a hundred times," said he, "that I could resign my life as any officer does his commission, for I would not take in any poor ignorant wretch by selling out." Mark his own epitaph:—

> "The poor inhabitant below
> Was quick to learn and wise to know,
> And keenly felt the friendly glow,
> And softer flame;
> But thoughtless follies laid him low,
> And stain'd his name!"

There he did injustice to himself. The name of Burns is not stained, but lives and will live in immortal honour, and his grave, for centuries to come, will be a place of pilgrimage, and watered by the tears of every lover of genius. He died early. What might he not have been had a few more years been spared to him. Johnson, at the age of thirty-eight, had produced only his tragedy of Irene, London, and the life of Savage. The numerous works which have given him so high a place in the literature of England would never have been produced

had he then been cut off. Our poet died early, but not unlamented;—the close of many an illustrious life has been darker than his. Scotland cannot altogether be exempted from reproach. But England and Ireland, too, have not always been just to the men who have contributed to their fame. Sheridan, who had so often delighted the House of Commons, and, in his famous speech on the trial of Warren Hastings, had surpassed even Burke himself—whose comedies are still amongst the choicest treasures of the English stage—died solitary and forgotten, when his wealthy and noble friends gave him the mockery of a splendid funeral. The death-bed of Chatterton, with all the frightful accompaniments of disease and destitution, is one of the finest efforts of the modern pencil, which attracted my admiration at the Great Exhibition of the Arts in Manchester. Bloomfield and Clare, too, were admired for a season, then left to perish. Burns at least preserved his independence. He died out of debt,—though from an overstrained and false delicacy, he refused pecuniary compensation for those matchless songs which have been sung by millions, and will last while the English language endures.

Many anxious hours—many days of gloom and despondency were his lot—but the exercise and the consciousness of his own talents were sources of deep enjoyment which only the poet can appreciate. On this auspicious day his fame has inspired two original poems now in my hand, one from a fair poetess, whose name I am not at liberty to mention—the other sent to me anonymously, but, as I believe, also from a female pen, and neither, as I understand, drawing their lineage from Scotland.

Here the speaker read portions from both productions, which were received with great applause.

And now I shall draw to a conclusion. I have not deemed it respectful to this enlightened audience, nor just to myself, to extenuate too far the errors into which Burns was sometimes seduced,—but his errors are forgotten in the blaze of his reputation, and the love which we cherish for his memory. And, in the words of Byron, who united with Campbell and Scott in pronouncing him a poet of the highest order, already has

> "Glory without end
> Scattered the clouds away—and on that name attend
> The tears and praises of all time."
> (Enthusiastic cheers.)

At the close of the oration, the Chief Justice expressed the pleasure he, and he had no doubt all present, had enjoyed. He could add nothing to the pleasurable feelings excited by the Hon. Mr. Young.

William Murdoch, Esq., was then called to the chair.

A vote of thanks was moved by John Esson, Esq., to the Chief Justice, which passed, followed by three enthusiastic cheers for that venerable and esteemed gentleman. The band struck up "Auld Langsyne."

The Attorney General, standing among the audience, passed a high compliment to Mr. Young, and moved a vote of thanks to that gentleman, which passed unanimously, followed by three hearty cheers. The compliment was gracefully acknowledged by Mr. Young.

Three cheers were then given for the Queen; the band played the national anthem, and the whole company withdrew. The societies formed in procession again, and walked to the Masonic Hall, where they separated.

The Dinner.—In the evening about 320 persons sat down to a splendidly prepared dinner at Mason Hall, which was presided over by the Hon. W. Young. Captain Taylor, the President of the North British Society, occupied the chair at the foot of the table. His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor and Staff were present, as well as a number of officers of the different corps.

After the usual preliminary toasts, the Hon. Chairman, in proposing "The Health of the Lieut.-Governor," said:—Mr. Vice, we are honoured this night with the presence of the Lieut.-Governor, the representative of Her Majesty, who, like ourselves, appreciates the transcendent merit of our national poet. In the position which I have held as a public man since his Excellency's arrival, in opposition to his advisers, I may not perhaps be accounted the most suitable interpreter of his opinions; but I have been honoured so far with his friendship, and know enough of his sentiments and wishes to be assured that, having been familiarized with British usage in the best and noblest school in the world—in the House of Commons—he was most anxious to fulfil his duties in the spirit of the constitution, to extend equal courtesy and right to all classes of Her Majesty's subjects, and to promote the happiness and advance the welfare of the Province. His noble father, the Marquis of Normanby, I had the good fortune to know as Colonial Secretary in 1839, and at a subsequent period as our Ambassador in Paris. His administration of Ireland, as one of the most popular Viceroys, and his literary taste, are known to us all; and as the politics of his family have always leaned to the popular side, I trust that His Excellency's administration here may be alike agreeable to himself and acceptable to the people.

His Excellency the Lieut.-Governor rose

and said:—It gives me, Sir, the greatest pleasure to join in the celebration of an event which is even now being celebrated, not only in this city, but in the Mother Country, British America, the United States, in fine, Sir, over the whole world, wherever the English language is known. (Enthusiastic cheers.)

On this day, wherever Scotchmen dwell, wherever the Anglo-Saxon race have fixed their domicile, men of every shade of opinion, of every station, may be found uniting together, cordially and heartily, to honour a man who during his lifetime occupied a somewhat humble station, and did not receive that reward and encouragement which his transcendent genius merited.

It is not my intention to descant on the poetical abilities and distinguished talent of Burns, great as they were, for after the address delivered to-day by your worthy Chairman upon that subject, it would be in vain for me to attempt to depict in more glowing colours than he did, the merits of that extraordinary man—the struggles he had to undergo, or the difficulties which beset him in the performance of the great work he had in hand. There is one point in his history, however, to which I may allude, for I think from the contemplation of it the juniors of this country may be incited to follow the noble example he set.

Burns, the son of a farmer—himself a ploughman—from his earliest youth upwards strove unceasingly to cultivate his mind, and succeeded to a degree which enabled him to produce those beautiful, those immortal poems which have gained for him universal celebrity, exhibited in the celebration of the day—an honour, I believe, never accorded to man before. He had no external aid to assist him—his birth was humble; and, Sir, though I cannot be supposed to disparage the advantages of birth, if the position it confers be rightly used, yet my tendencies of mind have always induced me to honour far more the man who has made his own position, and by his unaided exertions achieved fame for himself, than he who owes it to his lineage, however exalted.

Such was the case with Burns—and such I hope may be the case with many of the inhabitants of this province. Nova Scotia has already given men to the world whose names will be illustrious in history. Within the last two years, nay, Sir, within the short period I have resided in this province, you have one example, when your Legislature had the pleasing duty to perform of marking the high sense they entertained of the courage, skill, and assiduity of one of Nova Scotia's sons. Another instance occurred shortly before my arrival here: but though I refer only to these two instances, there are many other names which will go down to posterity with honour and renown. In the Church, in the Senate, in the Field, at the Bar, or in the arena of Commerce, are to be found Nova Scotians, equally honoured, equally esteemed by their countrymen, and whose renown is not confined to the narrow limits of this province. Who can tell the effect, who can judge the influence which the history of a man like Burns has exerted upon these men? Who can say what a contemplation of his untiring assiduity may lead the sons of Nova Scotia to achieve in the future? Education is not confined to the Seminary or the College, though the influence of such institutions cannot be undervalued, self-instruction may effect vast results. The soul and the mind of man, that which distinguishes him from the brute creation, is susceptible of cultivation and improvement. Education is to the mind what the labours of the skilful husbandman are to the soil—with it, everything can be accomplished—without it, nothing. Let me urge, then, upon my audience the necessity of cultivation in the season of youth, for that is the period during which a store of information may be hoarded from which the possessors may reap a rich reward in after life.

In this country I know no party; and, Sir, so long as I hold the office to which Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint me, whoever may be selected by this people to administer their public affairs, shall receive from me an honest, cordial, constitutional support. And it will be the greatest satisfaction to me, if, by God's blessing, I may be enabled in any way to promote the interest and well-being of Nova Scotia and its inhabitants. (Prolonged cheering.)

Hon. William Young here read a telegram from the friends of Burns in Pictou, conveying their good wishes to his admirers in Halifax.

Hon. W. Young—I find that it is precisely ten o'clock, at which hour we have been requested to join with those engaged in celebrating this day in New York and elsewhere in drinking to the following toast:—"Kindred associations throughout the world, may they preserve the Songs and disseminate the Sentiments of Burns, till

> 'Man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be and a' that.'"

This toast was drunk with enthusiastic applause.

The Chairman gave "The Legislature of the Province," to which the Hon. Stayley Brown replied. He said:—It has pleased the Orator of the day to bring me forward a little more conspicuously, perhaps, than was becoming my modesty. In the references made by him to-day, it seemed to me that he thought, en-

grossed by the toils of office, I could not even enjoy one day—a day like this, which should be marked by nothing but hilarity and good feeling, without thoughts of politics and party. Sir, it well becomes us to celebrate the event we commemorate; for if there be in any man one drop of Scottish blood, one spark of Scottish feeling, Burns is the man and this the hour to call it forth. (Loud cheers.) The tribute we now pay to the memory of that great Poet whose achievements in the realm of song have delighted and entranced all classes of men—all ranks of society—is well merited, well deserved. The lapse of time instead of taking from has lent an additional charm to his writings, and increased the admiration felt for him by all who peruse them. In conclusion, on behalf of the Legislature I return thanks for the reception of the toast just proposed.

Hon. ATTORNEY-GENERAL—I comply with the request of the Chairman to acknowledge this toast in the assurance that whatever engages the warm affections of a large portion of the community, will meet a hearty response in the Legislature of this, our common country, where are and must be united in indissoluble bond the interests and the affections, the hopes and the cares of all the members that make up that common country, as the streams that find the same channel to the sea. Although they may not at once commingle, and for a time may each preserve the peculiarity it brought from its own rocky source, yet all unite in making up the volume and power—the beauty and the usefulness of the noble river that enriches the land. There may be some here who imagine that the hall of Legislation is not "meet nurse" for poetic fancies; and who see small harmony between the occasion of this festival and the toast I am called upon to answer.—But they who have experience, and who know what are the tender love-engendering influences of red benches and high-backed courtly chairs, might perhaps rebuke such scepticism. Without, however, venturing on this difficult problem, I may say that even in the arid atmosphere of politics may be found the susceptibilities to be moved by Burns' tender strains, and to render deep homage to the power of his muse. But Burns has other claims to universal regard besides poetic genius; and it is not left to his countrymen alone to do honour to the memory of one on whom nature had stamped a nobility confined within no national borders; and who, though he loved the land so dear to him with intensity, had yet a heart that warmed with the sentiment of patriotism, drawn from higher than classic authority, even the stirrings of his own generous emotions, nothing human was alien to his affections; for under all the variations to which the character and lot of man is subject, unless indeed of baseness, with which Burns held no terms, he felt and acknowledged that—

"A man's a man for a' that."

HAMILTON, C. W.—"We'll a' be proud o' Robin" was one of the inscriptions prominently displayed in the Mechanics' Hall, on the occasion of the magnificent banquet given there in honour of the poet Burns. For so it has happened. The prophecy has been fulfilled, and English, Irish, and Scotch are alike proud of the bard who was born just a hundred years ago.

The Mechanics' Hall has been lately frescoed, and one of the portraits around the walls is that of Burns. In addition to this, a fine oil-painting of the poet was suspended at the head of the room, while another picture representing the cottage where he was born, occupied a conspicuous position. The mottoes surrounding these, in addition to the one quoted at the commencement, were

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that,"

and, in a transparency,

"It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."

The flags of the national societies were displayed next to the mottoes, and on each side of these, again, were flags of England, in various positions. In one corner of the hall was a telegraph apparatus, fitted up on purpose, for carrying on correspondence with the various admirers of Burns throughout the continent. Four tables, laden with viands of every possible kind, reached from one end of the hall to the other; and at the head was a cross table, spread for the Chairman and some of the most distinguished guests of the evening. Isaac Buchanan, Esq., occupied the chair; on his right, Henry M'Kinstry, Esq., Mayor of Hamilton; Dr. Skinner, of Waterdown; Mr. Hutchison, the President of the St. Andrew's Society; Mr. Freeman, Capt. Nicolls, and Mr. Charles Magill;—on his left, Adam Ferrie, M. L. C.; Mr. C. J. Brydges, Mr. Jno. Young, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Thomas Kerr, Mr. Adam Brown. The Vice-President was Mr. Braid. The members of the Burns Society, numbering about eighty, and bearing white favours on their breasts, occupied a conspicuous position. The band of the Hamilton Artillery, whose appearance in uniform was sanctioned by the commanding officer, were stationed on the plat-

form, and played at intervals throughout the evening. But the feature of the entertainment was the admission of the ladies, a number of whom met in the room adjoining the hall, and came to grace it with their presence after the eating of the dinner had been duly performed, and when the speeches were about to begin. They were conducted to the seats allotted to them by the Chairman, the Mayor, and other gentlemen, while the band played "Green grow the rashes O!"

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the CHAIRMAN said:—We are assembled to drink the great toast of the day, not only here, but in every city, home, and hamlet in Canada, the States, England and Scotland. We have assembled to render the tribute of a world's gratitude to Burns. Carlyle began his criticism on Lockhart's life of Burns thus:—"The inventor of a spinning-jenny is pretty sure of his reward in his own day; but the writer of a true poem, like the apostle of a true religion, is nearly as sure of the contrary." We do not know whether it is not an aggravation of the injustice, that there is generally a posthumous retribution. Robert Burns, in the course of nature, might yet have been living; but his short life was spent in toil and penury; and he died in the prime of his manhood, miserable and neglected; and yet, already a brave mausoleum shines over his dust, and more than one splendid monument has been reared in other places to his fame; the street where he languished in poverty is called by his name; the highest personages in our literature have been proud to appear as his commentators and admirers; and here is the *sixth* narrative of his life that has been given to the world! We are now come to the great object of this great and unparalleled occasion. A nation's gratitude—a world's gratitude is this day to be paid to the memory of Robert Burns. Scotland will not be grudged a peculiar property in her greatest poet; but it is such an interest as does not lessen the world's claim to him. It is the interest of a mother in her son—her beautiful and brave—too soon fallen in his country's service, but who has also had the tribute of a world's tears. Burns' original biographers committed the error of appearing to patronise, or, at least, to apologise, for Burns; and his later commentators have gone into the more pardonable extreme of hero worship. The truth seems to lie between them. Not more for his great genius than for his warm heart is Burns immortal—every throb of that great heart having been for his country and his country's poor. He had a force and freedom of expression known only to Shakspeare. With poetic fingers he swept thrillingly across the well-strung lyre of the human heart, and his sentiments, however manly, illustrated the national mind of his country. Scotland had always been glorious in her freedom and independence, the well-springs of which, in the Scottish mind, it was Burns' glorious mission to lay bare to the world. The indications of these national sentiments formerly were chiefly such as had been given by the swords of Wallace, of Bruce, and of the Covenanters. He acknowledges worth, alike in the peer and the peasant, as the only basis of universal brotherhood.

Song, Mr. Currie—"A man's a man for a' that."

The Hon. Adam Ferrie, who had been acquainted with Burns, replied.

The first toast from the Vice-Chairman, A. BRAID, Esq., was "The Contemporaries of Burns." He briefly referred to the poetical celebrities embraced in the toast, and, speaking of Burns, he said that he was a man of sterling, sturdy independence, as evinced by the conclusion of his letter of dedication to the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt. The chief glory of a nation arises from its authors. A celebrated man has said, "Give me the making of a nation's songs, and who pleases may make the laws." He (Mr. B.) would not allow his admiration of Burns to carry him so far as the Rev. Mr. Girvan, who had called him a "Psalmist in hodden grey," comparing him to the Psalmist David; nor could he sympathise with another reverend gentleman of this city, who had been pleased to speak of Burns in connexion with "unsanctified genius." Burns was an ardent lover of liberty, and the depth of his religious sentiments was testified by that celebrated poem, "The Cottar's Saturday Night," a poem whose truth had no doubt been felt by many who are here present. (Cheers.) The strength of expression which sometimes characterised Burns' style was well illustrated in the first lines of "Tam o' Shanter," where the gudewife sat "nursing her wrath to keep it warm." (Laughter.) For beauty of sentiment Burns' lines commencing, "Pleasures are like poppies spread," were not excelled in the English language. It was needless to refer to the excellencies of such compositions as "Scots wha hae," "Tam o' Shanter," "Man was made to mourn," "John Anderson, my jo," &c. But what Scotchman could describe the warmth of feeling evoked by "Auld Langsyne," when sung around the festive board, and bringing back the sweet recollection of home? or who could but wish that the day might come

> "When man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be, and a' that?"

(Cheers.) Without further trespassing on their

time, he would give them "The Contemporary Bards of Burns."

Song, Mr. Buscombe—"The Battle and the Breeze."

The Vice-Chairman then gave "Moore and the Poets of Ireland." Received with loud cheers.

Song—Mr. Greer—"Rich and rare were the gems she wore."

The Vice-Chairman then gave "Sir Walter Scott and the literature of Scotland."

The Chairman then gave "Professor Wilson and the Biographers of Burns."

The Chairman then gave the "Montreal Festival."

The Song of Mr. Spence—"Flow gently sweet Afton," was so loudly encored that that gentleman gave "Go fetch to me a pint of wine."

The next toast from the chair was "The Land of Burns."

Song—Mr. Wilson—"Syne Burns he's awa," was rapturously encored, and the singer followed it with "Castles in the air."

The Chairman then gave the Religious and Educational Institutions of Scotland. All who had read "The Cottar's Saturday Night," would know what those institutions were. Burns was not a warlike poet, only on two occasions had he devoted his attention to warlike themes. He was the poet of the people and the feeling of the country, and they had great reason to be proud of the institutions of their country.

The 100th psalm was then sung by the whole company standing.

Rev. Dr. SKINNER said—From the time he was a child he had been in the habit of hearing the songs of Burns, and had sung them himself. He believed that some clergymen were afraid to have their names and profession identified with the name of Burns—just as if he were a sot, or something of the lowest nature. He held that Burns was a man—he himself was a man. There was no man on earth who sinned not. David was the man after God's own heart, yet he was not a sinless man. Burns had got credit for many sins he was never guilty of. Burns was a poet of nature. Jealous men would nibble at Burns just as a fly would nibble at an angel. There were some who were jealous of Burns when he got a small situation under government; he believed Burns was true to the government and his country; he was a patriot; "Scots wha hae" proved this. They had all read of the 42d Highlanders at Waterloo; of the Scots in India, how much of their bravery was due to the poetry and songs of Burns. None of those men would have done anything to cast a stain on their country. Burns was an independent poet, he would never be a lick spittle; he would take a paltry office rather than be dependent. They had heard from their venerable friend, Mr. Ferrie, that in his youth he was very wayward, and might, perhaps, have been too independent. Burns was a most generous man. He got £400 for the second edition of his poems, from the gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt; half of this he gave to his brother. Burns, in the Song "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," gave a real picture of Scottish life. He spoke nature's truths, and satirised them. "The Holy Fair," could any one deny the truth of it; was it not a true picture? satire only could put it done; and he believed that it had been one of the greatest instruments in the hand of God in putting down such scenes of debauchery. Burns was not an ignorant man. He was one of the most zealous patrons of libraries, and such like institutions, and of the man who could write "The Cottar's Saturday Night" so true to nature, they might say, let nothing be said but good of the dead; and why should not the name of Burns be associated with the religious and educational institutions of Scotland? They were the admirers of genius, and were paying a tribute to it.

The Vice-Chairman then gave "Canada, the land of our adoption."

Band—"Canadian Boat Song."

Song by Mr. Brodie—"Scotland's Hills."

The Vice-Chairman gave "The Peasantry of Scotland."

After other speeches, toasts, and songs, Mr. Wilson sung "Auld Langsyne." The whole company joining in the chorus.

The health of the Chairman was then proposed, and drunk amidst great cheering.

Song—"He is a right good fellow."

Mr. Buchanan responded, after which, the band played "God save the Queen," and the company separated; and we may safely say, that the centennial anniversary of Burns' natal day will be one long remembered in Hamilton.

HASTINGS, C. W.—The county of Peterboro' has not been behind in doing honour to Scotia's immortal bard. On account of an understanding that there was to be a social meeting at Hastings, the capital of Asphodel, to celebrate the hundredth birthday of Burns, a number of gentlemen from the town, invited as guests, went there to enjoy the festivity. The affair was a grand triumph. A number of the leading men of Asphodel and Percy were present, amounting in all to about ninety persons. The worthy proprietor of Hastings, H. Fowlds, Esq., took the chair. At an early hour in the morning the company broke up, highly gratified with the result of the entertainment.

KINGSTON, C. W.—Nowhere in Canada was the memory of Burns more highly honoured than in that city. The banquet in the City Hall was of the most magnificent description, and the decorations of the hall were particularly beautiful. The hall was filled with one of the most respectable gatherings which ever assembled within its walls, the dresses of the ladies contrasting gaily with the decorations; the whole forming a *tout ensemble* rarely equalled, and never in that city surpassed. The chair was occupied by the Hon. Alex. Campbell, M.L.C., at either side of whom were the following gentlemen: Thomas Kirkpatrick, Esq., Q.C., Dr. Litchfield, George W. Hinds, Esq., Orlando S. Strange, Esq., Mayor of Kingston, Maxwell W. Strange, Esq., Arch. Jno. M'Donnell, Esq., Recorder, O. S. Gildersleeve, Esq., And. Drummond, Esq., and Judge Mackenzie. Many excellent speeches were delivered during the evening. After the chair had been vacated, a number of the youthful admirers of Burns joined in a dance, which lasted until an early hour in the morning.

Another meeting of a very popular character took place on the same occasion in the town. The Chairman, Col. Cameron, Warden of the United Counties, who did honour to himself and the occasion by wearing the national plaid and bonnet, opened the meeting with some appropriate remarks, and the company was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Mulkins, Mr. O'Loughlin and other speakers. A number of songs were sung, and among others some spirited verses by Evan M'Coll.

LONDON, C. W.—The dinner came off at the City Hotel. About 300 sat down. The wall immediately behind the chair was decorated with banners, flags, and paintings. On the right was a large full-length portrait of her Majesty, and on the left a corresponding one of the Prince Consort. In the centre was suspended the likeness of the immortal bard, over which hung the arms of Scotland. At the other end of the room was placed the green flag of Erin, painted on which was the National Harp, with festoons of shamrocks. The other portions of the walls were covered with Union Jacks, and other flags, and from the ceiling hung a great number of banners. When the company were seated, a more interesting scene could scarcely be imagined. John Wilson, Esq., occupied the chair. He was supported on the right by his Worship the Mayor, and on the left by the Rev. Mr. Nicholl. A. Hope, Esq., filled the vice-chair.

In addition to this festival a number of the admirers of the immortal Burns assembled at the Mechanics' Institute, where they regaled themselves with tea, &c. Several capital speeches were made, and songs sung. They enjoyed themselves very much, and separated at a late hour.

MELBOURNE.—This festival was celebrated on Tuesday in the Exhibition Building. The banqueters numbered not fewer than 600 gentlemen, who were seated at several rows of tables, arranged in the centre of the hall, clear of wings. The galleries were occupied by a number of ladies. On the whole, the arrangements were satisfactory. The Hon. Thomas M'Combie, M.L.C., occupied the chair; he was supported on the right by His Excellency Sir Henry Barkly, the Rev. Thomas Binney of Weigh House Chapel, London, and his Worship the Mayor of Melbourne; on his left were C. W. Ligar, Esq., Dr. Gilbee, Capt. Bancroft, and the Hon. T. Harker, M.L.A. Dr. Macadam officiated as vice-chairman; and the Hon. M. Harvey, M.L.C., Sheriff Farie, and Colin Campbell, M.L.A., as croupiers.

The Rev. Mr. Binney said grace.

After the repast was over,

The Chairman rose and proposed "The health of the Queen." Her Majesty, he said, had special claims on the sons of the land of Burns. She had never been ashamed to acknowledge her descent from the Kings of Scotland, and in various ways she testified her favour for Scotland. Her son she had dressed in the garb of Old Gaul, and, preceded by the national bagpipe, she went to the banqueting hall.

The toast was drunk with all the honours. Organ and band, "National Anthem."

The Chairman next proposed "The health of Prince Albert and the members of the Royal Family."

The toast was drunk with three times three. Band "Coburg March."

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said: The next toast I have to propose to you is one I am sure you will drink in a bumper. It is "The health of His Excellency Sir Henry Barkly." Gentlemen, Sir Henry Barkly is, I believe, if ever there was an instance of the saying being true, the right man in the right place. (Cheers.) He is not more distinguished as a gentleman than he is au fait in his duty as a statesman; and I am sure it will be readily assented to that we owe a great debt of gratitude to Her Majesty for having sent us so able a politician as Sir Henry Barkly to govern this important colony. I believe the duty of the government

hitherto has been light, but that might not always be the case; and if ever a crisis should arrive, it will be a great blessing to have such a gentleman, and such an able politician, to meet it as His Excellency, who so ably and so honourably represents Her Majesty. Gentlemen, I do not hesitate to say that Sir Henry Barkly is the best Governor, and the fittest, that has been sent to the Australian colonies. Without detaining you farther, I will now call on you to pledge in a bumper "The health of His Excellency Sir Henry Barkly."

The toast was drunk with enthusiastic cheers. Band—"Rule Britannia."

His Excellency, on rising to respond, was received with prolonged cheering. On silence being obtained, he said—Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, on rising, as in duty bound, to return thanks, I feel it would be in bad taste, however cordially you have been pleased to receive the toast, to detain you long in connection with a mere routine toast from the real business of the evening. I am afraid I am hardly entitled to consider myself a countryman of Burns. It happens, not from any fault of my own, that I was born not far beyond the sound of Bow Bells; and, therefore, as one of my parents was Scotch and the other Irish, I think I may fairly consider myself a representative of the three nations of the United Kingdom. (Loud cheers.) Far be it from me, however, to repudiate my Scottish ancestry. (Cheers.) On the contrary, if I could have regulated the movements of the roving chief who passed over the borders into Scotland, I should not have approved of his proceedings; and I may say without blushing, that when I hear our poet's inspiring strains of, "Scots wha hae," I do reflect with some pleasure that among the stanchest adherents of Wallace and Bruce was one whom Blind Harry describes as the good Sir David de Barclay. But a truce to these conceits. Let us remember we are here assembled, men of different countries and different creeds, to do honour to the mighty genius of the Poet Burns. The true poet must possess the highest species of knowledge—the knowledge of the heart of man. That Burns was such a one—that he was not a poet of one country or of one generation, but a poet for all time, I firmly believe; and if any proof were required I think it is to be found in the fact of the Centenary anniversary of the birthday of Burns being festively celebrated from one end to the other of the British dominions. I remember, when attending at Rome a grand ceremony in honour of one for whom the privilege of canonisation as a saint was claimed, being told that to prevent mistakes or undue influence, no further step could be taken to place her in the calendar until a hundred years had elapsed. To-night, gentlemen, the claims of Robert Burns, the Ayrshire ploughboy, to a niche in the eternal temple of fame are duly ratified!

Dr. Macadam then proposed "The Army and Navy."

The Hon. Thos. M'Combie rose and said:—We have this evening met, as you are aware, to commemorate the centenary of the great national poet of Scotland. It is just a hundred years this day since Robert Burns was born. It has been held that a writer who has held his ground for this space is entitled to be placed amongst those likely to become immortal. But Burns not merely takes his place after the usual period of probation, among the undying great, but he takes the very foremost rank there. Since his bright genius first shed its light on the globe it has been generally acknowledged to be a light from heaven. Its effects have been to render men happier, and to awaken noble sentiments and fine feelings dormant in their minds, and therefore his mission must have been for good. His writings have not merely been read and admired, but each succeeding generation seems to pay more enthusiastic tribute to his memory; his fame has daily increased, and his writings are now household words from pole to pole, while in his native land high and low have his songs and poems engraved on their hearts. And when the Scotsman leaves his own land to seek his fortune by his high courage and indomitable perseverance, he takes along with the carefully treasured Bible the works of Burns, and next to the Word of God, he loves to read him as Campbell has well said—

> "Then see the Scottish exile tanned
> By many a far and foreign clime,
> Bend o'er his homely verse and weep,
> In memory of his native land,
> With love that scorns the lapse of time,
> And ties that stretch beyond the deep."

And there is little doubt that next to the sacred volume Burns' writings have tended to imbue the minds of those persons with that straightforward honesty of character, and that enthusiastic love of literature and poetry which is their characteristic. It must not be forgotten that though Scotland is in many parts barren in soil compared with many countries, she has always had a high rank among nations. No country on earth, with the same population, has produced so many great poets, great historians, great philosophers, and great scholars, and it is no ordinary nation that has given its love to Burns. But he is not the property of his countrymen. He is a public benefactor, and public property. But his own country owes

him a peculiar debt in having given their language, as well as their manners and customs, a fame world-wide and undying. There have been great poet Scotsmen, such as Campbell, Scott, Byron, &c.; but Burns is the only truly native Scots poet. He has elevated the homely language of the Scots peasantry to convey his feelings and sentiments of surpassing truth, novelty, and beauty—not that Burns did this from necessity, but choice. He could write in good English when he thought proper, but he preferred to use the national language of his country. He loved his native land with a surpassing love, as he expresses it when labouring amongst the fields, "Beardless, young, and blate." He wished—

> "That he, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
> Some useful plan or buik could make;
> Or sing a song at least."

And is it not natural and just that the Scots people should not only admire but love Burns, and love him, too, with a most tender and passionate affection? He was a poet, but he never emerged from his own class. He delighted to sing the virtue, the independence, the manliness of the people of Caledonia. The literary tribunals have long acknowledged the claim of Burns to take the very foremost place in our literature, no light praise when we reflect on the long list of our sons of song, mighty and powerful, who have been his rivals. Some have equalled him as a poet; none have his excellence as a song writer. No writer in any language approaches him in this respect except Horace, and he is far inferior in many important respects. Most poets have written for the educated few; but the peculiar excellence of Burns is, that his productions are equal favourites in cot and hall. The poorest and most illiterate of his countrymen derive equal pleasure from them the ripest scholar can do. He opened up a new and inexhaustible realm of fancy and sentiment—a new and bright creation which the sons of toil have since enjoyed. Has it not made them better and happier? and is not one who has conferred such glorious benefits—a benefactor of his kind; and does he not deserve honour? The appearance of a great genius from the unlettered peasantry was the more delightful to Scotland that it was unexpected. The muse found Burns at the plough, and threw her mantle of inspiration over him. The star shone more luminous that it rose from the mists of obscurity and ignorance. Burns was a happy child of nature, and was little indebted to study and education; he became one of her high priests and interpreters, and it was his duty to explain her most sublime mysteries to the common race of mortals. He has always been justly termed Nature's own poet, for no other man has ever understood and expressed her beautiful but mysterious influences so well. His verse burns with the fervour of his imagination—his descriptions are powerfully vivid—the rustling broom, the purple heath, the waving cornfield, and the clear wimpling stream—all start up as if in reality before you. He gives expression to the burning passions of the soul, with unequalled force of conception and expression. His love for Scotland was intense, and found expression in many of his verses; he was the real Scots poet, and has thrown a dignity about all that belonged to his country. His genius has ennobled the humble cottar, the cottar's still humbler dog, the wild daisy, the field mouse, the simple servant girl, not to mention the streams and mountains, villages and cities. He found means to penetrate into millions of hearts, where no other poet had ever been; to arouse and excite emotions in myriads of the humbler classes, where otherwise they would have most probably continued to lie dormant; he has cheered and beguiled many a heavy and weary heart, for at the very sound of his unequalled Scotch songs, his "Scots wha hae," "Auld Langsyne," or "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," what Scotsman but would be cheered and lightened? And are not such men real benefactors of their kind? Have any men done so much to amuse the weary heart, and soften the couch of sorrow and sickness, as Scott, and Burns, and Shakspeare? How many aching hearts have their poetry not lightened? How many griefs have they not assuaged? Is not Burns then one of the greatest of benefactors? Burns has been regarded simply as a prodigy instead of a great genius, but perhaps without due attention to the subject. The greatest poets, such as Homer and Shakspeare, have been born in humble life, and have flourished in the infancy of the literature of their country, and Burns, therefore, was only like his equal in genius, that he rose amongst the ranks of the people, and was indebted to no other source than his own genius, and carried Scottish song to such perfection that he has left nothing for his successors to do. His works attracted great attention in the literary circles of England when they appeared, for they came forth at a time when the great English masters, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, had passed away, and when the imitators of the latter, Goldsmith and Churchill, were silent; while the new schools, the Lakers, the Cockney, or the Satanic, as they have been termed, had not arisen to attract the wondering gaze and admiration of the lovers of poetry. But this low and barren period did enough when it gave Burns; and he sang to the admiring

world without a rival; Englishmen acquired a knowledge of his language, in order to read and enjoy him. Nor does the host of great poets who have since appeared—Byron and Shelley, Scott and Campbell, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Southey and Moore—in any way tend to diminish the popularity and fame of Burns. For one reader and admirer that any one of these sons of song can boast, Burns can number his hundred. Time has only, by extending his renown, increased his fame. Those songs and lays which he scrawled on the winter evenings in his humble cottage amongst the moors of Scotland, have cheered and solaced millions in every quarter of the world. No poet has perhaps afforded the world so much gratification. For it is not the scholarly man and the gentleman that alone can appreciate the truthfulness and beauty of his sentiments; he addresses himself quite as much to the humble ranks of life as to the middle and higher orders. He is so much admired in America that numbers of our most distinguished transatlantic brethren have made pilgrimages to Scotland to worship at the place of his birth, as one of "the Delphan vales, Palestines, or Meccas of the mind;" and the most finished American poem that I am familiar with is Fitz Green Halleck's "Address to a wild rose," brought with him from Alloway. In all civilized lands, and wherever genius is acknowledged, Burns is placed in the very foremost rank of poets, side by side with Shakspeare, between whom and the Scotch ploughman there is a very considerable resemblance. Both were born amongst the ranks of the poor, the one was bred a ploughman the other a woolstapler; Shakspeare attained the same rank in dramatic that Burns attained in ballad poetry. The English poet worked up all those old stories and legends which were floating about his native land into those undying productions which are familiarly known as his plays. Burns collected all the many beautiful airs of his native land, and composed the inimitable songs which are as unequalled in their peculiar excellence as Shakspeare's plays, and afford pleasure to a much wider circle; and if the whole world has willingly acknowledged the great pleasure derived from Burns' songs, how much more peculiarly grateful are they to Scotsmen, and particularly to Scotsmen in a far-off land? When he hears one of his familiar lays, the melody charms and absorbs his senses like a spell of enchantment. This is why Scotland, that boasts a Scott, a Byron, and a Campbell—of all of whom she is proud—still far beyond all loves Burns; and it may be remarked that although the characters of the Scotch people are in many particulars more staid and less liable to temporary influences than the other nations of the west, yet when once their enthusiasm has been aroused, and their hearts gained, they are steady in their affections. They love Burns not only as their poet, but they love him for his independence, for the tenacity with which he stuck to his order, and for the many misfortunes he endured, and the grief he struggled with. The admiration which the world freely gives to Burns is for his genius as a ballad poet. Wherever the heart vents itself in the strongest passions of love and grief, of joy and melancholy, the language of Burns must be used; for as the most eminent critic of the nineteenth century has said, "In this department he is so pre-eminent that there is none second to him." Though he takes the highest rank as a poet, and displays natural emotion, vast power, and no ordinary felicity of expression, yet it is as a song writer he has distanced all competitors. Honour—immortal honour—to him who wrote such noble sentiments, and whose genius has shed such a lustre, not only on his country, but on his race. Let the failings of humanity be forgotten in the splendid genius which ennobled it! Honour to the Scotch peasant who struck off the fetters of ignorance which had kept the mind of his humbler countrymen enslaved! Honour to the great refiner of human feelings—the expounder of human sympathy! Honour to the disciple and expounder of nature! A long remembrance to the favourite child of the muses! May his name never die in the new world or the old!

The toast was drunk in solemn silence. Band—"Robin's awa." Song by Mr. Ewart—"Scots wha hae."

His Excellency then rose and said: The next toast, Mr. Chairman, needs no eulogium to insure its enthusiastic reception. It was not on this account, however, that I selected it for myself to propose. I knew that there would be here to-night many a Scotchman ready to call on you, heart and soul, to smile to "the hand of Burns," but I wished, while sparing their modesty, to show them, that though I had the misfortune to be born on the wrong side of the Tweed, I can yet proclaim the praises of the land of my sires with genuine pride and devotion. The world, Sir, owes much in every way to that little nook of it called Scotland. It is not alone the land of Burns, but the land of Wallace and of Bruce—of Buchanan and of Knox—of Napier—of Hume—of Dugald Stewart, and a host of other worthies. It was, in a word, in early days, the cradle of civil and religious liberty. It has in later years produced some of the most distinguished men of letters and of science of

whom Great Britain can boast. But in no respect are the claims of Scotland on our admiration stronger than when we regard it as the "Land of Song." Not to weary by going further back than the poets of our own age, it was amid its wild and majestic solitudes that Byron was nurtured, frequent allusions through his travels—such as, "Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains," "Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered,"—showing how gratefully in later life he cherished the recollections of his early residence there. Again, Scott declares his obligations to the land of his nativity, in lines so beautiful and so appropriate to the occasion, that I must be permitted to quote them:—

"Oh, Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood!
Land of the mountain and the flood!
Land of my sires! What mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand?"

I could add a score of others did time permit, but, fortunately for us, of all Scotch poets Burns himself is the most enthusiastically Scotch—the most intensely national. He loved his country, its scenery, its traditions, its customs, its dialect, with a fervour almost akin to idolatry. His writings are throughout tinged with feelings of patriotism and national pride. Whether in the glorious war songs, with which, like another Tyrtæus, after he had himself put on the uniform of the volunteer corps, he roused the martial spirit of his fellow-countrymen against French aggression—whether in the plaintive love songs of his earlier days, or in those simple pastoral idyls or domestic lays, which yet more deeply touch our hearts—this idea of country was ever uppermost in his mind. To borrow, indeed, the beautiful image with which he illustrates his own view of his uniform, in one of his published letters: "The poetic genius of my country found me," says he, "as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough; and throwing over me her inspiring mantle, she bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my native land in my native tongue." That native tongue—stumbling-block as it proves to "So'throns," and much as it has doubtless stood in the way of the full appreciation of Burns' merits in other countries—has been probably the keystone of his popularity among his own countrymen. In the colonies of Great Britain, especially where so many thousand Scotchmen are settled—the once familiar tones of the Scottish dialect, mingled with the dulcet strains of the poet, serve to recall the scenes of infancy, to awaken the tenderest recollections of youth. Hence the very name of Burns seems to be doubly reverential among Scotch colonists thus estranged from their kindred and their homes. Hence to-night this triumphant celebration of his memory in lands of which he never even knew the existence whilst living. Burns himself, it may be interesting in connection with the events of to-night to call to mind, was once on the eve of becoming a colonist. In early life he had actually decided on taking his passage for the Island of Jamaica, when he was encouraged by his friends to publish his first volume of poems—an experiment so successful as to change all his future plans. What the result might have been had he really gone to the West Indies, who can guess? He might in those days have found a readier road to fortune, if not to fame. He might have returned home a very different man from what, alas! he eventually as a gauger of whisky became. This much, at least, we may however conclude—no change of clime or of circumstances would have quenched the spark of poetry in his breast; his temperament would have remained unaltered; and we can fancy how he would, therefore, have pined after the land of his birth. With what an aching heart he would have sung his own exquisite stanzas—

"Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
Far dearer to me yon lone glen of green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom."

My theme, gentlemen, is inexhaustible, but your patience should not be so considered, so I hasten to conclude. Years have rolled over many of your heads since you left this land so famous in song and in story—years may elapse ere some of you can again tread its shores. But I know full well that the recollections of its ancient glories, and of its present beauties, have not faded—never will fade from your memory. And I call on you, therefore, to join me in drinking—not with noisy acclamations—but with solemn—with reverential accents—to "The Land of Burns."

The toast was duly honoured, and followed by prolonged cheering. Organ—"Ye banks and braes." Song by Mr. Ure—"A man's a man for a' that."

Mr. G. W. Rusden proposed "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century."

Mr. Michie proposed "Scottish Song."

Mr. Blair, M.L.A., proposed "The Advancement of Literature."

Mr. Thomas Stewart proposed "The Lassies."

The Hon. M. Hervey, M.L.C., gave "The Land we live in."

Mr. Colin Campbell proposed "The Literary and Scientific Institutions of Victoria."

Mr. Thomas Dickson proposed "The Charitable Institutions of the Colony."

This closed the proceedings of the evening, and the company gradually broke up, after singing "Auld Langsyne." As His Excellency retired to his carriage the National Anthem was played, and a hearty round of cheers was given.

MONTREAL.—About seven o'clock in the evening the City Concert Hall, which was beautifully and appropriately decorated for the occasion with illustrations of and quotations from the works of Burns, under the direction and auspices of the Montreal Burns Club, was filled with an assemblage as brilliant, perhaps, as any that ever met within its walls. Shortly after 7 o'clock the Chairman (the Hon. John Rose) and the other speakers entered amid applause, and took their seats on the platform.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable features of the evening was a telegraphic apparatus on the platform, with wires running along the hall, and connecting with those in the street, by which, during the night, sentiments were exchanged with, and received from, other assemblies of the same kind, in Canada and the States.

The following gentlemen were on the platform, viz.:—The Hon. John Rose, President of the Burns Club; Professor Dawson, Alexander Morris, Esq., Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Sheriff Boston, F. E. Morris, Esq., Q.C.; Mr. Justice Badgley, Rev. Dr. Mathieson, His Worship the Mayor, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Charles Coursol, Esq., Colonel Taylor, C. Blackwell, Esq., David Mair, Vice-President, and A. A. Stevenson, Corresponding Secretary of the Burns Club.

The Rev. Dr. Mathieson having asked grace, the Banquet was begun. During progress, Mr. Macdonald, the Highland piper, delighted and astonished the audience by marching round the room playing, "Up an' waur them a' Willie," The Banquet finished, and thanks having been returned by the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass,

The CHAIRMAN said—Ladies and Gentlemen:—There is one toast the first in every loyal assembly, the Queen. (Applause.) I know the enthusiasm and loyalty with which you will respond to this toast—I know the sentiments of personal attachment which you bear towards our sovereign, and the way in which you appreciate her qualities as wife and mother. So I give you the Queen, God bless her.

Drank with enthusiasm.

Band—"God Save the Queen."

Song—"National Anthem," in which Miss Sutherland took part.

Glee—"Willie brewed a peck o' maut."

The Chairman again rose—He said:—The conventionalities that forbade me prefacing the last toast scarcely apply to this; so I may be permitted to offer one or two observations, as the subject is one of peculiar interest in this portion of Her Majesty's dominions at the present moment. There seems to be a general impression, not without foundation, that next year we may be visited by some member of the royal family. If the event should occur, if this anticipation should be realized, he will find here not only a work which, in magnificence of conception, and in wonderful execution, surpasses all the triumphs of modern science, but His Royal Highness will also find here those of whom, as his future subjects, he need not be ashamed. He will also find that we possess not only all the elements of material prosperity, all that contributes to our social well-being, but he will find that we enjoy constitutional freedom, and also that the sentiment of loyalty has lost nothing in being transplanted to this distant part of Her Majesty's dominions. He will find a people drawn from two antagonistic races, sprung from two of the greatest nations of the earth—France and England—gradually becoming united into one homogeneous whole. He will find that this people is imbued with a sentiment of loyalty, as warm, as earnest and as enduring, as in any other portion of the widespread dominions over which his royal parent now holds sway. He will find also that he will receive as warm a welcome as in any other part of the empire of his royal mother—whether in Asia, Africa, Europe or America. (Applause.) I now give you "Prince Albert and the Royal Family." Drunk with all the honours.

Band—"Gude Nicht and joy be wi' you a'."

Song by Miss Sutherland—"My heart is sair for somebody!" This song was rapturously encored, and Miss Sutherland sang, "I'm owre young to marry yet."

The Chairman then gave "The Army and Navy," which was replied to by Colonel Taylor of the Royal Artillery.

In introducing the toast of the evening the PRESIDENT said—This meeting is one not intended merely for purposes of conviviality. We are on the contrary met as one among many bands, which are this night assembled by a common instinct to do honour to the memory of our great national bard. I shall not attempt to institute a comparison between Burns and the other poets of ancient or of modern times. Nor do I claim for Burns that he was the greatest poet who ever lived. Comparison and panegyric would be equally inappropriate, but the reflection which must occur to us all is to ask, what it is that brings us here as by a national instinct, one hundred years after his

birth to do honour to the memory of Burns? I think some reflection on the answer to this question may do us all good. This night, one hundred years ago, Burns was born in an humble cottage, of parents so poor that they could scarcely give him the rudiments of education, accessible as education is in Scotland, almost to the lowest. We all know with how much difficulty he obtained the education which was afforded him—how he had to take turns with his brothers at their field work, in order that he might go to school. We all know, too, how, in after years, he struggled with poverty, and sometimes with neglect—his parts being sometimes appreciated, only to make the subsequent neglect felt more severely. We know the story of his love and of his despair—and how, in later life, poverty again haunted him. This is the story of too many poets—of too many men, whose genius has electrified the world, and therefore, I again ask what there is to induce us, one hundred years after his birth, thus to assemble and worship at his shrine? We know how many and what vast changes have taken place within these hundred years—how much has been done for social and material prosperity, what advance has taken place in arms, in steam, that great agent by which the intercourse of the world is so much promoted. Since then, too, the world has seen Scott and Campbell and Southey, and Napoleon and Wellington—names at which we almost hold our breath with awe. Lastly, we have obtained that electric communication by which the remotest parts of the earth are brought into contact, though at distant parts of Continents, or separated by oceans, what is it then that amidst all these exciting changes induces us to pay this homage to our Bard? I do not pretend to offer critical or dogmatic reasons; but what strikes me as the cause of his being so firmly embedded in all our hearts, and which, when we are no more, will cause him to be found in those of our descendants, one hundred years hence, filling them with as much enthusiasm as it does ours, is that his poetry appeals so strongly to the sympathies and feelings of our hearts. He was not, indeed, the poet of the intellect or of the imagination; but he spoke to that part of our nature which has ever been and ever will be the same. This he brought out with a distinctness, reality, and substance, which made them felt and almost seen by his readers. What was it that inspired the genius of Burns? I find the answer in the presence this night of so many of my fair countrywomen. It was love of woman that first stirred the genius of the poet. We have his own testimony to the fact that at the age of fifteen when harvesting with a girl who worked in the same field, he became charmed by her person, and electrified when he felt the touch of her hand, or observed her eye directed towards him. He found in her a voice from heaven, which awoke his slumbering emotions. The moral then is that we ought to cherish and cultivate the social affections. But there is another reason. We thus honour him because we feel in every mode of our lives, whether in happiness or misery, joy or sorrow, some echo to our thought in the pages of Burns. And do we not find these sentiments running through his poetry? How beautifully delineated are the social affections, the comforts of domestic life, and the piety of the family in the "Cottar's Saturday Night." Yet these are not the only sentiments to which he appeals. His genius wells up fresh, adapted to every occasion of our lives, and the products appear to have come from his mind freely and without effort. "Tam o' Shanter" was written while walking up and down before the river Doon;

> "The Deil came fiddling thro' the toon
> And danced away wi' th' Exciseman,"

was written while, in the quality of exciseman, he was watching a smuggler, in the offing, having first sent away his men to intercept the crew of the vessel on their landing. I hope the tradition of the occasion for the composition of the song

> "Is there, for honest poverty,"

is not the true one; but there is a tradition that Burns, having been invited to take part at a feast in some great house, was not received at the table; but treated only as one who was to contribute to the amusements of the guests. It is said that in this humble position he stood up, and recited the words of the song as they came from his heart. I hope this story is not true. At any rate let us be happy in thinking it could not occur in our own day, when genius and worth meet with their due appreciation, no matter what may be the rank of their possessor in the social scale. Gentlemen and ladies, it has been said that Scotch nationality is on the decline—that Scotland is as it were losing her individuality; but is that true? No, I believe it is the very reverse, though she may have lost some of her peculiarities. But sending her sons abroad all over the earth their hearts revert to their native soil with as warm an enthusiasm as they ever did, and that enthusiasm is certainly greatly promoted by the poetry of Burns. If martial excitement is required, can we have anything more glowing than:—

> "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled?"

or if social enjoyment is to be delineated, could it be better done than in "Tam o' Shanter," and "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," or in that song, which he hoped they would all join in singing before they left—he meant the favourite song of "Auld Langsyne?" Mr. Rose concluded by reading several telegraphic communications, which he had received from several parties who were celebrating the day in the same manner, it having been arranged that, through the whole of America, the same toast should be proposed at the same moment. The Chairman then proposed the memory of Burns.

Mr. Gunn then gave a very humorous recitation of "Tam o' Shanter."

Alex. Morris, Esq., in an eloquent speech, proposed "The day and a' wha honour it."

Band—"Scots wha hae."

"My Nannie O," by Miss Sutherland, who, being encored, sang the "M'Gregor's Gathering."

The PRESIDENT then said he had a question from Hamilton:—"We are getting on finely. How's a' wi' ye." The answer of the meeting was "Gaylies brawlies. Thanks to ye for speerin'," which was ordered to be sent by telegraph.

Mr. F. G. Johnson proposed the "Poets and Poetry of the present age."

Band—"Cheer Boys, Cheer."

Song—"There was a lad was born in Kyle," by Mr. Muir.

Telegraphic greetings were then read from Brockville, Kingston, Quebec, Hamilton, Ottawa, and Prescott.

The Chairman gave the next toast. The "Land of Burns."

Principal Dawson responded in an eloquent speech.

Song—"Comin' thro' the Rye," by Miss Agnes Sutherland.

The Chairman then gave "Canada our Home."

C. J. Courson, Esq., amid applause, replied.

The Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau proposed "The Press."

Band, "Telegraph Gallop." Miss Agnes Sutherland sang, amid great applause, "O, Whistle and I'll come to you my lad;" then came a glee, after which

His Worship the Mayor proposed the health of the Ladies, in a few observations, well received and appropriate.

Song—"Green grow the Rashes," by Mr. Muir.

Mr. Sheriff Boston proposed the health of the Chairman and the Members of the Burns' Club. Received with due honours.

The whole assemblage standing, "Auld Langsyne" was sung, and thus ended the first centenary of Robert Burns.

The proceedings passed off to the satisfaction of all; the programme was appreciated; the Burns Club frequently commended for the excellency of the arrangements, and Miss Agnes Sutherland was the idol of the evening. Every song she sung received an *encore;* every time she retired she was followed by the cheers and applause of the audience.

The dinner, as prepared by Mr. Balchin, was such as to sustain his reputation as a careful caterer for the public.

Prince's band, during the evening, played some of the best musical pieces of the day.

NEWCASTLE, N. B.—A number of the admirers of Robert Burns met at the Witherall House, Newcastle, to celebrate the centenary. Mr. A. Fraser occupied the chair, and Mr. James Neilson acted as croupier.

OTTAWA, C. W.—The celebration took place at the British Hotel, which was appropriately fitted up. The entire range of windows fronting on Sussex and George Streets were brilliantly illuminated, and on the front of the building were placed three transparencies, one being a well-executed full-length portrait of the immortal bard. The dinner was spread in the large room in the second story of the building, which was neatly and appropriately fitted up. The mayor of the city, E. M'Gillivray, Esq., presided, having on his right the Rev. Alex. Spence, and R. W. Scott, Esq., M.P.P., and on his left the Rev. Æ. M'D. Dawson and Isaac Berichon, Esq. Simon Fraser, Esq., High Sheriff of the County, and Robert Lees, Esq., County Attorney, filled the vice-chairs.

PETERBORO', C. W.—The admirers of Burns met together on Tuesday evening, over the store of Messrs. Coupar and Ogilvy, to celebrate the centenary. No preparations were made for the gathering, it having been felt that the anticipatory movement in Hastings would draw away the greater part of the most valuable assistants of the entertainment. However, as night drew near, the friends who remained at home collected to about sixty, and partook of supper, keeping up their demonstrations in speech and song until near morning.

PICTOU, N. S.—The centenary celebration came off in good style in this place. The local

Chronicle regrets its inability to furnish a report of the proceedings.

PRESCOT, C. W.—The Scotchmen of Prescot, accompanied by their friends, assembled at Northrup's Hotel to do honour to the anniversary. Upwards of fifty individuals sat down to dinner. The chair was occupied by William Gibson, Esq., and the vice-chair by E. Mundle, Esq. Altogether the celebration was very successful.

QUEBEC, C. E.—The festival of Quebec was a great success, both as an act of homage to the poet and a gay gathering. It was not only one of the most brilliant known to our social annals, but assembled upon the same floor representatives (to the number of at least 1,500) of all the various circles of society into which our city is inevitably divided.

We quote the following remarks by Dr. Smith, rector of the High School:

How becoming is it in us to join in the "Io Triumphe" of popular applause, and to enrol our names in this mighty movement! The universality and grandeur of the tribute is commanding expression from pole to pole. And that the sentiments of tribute are as warmly cherished as they are widely spread, is not only beautiful in itself but is one of the most remarkable demonstrations of modern times. It is an extraordinary fact that politicians of every shade, churchmen of every tenet, denizens of every class and clime, meet to sustain and cheer one another. How truly great must that man be who will cause ordinary minds to become enthusiastic and the gifted to become divine! I have often gazed upon the mausoleum of Burns, erected in the churchyard of Dumfries; his full-sized statue with his hand resting upon the plough; all of pure white marble; and pondered upon the original genius, the masculine talent, and the consummate conversational power of the once-neglected man, whose remains lay mouldering beneath that shining and splendid monument. But, really, what is "storied urn and animated bust;" what is all the cunning workmanship of art to the renascent holocaust of an admiring world, now being offered up at the shrine of true nobility of soul, with one heart and with one mind? What is the circumvallated breastwork of that squirearchy which in Burns' day they raised against him as a branded democrat, who sought to exalt the peasant to a level with the peer, by preaching to them in their native tongue that genius, creative art, intellectual capabilities, and manly feeling, are the common inheritance of every human being; and that from the many, rather than from the shrinking shadowy few, is power given to range through eternity, to force a passage through those countless worlds that swarm with life; yea, to soar to the footstool of Him who upholds other systems and other suns. What are all the pretentious bucklers with which gentility, and excise commissioners, and trashy officialdom can invest themselves, and which our tears of love for Burns could drown, one and all of them, whose memories the vestal fire of the poet's genius is fast reducing to ashes, unless, haply, they be vaguely reflected by the glare of that ethereal flame which in their merciless and proud ignorance, they sought to quench? What, I ask, are all these—from monumental marble to Old Light bigotry and the bloodhounds of political espionage, to the lasting and glorious eulogies which have been passed, and will continue to be passed, upon our greatest national poet, who is commanding universal homage, and linking together in sympathetic union high and low, rich and poor, the man of transcendent genius with his brother man of humbler natural endowments?

SARNIA, C. W.—The demonstration took place in the Court House, and considering the limited time which intervened between the resolution to have a celebration and the day itself, the affair passed off most satisfactorily. The large Hall was duly prepared and decorated for the occasion, and four ranges of tables set its entire length, offering accommodation to 240 or 250 persons, and every available seat was occupied; the ladies turning out in goodly numbers to do honour to the memory of one who was a generous admirer of female loveliness. Hon. M. Cameron presided. Altogether, the affair was decidedly successful.

SHAKSPEARE, C. W.—The banquet given in honour of the "ploughman poet" at Thomson's Hotel, Shakspeare, on Tuesday, was in every respect a most successful affair. One hundred and fifty persons sat down to an excellent dinner, a large number having come from Stratford, Mitchell, and other places. The chair was ably filled by Wm. Smith, Esq. of Stratford, and the vice-chair by Alex. Hamilton, Esq. Toasts, sentiments, and singing were the order of the evening, and the festivities wound up with a dance.

SIMCOE, C. W.—The admirers of Burns met together in the Norfolk House, to celebrate the anniversary. The room was tastefully decorated with festoons, and the walls were hung

with likenesses of her Majesty, Burns, Scott, &c. Colonel Wilson acquitted himself of the duties of the chair in his usual happy manner, ably seconded by the Hon. M. H. Foley, as vice-chairman.

ST. JOHN, N. B.—The admirers of the poet, and these include many of every class in the community, anticipated on the 25th of January, 1859, a holiday, and a pleasant one to boot. "A blast o' Januar win'" ushered in the eventful day. The address on the Life and Writings of Burns was delivered by the Hon. James Brown, in the hall of the Mechanics' Institute, in the afternoon, to a large and most respectable audience. He first reviewed the life and character of the bard, and concluded with his writings, selections from which he recited with a power and feeling which provoked to smiles the saddest, and drew tears from the eyes of many unaccustomed to weep. Himself a Scotchman, and most thoroughly conversant with Burns, he had no difficulty in catching the spirit of the poet, and succeeded admirably in imparting it to his audience. In the evening a dinner was given in Ritchie's Hall, to which upwards of 200 sat down. Want of accommodation prevented the issuing of a larger number of tickets, otherwise not a few more would have been present. The Hon. John Robertson, in a most able manner, discharged the duties of chairman, and in these he was well sustained and assisted by the croupiers, Hon. James Brown, and John Boyd, Alexander Petrie, John M'Ara Walker, and James Macfarlane, Esqs. On the right of the Chairman was the Mayor, and on the left the chaplain of the St. Andrew's Society, Rev. W. Donald, A.M. Grace having been said by Mr. Donald, and thanks returned by the Rev. J. W. Disbrow, and after the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the Chairman, in a few eloquent remarks, gave the toast of the evening, "The Day we Celebrate, the Centennial Anniversary of the Birthday of Robert Burns—a true Man, and a true Poet." Captain Charles Brown sung, "There was a lad was born in Kyle." Mr. Boyd replied at some length, and with great eloquence and ability. Before and after this toast was read an original piece of poetry, from the pen of Mr. Murdoch. Other appropriate toasts followed, and songs by the Quintette Club, who attended the dinner as well as the address, and discoursed most beautiful music, both vocal and instrumental, by Captain Brown, and by other gentlemen present. The company on this occasion heedless of the warning given when

"The auld clock hammer strak the bell,"

prolonged the feast till early morn.

ST. MARY'S, C. W.—The celebration took place in the Odd Fellows' Hall, and was, as the *Stratford Beacon* says, a complete triumph. Nearly one hundred sat down to dinner, Mr. J. Hutton, Chairman, Mr. Emmerson in the vice-chair.

STREETSVILLE, C. W.—The occasion was celebrated at this place by a numerous party at the Stephens House, James Paterson, Esq., in the chair.

SYDNEY.—The centenary birthday dinner in commemoration of Robert Burns was held at the Prince of Wales Theatre. It was in every respect a great success, for, notwithstanding the Cricketers' Dinner and other counter attractions, the attendance was large; the dinner and the wines of good quality, the stewards attentive, and the assembled guests (comprising Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and the representatives of several Continental nations) enthusiastic in the expression of their admiration of the genius of the Scottish bard.

Members of her Majesty's Government and members of the Opposition cast aside the weapons of their political warfare, and met for once upon common ground to do honour to the memory of one who has left so rich a legacy to the world, and whose name in one century has become a household word in the new homes of the South and the West.

The theatre was decorated with much taste. The palm leaf, the fern, and Australian foliage of various kinds, enlivened by the gay colours of the hydrangea and the oleander, adorned the boxes, from which hung a number of bannerols containing some of the most beautiful passages from the productions of the poet. The pit of the theatre was boarded over on a level with the stage, and three tables extended from one end nearly to the other of the spacious edifice, flanked by a cross-table for the accommodation of the Chairman, the Legislature, and the Bar. There were also several smaller tables underneath the boxes. These, like the others, were covered with the substantials of the feast and set off to advantage by vases well filled with flowers. At the extremity of the stage were displayed the English, the Hamburg, the French, and the American flags—two on either side of a large picture representing an oval medallion of Burns, surrounded by several minor illustrations—the house in which he was born, the plough and other implements of husbandry, symbols of the poetic muse, and a star setting in glory over his tomb. The arms of the family of Burns, and several masonic emblems were also shown in the picture

—the former at the foot, and the latter above the medallion.

The dress-circle was crowded with ladies, with the exception of two boxes which were appropriated to Mr. Winterbottom and his band, whose finely-arranged and well-executed music so greatly enhanced the "commemoration."

At half-past seven o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. J. Williamson, M.L.A., and about 700 gentlemen sat down to partake of the good things which the committee had procured, and which were supplied by Mr. Alfred Hatch, of the London Tavern. As appropriate to such an occasion, what Burns humorously styled the "great chieftain o' the puddin' race"—a "guid Scotch haggis"—was placed in a conspicuous place upon the table. The Chairman was supported on his right by the Premier, Mr. Cowper; the hon. and learned Attorney-General, Mr. Lutwyche; and the hon. and learned Solicitor-General, Mr. Dalley; and on his left by Mr. Hay, M.L.A., and Mr. Wise, M.L.C. We also observed Mr. Piddington, M.L.A.; Mr. Hart, M.L.A.; Mr. Gordon, M.L.A.; Mr. Dickson, M.L.A.; Mr. Deniehy, M.L.A.; Mr. Owen, M.L.A., and, at a later period of the evening, the hon. Minister for Lands and Public Works (Mr. Robertson); Dr. Dickson, M.L.C.; Mr. Blake, M.L.C.; the Rev. Dr. Woolley, Principal of the Sydney University; the Rev. G. H. Stanley; and the Rev. Dr. Lang, Mr. Garland, Mr. Rae, Captain M'Lerie, &c.

The Rev. Dr. LANG repeated Burns' "Grace before Dinner"—

> "O Thou, who kindly dost provide
> For every creature's want!
> We bless Thee, God of Nature wide,
> For all Thy goodness lent:
> And if it please Thee, Heavenly Guide,
> May never worse be sent;
> But whether granted or denied,
> Lord, bless us with content!"

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts the CHAIRMAN rose, amid loud cheering, to propose the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns." He said—Gentlemen, I believe that nowhere under the sun are there to be found men more proud of their country than Scotsmen. To have been born a Scotsman,—to know that he is descended from those heroes who fought for freedom on the field of Bannockburn, gives a manly pride to the Scot, however humble his position. Sharing as I do in no small degree in this pride of birth, how honoured do I feel in presiding at this magnificent festival,—a festival of no ordinary kind, but one in commemoration of the hundredth natal day of Scotia's gifted poet,—"the sweetest bard that ever sang,"—a day which will not only be commemorated where the broad banner of Britain waves, but in every part of the world where the foot of the white man hath trodden. In the great republic of America,—in the crowded cities of China,—in the torrid plains of India,—ay, even in the desert of Africa, for where Livingstone is, the memory of his gifted countryman will not be forgotten. I am not vain enough to think that the honour of presiding here this evening has been conferred upon me as a man, but from the knowledge which I possess of my countrymen — that, though many years absent from my native land, I am heart and soul a Scotsman,—that Scotland to me is the bright spot in the distance, —the land of freedom, literature, and science, —the land of "honest men and bonnie lasses;" and that, to me, the memory of Burns is a sacred thing. I feel myself unable to do justice to the high position I am this evening placed in, but freely throw myself on the indulgence of my countrymen, feeling assured that they will take the will for the deed, and overlook my deficiencies. One hundred years have rolled on in the cycle of eternity since the birth of Robert Burns, and what mighty changes have taken place on this transitory scene! Science and knowledge in the poet's day, comparatively in the dawn, have brightened to meridian splendour; and so revolutionised society, and even the face of nature, that, were the poet again to revisit earth, he would look in vain for the scenes of his boyhood. The sound of the hammer and the hum of multitudes would startle him where solitude used to reign. Cities have taken the place of villages, and the snort of the iron horse awakens the echoes long sacred to the curlew or the cushat-doo. Great men, heroes, and bards have lived and died; but neither hero nor bard has been able to find a kindred place in the affections of the people. We have all pored over the passionate verse of Byron, the romantic legends of Scott, and the loving strains of Moore; but no poet that ever sang, no prophet or historian, however gifted, has so indelibly left the impress of his writings on the national character of a country as Burns. He forms part and parcel of their very lives; his works—his legacy in the noblest castle in the land, and in the humblest cottage—lie side by side with the big "ha' Bible." The first music the young Scotsman hears is the sweet songs of Burns, from his mother's lips; the first lessons of manly virtue and sturdy independence are gleaned from his page. He learns that

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

He is taught that patriotism is one of the noblest virtues, and that love of country so prominent in the character of a Scotsman, owes in a great degree its existence to the songs of Burns; and cold must be the heart of that Scotsman whose pulse does not vibrate to

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

It is not only in youth that the poems of Burns become identified with our characters; but when the business of life has really begun—when the boy has become the man, and the fair maiden crosses his path that is to bring to him happiness or woe—when he becomes the victim of that passion, the noblest, the holiest, that humanity is subject to—a virtuous love—when the arrow has pierced his bosom—where does he turn for succour and relief? Not to crowded places—not to the advice of friends—but to his own little room, and to Robert Burns. In his pages he finds relief; he repeats

"My heart is sair, I darna tell,
My heart is sair for somebody.

I wad do, what wad I not,
For the sake o' somebody."

He acquires fresh vigour from the page, perseveres and conquers, and again borrows from the poet—

"My wife's a winsome wee thing,
She is a handsome wee thing;
She is a bonnie wee thing,
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer;
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine."

And when the heyday of youth is over—when the business of life is drawing to a close—when years of affection, mutual love, and confidence are past—when the raven hair is tinged with silvery hue—when the white open forehead gets furrowed, and the rounded cheek hollow—how well we can sympathise with his

"John Anderson, my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo."

In every relation of life do we find ourselves associated with the poetry of Burns. In love and happiness, in sorrow and care, he carries us away, and is really and truly the poet of the people. Meeting with old friends brings up the days of "Auld Langsyne." If laden with care and sadness, we remember that

"The poor, oppressed honest man
Had surely ne'er been born,
Had there not been some recompense,
To comfort those that mourn."

And if to sadness is added despondency, where will we find such sympathy as with the poet?

"O life, thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I."

But if we find sympathy in our sadness and despondency, to what a pitch does our mirth go when led on by Burns? What a fund of pleasure do we derive from his "Hallowe'en," his "Cottar's Saturday Night," and, above all, his "Tam o' Shanter?" Who has not in imagination seen "Auld Alloway Kirk in a bleeze," "The dance of Witches," "Nanny wi' her Cutty Sark?"

"Auld Nick in shape o' beast,
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge;
He screwed his pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl."

And who does not sympathize wi' honest Tam, with the witches in full chase, skreeking—

"Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate soon will be a waefu' woman!"

But, thanks to Maggie's heels, the "keystane of the brig" is won, and Tam is safe. I trust I shall be pardoned for so many quotations; but on an occasion like this my enthusiasm is apt to carry me away. At such a gathering as this—a meeting in honour of our national poet—it is impossible to prevent that ethereal part of our being—our memory—from darting like the electric fluid across the 16,000 miles that divides us from our fatherland, and bring again before our eyes the scenes of our boyhood, the familiar school, and the stern frown of the pedagogue—the old church and the kind minister—the old churchyard and the graves of our parents? We can join together, heart and soul, in praying God bless her; we can say, with the sacred psalmist, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning;" or, with our own poet,

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires, what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!"

The toast was drunk in solemn silence.

Band—"Land o' the leal."

Mr. JOHN RAE was called upon by the Chairman to respond. He said:—I really cannot understand why I am called upon to respond to the toast which has just been proposed, except it is because I am known to love the poet dearly, and because some considerable number of years ago I had the honour of endeavouring to bring the beauties of his works before an Australian audience. On the 5th August, 1844, I delivered the first of a series of lectures at the School of Arts, on the genius and character of Burns; and I mention the day from the singularity that attended it. By the next mail from England I discovered that on the very evening I was endeavouring in my humble way to illustrate the genius of our national poet to an Australian audience, the repentant heart of Scotland was moved to its centre to do justice to the bard whom she had partially neglected during his lifetime, and had canonised after his death. On that very evening the streets of Ayr—the avenues leading to his birth-place and to his monument—were lined with a mass of living beings pressing forward to the grand national ceremony that was to be held in honour of his memory, and to welcome his three sons, after an absence of some thirty years, to the home of their father. And glorious was that meeting. The nobleman and the peasant, the poet, the philosopher, and the orator, were there to greet the sons of the peasant poet of Scotland. Greater honour was never awarded to the memory of a poet than this. And we are met here to-night for a similar purpose. I must say that I was surprised to hear "The Memory of Burns" drunk in solemn silence. Why should we drink in solemn silence to the memory of Burns? Does any one suppose that we expected all that was mortal of him to survive for a century? We are here, not to weep over the remains of our bard, but with heads erect to proclaim to the world that our poet has survived his century—that he has stood the test of 100 years, and that he had emerged unscathed from the trial. We are here to announce that the calumnies—the slime and the slander—which have been heaped upon his name have long since been washed away in the generous burst of enthusiasm—by the tears which have been shed over his untimely grave. We are here to announce that the holly is still as green upon his brows as when the Muse of Scotland bound it there by the chimney nook of the auld clay biggin. You, Sir, (alluding to the Chairman) have entered so fully into the character of the poet that you have left very little room for your successors: but, as if you had paid more attention to his character as a man, and the moral lessons which he has given in his poetry, I shall, in the few remarks I have to make, confine myself more to his poetical character. Burns was, every inch of him, a Scotchman. He never travelled, and never wished to travel far beyond the precincts of his country, the

> "Land o' cakes and brither Scots,
> Frae Maidenkirk to John o' Groats."

He was fond of the Scotch people, the Scotch lasses, and the Scotch whisky. He loved, also, the Scotch language—not, however, in consequence of any inability to compose in English, for I may state, on the authority of Lord Jeffrey, that Burns composed in as pure and good English as nine-tenths of gentlemen who were understood to have had a good education. It was not from necessity but from choice that he adopted the peculiar dialect of his country, and perhaps also because he found that dialect adopted in those ancient ballads which he studied from his infancy. It is evident that some of the best portions of Burns' productions can be thoroughly understood and appreciated only by Scotchmen. All Scotchmen know that there is peculiar to Burns' language a mellowness of expression which no translation can convey, and that those who have not been accustomed to that language from their infancy almost—who are obliged to have recourse to a glossary—lose a large portion of Burns' poetic beauties. They gaze at the great luminary of Scotland shorn of his beams. The language of Burns is the language of the heart. No man, perhaps—no poet, at all events—ever lived more thoroughly in the hearts of a whole people. A peasant by birth, and a ploughman by profession—secluded alike from the world of letters and the world of fashion—enduring, by his own account, the "seclusion of the convent with the unceasing turmoil of the galley-slave," he was well able to depict, as he has done from bitter experience, the sorrows that afflict the poor. But amidst his troubles and trials his brave heart never quailed. A light from heaven shone over the seeming darkness of his destiny, and enabled him to sing lightheartedly at the plough, and reveal some gleams of that glory which awaited him. He was born a poet. He lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. The spirit of the poet was in him and about him wherever he went. Before he understood its language it was speaking to him with a "still small voice," and giving rise to that wish which he had it in his power so early to gratify—

> "That I, for puir auld Scotland's sake,
> Some usefu' plan or book could make,
> Or sing a sang at least."

How fully was that wish realized in after

years! Were ever songs like his songs? Where shall we find, amidst all the sentimental trash, the rhymed speeches of our latter-day song makers, anything to compare with the melting tenderness and the manliness of the heart-breathed songs of Burns? He was the high-priest of love. His love songs are the finest ever produced in the world. Love was the inspiration of the earliest of his songs, and love was the inspiration of the last. Even when the hand of death was upon him, the bard could look upon the face of the kind-hearted Jessy Lewars, who had attended him, and feign an immortal passion for her in words which are imperishable. Need it be wondered at that the people of Scotland, and particularly the peasantry of Scotland, look upon Burns as the greatest poet that ever lived? He was of their own order. He spoke a language which they understood, and he celebrated in his verses their sports and pastimes—inspiring their hearts with noble sentiments of independence. Singing sweet songs of their loves and affections, their banks and braes and darling streams, he was well worthy of their admiration, and he received it. His was true popularity. The monument of Burns is written in more durable materials than marble or brass—it is written in the hearts of his countrymen; and his works, as the Chairman has already told you, are to be found in the lowliest cottage on the heather hills—frequently with no other book besides the Bible. They have cheered the hearts of thousands, and not on the hills of Scotland alone, but also, among other places, on the hills of Australia. The greatness of a country does not depend upon the extent of its territory—upon its cattle grazing upon a thousand hills—upon its mineral wealth, or its material resources generally:—it depends on the character of the men it produces. One noble sentiment, elaborated in the closet or while at the plough, may sink into the heart of mankind, and be a glory and a thing of joy for ever. And what a galaxy of such thoughts do we find scattered, like threads of gold, through the whole texture of Burns' poetry? Let us unite, then, in a full flowing bumper—a cup of kindness—a good wullie waught—to the memory of Burns—not in solemn silence, but with joy and exultation that another poet has survived his century, and is now placed with the immortals in a conspicuous niche of the temple of fame. (Continued cheering.)

Mr. Horne having been called on for a song, sung with much effect, "Robin was a rovin' boy," &c., and on being encored, gave with equal spirit, "Riggs o' barley."

Dr. LANG then rose to propose the toast next on the programme—"The Descendants of Burns." He said:—It had very frequently been asked upon occasions of meetings like the present—of festal commemorations in honour of the Scottish Poet—how it came that Scotchmen put forward their Robert Burns as prominently the representative of their country and of their nation? How it came that they passed over all the other illustrious names that have shone so brightly in the history of their native land? How it came that they suffered even Sir William Wallace and King Robert the Bruce—those splendid benefactors of their country and nation—to pass unheeded, and to give way to the humbler Scottish poet, "the Ayrshire ploughman," the rhyming poet. Now it was not because that they were insensible to the transcendent merits of those constellations of illustrious men who had distinguished themselves in the annals of fame, and in the history of their father-land,—who had shed a glorious halo around their native country which embalmed them in the memory of Scotchmen to all succeeding ages. No, it was from no feeling of that kind. It was from no want of respect for the great character and illustrious deeds of those great heroes and patriots of their country, Sir William Wallace and Robert the Bruce, that they put forward as the representative of their country and of their nation on such occasions as the present—the Ayrshire Poet. It was because they found in him a man far more illustrious on the page of history to all succeeding times—a name far more glorious in the annals of fame than either of his great countrymen—the warrior patriot and the patriot king. They had selected, as their representative man, not only a man of Scotland—not only a native of Great Britain, but a cosmopolitan—a man of the world—the poet of all countries and of all times. Recollecting that their patience was but limited, he would but briefly advert to two of those peculiar points that, in his opinion, bore out the sentiment which had been put into his hand on the present occasion, and one with which he cordially concurred—"That the poet of Scotland is a worthy exponent of the national mind of Scotland, both intellectually and morally, and making all due allowance for the aberrations of the poet himself from that path which he indicated so ably to others, he is well deserving of the greatest respect, and of the fervent admiration of all intelligent men—especially of all Scotchmen, in all countries to the latest posterity." He would just advert, in illustration of the sentiment, to those points which struck as very remarkable—remarkable both of the characteristics of the poet and of the personal character of the man. The first of these was the noble spirit of patriotism that breathed

throughout all his poetry, for unquestionably it was to those times to which he had just before alluded that the poet directed his attention—it was to that great struggle for freedom, for national freedom and independence which the Scotch nation maintained against all the chivalry of England during the 13th and 14th centuries, and which so largely tended to confirm the national character of Scotland. It was impossible that a nation could come from such a struggle without bearing the impress of glory and greatness upon its brow. And the man who had embalmed in immortal verse the spirit of patriotism of his countrymen who immortalized those who succeeded in that memorable struggle, was the man who sang Robert Bruce's address to his army. The author of these immortal verses was the true poet of Scotland,—the man who embodied in immortal verse sentiments to which nothing was known superior, whether in the range of Greek or Roman poetry. This was the man and the poet whom Scotland delighted to honour as the first of her sons. The second of the three remarkable characteristics of the poetry of Burns was the proper sense which he uniformly showed of the dignity and the noble spirit which he at all times evinced in his advocacy of the rights of man. Indeed, he might only refer, in confirmation of this allegation, to another of his immortal poems, in regard to which one of the greatest German writers says, "that must be a noble nation, one of the peasants of which can write such burning words as these,"

"Is there for honest poverty," &c.

It seemed to him that a sort of prophecy was contained in the latter verse of that poem, which was fulfilled and realized in this country in the extension of the suffrage and vote by ballot. It seemed to him that a prophecy was contained in these words—

"Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree and a' that.

For a' that, and a' that—
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that."

The toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Mr. Hay responded to the toast in eloquent terms. Other toasts were given and songs were sung. The whole passed off in a most creditable manner, and as a festival at which the fullest harmony and concord prevailed, it will, no doubt, be long remembered by those present with feelings of pleasure.

ENTERTAINMENT IN HONOUR OF BURNS, AT THE SCHOOL OF ARTS.—A literary and musical entertainment, in honour of the genius and writings of Robert Burns, came off with considerable *éclat* in the hall of the School of Arts. Two other festivals, of a similar character, and for the same object, were being held elsewhere in the city; consequently the patronage of Scotchmen generally, and the lovers of the writings of Burns in particular, was somewhat divided. The literary entertainment, however, received its fair share of patronage, the body of the hall being well filled with a highly respectable auditory, while a considerable number of persons congregated in the gallery. The festival was commenced at eight o'clock with an overture executed on the powerful organ by Mr. Packer; after which Mr. Murray came forward and proceeded with the literary portion of the entertainment. This consisted of a sketch of the birth, parentage, and characteristics of Burns, with remarks on the peculiarities of his productions. This disquisition evinced deep research, thorough familiarity, and considerable critical acumen on the part of the writer. The eloquently expressed opinions of Scott, Moore, and Lockhart; the profound and didactic criticism of Carlyle; and the elaborate panegyric of Professor Wilson were introduced and illustrated by Mr. Murray with remarks of his own. The readings from Burns comprised his "Address to the Deil," "A Man's a Man for a' that," "Tam o' Shanter," "Scots wha hae," and several others. "A Man's a Man" and "Scots wha hae" were received with enthusiastic applause; while "Tam o' Shanter" and the "Address to the Deil" were greeted with alternate cheers and laughter. Mr. Murray's happiest effect was his rendering of the "Address to the Mountain Daisy," a gem so touching and so full of the peculiar pathos in which the poet delighted. It was read with a fine appreciation of its excellencies, and elicited the applause of the audience. Mr. Packer did good service by performing, at intervals, a variety of Scotch airs; the whole concluding with "Auld Langsyne."

MASONIC CELEBRATION.—About fifty brethren sat down to an entertainment projected by the Robert Burns Lodge, in memory of Scotland's Poet, who was also a distinguished member of the craft. The dinner was laid out in the Lodge-room of the Freemasons' Hall, York Street, and it is needless to say the complete arrangements, both in the quality and quantity, and of the good things provided, by Br. A. Cohen, met with the most general satisfaction. The chair was occupied by Brother Captain J. Malcolm, Past Acting P. D. G. M., supported by the V. W., D. P. G. M. Brother Alderman Williams, Brothers Alderman Murphy,

Watson, Wilson, J. Simmons, sen., R.W. Moore, and many of our respected citizens. After the removal of the cloth, the following toasts were put from the chair, and most ably responded to:—1. The Queen: band—The National Anthem. 2. Prince Albert and the Royal Family: band—Prince Albert's March. 3. The Three Grand Lodges: band—Entered Apprentice. 4. Robert Burns: band—Burns' Farewell. 5. The Provincial Grand Lodge: band—Entered Apprentice, slow time. 6. The Governor-General: band—Fine Old English Gentleman. 7. Lady Denison and the Ladies of Australia: band—Here's a Health to all Good Lasses. 8. The Army and Navy: band—The British Grenadiers and Rule Britannia. 9. Australia, the land of our adoption: band—Cornstalk Polka. 10. All the Fraternity around the Globe: band—A Mason never Forsakes.

About twelve o'clock the brethren separated, after spending a most agreeable evening.

TARRANGOWER, AUSTRALIA.—This festival, which has been kept up throughout the British world, was not suffered to fall into decay on Tarrangower. The dinner took place at the Royal Hotel. A large number attended, not only of the sons of Scotia, but also of various other lands, all of whom met to do honour to the ploughman poet. The dinner was to the uninitiated a mystery, beginning at Scotch broth, continuing with haggis, sheep's heads, and terminating with poultry of all kinds, pastry, &c. About eighty gentlemen sat down, the chair being occupied by John Stevenson, Esq., formerly of Campsie, Stirlingshire, and the vice-chair by R. C. Mackenzie, Esq., P.M. After due justice had been done to the good things of this life, provided by host M'Intosh, the cloth was removed, when the Chairman introduced the first toast, the Queen, which was drunk with all the honours. The toasts of Prince Albert, all the Royal Family, and Sir Henry Barkly, with appropriate songs and sentiments, were drunk with enthusiasm, and duly honoured. The Chairman then proposed the toast of the evening.

Mr. Vice-Chairman, and Gentlemen: It is an hundred years this day since heaven sent Robert Burns into this world; and we are met here, in this far-off land, under the Southern Cross of Australia, to thank heaven for her kindness and to celebrate the auspicious event. Permit me, therefore, to tell you, that the toast I am about to bring before you is of such great importance, so highly interesting to the admirers of genius that I am sorry it has not fallen to abler hands to perform the pleasing duty of proposing the memory of Burns. Allow me, however, in my own humble way to say that I am proud to see so many enthusiastic, intelligent men from the old world, assembled at the Antipodes—at the very end of the earth—to give a spontaneous expression of their national feelings towards the illustrious dead, to do homage at the shrine of the humble, unassuming ploughman whose name has become a household word in many lands. How many manly bosoms have bowed with enthusiasm at the matchless effusions of his magic pen. How true, how graphic are his delineations of the Scottish Peasantry in all its variations of grave or of gay, of light, or of shadow:

> "In busiest street and loneliest glen
> Are felt the flashes of his pen."

His "Cottar's Saturday Night" is a sublime production, full of noble sentiment and glorious thought. It is to be regretted that Robert Burns did not foresee the futurity of fame created for him in this far-off land. But one would almost think the mantle of inspiration had fallen on him when, in one of his humorous songs, he said—

> "He'll hae misfortunes great and sma',
> But aye a heart aboon them a',
> He'll be a credit till us a'—
> We'll a' be proud o' Robin."

He unquestionably belonged to that high order of beings, who have by noble sentiment and lofty thought benefited the human race. He knew and proclaimed to the world that

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

And who does not recollect the chivalrous compliment he paid the fair creation, when alluding to the bountiful manner in which nature had lavished on them so many charms.

> "Her prentice hand she tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses, O."

It has been said of him by a celebrated author that he sang of all things Scotch, from her mountains to her field-mice—from her forests to her daisies—from her rivers to her souple scones—from her heroes to her haggis—from her nobles and poets to her jolly beggars—from her most solemn religious services to her wildest revelries—from her churches to her smithies. And he did this with a prophetic foresight that his name was to be for ever associated with that of his country, that he was to be Scotland's Bard. He has given unto Scotland a store of lyrics which has made her famous, and his words are echoed alike from palace and cottage. "Scots wha hae wi' Wal-

lace bled," is a national patriotic song of great excellence, and would of itself immortalise any poet. What sublimity soars out in the last words, "Let us do or die." It has been sung and admired in many lands, and was often heard in the trenches amidst the booming cannon and bursting of bombs under the frowning battlements of Sebastopol. The working class may well feel proud when they remember it was from them and not from the privileged orders of society that our greatest national genius was destined to arise, whose fame is wide as the world itself, and was so ably gifted with the power of mingling humorous descriptions with imagery of a sublime and terrific nature. His famous poem of "Tam o' Shanter" is an illustration of the great talent he could bring to bear on these subjects.

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious."

But, gentlemen, "Nae man can tether time nor tide;" I have detained you long, much longer than my ability to do justice to the subject entitles me, I will therefore conclude with another quotation from the prolific stores of our ploughman Poet, in the sentiment of which I am sure you will all cordially sympathise.

"O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent;
Long may thy hardy sons of useful toil
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content."

And now, gentlemen, you will join me in giving every expression of enthusiasm in an overflowing bumper to the "Memory of Robbie Burns."

He concluded this clever speech amongst a burst of well-deserved cheering.

Song—"Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," by Mr. P. Furness.

Mr. R. C. Mackenzie had to propose the next toast, but was almost afraid after the eloquence of the last speaker, which had truly taken him all of a heap. The toast, however, he had to propose was one which would be felt deeply in the hearts of all the Scotchmen present, and in fact of all men whatever.

"Oh, Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for her poetic child."

Was there one present, or could they imagine a man who had not hoped or made up his mind to go back and see his old native land, the land of their boyhood? Wherever they go they find Scotchmen, and wherever they find Scotchmen they found that they worked together, stuck together, and did all in their power to benefit mankind. He was glad to see this gathering, and hoped that they might never lose sight of the customs of their own native land. There were many toasts on the list, and he did not like to detain those present, but he felt sure they would drink with all enthusiasm, "The Land of our Birth." (Tremendous cheers.)

Song—"The Bonnie Hills of Scotland," by Mr. Black.

Many other excellent speeches were given, and songs were sung, after which the company separated, each well pleased with the long-looked-for gathering, and all highly delighted at its having gone off so well.

TORONTO.—The centennial dinner took place in the Rossin House, and was well fitted to commemorate the great event which the company had met to celebrate. Covers were laid for about 120, and the tables were fully occupied. The only attempt at decorative display was seen at the head of the room, where a trophy of flags enclosed several implements of husbandry, and the compass, square, and other masonic emblems, representing the avocations of the poet in his early life, and also the craft of which in his later years he was a member. The dinner was supplied in Mr. Joslin's best style, and gave general satisfaction. Daniel Wilson, Esq., LL.D., took the chair. The vice-chairmen were the Hon. J. H. Cameron, Q. C., Hon. Mr. Mowat, and Hon. Mr. Allan. On the right of the chair sat Sir J. B. Robinson, Bart., Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, Vice-Chancellor Spragge, Hon. J. C. Morrison, Hon. Mr. Cayley, the President of the St. George's Society, and the President of the St. Patrick's Society. On the Chairman's left were Hon. Mr. Chief-Justice Draper, C.B., Skeffington Connor, Esq., Q.C., LL.D., M.P.P., Mr. Justice Richards, and Hon. P. M. Vankoughnet. At the other tables were Hon. Mr. Brown, M.P.P., J. B. Robison, Esq., M.P.P., Col. Thompson, Angus Morrison, Esq., M.P.P., M. Talbot, Esq., M.P.P., Ald. Ewart, Vice Chancellor Langton, W. M'Master, Esq., Wm. Henderson, Esq., Dr. Thorburn, Daniel Morrison, Esq, M. C. Cameron, Esq., William Hay, Esq., T. G. Ridout, Esq., W. Dickson, Esq., (Galt,) A. H. Armour, Esq., Rice Lewis, Esq., Mr. Sheriff Jarvis, Mr. ex-Sheriff Jarvis, D. B. Read, Esq., R. S. Miller, Esq., R. Bell, Esq., H. Cameron, Esq., S. M. Jarvis, Esq., W. B. Lindsay, jun., Esq., T. G. O'Neill, Esq., George Michie, Esq., R. Milroy, Esq., John Watson, Esq., John Bell, Esq., John Fisken, Esq., Alexander Grant, Esq., Secker Brough, Esq., J. M'Michael, Esq., &c., &c. Mr. Clark presided at the piano, and with his usual ability accompanied a party of excellent volunteer singers, who gave many of Burns' songs in the

intervals between the toasts. Grace was said before meat by a clergyman present, and after dinner, "Non Nobis," was sung by the amateurs. Several ladies then entered the room, and smiled their approval on the interesting proceedings which followed.

After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts, the CHAIRMAN said:—Gentlemen, I have now to invite your attention to the special object to which we owe our assembling here on this high festival of genius. This day we mark by a peculiarly significant symbol—the lapse of another century of time. Throughout the world-wide empire won to itself by the Anglo-Saxon race, it is being commemorated this day that, one hundred years ago, the mean clay bigging of a Scottish peasant became, by the birth of Robert Burns, one of the sacred shrines—the Meccas of the world. The hard lot of toiling poverty was his heritage from the cradle to the grave. In the world's broad field of battle, life was to him one stern warfare, sweeping onward through all its brief scenes as a grand but fearful tragedy—gloomy, yet lighted up with the glory and beauty of a loving and gifted soul. For Burns, art and culture, the sophistical philosophy and the refined artificialities of the eighteenth century, did nothing. All the sterling worth of Scotland's peasant bard was born of her rugged soil, and of the genial nurture of that sainted father of her "Cottar's Saturday Night." Life was to him real and earnest. With a tenderness tearfully tremulous as the loving pity of a mother, there was sunshine still behind the clouds; there was wealth of treasure for his large heart in the sympathies of nature; and he seems to us as if sent into that eighteenth century to reveal once more to men where the true beauty of life lay; and to tell us how the daisy in the furrow, and the man of honest independent worth, are alike fulfilling great Nature's plan. In the genius of Scotland's peasant bard we discern the pulsations of a musical instrument of the widest compass. From his rustic lyre come notes joyous and earnest—laughter-moving and tremulous with tears. Alas! its heavenly notes were jarred in the dread struggle with temptations, with passions, with the social environments of that poor century to which he was so vainly given as a teacher and a guide. It is not for us to pity him, who, tried before the impartial tribunal of posterity, has been adjudged one of those whose memory and whose works posterity will not willingly let die. It is not for us to pity—to blame the mighty dead; neither is it for us now to attempt his panegyric. Nay, rather, may we say of his poems, they are imperfect, and of very small extent; for his life itself was a mere broken fragment. His sun went down ere it was noon, darkening on one of the saddest tragedies of the eighteenth century; and the world only learned when too late the priceless value of the treasure it had cast beneath its feet and trodden in the mire. Robert Burns had only attained his thirty-seventh year, when, casting one lingering look of anguish on the orphanage of his love, he lay down amid the stern realities of life's battle-field to die. Let us think of this if we would estimate rightly what he did accomplish. Was there not, in the genial drollery and pregnant life of that "Tam o' Shanter" of his, the promise of a whole series of Scottish Canterbury Tales, had he but lived to the maturity to which Chaucer attained ere he gave form and utterance to his immortal song? Dying at thirty-seven, Milton would have left to us no Paradise Lost or Regained. Dryden at that age would only have been known, if known at all, as the courtly sycophant who penned his "Annus Mirabilis;" and even Pope, who lisped in numbers, would have left unaccomplished the poems on which chiefly rest the enduring foundations of his fame. Yet the author of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" stands in need of no such apology. Burns has bequeathed to us his songs, and that is fame enough to win for him the poet's immortality. His songs were a noble patriotic offering—and how generously bestowed on that country for which her poet mourned that he could do so little, while laying on her altar the priceless tribute. What lyric in any language surpasses in pathetic tenderness his "Mary in Heaven?" What glorious battle-song ever rang with more thrilling patriotic fervour than his "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled?" Or what noble, manly lay can equal in pith and power his "Man's a Man for a' that?" The songs of Burns are already a part of the living language of our common race; and may not our hearts thrill within us this night, when gathered here around this festive board, on a spot hewn in our own day out of the old savage-haunted pines of Ontario's wooded shores—as we think that the same songs are being this night sung wherever the free banner of England floats on the breeze; and wherever the language is spoken inherited by her sons. Under the straw-clad roofs of Scotland, in the cottage homes of England and of Ireland, the songs of Burns have been chaunted in triumph to-day. By the echoes of their music, repeated from land to land, may fancy follow the flag of British freedom round the world. Where it proudly floats above the rocky heights of Gibraltar, and on Malta's ancient knightly towers, there their music has given voice to the breeze. At Aden, on the old Red

Sea; in Africa, on her Atlantic coasts and her far-southern Cape of storms; in India, where the rush of the Ganges replies to the answering shouts of Britain's triumphant and dauntless sons; on that island-continent of Australasian seas—a newer world than our own—on solitary rocks like the low historic St. Helena; on clustering groups like the Antilles; and where the flag of a great republic flaunts proudly over the hardy descendants of our common stock—to each and all of these, as to ourselves, the peasant's voice, sweeping along the electric wires of genius, is heard thrilling this night with the pregnant utterances of that inspired song,

> "Then let us pray that come it may,
> As come it will for a' that,
> That man to man, the world o'er,
> Shall brothers be for a' that."

The lot of Burns was a proud, yet also a most sad one. One of Nature's great high-priests, he was taken in early youth from the sickle and the plough, and plunged into temptation, and suffering, and ineffectual self-guidance. His spirit was jarred in all its melodies, and the coarse hand of a mean prosaic age swept rudely over the broken strings. It is not for us to judge the strong man, if he yielded before the wiles of the world's Philistines ere he passed away for ever beyond reach of the wrongs heaped on him by an unappreciating age. But let us never forget this, that amid the mean necessities of the humblest peasant lot; in poverty, in weary toil, in sorrow, and even in shame, Burns had still an eye for the beauty and the poetry of life; and built up for himself a glorious and immortal monument out of these very materials of his suffering and his toil. Therefore is it that this day, with joyous pride, we look back on him whose footsteps we trace in the sands of the completed century; whose influence lives and shall live in the world's coming centuries; and above all in that dear native land, for which his warmest wish to heaven was sent, and amid whose bleak and rugged wilds he won for himself an everlasting name. Nor let us judge hardly even of those who took their poet from the sickle and the plough "to gauge ale firkins," and who only learned to discern his true worth when the toil-worn reaper had lain down to his last sleep, and the greatest of a nation's poets had gone to join the great departed. The case of Burns is no solitary one. The world has had her Dante, and Camoens, and Milton, and Dryden, and Chatterton, as well as its Burns. He, too, is now ranked among the benefactors of his race. For him the gorgeous temple has been reared, where, living, he almost wanted bread. The scene of his brief and chequered career is now the land of song, the land of Burns—known by his name and visited for his sake, by pilgrims from many a distant scene; and for him, and seeking to honour ourselves by rendering a just tribute to his fame, we, in this distant nook of Britain's world-wide empire, hold high festival to-night. The glory dies not, and the grief is past. Not in sorrow as over the kingly dead, struck down amid the vanquished, in the high places of the field; but with joyous acclamations as welcoming the victor in triumph, returning laden with the spoil, let us now pledge the immortal memory of Scotland's peasant Bard. The Chairman resumed his seat amid great cheering, which was again and again renewed.

The toast was given with three times three.

Hon. Mr. Cameron here read sentiments which had just been brought on the telegraph wires from different parts of the United States. He also remarked that the lines of telegraph from one end of America to the other were open free to-night for the transmission of messages connected with the Burns' Centenary.

Hon. Mr. Cameron rose to propose "The Bards of England and Ireland—may the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock ever twine with the Laurels of the Poets." He said—Scotchmen could not but feel proud that in their country had risen a man who, as the Chairman had so eloquently told them, was the people's bard, and who spoke to the men of his own time, and of all time, in language which would never be forgotten. Nor would they willingly forget that they were now ranked with those whose language was the language of Milton and Shakspeare, or that the descendants of the men who fought at Bannockburn were to be found side by side with the descendants of the heroes of Poitiers, Agincourt, and Cressy. Mr. Cameron traced the progress of English poetry from the days of Chaucer to the present time, and then, turning to Ireland, dwelt upon the genius of Moore. In one respect, Burns and Moore might be compared with each other, but in other respects they could not be compared. Burns spoke to the people in the people's tongue; but Moore's verses were expressed in more polished language. The songs of both, however, were so beautiful in sentiment, so exquisite in language, that they would ever live in the memory of the nation. Mr. Cameron concluded by reciting a very beautiful poem, in which he had given expression to the sentiments he entertained for the "peasant bard."

Rev. Dr. M'Caul, in a long and eloquent speech, gave "The Bench and the Bar of Canada: may learning and eloquence adorn, may integrity and justice strengthen them;"

and mentioned Sir John B. Robinson, Hon. Chief Justice Draper, and Mr. Vice-Chancellor Blake as being distinguished ornaments to the Canadian Bench.

Song—"When Arthur First."

Sir J. B. Robinson proposed "The Mother Country: may her Canadian sons prove worthy of their sires," in an eloquent speech, concluding as follows:—And why should they prove unworthy of their sires? They were born in a country enjoying as free a constitution as there was in the mother country itself. They were governed by good laws, and it was in their power to make these laws still better, for they were almost unrestricted in the rights of legislation which the mother country had conceded to them. They were surrounded by a climate as capable of sustaining a hardy, energetic population as could be found in any part of the globe. They were natives also of a country in which the population were principally agriculturists—an occupation more productive of honesty and independence of character than any other. But there was another circumstance in their favour. There was no country in the world in which greater attention was paid to education than was being paid to it in Canada at the present moment. There was no person in Upper Canada who was not within reach of the means of a better education than Burns, the poet, enjoyed. But however excellent might be their schools and colleges, it was not by the teacher's instruction that they could become poets such as Robert Burns. Genius like his was the gift of Heaven. Everything which came from his pen was cherished with the most ardent feeling by the people of the present generation. Something had been said of his failings; but they must recollect how much he must have resisted. The same fire of genius which enabled him to write what he had penned made to him the temptations offered by convivial meetings irresistible. On such occasions, "the minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure," and the words in which he spoke of "Tam o' Shanter," might with equal propriety be applied to himself—"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious."

Song—"Auld Langsyne," by Mr. Bain.

Hon. Mr. Brown proposed—"Our Universities and Schools: may they foster the Canadian mind, and add the force of intellect to the fire of native genius."

Song—"John Anderson, my jo," by Mr. T. Bilton.

Mr. Chief Justice Draper gave "the Canadian Institutions and the Scientific Associations of Canada: may science find a home in our province, and win new triumphs on our soil." The learned gentleman referred to the early condition of the inhabitants of Canada, and to the position which they had now attained, as was evidenced by the number of scientific institutions in their midst. He concluded by saying that it was indeed pleasing to see English, Irish, Scotch and Canadians assembled to do honour to the poet Burns. (Applause.)

Song—"Canadian Boat Song."

Dr. Connor gave "The Genius of Song: may its laurels flourish on the free soil of Canada."

Song—"Scots wha hae," by Mr. Bilton.

Hon. P. M. Vankoughnet said he was highly gratified at having the honour to be present on such an important occasion. It was now approaching twelve o'clock, and the song of "Auld Langsyne," which had just been given, acted as a warning to him to be very brief. He would not have very great difficulty in speeding his plough. Every one in Canada could join in the statement, in reference to Scotland, that she has sent us her sons who had plenty of strength to speed the plough, and the best of them were those who had come from the land of Burns. It was greatly to be attributed to the fact that Burns was a ploughman that he had excelled as a poet. He had drawn his inspiration from nature, and by this he had achieved a position seldom attained. It could not, however, be expected that every ploughman would become a poet; but he may greatly improve his condition in this country, and also that of his family, by storing his mind with knowledge, and taking an interest in those things which would ennoble him and raise him in his position. (Cheers.) He (Mr. V.) had great pleasure in giving the toast, which he felt certain all present would join in, "Speed the Plough." (Applause.)

C. Connon, LL.D., then recited Burns' celebrated poem, "Tam o' Shanter," amid bursts of laughter and applause.

Hon. G. W. Allan said the toast which he had to propose was "The City of Toronto: may virtue and integrity be its bulwarks; may peace and prosperity surround it." One hundred years ago, Canada was a province of France, and at that time Toronto had no existence. But now Toronto could boast of her 50,000 inhabitants. Mr. Allan then contrasted the Toronto of the present day with the "Muddy Little York" of twenty-five years ago, and said every one would now be of opinion that the site which had been chosen for the city by Governor Simcoe had been a most judicious one. He then said that several amusing accounts of the extent of the city were given in various works, and, to show the manner in which they were generally spoken of, he might inform them that the following was to be found in Bell's *Edinburgh Gazetteer*:—

"Toronto, a town in Upper Canada, with one hundred wooden houses, and eight thousand inhabitants." (Laughter.) Mr. Allan then said that the high position to which the city had risen was mainly to be attributed to the manly independence and energy of the working men within her bounds. He hoped that they would still carry out the same virtues with which they had so well begun. (Applause.)

Hon. O. Mowat, in a very eloquent speech, gave "The Press."

The Chairman, in very appropriate terms, then gave "The Ladies."

Song—"All good lasses," by the glee party.

Dr. Connor, in very complimentary terms, proposed the health of the Chairman, which was acknowledged in a very happy manner by Dr. Wilson. The proceedings then terminated.

Those who celebrated the centennial anniversary of the great poet in the St. Lawrence Hall were by no means behind their brethren of the Rossin House, in the magnificence of the preparation. Without exaggeration, the whole affair was a triumph from beginning to end. The decorations of the hall in which the first and last part of the proceedings took place demands attention. On either side of the platform an Union Jack was placed, and between the two was exhibited a painting of Burns at the plough, with Coila placing on the poet's head the mantle of inspiration. The picture is the production of Mr. Joseph Davis, of Toronto, a young artist, and gives much promise of future excellence. On the walls were hung festoons of evergreens, interlaced with red, white, and blue drapery. The intervals were decorated with shields bearing the names of many of Burns' songs. The Crown of Great Britain, supported by the letters V. R., shed a flood of light over the gallery occupied by the band of the Canadian Rifles. Another painting was also placed here. It represented one of those old snug, straw-thatched farm houses, which, though common in Great Britain, are almost unknown in Canada, and bore the very appropriate motto, "Auld Langsyne." But the great ornament to the hall was the brilliant assemblage within it. The platform was occupied by several members of the Toronto Highland Society, in their national costume. Besides these gentlemen, were Lieut. Col. Irvine, A.D.C.; Col. Macdougall; Sir James Leith Hay, Bart., President of the Burns' Club; Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, Esq., M.P.P.; Dr. M'Caul, President of the Upper Canada University; George Duggan, Esq., Recorder; George Gurnett, Esq., County Magistrate; Captain Goodwin, Esq.; Thomas Sellars, Esq., and Mr. Alexander M'Lachlan, author of Canadian Lyrics.

Sir James Hay having taken the chair, said that His Worship the Mayor had been, he regretted to say, unavoidably detained. In his absence, Dr. M'Caul had consented to open the proceedings.

Dr. M'Caul was received with loud applause. He said:—Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.—It is with no ordinary pleasure that I rise to take part in the proceedings of this evening; intended as they are to honour one who has been so justly styled,—"Scotia's immortal bard." It is peculiarly gratifying to find, on such an occasion as the present, all national distinctions thrown aside, and the natives of each part of the United Kingdom come forward gladly to do honour to the great poet. There is a beautiful custom that prevails in parts of the continent, whereby the members and friends of some departed loved one, fix on some anniversary, the anniversary of birth, of marriage, or of death—the three great epochs of man's existence—they fix on one of these in order to approach that tomb which wraps the remains of those they loved, and to present to them, as a tribute to show their eternal memory, simple flowers in testimony of their undying affection. (Applause.) It is in some such ceremony as this we are engaged this evening. The monument of Burns is not here; that monument is near that all-hallowed kirk that gave origin to what I conceive to be the finest of all his poems, Tam o' Shanter, but we can fancy a cenotaph not holding any of the remains of the poet; and to that the Scotchman comes forward and presents as a tribute of affection and regard, the Thistle, the proud emblem of his native land. The Englishman comes forward and presents the Rose, all fragrant with perfume and blushing with beauty; and the native of my own dear Isle comes forward and presents the green, immortal Shamrock, chosen love of bard and chief; Old Erin's native Shamrock! And our brethren, the natives of this land, come forward, and they present the bright Maple leaf, the glory of our autumnal woods. It is, Sir, as it ought to be. Burns is not the poet of one people, although Scotland is stamped unequivocally in everything he wrote; Burns is the poet of all countries. But, Sir, on such an occasion as the present, it might reasonably be expected that any one who would rise and address the audience would bring forward and expatiate on what he believed to be the especial merit of Burns. I confess that, in attempting such a task as this, I labour under very great difficulties. I have not the good fortune to have been familiar from boyhood with the dialect in which he wrote, and I well know the great disadvantage of not knowing that. I well re-

member when I first read Burns' poems, I appreciated, as any one must, those beauties which are on the surface; but, when I heard a Scotch lady read them with all the unction of her native dialect, there were passages which had seemed to me tame that acquired unwonted vigour; there were passages in which, to my eyes, there was little fire, but there flame burst forth—thoughts that breathed, and words that burned. Under such circumstances, I feel that the best I can do would be to leave such subjects to be dealt with by a gentleman whom I am glad to see amongst us on this occasion. The gentleman, who I believe is to address you last, a Canadian author of lyrics, one who has unquestionably caught a portion of the spirit of Burns himself. Perhaps, however, as a mere matter of curiosity, for it can be but little more, some persons I trust whom I address may be desirous of knowing what are the peculiar merits for which an Irishman admires Burns. First of all I admire him for his adherence to nature; for his strict adherence to the truth of nature. There is nothing affected, nothing distorted in him; but his verses actually daguerrotype the scenes and persons around him. But I admire him for his tenderness and sensibility. Take such compositions as we are all familiar with;—"To a Daisy," "To a field Mouse." These compositions show the very highest grade of sensibility. But I admire him for his high appreciation of that feeling which, when the gates of Eden were closed on our primitive parents, and they went forth wanderers through the world, was to cheer and comfort them in all their travels, that affection which like the rainbow was to shine brightest amidst the darkest gloom. I refer to such passages as that which has been quoted by critics as being the very essence of a thousand love stories:—

> "Had we never loved so kindly,
> Had we never loved so blindly;
> Never met, or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

(Applause.) And that most exquisite specimen of his muse, "John Anderson, my Jo."

> "Noo we maun totter down, John,
> But hand in hand we'll go,
> And sleep together at the foot,
> John Anderson, my Jo."

(The rev. gentleman threw great pathos into the last two lines, and drew forth from the audience a round of applause.) Nothing can be finer than that; nothing can be truer to nature. It has the ring of the true metal, and to borrow an expressive Yankee phrase, "and no mistake." I do not envy the man who has come to that period of life when his hair begins to turn a little white that does not feel his heart throb responsive to those verses, which express so beautifully the crown and glory of domestic peace. I admire Burns too, for his pathos. Take for instance his poem to "Mary in Heaven." I admire him for his originality, his power of changing rapidly from the terrific to the ludicrous, such as is embodied in his poem of "Tam o' Shanter." But I admire him also for his thorough independence of character, for his thorough conviction of the nobleness of man. (Applause.) Need I mention that poem which has supplied so many quotations that few remember from whence they are derived, such words as

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that."

But, Sir, I fear I have already trespassed too far on the audience, and I shall therefore close with one characteristic of Burns; that characteristic that is apparent in every one of his verses, I mean his thorough nationality;—he is an unequivocal, undoubted, straightforward Scotsman. I believe, Sir, there is a class of philosophers, the growth of these later years, who look on this love of country, such as Burns had, as a reprehensible infirmity. They look on it as a proof of intellectual infirmity. If these be their tenets, and I have but little doubt of it, for they use such grand terms as "wide extended cosmopolitan views," all I can say is, that I am no disciple of their school, and if they found an institution for the propagation of their doctrines, most unquestionably I will not matriculate in it. My feeling is as Burns' feeling, that that man is devoid of sensibility that does not love beyond every other country on the earth, be its features what it may, his own, his dear native land. Take that most beautiful passage in which he states that he hopes,

> "for puir auld Scotland's sake,
> Some usefu' plan or beuk he'd make,
> Or sing a sang at least."

And, Sir, did he not sing a song, did he not for poor old Scotland's sake sing a song that has rendered himself and his country celebrated throughout the world? That song was originally uttered in his native county Ayrshire; it was low, faint, and feeble, as the tones that are uttered by an Æolian harp when the wind elicits music from its dormant strings. But that song spread. It was sung by the ploughman at the plough, it was joined in by high and low. That song sped on to the capital of the kingdom. It crossed the border, and there won the admiration of the rank, wealth, and

intelligence of England. And it crossed the little narrow channel and came to my own country, and there it found people in the north of Ireland acquainted with the dialect in which it was written. Further still, it crossed the surging Atlantic, it reached those States, our neighbours to the south of the lakes, and there it was welcomed. Such words as those I have quoted, "A man's a man for a' that," became the watchword of freedom. It passed on still further, it reached this country, then not as it is now, but it reached the backwoodsman, who laid by his axe and dropped a tear for the heather-clad hills he had left behind him. It spread throughout the habitable globe; wherever it came, it was welcomed with joy; it was welcomed with admiration. This very meeting, crowded as it is, and hundreds of others throughout the earth, all bear witness, not merely to the wide extent his songs have traversed, but to the strong affection whereby they are fixed in the mind. And depend upon it, that Hesperus who rides the starry host,—on this day as the shadows of evening fall, as he looks down to this earth, presenting in its revolution its various parts to his observations—looks down upon eloquence bringing forth the choicest treasures of knowledge; music gushing with melody; he looks down upon not merely eloquence and song pouring forth their treasures, he looks forth on the ruddy wine flowing in brimming bowls, and he looks down also upon—to those who prefer it—the more healthful "cup which cheers but not inebriates." He looks forth on one wide, unbroken scene of mirth. And when Hesperus is called upon to do that other duty of ushering into the expectant world, the "rosy-fingered Aurora, the Daughter of the Dawn," depend upon it, he will look back with regret on the festive scenes he must leave, on halls flashing with light, ringing with acclamation, and "Mirth with all her jocund train" holding high festival in honour of Scotland's peasant bard of Ayrshire, Robert Burns.

The Mayor, who had entered during the speech of Dr. M'Caul, apologized for not having been present in time. He had been busily engaged in some other matter. His Worship very much regretted that one so disqualified for the situation he had the honour to fill should have been selected for the purpose. It was one of the inconveniences of being a Mayor of this city that he was occasionally called upon to discharge duties for which he was disqualified. We had met here to celebrate this evening the centennial birthday of Robert Burns, who was born on the 25th January, 1759. That was the year, and it was well to bear it in mind, in which these Provinces fell to the British arms. This also was the 100th anniversary of the taking of Quebec. Burns was born of very humble parents. His father seemed to have been a man of remarkable abilities, and his son had the highest reverence for him. His mother was a very superior woman, and Burns bore for her the greatest love. This was one of the many incidents where the higher gifts of the mind were found developed in the child. It was through an old ballad that his mother was very fond of singing, "The life and age of man," which inspired Robert to write his exquisite song, "Man was made to mourn," one of the most beautiful dirges in the whole range of English literature. His sphere of life was a very humble one; it was to labour with his hands upon the small plot of land where he was born. But his natural avocation was in another field, and he asserted his right, and entered into his inheritance. The poetry of Burns was much affected by his love for women, and although it led him into serious faults and irregularities, we must also bear in mind, that, had it not been for the very exercise of that irregularity, we should not have had so many of his noble songs and poems. One sentiment which the poet was most anxious to impress on all mankind, was forbearance and charity to the faults of others. In that admirable production of his, to the "Unco guid and rigidly righteous," it was especially apparent. There was one special reason why his poetry had taken so strong hold upon the people; his intense nationality. For there never was a Scotchman so powerfully, so perfectly a Scotchman as Robert Burns. He celebrated her soil; he even celebrated her Scotch drink —whisky. Very shortly after Burns had written that finest of all ballads, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," he was called to his last account. He died at the early age of thirty-seven. In conclusion, His Worship said the memory of him whose centennial birthday we had met here to celebrate was not confined to the country that gave him birth. His memory was known and was fresh in every land wherever the literature of England was published, and throughout the world wherever a people used the same language as ourselves, they were as deeply and strongly attached to the memory of Robert Burns as any Scotchman could be. (Loud applause.)

Mr. M'Lachlan concluded an eloquent and feeling address on the life and character of Burns by reading a very beautiful poem composed by him for the occasion, the three first stanzas of which we can only give:

"All hail! prince and peasant,
The hour that gave birth

To the heart whose wild beatings
Resound through the earth;
Whose sympathies nations
Nor creeds could not bind,
But gushed out in torrents
Of love to mankind.

All hail! mighty Minstrel,
Thy magical art
Was the breathings of love, through
The strings of the heart;
And all thine own burdens
Of sorrow and grief
Were charmed into music
For mortals' relief.

Let the poor and the lowly
Look up and rejoice!
The dumb and down-trodden
Find in thee a voice—
The high and the lordly,
In palace and hall—
For thou wert the playmate
And brother of all.

Several other speeches were made, and songs were sung, and precisely at ten o'clock, His Worship gave "The memory of Burns," a toast which it had been agreed upon to drink at that moment throughout America.

THE SUPPER.—An adjournment to the supper-room then took place. As the tables, spacious as they were, could not accommodate all present, a portion of the guests had to stop in the hall, while the others were partaking of the good things prepared by Mr. Webb. Upon entering the rooms, a sight met their gaze which must have astonished many. The tables seemed of an illimitable length; the eatables were in such quantities that the idea of disposing of all in a legitimate manner seemed almost ludicrous. Castles of sugar, surmounted by the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew were everywhere seen. There were lions rampant made of cake, and lions couchant made of jelly. Bonbons and turkeys, ices and salmon, hams real, and hams unreal, the latter resembling "Everton Taffy" to the taste. But we cannot attempt to name the good things; it would take too long. The rooms were decorated with flags in admirable order, and a dais had been erected for the Governor-General, which, as he was not present, the Mayor took possession of. During the supper, Mr. Geo. Brown entered the room, and was loudly cheered. The following toasts were proposed in succession; no speeches were made:—"The Queen and the Royal Family; His Excellency the Governor-General; the Army and Navy; the Memory of Scotland's immortal Bard, Robert Burns; Kindred Burns' Clubs all over the world."

His Worship's health was called for and drunk amid loud cheers. Mr. Wilson returned thanks in a few words.

Meanwhile the hall had been cleared, and before the sound of the last cheers had died away, the dancing had commenced; it continued till a late hour in the morning.

WOODSTOCK, C. W.—There assembled at Norton's Hotel, to do honour to the memory of Scotland's immortal bard, a large and respectable company. The dinner was got up in the very best style, and was placed on the table at half-past six o'clock, when upwards of two hundred took their seats. Excellent speeches were delivered by the Chairman, James Kintrea, Esq., and the Rev. Duncan M'Diarmid, and John Douglass, Esq.

YAAS (AUSTRALIA).—The celebration of the Centenary of Robert Burns, the Scotch Bard, was observed here by a public dinner, and kept up till morning. The attendance was good, and most of the speeches pithy. Dr. Campbell gave the toast "Robert Burns" with true Scotch fervour.

UNITED STATES.

ADRIAN, MICHIGAN.—On the evening of the 25th, the Scotchmen of this city met at the residence of C. M. M'Kenzie. A pleasant evening was spent in recurring to the days of "Auld Langsyne." A beautiful repast, with a few good Scotch songs, and appropriate remarks, formed the principal attractions of the evening. Before parting, a committee was formed for the purpose of organizing a St. Andrew's Society for this county. Thus an opportunity will be afforded to Scotchmen in the county to have a friendly meeting occasionally with their countrymen of the city.

ALBANY, N. Y.—The Albany Burns Club celebrated the centenary with becoming spirit. No more elegant repast was ever served up in this city upon any similar occasion. And the 'feast of reason' corresponded with it. The speeches, toasts, and songs were appropriate, expressive, and exhilarating. A pleasant hilarity pervaded the Club; and although everything passed off with becoming decorum, the felt presence of the spirit of the immortal poet awakened an enthusiasm which gave a joyous zest to the feast. James Dickson, the President of the Club, presided with becoming dignity and grace. He was ably assisted by Vice-President Dodds; while Secretary M'Goun made himself useful everywhere. The indefatigable labours of Treasurer Shanks and Mr. Manson, through the evening, as general superintendents of the feast, were fully appreciated. But as a Burns anniversary would be sadly defective without a song, the Club owe a thousand thanks to Messrs. Ellis, Drummond, Traynor, Watkins, M'Haffey, Lamb, Gresham, Dodds, Yuill, M'Farland, Murphy, and others, for the admirable manner in which they rendered a score of the choice gems of Scotland and America. Indeed, there was every variety of song and sentiment appropriate and befitting such an occasion. The chief feature of the evening was the exhibition of the autograph copy of "Auld Langsyne," of the genuineness of which there is no doubt. For this the Club is indebted to the Hon. J. V. L. Pruyn, who has recently become the possessor of this precious relic. "The fragment containing 'Auld Langsyne,'" says Henry Stevens, Esq. of Massachusetts, "is part of a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, and is beyond all question in the autograph of Burns. I have placed beside it a characteristic letter of the poet, dated Feb., 1788, bearing his signature, and addressed to John Richmond. This autograph of 'Auld Langsyne' was for many years in the possession of my late friend William Pickering, the publisher, and after his death it fell, under Sotheby's hammer, in 1855, to me, at a price which I dare not name."

ANDOVER, MASS.—The Burns Club of Andover, now two years old, celebrated the anniversary by a supper, to which a large party sat down. Mr. Hugh Smart, President, delivered an opening address, after which appropriate sentiments were read and responses received from P. Smith, Esq., Messrs. D. Middleton, James Smith, A. Scrimgeour, J. Tytler, and J. B. Lyall. Recitations were given by Messrs. R. Clarke, J. B. Smith, Tytler and Lyall. Songs, instrumental music, and social chat filled up the time till the "wee short hour," when the company separated.

BALTIMORE.—The festival came off at the Maltby House on Tuesday night, a full attendance of the Club and a large number of invited guests being present. The president, James Stirratt, Esq., sat at the head of the table. Near him were seated Hon. John P. Kennedy, S. Teakle Wallis, Esq., Samuel Cairns, Esq., Secretary of the Club, and other well-known citizens. Vice-Presidents William M'Clymont and M. J. Drummond occupied the foot of the tables. The President, after removal of the cloth, having opened the proceedings with an appropriate address, proceeded to announce the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert

Burns," which was drunk standing and in silence.

The Hon. Mr. Kennedy responded in the following terms:—The fame of Robert Burns is confined to no land nor latitude. It is world-wide in its character, and the songs of the Ayrshire peasant poet are the common property of humanity. Wherever the English language is spoken, his tender verse is repeated. It is sung under the roof-trees of the houses in Scotland, and in England, and in America, and wherever the adventurous spirits of those who speak our language have wandered. What, asked the speaker, has given this wide latitude to the poetry of Burns? It is because he was a true man, and gave his energies and songs for the benefit of mankind. No man ever lived who showed less disposition to pander to the rich, or fawn upon the powerful. He stood forth the perfection of independence and a pattern of true nobility. His songs are tuned to every touch of human feeling. Satire, war, love, humour, sympathy and sentiment have each received the richest offerings from his pen. Now he awakens the finest chords of feeling and touches the noblest sympathies, and anon he sets the table in a roar. A genius like that of Burns was far in advance of his age, and as a consequence he was not properly appreciated then. But with the lapse of years his fame had grown dearer, and the sacrifices of his life were now claimed as a heritage by millions of the human race. His poetry was addressed to the future as well as to the firesides of the day in which he lived, and now, after years have passed away, nobility goes to his tomb to pay him homage, while mankind meet, as on this evening, to celebrate his worth. He comes to us this evening purified from the dross of mortality, and stands before us a spiritual existence, full of the finest touches of humanity.

The second toast was "Scotland—hallowed by ancient memories and associations of undying glory and renown," and was responded to by James Mellon, who sung "Dear Scotland, I love thee," excellently well, and was much applauded.

The third toast was "The Immortal Memory of Washington," drank standing and in silence.

The fourth toast, "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," was responded to by Teakle Wallis, Esq.

The fifth toast was "Washington Irving—the Patriarch of American literature—may Rip Van Winkle sleep no more, but live through all time and perpetuate the name of his illustrious historian."

The Poets of America, The Press, and other toasts were given, until the small hours of the morning were breaking in upon the enthusiastic party, when they adjourned, after complimenting the host of the Maltby, L. U. Maltby, Esq., and the singing of "Auld Langsyne."

BARTON, Alleghany Co., Md.—The Barton Burns Club held their first annual celebration in the Fountain Hotel.—After partaking of an excellent supper, not omitting the haggis, which was furnished by one of our Scotch ladies, the tables were cleared, and the company, to the number of about fifty, proceeded with the business of the evening. The chair was taken by the President, Mr. Thomas Herron, who was assisted by the two Vice-Presidents of the Club, Messrs. John Sommerville and Peter Goodwin. Mr. Herron opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks, after which the toast of the evening was proposed; the other usual toasts suitable to such occasions were then drunk and responded to. The evening was enlivened by many excellent songs from Matthew Waddell, John and Thomas Goodwin, John Macmillen, Wm. Rankine, Wm. Orr, jun., and several others. The meeting did not break up till well on in the morning, and I am confident we spent as happy a time as any of our other sister societies throughout the length and breadth of this continent.

BOSTON.—The Burns Club of Boston celebrated the occasion by a festive gathering at the Parker House, which was one of the most successful and brilliant demonstrations ever held in the city. The list of invited guests included many of the most brilliant intellects of New England; and the knowledge of the fact that several of them would be present and address the Club, crowded the festive hall to its utmost capacity with the admirers of the Scottish bard.

General Tyler, the President of the Club, occupied the chair. On the right of the President were seated the Governor, Colonel E. G. Parker, Hon. Joseph Howe of Nova Scotia, Hon. Charles A. Phelps, Mayor Lincoln, Hon. Josiah Quincy, jr.; and on the left the Chaplain of the evening, Rev. Mr. Lawrie, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Lord Radstock, George S. Hillard, N. P. Willis, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Captain Lang.

It was announced that letters had been received from a number of distinguished gentlemen who had found it impossible to be present. Numerous sentiments were received by telegraph from various parts of the United States and Canada, and responded to in an appropriate manner. Among the peculiar features of this festival was a haggis, which had been made for the occasion in the cottage in which Burns was

born. Several interesting memorials of the poet were also exhibited.

The President, in a brief and sensible address, proposed the toast of the evening, which was responded to by Mr. EMERSON in the following terms:—Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I do not know by what untoward accident it has chanced, and I forbear to inquire, that in this accomplished circle it should fall to me, the worst Scotchman of all, to receive your commands, and at the latest hour, too, to respond to the sentiment just offered, and which indeed makes the occasion. But I am told there is no appeal, and I must trust to the inspiration of the theme to make a fitness which does not otherwise exist. Yes, Sir, I heartily feel the singular claims of the occasion. At the first announcement, from I know not whence, that the 25th of January was the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, a sudden consent warmed the great English race, in all its kingdoms, colonies, and states, all over the world, to keep the festival. We are here to hold our parliament with love and poesy, as men were wont to do in the middle ages. Those famous parliaments might or might not have had more stateliness and better singers than we—though that is yet to be known—but they could not have better reason. I can only explain this singular unanimity in a race which rarely acts together, but rather after their watchword, each for himself—by the fact that Robert Burns, the poet of the middle class, represents in the mind of men to-day that great uprising of the middle class against the armed and privileged minorities—that uprising which worked politically in the American and French Revolutions, and which, not in governments, so much as in education and in social order, has changed the face of the world. In order for this destiny, his birth, breeding, and fortunes were low. His organic sentiment was absolute independence, and resting, as it should, on a life of labour. No man existed who could look down on him. They that looked into his eyes saw that they might look down the sky as easily. His muse and teaching was common sense, joyful, aggressive, irresistible. Not Latimer, not Luther, struck more telling blows against false theology than did this brave singer. The "Confession of Augsburg," the "Declaration of Independence," the French "Rights of Man," and the "Marseillaise," are not more weighty documents in the history of freedom than the songs of Burns. His satire has lost none of its edge. His musical arrows yet sing through the air. He is so substantially a reformer, that I find his grand, plain sense in close chain with the greatest masters —Rabelais, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Butler, and Burns. If I should add another name, I find it only in a living countryman of Burns. He is an exceptional genius. The people who care nothing for literature and poetry care for Burns. It was indifferent, they thought who saw him, whether he wrote verses or not; he could have done anything else as well. Yet how true a poet is he! and the poet, too, of poor men, of grey hodden, and the guernsey coat, and the blouse. He has given voice to all the experiences of common life; he has endeared the farm-house and cottage, patches and poverty, beans and barley; ale, the poor man's wine; hardship, the fear of debt, the dear society of weans and wife, of brothers and sisters, proud of each other, knowing so few, and finding amends for want and obscurity in books and thought. What a love of nature, and, shall I say it? of middle-class nature. Not great like Goethe, in the stars, or like Byron, on the ocean, or Moore in the luxurious East, but in the lonely landscape which the poor see around them—bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice, and sleet, and rain, and snow-choked brooks; birds, hares, field-mice, thistles and heather, which he daily knew. How many "Bonnie Doons," and "John Anderson, my joes," and "Auld Langsynes," all around the earth have his verses been applied to! And his love songs still woo and melt the youths and maids; the farm-work, the country holiday, the fishing coble, are still his debtors to-day. And as he was thus the poet of poor, anxious, cheerful, working humanity, so he had the language of low life. He grew up in a rural district, speaking a patois unintelligible to all but natives, and he has made that low-land Scotch a Doric dialect of fame. It is the only example in history of a language made classic by the genius of a single man. But more than this, he had that secret of genius, to draw from the bottom of society the strength of its speech, and astonish the ears of the polite with these artless words, better than art, and filtered of all offence through his beauty. It seemed odious to Luther that the devil should have all the best tunes: he would bring them into the churches; and Burns knew how to take from fairs and gypsies, blacksmiths and drovers, the speech of the market and street, and clothe it with melody. But I am detaining you too long. The memory of Burns—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it, to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide what the waves say of it. The doves perching always on the eaves of the stone chapel opposite may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps

his fame bright. The memory of Burns—every man's, and boy's, and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.

In reply to the toast of the "The Commonwealth of Massachusetts," Governor BANKS responded in an admirable speech, in which he referred to the obligations Massachusetts was under to Scotland for its religious liberty. It was in consequence of the determined stand made by the people of Scotland against the infringement of their religious liberties in the time of Charles I. that Massachusetts was allowed to have religious freedom. It was said by the advisers to Charles the First, that in consequence of this outbreak in Scotland, it was necessary that he should allow the colonists of Massachusetts to go on in their own way; and from that period the colonists of Massachusetts had their own way, and for their own purpose, and had pursued the path of success to which no son of theirs this day has other reason to point than as the crowning glory of his race.

Mr. BANKS also made some eloquent observations with reference more immediately to the subject of the meeting. He said—We are indebted, Sir, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to the countrymen of Burns upon other grounds. Our manufactures, our commerce, our mechanic arts, and our literature, have been strengthened, and our success has been enlarged by the frugal spirit, the untiring energy, and keen, piercing intellect, which they at all times and in all directions have given to our industry and practical prosperity. But especially are we indebted to Scotland for the brilliant and heroic spirit, the unsurpassed poetic genius and the pure love of nature and of the right, which we find in the poetry of Burns—not the poetry for those of scholastic attainments alone, not for one class or another, but for all who wear the form of man, or who can be moved by the highest and purest thoughts which have ever stirred the hearts of the human race in any age of the world.

I am not disposed, gentlemen, to trespass upon your time with any disquisition upon his merits as a poet or writer. There are those who can do this better than I, whom you have chosen for this purpose, and so I pass it. But I beg your permission and grace to say, that when you present on this centennial anniversary of his birth, his character as a man, his genius as a poet, and the spirit of humanity which has immortalized his name, you furnish an example and a philosophy which have warmed the hearts of his fellowmen, and will still strengthen them, so long as human hearts beat within the breasts of men.

From the lowest ranks of life, nerved alone by his own spirit and by his own courage, recognized by none, seeking counsel and support from none, through the strength of his own genius, he achieved for himself an immortality of fame, and gave to the world an illustrious example, which will never cease to be felt. (Cheers.) Sir, if we could give to the people of other lands, to Spain, or to France, or to Russia, or to whatever nation or people you may turn, such words and such lessons and such power, that should so enter into the hearts of their people as the thrilling melodies of Burns have filled the hearts of Scotchmen, and Englishmen, and Americans, they would hew their way through the thick ranks of privileged orders, and batter down the heavy masses of legislative encroachment, though they were piled mountains high, until they made "Ossa like a wart." (Enthusiastic cheering.)

This is what Burns did for Scotchmen; it is what he has done for Americans; and until years shall cease to roll, and human hearts to beat, there will never be a man, in whatever rank of life you find him, however poor and oppressed, who, with the memory and glory of Robert Burns before him, will not gird and guide himself as if possessed with the spirit and power of truth, of justice, of humanity and right, against whatever odds may be presented. (Loud applause.)

Let me say then, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Burns Club, taking him as the type of the purpose of Scotland, and the Scotch people, and his language, as evidence of their power and of their intellect—let me say in his own words, upon this the hundredth anniversary since God gave him the light of life, and the pen of eloquence,—poesy, truth and power:

> "Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue,
> She's just a devil wi' a rung,
> And if she promise auld or young
> To tak their part,
> Tho' by the neck she should be strung
> She'll no desert.

As the home and head-quarters of so many American poets, the voice of poetry was not wanting on this occasion to do honour to the memory of the Scottish Bard, and no fewer than four original poems were read composed for the occasion, one by Oliver Wendell Holmes,

two by Professor James Russell Lowell, and one by Mr. John G. Whittier.

The Hon. GEORGE S. HILLARD replied to the toast of "The Minstrels and Minstrelsy of Scotland" in a long and interesting speech, from which we extract the following passages: —Why is it that Burns has taken such a hold upon the hearts of all who speak with English tongues and read English books? Why, among other proofs of this, are we here to-night?

It seems to me that this is due in part to his character as a man, and in part to the peculiar qualities of his poetry. His character was remarkable for its manliness, its sincerity, and its independence. He was too brave for disguises, and too truthful for affectation. In all his life there is no stain of meanness, of treachery, of cowardice, of hypocrisy. If he was vehement in his dislikes, and sometimes almost savage in the expression of them, he was also the most faithful of friends. We mark in him one sure indication of a noble nature—the warmth and constancy of his gratitude. The burden of obligation he wears like a jewel and not like a chain. He often yielded to temptation; but his errors are half atoned for and wholly forgiven by the frankness with which he confesses them. He was born in a very low estate, and reared in bitter soul-crushing poverty; and this, too, at a time when native worth was less valued, and adventitious distinctions were more regarded than they are now. But in spite of this, his life was marked by a manly independence, sometimes pushed to a fierce and defiant self-assertion. The low-born peasant, whose hands were hardened and whose frame was bent by toil, stood in the presence of noblemen and gentlemen, of wits and scholars, unabashed, "pride in his port, defiance in his eye," as firm upon his feet as when he strode behind his plough upon the mountain side. He never lowered the flag of genius before the flag of rank. Wherever he met a man's mind, he laid his own alongside of it, yard arm and yard arm, for a fair fight. He respected in others the claims of essential superiority—the God-given patents of nobility—and he exacted from them the same deference. All the primal sympathies of the human soul recognize the power, the charm, of a character of such manly self-reliance, such lofty self-assertion. We follow with admiration the movements of the broad-shouldered, swarthy-cheeked, black-eyed peasant, who on all occasions and in all societies sustains himself with such simple dignity, who plants himself with such assured force on his worth as a man, and whose vigorous, untaught genius beats down the feeble guards of commonplace cultivation and the thin defences of social rank.

But it is the poetry of Burns, far more than his character as a man, that brings us here to-night. He was a poet of the first order; but that is not all. Among all the poets endowed with a vision and a faculty so high as his, we recall no one whose genius is of so popular a quality. The lowliness of his birth, in some respects a disadvantage, was herein a help to him; for it gave him a comprehension of the common heart and mind of his countrymen which must have been denied to him had he been born in a higher sphere. Take, for instance, his immortal poem of "The Cottar's Saturday Night." Where can we find another poet with an imagination capable of so idealizing the subject, and yet so familiar with its details as to present a picture as true as it is beautiful? The poetry of Burns hits the heart of man just between wind and water; every line and every word tells. With the inspired eye of genius he looked abroad upon the common life of Scotland; and there found the themes of poetry—and the highest poetry, too, —in scenes, in relations, in objects which to the prosaic apprehension seemed compact of hopeless prose. As in works in Florentine mosaic,—in which leaves and flowers are reproduced in precious stones—our pleasure is made up in part from the beauty of the material used, and in part from the familiar character of the forms represented. So in reading the poetry of Burns, we are not only charmed with the genius it displays, but thrilled with a strange electric delight in seeing the ordinary themes of every-day life so glorified and transfigured. At his touch, the heather bloom becomes an amethyst and the holly-leaf turns into emerald. Every man can comprehend, feel and enjoy the poetry of Burns; for this no other training is needed than the training of life. There are no learned allusions, no recondite lore, no speculations that transcend the range of average experience. To have seen the daisy blow and heard the lark sing—to have clasped the hand of man and kissed the lips of woman—are preparation enough for all that he has written. The sentiments with which the poor man reads him are compounded, perhaps unconsciously, of admiration and gratitude — gratitude to the genius which has poured such ideal light around this common earth—which has empurpled with celestial roses the very turf beneath his feet — which has opened to him, the child of poverty and toil, the fairy world of imagination—which has held to his lips the sparkling elixir, the divine nepenthe, of poetry—which on its mighty wings has soared with him into regions where he could see the waving of angelic robes and hear the music of paradise!

Men of Scotland! countrymen of Burns! you do well to celebrate his memory with song and speech, with eyes suffused, and hand clasped in hand. You owe him a debt of gratitude which you can never repay. You have a right to thank God in your prayers for the gift of Burns. Every Scotchman has a right to hold up his head higher from the fact that Burns was his countryman. For him every blue-eyed lassie that runs about your flowery braes or bathes her feet in the wimpling burn is a fairer object. For him every heathery hill glows in richer purple; every glen lies steeped in softer light; every mountain lake gleams with deeper blue. For him the wild rose burns with finer flame, and the thorn exhales a sweeter breath. His spirit hangs like a glory over your land; your streams are vocal with his name; the lyric lark sings of him whose music was sweeter than his own; of him your torrents rave; your winds murmur of him. The Scotland that he left was not the Scotland that he found. By him it was exalted, glorified, idealized; by him it was bathed in light that never shone on earth and sea; and until the rocks around your coast shall melt in the sun—until your hills shall pass away like the vapours that curl and play upon their sides, let not his image be banished from your hearts, let not his praise be silent upon your lips.

Among the other speakers in the course of the evening were the Hon. Joseph Howe, N. P. Willis, Lord Radstock, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, jun., &c. Altogether the meeting was distinguished by a geniality of soul and brilliance of intellect rarely equalled.

Revere House.—In the evening about a hundred and fifty persons met at the Revere house to celebrate the Centennial Birthday of the great Scottish Poet.

Some time before six o'clock, many of the company assembled in the reception-rooms of the Hotel, and were soon joined by the members of the Caledonia and Boston Scottish Clubs, dressed in the costume of various clans, and preceded by their pipers.

When all the company had arrived, they marched into the dining-hall to the inspiring music of the bagpipes. The hall had been beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Amongst those present were the Marquis de Lusada, the British Consul; Henry I. Bowditch, M.D.; H. Weld Fuller, Esq.; W. J. M'Pherson, Esq., President of the Scots Charitable Society; Wm. H. Wilson, Esq., and Wm. Ed. Coale, M.D., former Presidents of that Society; Jeffrey R. Brackett, Esq.; and Rev. James M'Lean, of the Theological Seminary, Andover.

Mr. John Wilson presided, and Mr. David Millar acted as Vice-Chairman.

The Rev. Mr. M'Lean invoked the divine blessing; and the company partook of an excellent dinner, including a substantial haggis and the delicacies of the season, with the usual kinds of beverage.

On removal of the cloth and the call to order, the shield inscribed with the name of Burns was suddenly withdrawn; disclosing an illuminated transparency of the Bard as he appears in the celebrated painting by Nasmyth. This was the signal for hearty and long-continued cheering, waving of bonnets, &c.

Mr. Wilson then rose; and, after briefly expressing his sense of the honour conferred on him of presiding on so great an occasion, and his consciousness of inability to discharge properly the duties of such an office, he delivered the following address:—Robert Burns, as is well known, was born about two miles from Ayr, on the 25th of January, 1759; and died at Dumfries, on the 21st of July, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. As the offspring of a poor but honest couple, he first opened his eyes in a "clay bigging;" and, as the father of a family, he last closed them, though in a tenement comparatively respectable, amid great distress and destitution. He lived the life of a labourer, of a ploughman, and of a humble officer of the excise; and the scenes through which he played his various parts—while not undiversified by hours of rest and relaxation, of sweet peace and calm content, nay, of rapture and joy—were chiefly those of toil and trouble, anxious care and disappointed hope, and sometimes of chagrin, remorse, and agony.

The festival in which we have the happiness to participate is not confined to a small portion of the people, but extended to the many. Its observance is not the prerogative of a few in the circles of learning, talent, or good fellowship: it is the privilege of all who are akin to Burns by ties of country or of soul. This is the jubilee of universal Scotland, when all distinctions of birth, rank, and riches, for at least one half-day, cease; and when nothing is recognised but the kernel, or inherent substance, of humanity. On such a day, all true Scotsmen feel that they are by nature peers and nobles. On such a day must the peasant lift his brow towards heaven; the citizen stand erect in the presence of lordly men; and the favourite of wealth and material grandeur, whether he trace his descent to patriots or to traitors, bow before the majesty of genius and virtue. Would that it had been one long holiday, free from all the cares of business and from all the toils of work; that, for one blessed day,—another sabbath of the poor man's existence,—the hammer had rested on the anvil, the shuttle in the loom, and the merchandise

in the warehouse! But, beneath the din and turmoil of this morning's occupations, there no doubt lay deep imbedded in the heart of the poor and industrious Scot a tender and reverential regard for the memory of Robert Burns; and he only waited, with a sad but subdued patience, for the evening hour, when he could testify the ardour of his gratitude by the manifestation of his thoughts and feelings. Would also that Woman were a participator in the glorious festival of this evening; that all the bonnie lasses and guidwives of Scotland had been invited to pay their homage, heartfelt as it is, to a poet who has made their worth and beauty in their representatives of his time, immortal and burning as his own starry name! But it may be that their sensitive natures would in general have shrunk at making any public display of their love for Burns; and that they were content to reward their lovers and their husbands with a more than wonted mark of affection for thus exhibiting their enthusiasm towards so gallant and glorious a bard. It is not, then, for one moment to be imagined, that the celebration of this Centenary is restricted to the members of Burns' Clubs and Caledonian Societies: it is observed by the Scottish nation, —by the men of Scotland, and the descendants of Scotsmen, throughout almost every part of the globe,—by men who, I cannot doubt, have this evening brought to the shrine of the Ayrshire Bard offerings that were hallowed at the ingle-side by the heart and the lips of womanly tenderness and excellence.

But, though pre-eminently the Bard of Ayrshire and of Scotland, Robert Burns was also, as I have already intimated, the Poet of Nature and Humanity; and hence not only the inhabitants of every village and town in our motherland are, on this 25th of January, either celebrating their own festival in his honour, or have virtually sent their representatives to the larger and more important cities; but—in the British empire itself, in this glorious country of our adoption, and wherever throughout the world "a Scot can meet a neebor Scot"—the Englishman, the native of the green Isle of Erin, the dweller in the Canadas, the citizen of these United States, and the intelligent foreigner everywhere, sit down with their brethren from North Britain to recognise the grand moral principle which pervades the life and writings of Burns.

I would not overrate the influence of Burns' life and works; but, as one of the men of beating hearts and warm affections in a company which in itself forms only a unit in the grand concert of multitudinous souls assembled this evening, I feel that the fact of such meetings being held must have a cause adequate to account for its existence. Nor would I justify an undue reverence towards the memory of Burns, but merely a rational service,—a grateful and a hallowed respect. The homage which has been paid to it, and that which is now in the very act of being paid, is not, I trust, and may well believe, the worship of an idol. It is an homage rendered to the virtues, not to the vices, of Burns; to the manliness and integrity, not to the weakness and vacillation of his moral character; to the inimitable beauties, not to the faults or extravagances of his prose and poetical compositions. It rises, too, I hope and trust, to the Author and the God of Burns,—to the Spirit of all good affections,—to the Giver of all great endowments,—to the Inspirer of all genius and of all excellence. Nay, it must rise, consciously or unconsciously, to God; because all love and reverence for the best or noblest attributes of man's nature, though embodied in what is finite and perishing, are but another name for the worship of the same attributes in Him who is infinite and eternal.

After an eloquent exposition of the beauties of the songs of Burns, the Chairman continued—I pass on to other features which distinguish both the poet and the man. I must altogether omit speaking of the general powers of his mind, which, in the opinion of some eminent philosophers who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance, qualified him for excelling in any walk or avocation of life. Nor do I speak of his disinterested friendship with the good, wise, gifted, honoured men and women of his native land; of his ever-warm but high-minded gratitude to the patrons of his unbought Muse; and of his frank and generous appreciation of the merits of the poets of his own time, —with his deep veneration for the memory of those who had preceded him in the grateful task of describing the scenery of Scotland, and the manners, superstitions, loves and virtues of her sons and daughters. Each of these themes would afford matter for no stinted praise or admiration, but, on the contrary, additional reasons for regarding Burns as a man of extraordinary worth and genius.

I cannot sit down without making a few remarks on the patriotism of Burns,—on that love for our common mother-country which ever beat in his bosom, was intertwined with his affections for those to whom he owed his earthly being, deepened his friendships, adorned his relations to the gentler sex, intensified in his eye the beauties and sublimities of his native land, and inspired him with grand visions of Scotia's ancient glory and future renown. Though he was crude and inconsistent in his political views,—by turns a Jacobite, a Whig, and an admirer of the French Revolution,—

there was no feebleness or vacillation in his patriotism. This was more than an impulse of the soul, a deduction of the understanding, or a sentiment of the imagination; it was a principle which ever dwelt in his innermost being, and gushed forth in songs of beauty and power, to flow unceasingly with the rivers of Scotland and with the life-blood of the Scottish heart. Nor could it have been otherwise; for he had susceptibilities and powers which well qualified him for appreciating the fame that Scotland and her children had acquired, and were capable of still further acquiring. In infancy, he had heard her melodies; in childhood, had listened to her tales of wonder; in boyhood, had been familiar with her religion; and, in youth, had read with rapture of her patriots and her bards. By these instrumentalities, aided by his great natural genius, he felt inspired to sing the praises of his native land, and to shed over her name a new halo of grace and glory.

Though not a professed philanthropist, Burns entertained no feeling of patriotism adverse to the most enlarged benevolence. His was not the maxim, "My country, right or wrong!"—his, not the feeling which would laud a declaration of independence, without applying its ground-truths to all, irrespective of their condition, their colour, or their clime. If, at one time, he wept the fate of the unfortunate dynasty of the Stuarts, and at another admired the principles of the British Constitution; if, at all times, he fervently prayed for the freedom and the happiness of his Scottish brethren and sisters, and would have them stand conspicuous as a nation of virtuous men and lovely women,—he never cribbed his soul within the narrow confines of his country, but hailed with warmth, if not with enthusiasm, every omen of advancing freedom and of a true democracy in other lands, whether on the Continent of Europe or in America. Much as he loved to delineate, in his own beautiful and expressive Doric, the peculiarities of Scottish feeling, thought, and manners, he delighted still more to dwell on the elemental principles and qualities which are common, all the world over, to human nature. True, it was this nature, as manifested in the life of the Scottish peasant, which claimed his particular attention, and drew towards him the loving and reverent regards of his countrymen; but this very fact testifies to the truth of my assertion. His descriptions of local scenery, his pictures of rural manners, his expression of peculiar modes of feeling and thought, his delineations of rare and remarkable characters, his songs of ardent love and patriotism, with his bursts of humour and his flashes of wit, however beautiful, genuine, or true to Scottish nature, they may be, could never have touched the universal heart of his own people, unless they had been animated by his genius with the soul of our common humanity. He had a nobler mission to perform —though not fully conscious of it himself— than merely to eternize the streams and hills and heather of Scotland, to paint the customs and habits of her industrious sons, or to descant on the charms of her matchless daughters. With a rare power of pathos and artless eloquence, which could invest a common daisy with human life and interest, and infuse into the breast of the hare, the mouse, or the little bird, a microcosm of human feeling and emotion, Burns with no less poetic power and tenderness, but with more practical philosophy, went down into the very heart of the Scottish peasant, and brought up materials with which to form a noble and a perfect man.

By the circumstances of his life, thrown chiefly into the society of the poorer classes, he was able to judge, with tolerable accuracy, as to the peculiarities of their character, whether of virtue or of vice. Nor was he unobservant of the relations of landlords and factors to their dependents, or of the disposition which they too often evinced for oppressing them. This knowledge of human nature was extended by the fact, that in consequence of his genius, he was, especially while in Edinburgh, invited to the assemblies, saloons, and tables of the more dignified circles; and hence enjoyed the means of becoming acquainted with much that pertains to their mode of life, and to the qualities by which they are distinguished from their inferiors. But acknowledging, as he must have done, the advantages connected with high station, noble rank, and liberal culture, and sensible as he was of the excellent qualities for which a few of these men were remarkable, he felt indignant that so many of them should put on supercilious airs, and either oppress their brethren in the humbler spheres of life, or regard them as too mean or contemptible to be worthy of notice. He, therefore, stripped them of their habiliments of pride, power, and pretence,—of all that was merely outward and conventional; and found the elements of their inner nature to be no finer, no greater, no richer or nobler, than those of the poor and despised portions of the community. This humanizing truth was but faintly discerned in Burns' day, and is not sufficiently acted on even at present. It was supposed that something inherently mean and vile existed in the very nature of the poor and uneducated,—something innately grand and dignified in that of the high-born, the wealthy, and the learned. This idea was carefully inculcated in the nursery, the school, and the college; it pervaded a large majority of tales,

novels, and romances; it pointed the productions of the drama, and coloured the language even of history and of the pulpit. It was, except in a few rare instances, assumed as a primary truth, till Robert Burns, the peasant-peer, a nobleman of nature's creation, pronounced it to be at once a libel and a lie; till, in his life, his letters, and his lyrics, he enunciated that great principle which lies at the root of Christianity and of human nature, and which, though long buried mid the rubbish of shams and false judgments, can never be eradicated from the soul of humanity,—that it is not what a man *has*, but what he *is*, which constitutes the true criterion of nobility and greatness.

Gentlemen, I have done, and now simply announce the toast of the evening,—"The Memory of the Poet of Ayrshire, of Scotland, of Nature and of Humanity,—Robert Burns."

In the course of his address, the Chairman was frequently interrupted by loud cheers.

After the toast had been given, and been drunk in silence, "The land o' the leal" was sung by Messrs. Lewis and George Thompson.

A wooden cup, from which the President drank to the memory of Burns, was here exhibited, and handed round as a precious relic of the Poet. It had been purchased by Mr. Thomas Cruickshanks, of Beverly Farm, Mass., at the sale of Mrs. Burns' effects at Dumfries, some time after her death. This vessel, which had been used by the poet as a stirrup-cup, and in later years by his "bonnie Jean" as a sugar-bowl, is rendered more interesting from the fact, that the stalk had been formed of part of an old dining-table used by King Robert the Bruce; the relics being still preserved at Broderick Castle, Isle of Arran.

The second toast was—"The Queen: God bless her."

"God save the Queen" was then sung by Mr. Alexander Inglis, the company joining in the chorus.

Response of the MARQUIS DE LOUSADA, British Consul.—Mr. President and Gentlemen—It has devolved upon me, as the humble representative of her British Majesty here, to respond to the toast you have just given.

That loyal Scotchmen should heartily toast their Queen is natural. That the American gentlemen present should join in so cordially, is one more proof of what I have often observed; namely, that you look on the Queen of Great Britain in quite a different light from any other sovereign. And why does she obtain your more entire sympathies? Because she is the Queen of a FREE people,—a people not only identical in origin and in language, but enjoying, like yourselves, every civil, religious, and political liberty. Gentlemen, in my sovereign's name, I thank you for the honour.

To-night we are gathered together to celebrate the anniversary of one of Scotland's gifted sons. On this I will but lightly touch; for there are present among you eloquent men—athletes in the use of language—who will do justice to the subject; and to them I leave it. But this assembly,—what a glorious tribute to genius! Your ancestors, gentlemen, in many a bloody field and foray, have earned a legendary renown. But hosts and their leaders have alike passed away, and left but scant trace on history's broad page; whilst this—Scotland's rustic bard, unaided by ancestral glory—stands alone on his self-created pedestal; and now and henceforth, on either side of the Atlantic, wherever the Anglo-Saxon has a hearthstone, there shall his name—the name of "Robert Burns"—be cherished as a household word.

I thank you, gentlemen, for the courtesy with which you have listened to my few words; and, before I sit down, let me say how favoured I think myself to have been selected to reside in this your great and prosperous State; in this its capital of Boston, so aptly named the "Modern Athens." High as had been my preconceived ideas, I confess they fell far short of the reality. When I witness your vast and still expanding trade; when I see your noble ports, filled with shipping from all countries and climes; when I see your palatial edifices springing up on all sides with a celerity that savours of enchantment; when I behold your abundant schools, your public education, your wealth, your enterprise,—I can hardly realize to myself any limit to your magnificent future.

Gentlemen, long may our countries remain as now,—united; long may our only contest be an honourable contest for leadership in the path of progress; and may a celebration like the present be our only field of mutual rivalry!

I again thank you, gentlemen, for the way you have received and drank to her Majesty's health. (Cheers.)

The third toast was—"The President of the United States;" to which followed the song "The star-spangled banner," which was sung with much enthusiasm by Mr. T. F. Young.

The fourth toast was—"Scotland, our auld respected Mither," which was responded to by the Rev. JAMES M'LEAN, who said—It seems to me, Sir, that some one, who has more recently dwelt in "the land of the mountain and flood" than I, could speak to better purpose of this patriotic sentiment, so dear to every leal son of the "land o' cakes and kail brose." But since it was my happy fortune to live long enough in the land of my fathers to learn that

it is always best to perform cheerfully every duty which shall combine with it the privilege of rehearsing the deeds and dwelling upon the memories of a truly noble and venerated ancestry, I accept with pleasure the few minutes allotted for the response to this inspiring and memorable sentiment.

We may well remember with devout pleasure "our auld respected Mither," when we think of her glorious past, as it stands out, brilliant with the deeds of warlike sons, and yet more memorable as the parent of the noblest martyrs who have ever sealed the truth with blood. She has, in fact, produced and nurtured distinguished men in every honourable walk of life; and hence,—

> "While we sing, 'God save the Queen!'
> We'll ne'er forget the people."

When the sanctity of her homes has been invaded, and the flame of her altar-fires has been dimmed by the mercenary usurpations of Popish and High-Church tyrannies, the eagle-eyed orthodoxy of such saints as Knox and Livingston has riddled the superb nonsense of a degenerate hierarchy; and, when the sword of offended justice must leap from its scabbard, we see before us a race of warriors, rushing fearlessly into the jaws of death, inspired by the martial pibroch, and following the lead of the more than princely forms of the invincible Wallace and Bruce. Looking over the crimsoned plains of Bannockburn, we may hear the ploughboy-poet uttering for the expiring Bruce that imperishable sentiment dear to every kilted clansman:—

> "Lay the proud usurpers low!
> Tyrants fall in every foe;
> Liberty's in every blow:
> Let us do or die!"

Mountains and glens, floods and mists, torrents and sportive rivulets, lochs, caverns, and threatening crags, and the ocean wreathed in foam, spending its fury on the unyielding cliffs of her rugged coast, have exerted no small influence in securing for Scotchmen their intellectual acumen, combined with that high-toned morality which renders them *so* straight that they are said to lean back. Deep in yonder cavern, where bubbles up the crystal fountain, the Covenanter's child has received the holy rite of baptism; and the listening air, in that far-off glen of native beauty, has often vibrated with the anthems of redeeming love rising and swelling from the hearts of fugitive worshippers. Thus every spot of "auld Caledonia" is hallowed ground, and every stream has blushed with the life-tide of noble men. And hence,

> "Where'er you go through the world below,
> You'll find old Scotia's men;
> And, when you rove through the world above,
> You'll find them there again."

The fifth toast was—"The Boston Burns Club: success attend its efforts to perpetuate the memory of Robert Burns." This toast was drunk by the company standing, and repeating it, and a poem, written for the occasion, was then delivered by Jeffrey R. Brackett, Esq.

Mr. Colin M'Kenzie read an original ode, and after a number of toasts and songs had been given, Mr. James Louden sang "Dainty Davie."

The Chairman said he presumed that the late or rather the early hour would suggest to the company the necessity of adjourning. Though he felt sorry to break in on the conviviality which reigned, he must remind them that there could be for them but one such day; and that that day had passed only to be remembered with its many pleasant associations. In conclusion, however, he would propose, that, before parting, "Auld Langsyne," a song so appropriate for the finale of a Burns Festival, be sung; and he would therefore call on Mr. Inglis to give the first verse. This was sung with much feeling, and was joined in by all the company.

The Chairman now bade the company goodnight; and all separated to their various homes, after having enjoyed an evening of great pleasure and instruction.

BROOKLYN.—With the view of affording the countrymen of Burns residing in Brooklyn an opportunity of being represented in the centennial anniversary of the birthday of their national and immortal bard, the Burns Association of that city announced arrangements for a grand supper and ball at Gothic Hall. The Scotch Brooklynites were fortunate in their conclusion to have a dance. Scotchmen may manage to pass two hours under the electrifying eloquence of a Beecher, and double that time at a dinner party, where they can join in the "hip, hip, hurrah" to toasts, and cheer lustily, with stentorian lungs, to patriotic sentiments; but, after all, Sawney is never so satisfied in his festive hour as when he is reeling through and through, and going it with a right good will to "Tullochgorum" and "Gillie Callum."

The company was small, but very respectable. There were not probably altogether 200 persons present.

At nine o'clock there was a sufficient number present to commence the dancing.

To dilate on the individual style of discussing the viands, &c., of a supper table would be quite as sensible as to remark on the style of

individual dancing at the ball last night; but it may be said that Professor M'Pherson's taste, judgment, and activity in conducting the ceremonies were highly creditable to him and very agreeable to those over whom he wielded his *baton*. Of course they had polka, waltz, schottische, and mazourka; but these passed into the land of forgetfulness whenever the company were set for a reel. Sawney then thought only of the heather hills, the sweet innocence of nature's children; and, indifferent to the studied grace of signor and signorita, he made the kilts shake while he toed and heeled in earnest.

After eleven o'clock the company were summoned to the supper room, underneath the ball room, where five tables were loaded with everything that could please the eye, and refresh the inner man. At the head of the centre table the stars and stripes and the union jack, were blended in harmonious union around a life size bust of Burns, while stripes of every colour sprung out from them, and were entwined around the pillars, and extended over the roof from one end to the other.

After a few remarks from the President of the association the first regular toast was read:—

"The Day we Celebrate — The birth of Burns."

Responded to by Mr. H. B. PERKINS, of Fort Washington. Mr. P. was very eloquent in his eulogium of Burns. He said:—The memory of Burns has been honoured and ennobled by many of the ablest writers of the Old World, and but yesterday his memory was regilt and regarnished by that distinguished orator, Henry Ward Beecher. How, then, sir, can I hope to add one single flower to the wreath that already adorns his noble brow. Yet, if I cannot do this, I can at least pay in part my share of that debt of gratitude which the world owes to its benefactors; and who will not readily admit that as a world-wide benefactor Robert Burns stands pre-eminent. While we point with pride to Newton, Bacon, and Locke, to Shakspeare and Milton, to Byron and Moore, our hearts all unbidden turn with their warmest love to Scotia's gifted child of song. Burns was one of those rare men who sometimes, though not frequently, spring from the humble ranks of life. He could not point back to a long train of titled ancestry. He was not one of those

"Proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins mouldering while they shine."

He did not, like Wellington, lead forth bannered armies to battle and to victory; nor did he, like the eloquent Curran and the sublime Burke, the applause of listening multitudes command; nor yet, like our own Franklin, call down the red lightning from its far off home that it might become the swift-winged messenger of thought; but in the fairer field of poesy and song he won the right to wear the wreath only to mighty poets due. Burns was a special favourite of the fair sex, as men of genius and talent deserve to be. The time will not permit us to go into the details of his history on this festive occasion; but I cannot conclude my few remarks without alluding to those festivals in yonder great metropolis, where in brilliantly lighted halls, may be heard the sounds of mirth and revelry. Many guests are there assembled, sweet strains of music float around the festive board, the merry song is heard, the familiar air—

"Flow gently, sweet Afton,"

falls with melody upon each listening ear; toasts are drank to the memory of "Auld Langsyne," and "John Anderson, my Jo," with his snow-white locks on bonnie brow lives again, and hearts are thrilled anew as some enthusiastic son of auld Caledonia sings the glorious war ode—

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

And not only in that city and in this, but in almost every other city throughout the length and breadth of our land, from the bleak hills of Canada to the broad Savannahs of the South, from the great Atlantic that rolls almost at our feet, and bears upon its foam-crested billows the rich products of nations, to the mild Pacific, whose waters quench the last beams of the setting sun—yes, wherever and beneath whatever skies the sons of Caledonia may meet this night, they will lisp the name of him who long ago tuned his wild harp and sung the praise of his own dear land; and up from the shady vales of Scotland and from her distant hill tops now arises the swelling anthem in praise of him who immortalized the land of Wallace and Bruce in song, and inscribed his own name in brilliant characters on the fair page of Scottish history. Let us, then, cherish the remembrance of Burns, and "wear him in our heart of hearts, for ages may pass away ere the world will look upon his like again."

Mr. Perkins was frequently cheered in the delivery of his oration, and resumed his seat amid boisterous applause.

The following were the remainder of the toasts:—The Poets and Poetry of all Nations; The President and the Land of our Adoption; The Queen, and the Land of our Birth; The Burns Association of the city of Brooklyn, and the Burns Association in all the World; The Ladies.

Each toast was duly honoured and responded to, while at table an original poem was read, embracing Burns and his works. Several songs were also well sung.

Dancing was resumed, and continued till an early hour in the morning.

BUFFALO.—The admirers of Burns in this city and neighbourhood celebrated his centennial birthday with a ball and supper at the American Hotel. Shortly after seven o'clock in the evening a large company of both sexes had assembled in the parlours of the American, which had been thrown open for the reception of the guests, and to add to the sociableness of the festival. The company formed into procession and marched to the ball-room, headed by a piper. The hall was handsomely decorated with flags, mottoes, and banners.

The ball was opened with a strathspey and reel danced in the good old style. Reel, country dance, quadrille and polka followed, the music being Scottish as much as possible. At half-past ten a most sumptuous banquet was spread in the dining-room of the American, to which nearly all present sat down, presided over by Mr. M'Donell, President of the St. Andrew's society. The cloth being removed, the intellectual part of the festival commenced. The committee of management, to make it more worthy, if it were possible, of Burns, diverged from the usual routine of toasts, and brought forward nothing but sentiments and quotations from Burns, with the exception of the first regular toast, so that the centennial anniversary might indeed be called "a nicht wi' Burns." The Chairman proposed in a few appropriate remarks "The Memory of Burns." Responded to by Mr. James S. Lyon. Then followed "To our Guests," to which O. G. Steele, Esq., responded. He gave an interesting sketch, descriptive of a late visit to the land of Burns, interspersed with many anecdotes.

The next sentiment proposed was "True Aristocracy." Hon. James Wadsworth replied in an eloquent and impressive speech. The sentiment "True Manhood" was replied to by Mr. George J. Bryan, President of St. George's Society.

"A True Monarchy."

> "An honest man, though e'er sae poor,
> Is king o' men for a' that."

In replying to this sentiment, Ellicott Evans, Esq., dwelt chiefly on the character and the manly independence of Burns.

Mr. A. M. Clapp, of the *Express*, responded to the toast of "The Press" in his usual happy manner. Many other sentiments followed. Letters from various gentlemen, resident in the neighbourhood and the Canadas, were read regretting their unavoidable absence. Several messages were received and replied to by telegraph. At intervals during the evening the company was enlivened by songs from Messrs. Walls, Fotheringham, Inglis, and others, accompanied by Mr. Hobson on the piano. The festival was closed by all present singing with hands united, "Auld Langsyne."

CHARLESTON, S. C.—The centennial celebration of the birthday of Robert Burns was an occasion long to be remembered. The Union Light Infantry, Lt. Broadfoot, commanding, and the Highland Guard, Capt. Carmalt, paraded in good force in honour of the day, and formed a battalion of escort to the Orator, Chaplain, President of the day, and other officers in special places of honour.

This procession moved, about the appointed hour, from the residence of the Orator, David Ramsay, Esq., to St. Andrew's Hall, where an expectant throng had assembled. This elegant and commodious Hall had been appropriately draped and ornamented in honour of the observances and objects of the day. The flags and ensign symbols of the United States, and the United Kingdom, were displayed around the walls, with the flags of the Companies engaged.

The exercises were introduced, by appointment, with a prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. J. L. Kirkpatrick, D.D., who discharged his solemn office, in substance, as follows:—

Almighty and ever blessed Lord our God, Thou art the source of all our mercies, and we would desire to render to Thee the homage which is Thy due.

We thank Thee that Thou hast made us rational beings, endowing us with intellects, judgment, taste, and imagination, and so distinguishing us from other orders of Thy creatures inhabiting this world with us. We thank Thee that Thou hast given us faculties with which we may in some measure appreciate and enjoy Thyself and all that like Thee is great and good. Impress us, we beseech Thee, with a proper conviction of our responsibilities for such capacities, and enable us to acquit ourselves of every obligation in Thy sight.

It did please Thee to endow him whose birth we this day commemorate with extraordinary gifts. We thank Thee for whatever of enjoyment and profit we have derived from the products of the talents so liberally bestowed upon him; for whatever is pure, and great, and elevating in his writings, as they have been transmitted from generation to generation. Grant that we may have wisdom, Thy gift also, to discriminate between that which is truly and ever good as Thou art, and conducive to the welfare and advancement of mankind, and

that which may be evil in itself or in its tendencies. Bless us in the enjoyment of the one; preserve us from the dangers of the other.

We supplicate the continuance of Thy favour toward our country. Protect our institutions of civil and religious liberty, and us in the possession of the varied privileges secured to us under those institutions. May our people, gathered upon these distant shores out of so many nations and tribes, feel that they are bound together in common aims, and form one brotherhood of affection and interest. May the mingling together here under the same institutions and laws, in harmony and love, of the representatives of so many lands, tend to the establishment of peace and concord between all the nations and people of the earth.

May it please Thee to preside over the exercises of this day, and the affairs of the Association at whose instance they are held. May everything be done to Thy approval and our profit. All which we, who are most unworthy, ask in the name of Thy Son our Lord and Saviour.—Amen.

The Hon. Mitchell King, President of the day, then introduced Mr. David Ramsay, with some fitting remarks, referring to his ancestral and inherited connection with the history of the State, and to the name he worthily bears. Mr. Ramsay arose amid general and earnest applause, and proceeded to deliver the oration:—

We meet to remember that, on this day, in that distant northern land, whose liberal air is tremulous with song, there was born a poet.

A hundred years ago, a whirlwind was on its march through the fastnesses of Scotland. As it swept over the land and moaning waves which chafed on their craggy margin, it seemed that, with vast minstrelsy, æolian voices were loud in prophecy. A feeble wail, in a peasant's hut, mingled with the elemental turbulence. A man was born into the world; but hardly had a mother rejoiced, when that tenderest love trembled for its offspring, ignorant of the future, and finding no oracle in ominous circumstance. Under the mighty strokes of the storm blast, the frail hut yielded, and partly falling to the ground, the unconscious babe was cradled beneath the open firmament, the furtherest confines of which were bound to his fame.

It is a high destiny to have to utter words that can never die, to give voice to any universal feeling. Learned leisure or academic retreats are rarely the schools in which an intellect thus commissioned is formed and prepared, but never was genius nurtured in a harder lot than that in which the child of this centenary was reared; and in which continuing, he yet left a name heir-loom of his land, the pride of his countrymen, an ornament of mankind. It is apparently a law of development, that not from the high places and pinnacles of the world shall light shine forth upon man. As a deduction of experience, it is most especially true that poetry finds her ministers among the yeomanry of time. He whom we seek to reverence was summoned as "Elijah, the prophetic bard, called Elisha from the plough." He remained leal to his birth-right; the only jewels of which, honour, truth, faith, simplicity, he ever wore undimmed. At the period, the State was graced by the "Great Commoner." Letters were also to find a votary who "held the patent for his honours direct from the hand of God." This poet was a man of the people. He knew the wants and modest hopes of humble life, its integrity, its unselfish charity larger than the dole of pharisaic wealth; he shared that content which suffers the carking present, enduring for the things which shall be. The heart of man trembled with no universal emotion which failed to agitate his own pulse of life. Such a man is a tribune in the republic of letters. How could he be forgotten? Never while there is aspiration; never while sympathy remains.

Nevertheless, we honour him not merely as a man kindred to the large sorrows of humanity, and reflecting somewhat of that diviner pity which could be touched with a sense of our infirmities; we honour him not merely as a man who felt impulses which rose above his fortunes, which could rise above every eminence he might surmount; we also honour him as ordained to a holy office in the great worship of the universe. Not a flower yielded incense, not a voice of nature was audible—whether the matin carol of choristers, rising with their song to the blue sky, or the ever-enduring roar of the cataract, or the unceasing roll of the surge, but the poet's chant could accompany the accord. It was happy for the world, and for future ages, that the earthly pilgrimage of Burns was through a native land, so meet a "nurse for a poetic child." On all sides nature had lavished beauty and grandeur. History and tradition peopled with exciting recollections every glen, every valley, every mountain. Each footfall might be on the grave of a hero, each glance lighted on some scene, or relic, or monument appealing to national honour and enthusiasm. Nor was the race unequal to its past. Truth and nobility of mind were national with the Scottish peasantry. No vulgar herdsmen or downcast serfdom were cultivators of that rigid soil. Principles of holy and eternal right, immunities of dear-bought franchise, were inherent in the nation. Ages before freedom muttered in Europe it was proclaimed by them *lex rege potior, lege populus*. Education had heightened the astute intelligence of a hardy race, and withal fancies of a weird superstition, garlanded as with a myrtle bough, the keen edge of their severe and trenchant life. Here

was a man of surpassing genius, born on a soil consecrated by memories of a heroic past, the sons of which were peculiar for intelligence and imagination, while distinguished for the diffusion of education. Above all, blending with every peculiarity, there was a fervour of piety and zeal. Of each and all these high attributes of his country, Burns was representative throughout his poetry.

In his poems rarest humour sparkles, delicate fancy enchants, tender emotions meet, patriotism swells, passion inflames, even the ornaments of rhetoric are lavishly strewn. It has been well said that his songs have been set to music with unrivalled adaptation, for the songs are themselves music. In all the literature of sea-girt Britain there is but one other strain which could sustain such varied change with unfaltering voice; and even the swan of Avon rose to the empyrean with no more buoyant pinion.

We have met to honour his memory. It were most unseemly to make inquisition for error or mistake. What if he shared the frailty of human nature? What even if his defects were great? Is not his surpassing excellency equally so? What even if they were but commensurate? He is like some lofty altitude whose inaccessible eminence forbids ordinary scanning; whose very height must be determined by the shadow.

In the evening a large party assembled again in St. Andrew's Hall, to enjoy the festival supper, which was provided by Mr. A. J. Rutjes, of the Mount Vernon Refectory.

The Rev. J. L. KIRKPATRICK, D.D., invoked the Divine blessing on the feast. After the cloth was cleared, the intellectual enjoyments began in good spirits, and were continued with a steady flow until the late hour.

The Hon. MITCHELL KING, President, said: Gentlemen — Members of the St. Andrew's Society, and admirers of the genius of Robert Burns—we are met to commemorate the birth, to rejoice in the genius, and to do honour to the memory of a great and gifted man. A man of high and generous character—of the keenest wit and the richest humour—of the most enlarged sympathies, with everything brave, and true, and noble, and beautiful—who elevated and dignified the rank in which he was born—breathed his own independent spirit into his countrymen, and left them, in his inestimable productions, an inheritance for ever. Probably no man that ever lived, not excepting even Shakspeare himself, has, within the same space of time after his death, had so much praise bestowed upon him. With a lofty spirit, without conceit or arrogance, animated by a devoted love of country, inspired by the truest genius, and embodying the strongest, most tender and delicate thoughts in the fittest and fewest words, he addressed himself to the hearts of his countrymen, and took possession of them. Burns is probably entitled to a high praise, which seems to have been generally overlooked. He revived the study, and insured the immortality of the old Scottish language written by Barbour, and Ballenden, and Dunbar, and David Lindsay, and Gawin Douglas, and spoken by Mary and her maids of honour, and the nobles and gallants of her court, and the judges, and advocates, and clergy of Scotland, when it was an independent kingdom, and before the crowns of England and Scotland were united in the person of the Sixth and First James. When Burns appeared that language was fast falling into disuse. The ambitious and aspiring men of Scotland were anxious to acquire the pronunciation, and to speak the pure language of the court, the church, the parliament, the bar of England. The Doric of Scotland had become provincial, and often raised a smile when heard in the polite circles of London and Westminster. It was beginning to lose the vitality necessary for its preservation. Burns animated it with new life, re-married it to immortal verse, in thoughts that breathe and words that burn, and it is now as imperishable as the thoughts which it embodies. I give you "The Memory of Robert Burns."

A song for the occasion was here sung by Mr. John M'Kay.

The President announced the second toast as follows:—"The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland." This toast was received with repeated cheers, and followed by loud and importunate calls for Robert Bunch, Esq., H.B.M. Consul, and President of the St. George's Society, who occupied a seat of honour near the President.

Mr. BUNCH replied with his wonted ease and happy expressiveness. He said—Mr. President and Gentlemen—Although I am well aware, by long experience of Scotchmen in their public gatherings, that it would be impossible for them to abstain upon any such occasion from respectful and complimentary allusion to the sovereign of their native land, I cannot fail to recognize a peculiar appropriateness in such a tribute at a celebration so eminently national as this one, held, as it is, in grateful commemoration of the day which gave to Scotland, and through her to the world, her poet, Robert Burns. It is, I say, an occasion especially adapted to the demonstration of that principle of loyalty which underlies the many virtues of the Scottish character, and that, because Robert Burns, whether as poet or as subject, was a truly loyal man. As it is possible

that exception may be taken to this statement, I will explain in a few words the grounds upon which I make it. To the person of the sovereign who wielded the destinies of Scotland in his day, it is very probable that your poet may have felt no warm attachment. His sympathies were rather with the exiled race, with the "bonnie Prince Charlie," whose ill-fated attempt of the '45 was fresh in the memory of Scotland when Burns was born, and in whose royal cause the poet was pleased, with a pardonable, nay, with a pious vanity, to believe that his ancestors had fought and suffered—

"My fathers that name have rever'd on a throne,
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate Son,
That name should he scoffingly slight it."

The man who could write these lines, and feel them as Burns did feel all that he wrote, (the chief charm of his verses) must surely be called a loyal man, even though the object of his fealty was not the reigning monarch; nay, rather, was not his a purer type of loyalty, of that fidelity which knows nothing of success or failure, but clings, like the ivy, all the tighter to the *ruined* wall? It can be no reproach upon your bard that, like many a steadfast cavalier, ay, and yeoman too, of those troublesome times, he

"Never ceased to pray
For the Royal race they loved so well,
Tho' exiled far away."

It was the effusion of a chivalrous and a noble nature, as often found in the peasant as in the peer, and to my mind infinitely preferable to that lip-loyalty which transfers its allegiance as circumstances may seem to demand. But, gentlemen, the days of trouble to Scotland have long since passed away. The rival claims of contending Houses have yielded to the course of time and to the national will. The last of the kingly Stuarts sleeps in a foreign but friendly land, beneath a costly monument, erected at the private expense of a Hanoverian king. "*Regio cineri Pietas regia.*" The crowns of both sit lightly upon another Royal Head; lightly, but firmly, too, for Scotland's people guard them! In that illustrious Lady to whom your tribute has just been paid, are buried the regrets, satisfied the desires, encouraged the hopes of Caledonia's loyal sons. The white rose blooms anew around her footsteps, whilst Jacobite and Covenanter alike unite to arrest the hand that would pluck even a single leaf. And, gentlemen, can we not picture to ourselves the enthusiasm, the rapture with which, had your poet lived in these our days, a heart so peculiarly sensitive as was his to every beautiful thought, every noble resolve, every holy emotion of the soul, would have welcomed, would have apostrophized such a sovereign as this? If, even under the rule of the stranger monarch who had supplanted the objects of his veneration, he could say

"Who will not sing 'God save the King,'
Shall hang as high's the steeple."

What fate would he have reserved for those who failed in homage to Queen Victoria? It is for these reasons, gentlemen, that I recognize a peculiar propriety in your last toast, as honouring, by a display of loyalty, the memory of Scotland's loyal bard. As the official representative of Great Britain here to-night, I thank you most sincerely for the sentiment to which I have endeavoured to reply; and I would be permitted, in addition, to congratulate you upon the great success which has attended this creditable, this honourable manifestation of your love for Robert Burns, and especially upon your happy choice of the orator of the day, who so feelingly and so eloquently dilated upon his titles to your admiration. His memory, indeed, deserves a gentle treatment at your hands. Along the bead-roll of patriots and heroes, of philosophers and divines, of martyrs to political and martyrs to religious principle, of those who have investigated the sterner or illustrated the softer impulses of the mind, there is, perhaps, no single name which has done more honour to Scotland than that of Burns. To him it has been pre-eminently given to describe nature in her own language—that of simplicity and truth—to present her to her votaries in a garb which all can recognise. He thus becomes the poet, not only of Scotland, but of the world; and if you, as Scotchmen, feel that you have the first claim upon him, you cannot help conceding to humanity at large a participation in the inheritance of his deathless fame.

The third regular toast was given as follows:—"The President of the United States."

James Conner, Esq., U. S. District Attorney, responded.

The fourth toast was proposed from the Chair:—"The Worthies of Scotland."

J. L. Petigru, Esq., was called on, and was received with general welcome and applause, as respondent to this comprehensive and suggestive sentiment. Mr. Petigru referred to the thoughts suggested by the sentiment, and the historic roll of great names and great memories which were grouped with the "Worthies of Scotland." He eloquently acknowledged the privilege and gratification he felt in participating in such a festival and memorial tribute—a tribute to a great man of a great race. In the

moral map of the world, Scotland occupied a space far beyond her extent of territory; and Robert Burns was largely and permanently a contributor to her moral and intellectual renown. In arms and in martial powers even Scotland had asserted a rank far beyond mere members, or physical advantages or resources, for they have the peculiar historic prestige of successful opposition against both Romans and Englishmen. They have extorted admiration even from those most prone to derision and scorn. After brief allusions to the greatest names of Scottish history in philosophy, history, poetry, and arms, Mr. Petigru closed with the following sentiment:—May the worthies of Scotland for generations to come continue to illustrate the progress of civilization, while the fame of her historians and bards shall from age to age shed lustre on the courage of her sons and the domestic virtues of her people.

The fifth toast was announced as follows:—"Poesy."

The sixth toast was given from the Chair, as follows:—"The State of South Carolina."

The Hon. W. D. PORTER, President of the Senate of South Carolina, was the honoured and worthy respondent to this toast:—Mr. President,—In the absence of the Governor, who, if present, would have taken great pleasure in discharging this duty, which appropriately belongs to him, I have been requested to respond for the State in which we live, and under whose hospitable auspices the St. Andrew's Society holds this happy commemoration. I thank you for the beautiful compliment to her good name, to the worth of her sons, and the virtue of her daughters. With the heart of a loving mother, South Carolina wishes you joy of the day; and brings the homage of her admiration to the shrine of the great memory you commemorate. When we recollect how much our country is indebted to the foreign element for population and numbers, we cannot think it strange that those who represent that element should bring here with them, and keep alive among them, their national associations and their national holidays and commemorations. I confess that I regard with unmixed satisfaction the cordiality with which our native sons, here at least, participate with them in the interests and pleasures of these occasions. It serves a most useful purpose—it smooths down differences of opinion, harmonizes feeling, makes us better acquainted, and promotes our unity as a people, by assimilating our sympathies and our enjoyments. South Carolina has no jealousies of foreign birth or national feeling. She believes that he who can altogether forget the land of his birth will be very likely to desert or forget the land of his adoption, and that he who is loyal to the early memories of the one, will be not unmindful of his duties and obligations to the other. Her policy has always been liberal and just, and she has had no cause to repent of it. In this spirit she meets you here, and now through her sons, for she has no citizens more honest and industrious, more loyal and law-upholding than those of Scottish birth. May the Thistle never wither in the shade of the Palmetto, nor the "cup o' kindness" be forgot between the native and the Scottish sons of South Carolina.

Toasts, songs, and sentiments followed in lively succession. It was a time and occasion to be remembered in the hearts of all privileged participants, and to be the goal of retrospective meditation and grateful recollections or days, and months, and years.

CHICAGO.—In Chicago the centenary anniversary was celebrated by festivities of a very public and conspicuous character. In the forenoon there was a review. It was nearly one o'clock (says the *News* and *Tribune*) before the escort of General R. K. Swift came upon the field, the Chicago Dragoons, Captain Charles Barker, doing escort duty on the occasion.

The carriage which followed bore Hon. William B. Egan, the President of the day, his Honour Mayor Haines, and Ex-Gov. M'Comas, Orator of the day.

Following these came the City Fathers, under the escort of the Fire Brigade, Capt. Raymond, eighty strong, one of the finest corps of picked men we have ever seen, handsomely uniformed and displaying rare perfection of drill.

The review was brief, when the whole line, the right of which had rested on Lake Street, wheeled into column in the following order, the while a salute of one hundred guns was being fired from the Lake shore, at the foot of Randolph Street.

THE PROCESSION.—The following was the order of march:

Chicago Artillery, Captain James Smith.

MOUNTED BAND.

Chicago Dragoons, Captain Charles Barker.
Washington Light Cavalry, Captain Fred. Schoenbach.

LIGHT GUARD BAND.

Washington Grenadiers, Captain T. Weiller.
Washington Light Guard, Captain Steinmuller.
Highland Guard, Captain M'Arthur.
Washington Rifles, Captain F. Mattern.

GARDEN CITY BAND.

Emmet Guards, Captain O. Stuart.
Montgomery Guards, Captain Gleeson.

GREAT WESTERN BAND.

Mayor, Aldermen, and Officers of the day.
Knights Templars.

Masonic Lodges.
Odd Fellows.
St. Andrew's Society, with plaid and thistle.
The Citizens' Fire Brigade.

The order of march through the principal streets gave tens of thousands of the citizens an opportunity of witnessing a pageant which, if less imposing than better weather auspices would have rendered it, was nevertheless brilliant and worthy of the occasion.

The concert, as the notable feature of the evening, promised attractions—some novel, and others all the more attractive because known and appreciated by the public.

Extraordinary preparations had been made for an extraordinary attendance, and the impression that Metropolitan Hall would be crowded to its utmost capacity was more than realized. From twenty-eight hundred to three thousand persons were present, comprising not only Scotch, but also all classes of our most intelligent music-lovers.

After the overture, Hon. W. B. Egan introduced the orator of the evening, Ex-Governor M'Comas, who delivered the following oration —To develop what is in them, of the spiritual and the godlike, in the form and mode of their own peculiar being and individuality, is the unending and divinely appointed life-battle of all men and of all races of men. Every man into whom has been breathed "a living soul" is in some sense an unwritten poem;—perhaps the soul-struggles of the humblest son of man, could they be portrayed as they are seen by the Searcher of all hearts, would be more wonderful than the brightest and most terrible conceptions of Dante or Milton.

Millions of us, in some sort, give utterance, in dumb action or in unmusical words, to the loves, the hopes, the fears—to the music of the souls that are within us. Millions more perish and "leave no sign." They "die with a most voiceless thought," with all the joys and all the sorrows of their soul-life unsung and unknown. But the deathless struggles of the souls of men and of races cannot *end* without expression. The burning thoughts, the consuming passions, the undefined longings after immortality and aspirations for a better life, like a smothered volcano, must and will have embodiment and utterance.

Once in a century one is more gifted than his fellows, catches some partial tone of the infinite, and bird-like, trills again and again his few glad notes of music to the dumb millions that are around him. And thus bard after bard arises, each singing the snatches of song which his soul's endeavour has wrung from the infinite—each fragment of song being but an echo of some single note of the great unwritten soul song of his race. Once in a thousand years, after the throes of ages, the *shekinah* of poetry rests upon some sublime embodiment of his race, some son of genius, immortality and song, who, gathering all these rivulets of music into his rapt soul, pours forth all that is genuine, musical and godlike in man, in one great river of harmony—along whose banks men of all after ages may stray, and in its million-voiced murmurings find an echo to every aspiration of the soul and every pulse-beat of the heart.

Such is more or less the poetical history of every civilized development, and especially is it of Scotland. Every phase of poetic development is to be found distinctly marked in her national progress. Her heroism and patriotism found fitting voice in the rhymed chronicles of her minstrel bards, Wintoun, Barbour, and Blind Harry—whose strains have been caught up in later years by the bard of Abbotsford, and flung forth with a freer and bolder tone—a tone that wakes every touch of heroism in the human heart. Her pastoral life found echo in the "Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay. Her Miltonian spirit flowed forth upon the organ-toned harp-strings of Thomson and Pollock, while Ferguson sang the song of her city life.

And now at length, on the 25th day of January, 1759, this great national demand was about to be answered. On this day, one hundred years ago, on the banks of Ayr, and beneath the shadows of "auld Alloway's haunted kirk," was born the embodied music of the soul of Scotland—Robert Burns.

To speak fittingly of the character and genius of Burns, were not only impossible within limits suitable to the occasion, but were to me at *all* times impossible, "Sic flichts are far beyond my power." Burns has spoken to *us* and to *all* men in a thousand-tongued voice, that must thrill our hearts until they shall cease to respond to the woes and joys of life. We feel him, we love him, we worship him, but to attempt to delineate this child of song, to daguerreotype him as he stands, leaning upon the very dome of the temple of fame—high over the heads of heroes, orators and statesmen, in familiar converse with his great compeers, Homer, Shakspeare, and Goethe, requires a steady nerve and a daring heart. To fully portray him would demand the pen of genius not unequal to his own.

The life-portrait of Burns is engraved on his works. His character and genius stand recorded in his poetry with a patent life and truth which no eulogist or historian can ever improve or imitate.

His poetry was no morbid or overstrained

pictures of fancy—indeed, no pictures of fancy at all. No Corsairs, no Marmions, no Hiawathas, no Calibans or Ariels racked his heated brain. Each line and word was the miniature of some part of his own great soul—the cadenced reverberations of his own heaving bosom. What his eyes saw or his heart felt, was carried, as if by the wand of enchantment, into music. His poems and songs were but the golden shadows of the life that was in him. He was himself but a living poem, a "grand medley overture" of the Scotch heart, longing to throw himself into song with a vehemence that would not be repressed. His hates, his scorns, his friendships and his loves, were the genuine utterances of all that was human—so sublimely human that, when poured forth from his honied tongue, they seemed almost divine.

The soul of Burns will live to us for ever in his poems—as we read them now after the lapse of a century he stands out before us in all his genuineness, simplicity, and greatness. His "Cottar's Saturday Night" is the home-life of his boyhood. The follies of a drunken neighbour, mixed with the superstitions of his childhood, and filtered through his own matchless humour, become "Tam o' Shanter." His satires were of living men—men destined now to live for ever. His women were the actual beings of his love; we say his women, for they were women and not angels. They were the warm-hearted maidens of Scotland—

"Whose rosy lips he aft had kissed sae fondly."

Burns *created* little or nothing. God had created quite satisfactorily to him already. Other poets, Prometheus-like, might steal from heaven its fire, and worship the airy figments of their own brain. Burns worshipped the infinite that was in the humblest life around; he sang the divinity that was in fallen man; he clothed no angels in the forms of men. But, oh! with what tones of melody did he not sing of the heaven that still lingers in the breast of *woman*. This *life* poetry is the truest, healthiest and noblest of all poetry. Do but think of Pope dissecting humanity in his "Essay upon Man," and then hear a Scotchman read "John Anderson, my Jo, John." Or tell me what were an age of bliss with your "Zuliekas," your "Rowenas," or your "Araby's Daughters," to one lone hour with Highland Mary "beneath the gay green birk" and "hawthorn blossom," when

"The golden hours on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie."

As a man Burns challenges the love and sympathy of all true men. In him, more than in all other men, were combined all that is godlike and strong, and all that is human and frail, in our nature. He was endowed with a genius that was not only capable of doing all things in a way in which genius alone can do them;—his soul was loyal, sensitive and great—he was patriotic and true to his friendships—he was devoted to freedom and the brotherhood of man—he was a deep and true sympathizer with the woes and sufferings of his kind. His manly spirit neither insulted nor cringed to the great—while he wept at the miseries of the unfortunate, and extended the friendly grasp of fellowship to the poor. Poverty may have at times saddened, but it could not repress his ardour or damp the geniality of his genius. He won fame—yet it did not elevate him—he still sang the song of the people. In all this, and more, Burns was strong, and we can admire him. But it is rather for his passions—nay, even for his frailties, that we love him. In Burns there was no insufferable projection—no mystery—no well-poised prudence that kept the highest side ever to the world. His wildest passions were sung with a sounding lyre, his maddest follies lay in light.

The genuine, true heart of man beat in the bosom of Burns—a heart that thrilled at every beat with all the kindly qualities of our nature, in excess. His was no canting sentimentality, but the normal and natural out-gushing of a warm heart—a full, sound, whole man, that was poetic from no eccentricity of mental action, but from the superabundant overflowing of a healthy nature. He drank no nectar—he quaffed no "rosy wine,"—but with a generous glass of "gude old Scotch drink," got often "fou and unco happy." His love was no sighing after fairies in a cowslip, or sylphan forms so frail,

"You might have seen the moon shine through,"—

but a rich and golden love for some bonnie lass,

"Whose bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see."

His warm and impulsive nature carried him in his convivial habits, and in his attachments to woman, too far; and it cannot be denied that they became frailties. It may, perhaps, be said of him, that he was one that "loved not wisely, but too well."

His passional destiny was that of all great poets—boundless longings, never satisfied, and a heart yearning for an eternity of love, mocked by the fickleness of man, and the changes of time. The world presented to this child of genius the lure of pleasure's pouting lips, and dimpled cheeks, and laughing eyes; but as he

madly revelled through the golden hours, and clasped its glittering shadows to his heart, unearthly music from his other and far-off home whispered in his ear—

"That pleasures are like poppies spread—
We seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then gone for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm."

But these frailties, the very excesses of the noblest qualities, are but the spots upon the sun of his genius. They doubtless add to our sympathy, pity, and love for the man. Let the tears of millions who have wept in generous sympathy over his honest toil and well-sung woes, blot for ever the record of his follies from the tablets of time! Perish the heart that cannot say, "with all his faults we love him still," and that "he is a man for a' that."

Scotchmen! You may well be proud to-night. Millions of hearts this hour do homage to your ploughboy poet. Be prouder still, Scotchmen! Rab Burns deserves their homage! The history of your race, even from the far-off cloudy glories of the past, stands clustered "thick with blushing honours." Your country's brows are wreathed with many fair, immortal flowers —but far the rarest flower in all that wreath of glory bloomed this night "a hundred years ago."

The concert, at which Messrs. Crawford and Dempster and Mrs. Bentinck sung a number of excellent songs, and Mr. Greenfield recited "Tam o' Shanter," passed off with great success. A novel feature was the singing of "Scots wha hae" by the Highland Guard of Chicago. Later in the evening a banquet and ball at the Tremont House terminated the festivities of the day. The speakers at the banquet were, Mr. W. B. Egan, Mr. Wm. James, Mr. R. T. Merrick, Mr. J. Grant Wilson, Mr. W. Bross. Altogether the proceedings of the day gave the utmost satisfaction to all concerned, and will long be remembered in Chicago.

A large number of toasts, speeches, and songs followed. Friendly messages were received by telegraph from various parts of the country, and were responded to in a suitable manner. The party was distinguished by great cordiality of feeling, and after passing a very happy evening separated about two o'clock in the morning.

CINCINNATI.—The centennial anniversary was celebrated at the Burnet House by the Burns Club of this city. The banquet was spread in the ladies' ordinary, to which the members of the Club and many invited guests repaired early in the evening. The apartment was neatly decorated. On the north wall, the American and British colours were tastefully displayed, forming an arch above the presiding host; on either hand the pilasters and caps of the windows were relieved by our national colours; and over the capitals of the columns at the grand entree, a clever design, consisting of the clan tartans of Scotland, neatly enfolded one with another, formed an appropriate canopy for a bust of Burns by John C. King, which was placed in a niche between the portals *vis-a-vis* with the President. David Gibson, Esq., presided, assisted by 1st Vice-President, Joseph F. Torrence, and 2d Vice-President, Judge J. B. Warren, Peter Clarke, Treasurer, and Theodore Chamberlain, Secretary. Governor Willard of Indiana, and Hon. Thomas Corwin were seated on either side of the President, and other guests were assigned the usual positions of honour.

The President introduced the business of the evening in a spirited speech. He said: Welcome, my friends, to our annual festival in honour of the memory and genius, and unmistakable manliness of Burns, the master of heart language and the type of liberty. An hundred years ago to-night Burns was ushered into existence, and with him as noble a spirit as e'er gave the world assurance of a man. Burns had not only a most wonderful power of penetrating into the characteristics and motives of men, but he had also the rare quality of expressing that power so happily and faithfully in his immortal verse, that time only can outlive it. He who, on the 25th day of January, 1759, saw the first glance of day in "the auld clay biggin'" in Ayrshire, has now the whole earth for a residence, and immortality for a reputation. How really true is his noble sentiment:

"The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a that!"

That glorious expression endears him to the world, and especially in his native land makes his name a household word.

The speaker then gave some reminiscences of a visit to the birthplace of Burns, and concluded as follows:

Let us now, my friends, recur to him, his lowly birth, his struggles under adversity, his indomitable courage and perseverance, his force of character, his love of independence, and let us, above all, in celebrating the memory of Robert Burns, as a poet and delineator of nature, endeavour in all our acts and thoughts to feel that in making him anew our symbol of Poetry and Genius, we best aid the love of song and natural talent in this our great Republic.

Numerous excellent speeches were delivered in proposing and responding to the several toasts, and a number of excellent songs were sung.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—The Scots lads and lasses gathered in great numbers at Chapin's Hall to celebrate the hundredth birthday of the people's poet. The bonnie lasses with their soncy faces, were crowded thick through the hall, while "every lassie had her laddie," and good "braw lads" they were too. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion with Scotch and American national flags and emblems. At eight o'clock the literary exercises commenced with a few remarks from the President, William Lowrie, followed by a masterly recitation of Halleck's beautiful tribute to Burns, given in Professor Edgarton's happiest manner. The American Quadrille Band struck up the inspiring tune of "Scots wha hae," after which W. B. Hall sang the plaintive ballad of "Annie Laurie," with considerable taste and feeling. Mr. John C. Grannis, the orator of the evening, delivered a masterly eulogy on the memory of Robert Burns. At the close of this address Bayard Taylor came on the platform, and was introduced to the audience. He made a few remarks relative to the genius and popularity of Burns, closing with the anecdote which appears in Allan Cunningham's biography of the poet, of his having at a festival refused to drink the health of Pitt, giving instead the health of "a far greater man than Pitt—George Washington." Mr. Taylor gave a brief account of the festival, at which he was present, on the "banks of bonny Doon," to give a public reception to the three sons of Robert Burns, to which the audience listened with close attention.

The hall being cleared for dancing, a large crowd immediately dashed impetuously into the exciting evolutions of a Scotch reel. Dance after dance followed, until supper was announced, when the crowd marched down into Stacey's supper rooms, where an excellent banquet was spread. Short, pithy speeches were made, and fun and enjoyment unlimited reigned at the table. The party afterwards adjourned to the hall, where the dance was kept up until a late (or early) hour.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.—The Scotchmen of the city of Davenport were determined not to let the centennial anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns pass by uncelebrated. They formed a Burns Club, electing Robert Little, of Long Grove, President. Messrs. Hunter, Davidson, M'Kay, and several other gentlemen interested themselves most actively in the festival, and on the evening of the 25th some fifty couple sat down to a substantial and elegant repast at Bailey's Hall, Robert Little presiding. Merriment and enthusiasm were the order of the evening. Among the company present, there were one from the Orkney Isles, two from Forfarshire, seven from Dumfries, two from Perthshire, three from Ayrshire, one from Renfrew, one from Kincardine, three from Lancashire, England, one from Devonshire, England, one from Shropshire, England, two from Yorkshire, one from Kinross-shire, two from Mid-Lothian, one from Northumberland, one from Aberdeenshire, one from county Louth, Ireland, one from Fermanagh, one from Kerry, and one from Derry.

DETROIT, MICH.—A grand celebration was held in the Michigan Exchange, Detroit. In the course of an eloquent address, the President, Mr. James Black, said—I wish you to contemplate for a moment what a day this has been, and what a night this is all over the world,—the admirers of Burns, gathered together wherever they are, in joyous groups, to hold the centennial jubilee of his natal hour, to emulate each other in the cordial interchange of song and sentiment, attuned to his illustrious name, surrounded as we are now with touching memorials of his fame and works. This celebration has no parallel in the annals of literature. The world, I believe, has never before witnessed such an oblation at the shrine of genius. It will do more to arouse and preserve the nationality of Scotland than a thousand monuments to Wallace or Bruce. It will excite a renewed interest in the language of the "Doric Muse," and tend to silence for ever the vulgar affectation of being ashamed of the simple but expressive dialect of the "Land of Burns." In Scotland it will be observed with enthusiastic homage. From the ducal palace to the lowly cottage, the busy city to the quiet hamlet, there will be but one loud acclaim to the memory of the bard of Coila.

DUNMORE, LUZERNE CO., PA.—The anniversary was celebrated at Dunmore by a supper and ball, at the Green Grove Hotel. Mr. Wm. Bryden presided on the occasion, and Mr. James M'Millan officiated as Vice-president.

FALL RIVER, MASS.—In brilliance this celebration exceeded even the most sanguine expectations of its promoters. Soon after eight o'clock the meeting was called to order by the

President, Hon. N. B. Borden, and the throne of grace was addressed by Rev. C. A. Snow, after which the company, numbering some 250, sat down to well-loaded tables, furnished in Scotia's ancient style. An admirable oration was delivered by the Rev. A. D. Milne. Other speeches followed, with toasts and songs, and two original poems for the occasion. The hall was then cleared for dancing, and the festivities were kept up until the "wee sma hours."

JERSEY.—The centennial anniversary of Robert Burns' birthday was duly celebrated in Jersey City. The Burns Club of that city and others met at the Atlantic Hotel, to celebrate the occasion. A *recherché* supper was served up at nine o'clock, which was duly discussed. The dining-hall was tastefully decorated with the American, English, and Scotch banners.

The President of the Burns Club, Mr. David Lindsey, opened the post-prendial exercises of the night by the following remarks:—One hundred years ago to-day there appeared on the stage of this world a wonderful and singular being, whose transcendent genius in future years was not only to excite the admiration and delight of his own countrymen, but a vast portion of civilized mankind—whose beautiful and truthful lays, adapted to every passion, and taste, and every sentiment of the human heart, has met with a response of sympathy and feeling such as has seldom pertained to the lays of any minstrel that has flourished either in ancient or modern times. The advent of this highly gifted person we have assembled here to-night to commemorate. His delightful melodies are now chiming in harmonious strains in every civilized nook and corner of the civilized world, wherever a native of Auld Scotia is domiciled. The popular estimation of the admirable productions of the Scottish bard will not decrease; his transporting lyre will improve in its charms as time advances; our children and our children's children will hail with delight and pleasure the natal day of Burns, and with equal enthusiasm and joy sing his matchless songs and strain their sides with mirth at his inimitable lampoon, as it is quoted at every festival of his birth. We Scotchmen may be deemed a nation of egotists. Well, be it so. Who would not be proud to belong to a nation that could produce such a genius as Burns? "The love of glory," they say, "creates heroes; the contempt of it, great men." The latter part of the axiom will apply strictly to Burns. He never became great by the love of glory, for he was the child of impulse. He accomplished that which no hero ever did—a bloodless victory, a peaceful conquest of the human heart. Born an enthusiastic patriot in all that concerned the glory of Scotland, he fancied himself in his early youth a soldier of the days of Wallace and Bruce; he loved to strut after the bagpipe and drum, read of the bloody struggles of his country for freedom and existence "till a Scottish prejudice was poured into his veins that pervaded all his composition to the last hour of his life." Except Shakspeare, none had drawn from life such variety of characters, with so much original purity, as our favourite bard. With no classical attainment, fostered by no helping hand, with no other assistance than his own brilliant genius and what nature dictated, he produced the most touching strains that ever came from the pen of a human minstrel. Taking the vast arena of man's social condition, he fearlessly entered the lists, and with no sparing hand pulled the hypocrite from his hiding place, and chased the miser with an epitaph to his grave. The dignified position, that all men are born free, found in Burns a distinguished and bold advocate, for he illustrated in himself a true specimen of the character of an independent and an honest man. The same tender feeling that cared for disturbing the daisy in the furrow, or the tiny mouse from its tabernacle of seclusion, could be strung to the highest pitch of the enthusiastic sentiment of a warrior and a patriot. Conceive during the hard-contested conflicts in the Spanish peninsula a knot of our countrymen resting on their muskets in a romantic valley, singing with stentorian lungs, "Bruce's Address to his army;" and in another quarter a party enjoying themselves with the memory of a home they never may see, singing the never-to-be-forgotten air of "Auld Langsyne." Such is the charming and refreshing variety of Burns' productions, that they apply with truth and force to every trying incident in human life. Well may we be proud that Scotland produced such a man! (Applause.)

"The Queen of England" was then given as a toast, and drank with three enthusiastic cheers.

"The President of the United States" was then drank amid cheers, with applauding cries of "Cuba."

"The land we live in" was the next toast; it was drank with the usual honours.

"To the Press" was the next toast drank.

The gentlemen present then joined in singing "A man's a man for a' that."

"The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," the next toast, was responded to by Mr. J. D. Miller. He complimented the Scotchmen generally,

and Burns particularly. Jersey City, he thought, owed much to Scotchmen. He closed by offering the toast—"Scotland and America: may amity and good faith ever exist between them."

"The Land of Cakes" being given, was responded to by Mr. Clarke, by the singing of "My heart's in the Highlands."

Mr. James Lawson, by request, then sung an original song appropriate to the memory of Burns, which was received with loud applause.

"The Judiciary of the State of New Jersey" being offered, Judge Neefus responded.

"Sir Colin Campbell, now Lord Clyde," whose distinguished services in India have received the just praise of all civilized nations, and particularly of Scotia's sons, was drank with applause.

Mr. Jas. Shipley followed with the song, "Rest, Warrior, Rest."

The rest of the night was passed in agreeable exercises similar to the preceding.

KEOKUK, Iowa.—The members of the Burns Club celebrated the centennial birthday of the Scottish Bard on Tuesday evening. Speeches were made by Messrs. Reid, Anderson, Bruce, and Fulton, interspersed with several songs, by Messrs. Beggs, Wilson, and Culbertson. The night was passed with glee till the "wee short hours ayont the twal," when the happy party, after singing "Auld Langsyne," broke up, each member wishing the other many such joyous meetings.

LAWRENCE, Mass.—The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Scotland's and the world's sweet poet, Robert Burns, was beseemingly honoured by his admirers in this city, in a grand banquet and social reunion, at the Pacific House. We cannot but express the unalloyed satisfaction and heartfelt pleasure we felt on the occasion. The cup of social good feeling overflowed, and the happiest spirit sparkled through the whole enthusiastic company. The festival was a gratifying tribute to true genius and manly worth. It will be pleasurably treasured up in the memory of every participant. The company numbered about 160 persons.

LONSDALE, R. I.—The Scotchmen of Lonsdale, accompanied by their wives and families, assembled to celebrate the centennial anniversary. The number of Caledonians in the place is limited, but not a single man of them was absent, and all seemed to vie with one another in contributing to the harmony of the meeting. "The Memory of Robert Burns" and all the usual toasts, with a number of unusual ones, were regularly proposed and appropriately responded to; and though the gathering was numerically insignificant, the deficiency was more than made up by the genuine sincerity every one seemed to display. Some of Burns' sweetest songs were very sweetly sung, as were also a great variety of other beautiful lyrics "of the land of braw lasses and leal-hearted men." Somewhere in the neighbourhood of that hour which struck and prevented Death from imparting the full particulars of Hornbook's fate to Burns, the party broke up, determined, if it was the first time they had seen such a celebration in Lonsdale, it would certainly not be the last.

MILWAUKEE.—A meeting of Scotchmen was held in one of the parlours of the Newhall House for the purpose of electing officers for the St. Andrew's Society. Arthur M'Arthur was called to the chair, and after the meeting was fully organized they proceeded to the election of office-bearers.

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. James Kerr entered the room, dressed in a beautiful Highland costume of the Royal Stuart clan, and was received with rapturous applause. Supper being announced, a committee was appointed by Judge M'Arthur to wait upon the President and escort him to the chair. The tables were beautifully decorated with fanciful pyramids, and models in confectionery of the "auld clay biggin," "Tam o' Shanter and his gray mare Meg," his "Monument" on the banks of the Doon, and other designs from his works—the handiwork of Brown, the Scotch pastry-cook of the "Newhall." At the north end of the hall hung a painting of a "Scotch Drinking Scene," by Mr. Andrew Kerr of this city, also of a Scotchman, over which was suspended a Scotch gill-stoup. At the south end of the hall, and above the Chairman, the British and American flags were gracefully entwined together, and underneath, two portraits of Burns; to the right and left of the Chairman hung two beautiful paintings—"The Cottage," and the "Monument" over the Poet's remains at Dumfries—painted expressly for the occasion by Mr. Kerr. Upwards of 150 sat down to table. Supper over, the President proceeded to make a few remarks preparatory to opening the order of regular toasts.

Judge M'Arthur responded:—On the 25th day of January, 1759, about two miles from the ancient town of Ayr, near the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon," was born the greatest

poet that ever sprang from the people. On the 25th January, 1859, we are met to celebrate that event. We are met here far from the glens and mountains of Scotland, in the heart of the American continent, to celebrate that day, and join hands and voices in enthusiastic recognition of the undying fame of Robert Burns. Scotchmen! where are they not? They are everywhere. When the Englishman in despair had reached the top of the Egyptian pyramid, a Scotchman was there to present him with his snuff-box. But, Sir, wherever there are found Scotchmen, whether on the banks of Lake Michigan, the Hudson, the Nile, or the Ganges, they are met to-night to celebrate the memory of the greatest poet of grand auld Scotland—and the first sons of America unite with them—all lift up their voices in one mighty diapason of praise. And why? They appreciate the genius of Burns. He was not made a poet, but came from the hands of nature ready made. He was born a poet—he came as the daisy comes, from its native hillside. Scotland had waited long for a poet, and at last came Burns. Burns had a soul which flew out to all living things with sympathy. He e'en had an admiration for the deil! But there was one thing he hated, and that was hypocrisy. He lived in an age when there was much affectation in religion. Everybody saw it. Burns saw it; but nobody dared to say it, until Burns held it up to eternal scorn. There, too, was the "Cottar's Saturday Night," a poem which I will compare with any Iliad of any land. There, too, was the "Address to the Deil." By Milton that personage had been invested with a horrible grandeur, and the Deil was believed in then. But Burns had a kind word for even His Satanic Majesty, and the humorous manner in which he wrote of him, caused what had been the great fear of Scotchmen to become the laughing-stock, and he put the Deil in the same book with "Holy Willie." There was another epic;—I refer to his "Vision,"—the most beautiful vision that ever flashed upon human eyes. Some people have complained of the absence of great characters in Burns' poems, but it was because he dealt with nature and humanity, and was a man of the people. But there was heroism in his poems. Burns was worthy of our admiration, and he has it undivided, now and always. While living he was not only a poet, but a man, in every sense of the word. It was he who wrote "A man's a man for a' that." When he departed this earth, he could not look back and recall a single violation of his truth or honesty. I will close by repeating the sentiment I started with, "The Memory of Burns."

A beautiful poem for the occasion, read by Professor B. J. Dorward, was received with immense applause.

MOBILE.—The anniversary was celebrated at Mobile by a banquet, to which about 200 guests sat down. W. C. Easton, Esq., presided, and was worthily assisted by the Vice-Presidents, Messrs. James Bruce, David Cumming, John Graham, John Pride, and David Reid, and by the Secretary, Mr. William Hamilton. The Chairman was supported on the right by the Rev. Mr. Meikle, himself a native of Ayrshire, who inaugurated the festivities of the evening by asking a blessing, and on the left by W. G. Clark, Esq., of the *Advertiser*. Rev. Mr. Meikle responded to the toast of the evening in a very interesting speech, giving a rapid sketch of the birth, education, and life of Burns, with some particulars touching localities made memorable by his songs, and occasionally interweaving with his remarks pertinent lines from the poet, recited with the genuine Scotch accent. His remarks were listened to with attention and gratification. The other regular toasts were responded to by W. T. Walthall, Esq., W. G. Clark, Esq., Rev. H. N. Pierce; Hon. A. B. Meek, and Hon. Percy Walker. Volunteer toasts and speeches then followed. The Very Rev. James M'Garahan being called upon, expressed the high gratification he experienced in participating in the festivities of the occasion. Rev. H. N. Pierce made probably the most interesting remarks of the evening, as they pertained to the localities associated with the history and the poetry of Burns; and especial enthusiasm was excited by his graphic sketch, from personal recollection, of the road which Tam o' Shanter travelled on that awful night, the events of which the bard has immortalized. Hon. Percy Walker, J. M'Caskill, Esq., of Wilcox county, and others more than we can mention, or even remember, were among the impromptu speakers. Excellent songs were sung by Messrs. Watt, Robb, Cumming, Groves and others, and an efficient band of music contributed its inspiring strains to the enjoyment of the evening.

MOUNT AIRY, Germantown, Pa.—The admirers of Burns celebrated his centenary at the residence of Mr. Andrew Campbell, Mount Airy. The meeting was organized by calling Mr. Dunlop to the chair—Mr. Andrew Cassidy acting as croupier. After a few appropriate remarks from the Chairman, the introduction of "twa guid Scotch haggises" was greeted with a hearty round of applause by a company of sixty persons who had assembled to honour the memory of Scotland's favourite bard. Mr. Charles Harkison delivered the address to the

haggis in real characteristic style. On the removal of the cloth and the introduction of the mountain dew, the Chairman announced the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Burns." Drank standing. Mr. Antony Haig responded in an eloquent address on the life and character of the poet. Numerous other toasts, speeches, recitations and songs followed, until the company soon began to find the truth of the poet's lines, that "Time flew by wi' tentless heed," and at a late hour the company separated, well pleased that they had spent a night that would tend to keep the memory of Scotland and Scotland's bard ever green in their hearts.

NATCHEZ, Miss.—The anniversary was celebrated in the city of Natchez, by a large party of Scotchmen and their friends, numbering upwards of a hundred in all. The festival took place at the Mansion House, the principal room of which was tastefully fitted up for the occasion. The chair was ably filled by Andrew Brown, Esq., one of the oldest and most respected inhabitants of Natchez. As a preliminary to the festival the Chairman repeated the well-known grace by Burns. Among the ingredients of the feast was of course a haggis, or rather two of them, made by the fair hands of two ladies of Natchez. A fine band of music was in attendance, and played at intervals during the evening, adding materially to the general enjoyment. The Chairman introduced the subject of the evening in a few brief and appropriate remarks, after which the regular toasts were proceeded with, and were responded to in excellent speeches by Colonel Forbes, Hon. Peter Alexander, and other gentlemen. Mr. R. C. Evans and Captain Shanks, the Vice-Chairman, in answer to calls made on them by the company, delivered excellent speeches. The meeting altogether passed off with great success, and left a most favourable impression on all who had the good fortune to be present.

NEWARK, N. J.—The banquet given by the Burns Club in honour of the centennial anniversary of Burns was one of the most brilliant and agreeable entertainments ever given in that city. Thomas Fraser, Esq., the President of the Club, the successful competitor for the Baltimore prize poem, occupied the chair, supported on the right by Mayor Bigelow and Joseph Hollingsworth, Esq., and on the left by Messrs. James B. Hay and Joseph Robinson. After the more substantial viands had been disposed of—which included a haggis, imported from Ayrshire—the cloth was removed, and various toasts and sentiments given and responded to, poetry recited, and songs sung. The speakers were the President, Mr. Hollingsworth, ex-Alderman John Lewis, Mr. P. B. Jones, Dr. John J. Craven, Mr. J. M. L. Gardner. Mr. John C. Durning, Mayor Bigelow, and others. The company numbered about 200.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.—The Centenary Festival in honour of Scotland's great poet will long be remembered as one of the rarest intellectual treats of which Newburgh has ever been the theatre.

The place of meeting was the Court House to the old Presbyterian Church, and at an early hour the edifice was packed to its utmost capacity. Promptly to the hour named, the orator of the evening took his place upon the platform, on which were a number of the clergy and prominent laymen. Of Mr. Jack's tribute to the great poet we cannot speak in too high terms of praise. It was worthy of the theme, and was listened to with most delighted attention.

The festivities of the occasion included a dinner in the evening at the Orange Hotel, which was numerously attended, and passed off with great *éclat*.

NEWHAVEN, Conn.—The celebration of the centennial anniversary at the Tontine was the most successful gathering of the kind ever held in this city. For several years the Scotchmen in Newhaven, with many Yankees, have been in the habit of commemorating Burns' birthday by festive meetings, and this hundredth anniversary was properly deemed worthy of a fuller and more hearty demonstration, in concert with the lovers of Burns throughout the world. The supper was laid for about two hundred persons. Mr. James Craig, the President, introduced the toast of the evening with some excellent and appropriate remarks. Mr. George Mure Smith responded in an excellent speech, and in response to the toast of "Scotland" Mr. Brydon delivered an address full of stirring and patriotic sentiments. Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, in admirable terms, responded to the toast of "The Literature of America." Numerous other toasts and speeches, with songs interspersed, prolonged the enjoyment of the evening, and at a late hour the company separated after singing "Auld Langsyne."

NEW ORLEANS.—A goodly number of "brither Scots," with a sprinkling of invited guests, convened in the large room of John's Restaurant, in Carondelet Street, to pay a mark

of honour to the memory of Robert Burns, whose hundredth birthday it was. The chair was taken, at the request of all the company, by William Mure, Esq., British Consul resident in this city, Messrs. Maxwell and Macaulay acting as croupiers. On the Chairman's left sat A. M'Alpin, Esq., of Cincinnati, who for twenty-five years has been the President of the Caledonian Society of that city.

The supper was abundant and elegant, and the wines were of the best. The national haggis and the oaten cake were not forgotten, neither was the "Glenlivat," which came in among those "wee, short hours ayont the twal," of which Robin so feelingly sang. The banquet having been discussed with obvious relish, the Chairman rose, and proposed the first toast of the evening, with a few becoming remarks. It was—"Her Majesty, the Queen; God bless her!" which was duly honoured, one of the guests present leading off the British National Anthem, which was joined in by all present.

"The President of the United States" was the next toast, and it was properly received; one of the guests taking occasion to say, that without disparagement of the other qualities of the President, he had one good one, and that was, "his name was Scotch."

"The land of cakes and the land we live in: may nothing ever separate them but the broad Atlantic." This was responded to by Dr. Macaulay, in a feeling and eloquent manner. "The name of Robert Burns, whose centenary birthday we are met to commemorate." This toast was drunk with "all the honours," and the company joined in singing Burns' song, "Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon." Mr. James Burns made a very interesting and eloquent speech in response, sketching the career and character of the great poet with exceeding felicity.

Then "The Parish Schools of Scotland, the grand auxiliaries to individual and national greatness," were duly remembered; and "The Memory of Allan Ramsay, James Hogg, and Walter Scott," was drunk in silence. The next toast was, "The Scottish Soldier and the Scottish Matron; the bravery of the one was exemplified at Balaklava and Inkermann; the heroism of the other at Lucknow," which was enthusiastically received. The Chair then proposed "The Memory of the three great W's: Wallace, Washington, and Wellington;" after which one gentleman sang "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

"The Mothers of Scotland" were next remembered, with the sentiment, "To them her sons are indebted, by early discipline and judicious training, for whatever success they have achieved." Of course this toast and sentiment were duly honoured.

The tenth and last regular toast was the following:—"Benjamin Franklin—the Printer and the Philosopher; his early career was typical of his future greatness."

The Chair called on Mr. Ottis to respond to this toast, which he did in a few remarks.

The Chair then announced that he had received from the Secretary of the Burns Club, of New York, who were then commemorating the day in that city, the following telegraphic despatch, addressed to the company present:—

"We have selected the following as a toast and a sentiment to be drunk all over America, at ten o'clock precisely:—Kindred associations throughout the world—may they preserve the songs and disseminate the sentiments of Robert Burns,

"'Till man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brithers be, and a' that!'"

VAIR CLIREHUGH, Secretary."

Making some allowance for difference of time, the company complied with the suggestion in this despatch, and gave the sentiment it conains "a real Highland welcome."

Then the Chairman stated that he had received the following telegraphic despatch, dated that day, from the Secretary of the Burns Club of Montreal:—

"The Burns Club of Montreal desire to be remembered in your festivities to-night: though distance divides us, we are animated by the same spirit, reverence and pride for and in the name of Burns, and love to bonnie Scotland! Please reply."

The Chairman said he had taken upon himself to reply as follows:—

"The Committee of the Burns Festival in New Orleans cordially reciprocate the kind sentiments of the Burns Club of Montreal, and desire to be remembered in their festivities. The electric flash blends our feelings in one current, as the magic songs of Burns unite the hearts of his countrymen throughout the world."

After the enthusiasm excited by the reading of this electric correspondence had subsided, volunteer toasts were announced; and then ensued an hour or two of "modest and becoming mirth," and intellectual enjoyment combined, in the course of which a good deal was said and sung. To a toast in compliment to the chair, in his official position as British Consul, that gentleman made a feeling and eloquent reply. Mr. M'Alpin of the Cincinnati Caledonian Society, being toasted, spoke eloquently on the prevailing theme of the occasion, and Mr. Thorburn made some sensible remarks in the same vein. Mr. Stewart, in the course of

the evening, sung "Annie Laurie," and at a reasonable and seasonable hour the company separated, (first singing "Auld Langsyne,") with the mutual assurance to each other that they had had "a first-rate time!"

NEW YORK.—The Burns Centenary celebration in this city was auspiciously commenced on Monday evening with an oration by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in the Cooper Institute. There were three thousand people present, and among the audience were several of the most prominent citizens of New York. Although the hour for the commencement of the lecture was eight o'clock, between six and seven the doors were besieged by large numbers of ladies and gentlemen eager to gain admission. The lecturer met with a very enthusiastic reception, and throughout the course of his address, which occupied an hour and a quarter in delivery, was warmly applauded. Mr. BEECHER having been introduced by the President of the Burns Club, Mr. Cunningham, spoke as follows:

I come upon your invitation, gentlemen of the Burns Club, friends and fellow-citizens, to celebrate with one-half of the civilized world, and with the whole world of letters, the birth of a farmer's boy, who became a ploughman, a flax-dresser, an exciseman and gauger, and who was reputed also to have become a poet. One hundred years ago, January 25, 1759, Agnes Brown Burnes gave to the world her son, Robert Burns. The father and the mother were Scotch. The son only took Scotland on his way into the whole world. (Laughter and applause.) While we allow Scotchmen a suitable national pride in their chief poet, we cannot allow the world to be robbed of their right and interest in Burns. And yet there never was born to that land, so fertile in men, a truer Scotchman; and it is the peculiar admiration and glory of the man, that in spite of obscurity, bred to all the local influences, Scotch in bone, in muscle, in culture, and in dialect, he rose higher than the special and national, and achieved his glory in those elements which unite mankind, and make all nations of one blood. While men of science are groping about the signs of external man, and debating the origin and unity of races, a poet strikes the fundamental chords, and all races, peoples, and tongues, hear, understand, and agree; so that the poet is, after all, the true ethnologist. The human heart is his harp, and he who knows how to touch that with skill, belongs to no country, can be shut in by no language, nor sequestered by any age. He belongs to the world and to the race.

The father of Burns, William Burnes—the poet contracted the name when he published his first volume—was a genuine man in his way. He had a head, and a heart, and a pair of hands, all of which were kept exceedingly busy in prolonging a desperate fight for life and comfort. He was a man of stern probity, of the deepest religious convictions, and of an indomitable will. He expected much of all his family, but was sterner with himself than with any other. His only amusement was speculative theology, but that did not injure his morals, for he was a man of scrupulous integrity to the last—clean to the very fountain of honour; yet was irascible, and when unduly thwarted, violent in temper. He held up his head like a brave swimmer in a rough sea, until the waves fairly beat him down. William Burnes never prospered. His son says of him, "Stubborn, ungainly integrity, and headlong, ungovernable irascibility, are disqualifying circumstances in the path of fortune." It is not the rigour of integrity which stands in any man's way. It is the indiscriminate stiffening of everything by the rigour of pride saturated with conscience; for God has built the human form to combine the utmost stiffness with the utmost lifeness. There are bones for stiffness, and there are joints for limberness. So with the character. It is to be built upon the sternest elements of truth and justice, but somewhere there must be lifeness and pliableness. If there are no joints in the character, no supple motion, and if the tastes, opinions, and prejudices, likes and dislikes, are all solidified into a multiplex conscience, no man can get along in life. It was a little too much of this ossification which made William Burnes too stiff to fight well.

Some parents seem to be the mere antecedents of their children. As ships sometimes are built far up the stream where timber abounds and only float down and out of the estuary, so it would seem of some men that they owe their natures to their grand-parents or some body far up the stream of generations. Burns' father possessed very much the same character as his son. The same moral honesty, the same pride, the same violence of feeling, the same penetration of men, the same breadth of understanding, the same impatience of restraint from without, the same unfitness for thriving in worldly matters, the same longing for wealth, for its independence, and contempt for the means of getting wealth, belonged to the father and the more illustrious son. Only, besides the father, Robert Burns carried in him a great deal of the mother; and if he had carried more he would have been better, for the father is the bush and the mother is the blossom, and the fruit germ is always in or under

the blossom. Agnes Brown was a woman of humble birth; she brought along with her from that dim source of human life, wherever or whatever it was, the seed of many rare and precious faculties. Central and strong was her heart. It had that deep nature which religion always gives. She was calm, gentle, and of a heavenly temper. She was a good housekeeper, which is a very brave and noble thing in woman, and a thing often requiring more mind and tact than to govern a nation, as nations are governed. But while she wrought and arranged, she chanted and sung, for Burns' mother was the mother of Burns' poetry. Her songs and ballads were in great store and of a moral aim. The song which she loved most to sing and Burns most loved to hear, was "The Life and Age of Man," comparing the periods of human life to the months of the year; and Burns says of his grand-uncle that during many years of his blindness he had no greater enjoyment than that of crying, while his mother sang that ballad to him. Ah, how many sweet sounds there are in this world, how many sounds of air and water, how many songs of birds and sounds of musical instruments; but when all is said, neither has man invented any musical instrument, nor has nature in all her choir and orchestra anything which for sweetness is like a mother's voice singing through the house, while she labours—songs, hymns, and ballads — the children sleep, dream of angels, and awake and say, "Mother!" With such a father and such a mother, Burns could not help himself. The father of Burns had just built, and poorly built, a clay cottage on the banks of the Doon, county of Ayr, and scarcely had the poet learned to live, that is, to cry, before a rude storm beat down the tenement. That storm never spent itself, but blew after him all his life long. He was wont, in the days of his trouble, with gloomy playfulness, to attribute the violence of his passions to the tempest which ushered himself into the world; and these passions certainly succeeded in blowing down the clay-built tenement in which he himself dwelt. As a child we have little record of him except his own reminiscences in his various letters. He was not precocious. His earlier years seem to have been purely receptive. He was unconsciously receiving his education. It was a good education. There was no Latin nor Greek in it; but as he did not intend to sing in these tongues, there was no special reason in his case for learning them. They were dead languages; he was a living man—a living singer. His father and mother taught him morals and religion. An old servant, Jenny Wilson, took charge of his imagination, fired and fed it by such a collection of tales and songs concerning devils, fairies, brownies, spunkies, warlocks, wraiths, apparitions, cantraps, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery, as I suppose no poet had ever received before or since. But Burns' imagination was not superstitious, notwithstanding such a beginning; it was eminently simple, natural, and transparent; so that these tales only stimulated but did not subdue, nor even educate his imagination. They fell upon his young fancy as coarse fertilizers upon the farmer's field, which enter the earth black and noisome, but reappear as flowers, seeds, and fruit. Nature was also at work in his education. I mean the physical world without him held up to him clouds or cloudless heavens, morning and evening, rivers, thickets, rocks and ravines, birds, flowers, and harvest-fields, and whatever else comes into the ear-gate or the eye-gate. Some natures gain nothing from this great schoolmaster, Nature. They are like dogs in Raphael's studio, or in Michael Angelo's house; they get meat there, but never learn to paint or to carve. But other men are sensitive to all that nature does, as if God stood visibly before them and showed his hand while drawing forms and laying on the colours; and Burns was one of these. But great pains was taken with young Burns to give him all the advantage of the school-learning that the times, the neighbourhood, and his parents' scanty means could supply. A Scotch farmer's house is itself no mean school. There is learned at least a deal of local history and legendary lore which books are not apt to contain. There the child is taught to ponder and dispute in speculative theology — a practice which in education is of wonderful power. Whatever we may think of the truth or the wisdom of the elements of speculative theology, no man can be from his childhood taught to go forth in these wide-reaching views of divine government and human destiny, without having a deep place in his nature touched; and no man can mount to the great speculations of Free Will and Divine Decrees, and do battle with them without gaining both dialectic skill and some arousing of the imagination. But though Burns declined from the rigid faith of the kirk, and leaned towards new lights, yet he had breathed an atmosphere which affected his mind to the end. After attending in succession the schools of Mr. Campbell and Mr. Murdoch, at nineteen he spent a short time at school at Kirkoswald, where he learned mensuration, engineering and what not. In the meantime Burns had read Bunyan, who if once read will be remembered for ever. He says—"The idea I formed of modern manners and literature and criticism, I got from the *Specta-*

tor. These with Pope's works, some plays in Shakspeare, Dickson on Agriculture, Locke on the Understanding, Stackhouse's History of the Bible, Boyle's Lectures, Allan Ramsay's works, Taylor's Scriptural History of Original Sin, a Select Collection of English Songs, and Harvey's Meditations, formed the whole of my reading." These books were well enough, for in sooth neither schoolmaster nor books made Robert Burns. He did not derive his tempestuous nature from books. His tender love, his sympathy, his personal relationship to whatever in nature was beautiful, his penetration of human life, his mournful melancholy, his love of man, of liberty, of power, and grandeur; the spots of Burns' works, you shall not find in any of these books. They are good books. It is the reader who makes a good book. They were great books when Burns read them; but you shall not find his teachers there. It was the created and unwritten book of God that taught Robert Burns. Let us look at him at fourteen. He was a coarse, awkward, graceless, lubberly boy; of a silent way, not given to mirth, not quick, and utterly unlike a poet. But he knew how to work. As early as fourteen he became skilful as a ploughman, and at fifteen he was the head workman on his father's farm. Let it be said here that Burns was never a lazy shiftless man, who took to poetry as a fair excuse for neglecting hard work. No man ever worked more patiently or uncomplainingly than did he; and though for years he fought desperately against discouragement on his father's farm, when he afterwards became a farmer for himself, he never shrank from toil—the rudest, coarsest, and most uncongenial to his poetic temperament.

But we must not anticipate. Burns is now twenty; but his hand is on the harp. His life is fairly begun—the sad life of a glorious man full of noble impulses stumbling in a rough way, full of the most congenial and tender affections, grasping mankind by the heart, and aiming in all his essential works to crown his human life with goodness. But before we venture upon that career of mingled good and ill, we must stop and ask what Burns was—for there are some who press upon him vehemently with the sins of his life, and some who as rashly defend them at the expense of good morals.

That he violated his own moral sense, his own solemn and bitter words do show. Difficult indeed is it to equal the awful solemnity of Burns' bitter words. He was his own Rhadamanthus. He carried conviviality to excess, violated his own principles of virtue, and grafted license upon love.

Burns is not helped when we deny these mournful facts of his sad life, or when we palliate them to a degree which shall make them less guilty in a poet than in every man. Let them stand if they are facts. We must recognize them. In drawing his character, while we give it all the lights, we must not shrink from the fidelity of the shadows also. But although immoralities are never to be excused by what a man is not, yet what a man is will determine the severity and leniency of our condemnation. How a ship behaves upon the sea depends not alone upon the skill of those who manage her, but also upon the way in which it was built. How was Burns built? Burns was endowed with a masculine understanding, clear and penetrating, that saw things by their whole, intuitively, and not in detail. His mind was logical in thought, not in things. He was wiser as a thinker than as an actor, for the part of the mind, which is the ground of the instinct which gives management, tact, and thrift in the common things of life, was not eminent in him. He inherited a pride, which wrought in him a most intense sense of personality, which gave him a very high ideal of manliness, which inspired an undying longing for a well-earned glory, which made him suspicious of all above him, and a patron and protector of all below him—a pride which, acting in one way, sustained him under a load of ill success, and which, turning inward, ate his heart out, because he could not rise. I know not from which parent he took his heart; from both of them, I think. He was generous, like his father, who was more kind to others than to himself. He had the depth and tenderness of his mother's heart, but not her calmness and evenness. Her heart lay tranquil, like one of the sweet lakes of Scotland. His beat as the ocean beats and surges on the western shore of Scotland. It has been the fashion to speak of Burns as having light fancy, easily kindled by the glance of beauty, and as easily extinguished. Nothing can be more untrue. No heart was ever truer or more enduring in its affections. He never loved to cast off; but each love was but another link, not always golden, of that long chain of which his heart was the immoveable staple. He loved men, he loved animals, and whatever grew, if it only grew in Scotland. His loving nature was wonderful. No man can form any estimate of either the good or bad that was in him, who does not study Burns' heart, whose tides were as deep as the ocean's, and sometimes as tempestuous. That he was more susceptible to women than men is not strange. The same thing has happened before, and though he best loved woman, woman was not the only subject of his affection. In his better moods, universal being circled into his affections. His nature overspread universal human life, as the great

arch overspreads the world with benign brightness by day and drops down upon its mute dews by night. And to this we must add that peculiar kind of emotion, which you may call fancy, imagination, or poetic vision—that divine element of the soul which teaches it to see the soul of things, and not their material bodies, which clothes everything it looks upon with beauty and grace, which works with sounds, forms, and movements, and evolves a subtle grace in them all. The soul that has this divine element is as a divine wardrobe; the eye, ear, and mind are almoners going forth and clothing all things with a radiant apparel. Besides these faculties there were two other elements which largely influenced Burns' life and determined his character. The first is his hereditary taint of melancholy. The other was his temperament. From his earliest life, and in all his poems, we see that dark and desponding tone which so wonderfully contrasts with other salient traits of his character. At times it seems as if the great world of despondency swung round between him and the sun, and he lay in fearful eclipse, hopeless, gloomy, wretched, and tormented. Had his life been successful, it may be believed that with vigorous health, and with praise which would gratify his pride, and with full opportunity to put forth his unvexed powers, he would have risen above this malady. But strong in youth, it grew stronger when evil habits broke his constitution and poverty was pinching him with want more and more. And his own moral nature adding remorse to despondency, this natural hypochondria became almost a fatal malady. Nor is it less important that we should consider his temperament, for on that depends much of the credit which some men have both for prudenee and self-control, and the reverse. We believe that later physiologists agree in this, that in the human system there is a portion of the nervous matter, whose function is to produce general sensibility without regard to the special faculties of the mind. Thus, a sound of music falling upon two ears, fills one with the most thrilling sensibility, while the other receives it calmly; not that the musical faculty is more acute in one than the other, but that the whole nervous system receives more readily. This fact becomes more apparent in morbid states of health. The sounds which are of no consequence at other times fill the whole mind with excessive emotion; so that in estimating the power of feeling in any man, we must look to the development and combination of the separate faculties of mind in their normal creative power, and then next to the general sensibility of the whole nervous system, under the influence of which the special faculties are attempered. Some men with strong minds and hearts have a low temperament and are deficient in general sensibility. Their feelings are gradually worked up; they have an equable nature; they heat as iron heats. Some men heat as powder heats; that is, a touch and explosion. It is not a trouble to some men to maintain an equable, temperate medium; they are by nature cool, unimpassioned, and unexcitable. The sins of such men are usually the sins that collect upon the not-doing side of life, moth, mildew, mold, mistletoe, rust. But such men are unfit judges for those who have imperious sensibilities. Men who hear thunder as if it were the hand of a friend knocking at the door are not fit to judge of men in whose ear the same hand knocking at the door sounds like thunder. Robert Burns was eminently a man who had this excessive sensibility. He overflowed with strength of feeling. His capacity for generating sensibility was prodigious. His one nature carried enough for twenty common men of mere force of feeling. He never trickled drop by drop prudentially, but he gushed. He never ran a slender thread of silver water; he came down, booming, all broad, like one of his own streams, when a shower has touched and broken upon the mountain; and there never was any proportion between the cause and the effect; a mouse, a flower, a hare had him in their power whatever time his heart was opened. The daisy which went under when he ploughed was not so much subjected to the iron ploughshare as he was to the touch of the daisy's moist look. All the powers of his nature were subjected to this same sudden overflow. He thought as dragoons charge. He felt life as prairies feel autumnal fires, with their leaping flames outrunning the fleetest deer and all before them, and leaving, alas, too often ashes and smoke behind them. He suffered as if fiends possessed him, and enjoyed as if angels carried him in their bosom. There he stands, like the mountains of his own land—often capped with storms, oftener shrouded with mists, and scarred with ravines; often thundering with the sound of rushing waters which dashed down the valley, tearing up roads and sweeping away bridges. But there, also, birds brooded and sung; sweet flowers found foot, room; pure lakes and rock-bound brooks looked silently up to God; the spice bush, and vines purple with berries, and grass, and moaning pines and wind-waved larches—these all held fellowship—the stern and the gentle, the rugged and the beautiful, the pure and the turbid, the massive, and the sweetest, tenderest littleness of beauty! Strange fellowship of opposition in the one man! The world has never seen his like! Now, our problem is—how was this very sensitive creature

—proud, loving, ambitious, yearning, ringing with every imagination, with a head better for thought than for things, with a heart that everybody could kindle and nobody put out—how was he to make his way upwards in life, from poverty and wretchedness into large success? It is not the question, how shall a man carry a small cup half full without spilling, but how shall a man carry a great cup brimfull, over a rough road, and in a stormy night without spilling? It is not, how well a machine can raise just steam enough to get along; but how an engine shall get along that makes more steam than it can overwork or cast off, trembling with inward intensity as it runs with open throttle and open furnace doors, singing at every seam and hissing at every rivet? The question we propound to you, is not what is right, what is duty—all are agreed as to that—but what shall this Robert Burns do? With that nature of his, compounded of such astonishing opposites—with the profoundest melancholy, and a sociability varying from a smile to roaring revelry—with an overflowing heart of kindness and love, and a pride as high and stern as the lordliest monarch on his throne—with an understanding so clear and practical that no shams or cant could for a moment deceive or mystify it—with an imagination so strong and transparent that it gave another nature than its own to everything, and almost to every person—with an honour and conscience so high that he would sooner have died than spoken a falsehood or broken a plighted word; and with such a fancy, that all things were magnified and distorted—his friends were angels, and his enemies devils; homely faces, handsome; simple and common natures, divine; good men, hideous; and upright men, wicked—with such a keen relish for life, that he thrilled all his companions with merriment, as a drum wakes a camp, and yet despising the world, and walking above men, as shadows—yearning for immortality! It is one of the strangest, the richest, and most remarkable of human histories the world has ever recorded.

Gilbert, the eldest brother, the plain honest brother; Robert, the wonderfully compounded man, were at school together. Robert was the dunce, Gilbert was the merry and witty one; Robert was as little known to himself as to others. One thing was plain; he was no sentimental laggard. His father had a hard farm and a desperate strife for a livelihood. Robert made at fortune with a resolution, industry, and patience which would have conquered, if it could have been done by fine furrows and the handsome cast of the hand in sowing seed. At the age of thirteen, he assisted in all the labours of the farm. At fourteen, he feared no competitor with scythe, sickle, or plough. At fifteen, he was the principal labourer on the farm; and at this age he would appear to have had the very stuff out of which to have made a plodding yeoman. He speaks of his sufferings, and of his doom as the tramp and moil of a galley-slave. In this way, and all this time, he was seizing everything in his way, and pushing in every direction, studying all the nicer shades of the language, a critic, as he styles himself, in verbs and substantives. In his labours he carried with him a book of National Songs. He pored over these Scotch ballads, every word of which was to him like the voice of a spirit, calling him by name. Next Burns goes to school at Kirkoswald to learn surveying. He is nineteen; he is unfolding, and with very little to help him, and with no one to understand him. He is full of all manner of strange things of a most contrary description, but all alike in being strong and impetuous. Here his social nature unfolds, and his intuitive sense of character displays itself. He learns to read men, and a yet more dangerous literature, for his studies were all stopped short by falling in love with a damsel living next door. He went out to take an observation of the sun, saw her, and stopped. (Laughter.) He goes home, hungering for letters and improving his style by every diligence, and opening correspondence with every man who could write a creditable letter. His soul was struggling, and it had no helper. Again, he is at home upon his father's farm at Lochlee. He is twenty years of age, and reading Mackenzie and Sterne, both sentimentalists, one poor and feeble, and the other strong and evil. That great nature, all alive, had no legitimate channel yet. No man said to him, "God sent you, Burns, into life to be a poet;" but every man said to him, "Burns, you are born to be a farmer." Burns thought so too. He tried to be one. All his understanding, conscience, and filial piety were forcing him into a kind of life which was both uncongenial and unnatural. Is it surprising that nature, denied in her highest endowments, should re-act somewhere, and that Burns, who in his social life possessed a power of conversation which gave him superiority to all about him, should sometimes overflow with revelry?

But affairs were dark at Lochlee. The farm will do better with flax, and Robert goes to Irvine to learn flax dressing, while his father and Gilbert remain at home to raise the crop. He is twenty-two years of age, with a soul fully awake, and all his powers beating in him for some natural exercise; his poetry, his love, his rugged patriotism, his philosophic meditations, and his rare and exquisite sensibility for natural

beauty,—are all set down to break flax and hatchel it. This is a good work for a poet. Why, yes, poets, artists, and geniuses can do anything, if they only know that they are artists, poets, and geniuses; and that a homely tool is the mere means by which they are to attain to better things. But if they do not know their mission, if they are coming and going with all the moods of contraband sensibility, ignorant of their mission and supposing that life's business is flax dressing, and that they are wasting their life-power in that engrossing and delightful business; is it strange that there should be such rebellion?

This many-sided but all insided man had not yet concentrated himself on anything that was appropriate to him. The forces he was striving to use were secondary, but those which were his real and predestined elements were only allowed to play alternatively. So he was inverting his life on the very threshold, and aiming at the wrong thing consciously, and only by stealth employing the glorious elements for whose very sake he had been born into the world. What a strange position! At one time he appears as a disputant at Calvinistic theology —a good occupation—at another time rollicking with high fellows at a smuggling life, more full of force and brave daring than of moral honesty. At another he is in love and jilted; then lamenting his fate; then, yet worse, he is obliged to endure public censure for the violation of rectitude, which no man despised more than he. Next, he is writing to his father, and his very sincerity in contrast with his vain ways, makes it seem the more extraordinary. He says:—"The weakness of my nervous system has so debilitated my mind, that I dare neither review the past events nor look into futurity, for the least anxiety or perturbation produces the most unhappy effects upon my whole frame; and sometimes, when for an hour or two my spirits are alightened, and I glimmer into futurity, I am quite transported at the thought that ere long, perhaps very soon, I shall bid eternal adieu to all the pains, uneasiness, and disquietudes of this weary life; for, I assure you, I am heartily tired of it. But if I do not deceive myself, I could contentedly and gladly resign it."

This letter was dated the 23d of December. Three days afterward his mind was won back so that he consented to join in a carouse to welcome in the New Year; and as the merriment of that occasion ran high, a spark caught the flax, and the work of six months was burned in as many minutes.

The next two years, his twenty-third and twenty-fourth, his outward life was dull; his real life, sociality, good and bad. His poetry was good in the main; but it was yet poetry as relaxation—as a resource from unprofitable life. He says:—"My passions once lighted up raged like so many devils until they got vent in rhyme. Then the conning over my verses, like a spell, soothed all into quiet."

With all that flow of soul in him; with his rebounding from the highest conviviality to the lowest despondency; with his yearnings and longings for, he knew not what; with a sensibility that every object caused to tremble; with an ambition underneath them all, which tossed and rocked him as the ocean swells and rocks the boats and ships in the bay,—he was yet trying to make himself think that he was to be a farmer. He bitterly felt this, what two years afterwards he plainly expresses—"Oh! for a little of the cart-horse part of human nature!"

Here was one of the most wonderful men ever born, who, though not humble in the estimate of himself, never dreamed of his real place; and, in his most noble audacity, never asserted for himself a tithe of what the world now eagerly heaps upon him.

Here was this brave fellow, with his heart hot and his head inspired with all manner of fancies, tender and sublime, who was endeavouring in the most patient and conscientious way possible, not to be what he was made for, and to be what he was not fitted for.

James Gray, who taught the High School at Dumfries, says of Burns—"In our solitary walks on summer mornings, the simplest floweret by the way-side, every seat of rural simplicity and happiness, every creature that seemed to drink the joy of the season, awakened the sympathy of his heart, which flowed in spontaneous music from his lips; and every new opening beauty, or the magnificence of the scene before him, called forth the poetry of his soul."

It was not his fault that God made him a poet. It was not his fault that his heart was a heart upon which nature played. It was not his fault that he did not know where his strength lay.

At the age of twenty-five his father died, and his brother Gilbert, himself, and his mother had taken a farm.

Now he means to settle this vexed question. Now he means to be a farmer in earnest, to thrive and do well. "I had entered upon this farm," he says, "with a full resolution—Come, go to! I will be wise. I read farming books, I attended markets, I calculated crops, and, in short, in spite of the devil and the world and the flesh, I believe I should have been a wise man, but the first year, from unfortunately buying bad seed, the second from a late harvest, we lost half our crops."

No, not yet. Burns could not be a farmer first, then a poet. He would never thrive until his real genius had had a full opportunity of expression. When once he had poured his life forth in its true channels, and had felt that at length he had touched the aim of his being, then he might have become secondarily a good farmer; but not now. And thus while he bought poor seed for farming, he was sowing good seed for poetry. For besides his bitter theological invective, he this year planted for immortality such poems as Hallowe'en, and the Cottar's Saturday Night. Though he had a late harvest of his land, it was early and good in his brain.

At length, at twenty-six years of age, he ventured to write "Robert Burns, Poet;" and even then it was a title of honour, and not his real name. Even now, his being a poet is something aside from the real purpose of his life. On the first of August, 1786, he published the first volume of his poems, by which he realized One Hundred Dollars. One Hundred Dollars! Many an enterprising publisher would have been glad to give him a thousand—for that matter, ten thousand—dollars for one of them.

He had got into great trouble. The mother of his babes was not his wife. Persecution hung over him; his farming labours were disastrous, and he determined, as the last resort of a broken-down and discouraged man, to go to Jamaica as an overseer of a plantation. I think I see Robert Burns on a plantation, with a whip under his arm. I think I see Robert Burns following a gang of slaves, and chanting "A man's a man for a' that." Poor Burns was in a very bad way, but he was not as bad as that.

A new era dawned. By the fame of his published poems, he was summoned to Edinburgh, and for nearly a year he was courted, and honoured, and *feted*, in that splendid metropolis of the north, by men who then attracted universal attention, and yet became more eminent for being the friends of Burns.

His modesty, his self-possession, his wonderful conversation, before which learned and practised talkers bowed and acknowledged that the ploughman was their master; his brilliant wit and overflowing humour; his wonderful insight into human life; his passionate earnestness and eloquence, his sweetness, and goodheartedness; all his social qualities show that if Burns had from the first been placed in favourable circumstances, there would have been fewer shadows to mar the brilliancy of a fair fame. It is abundantly plain that if he had found as many friends to establish him in life, as he found afterwards to build his monument, the world would not have had such a melancholy story of his sufferings and death. But so it is. This world is made for men who need no help while alive; and there are always reasons found for not helping men whom the world afterwards mourns to the end; and yet, while they mourn, their tears fall upon other men who are just as much neglected as those for whom they weep.

Burns with the profits of his book now takes a farm at Ellisland, about forty miles from his own. He married Jean Armour, whom he had long loved, and would have married before, if her father had consented. Burns now being a man of reputation, a national poet, turns from the dissipations of Edinburgh to become in earnest a farmer. The illusion is not out yet, for he says to a correspondent, "as, till within these 18 months, I never was the wealthy master of 10 guineas, my knowledge of business is to learn; skill in the sober science of life is my most serious and hearty study." This was very well, you say. Every one can but wish that being so much, it had been more, and that snug, practical sagacity had been added to his poetical temperament. A man must have two natures to be a poet and a prosperous business man. They seldom are united; yet, as it was, Burns vowed most solemnly and most foolishly two impossible things, namely, that he would forego poetry and all its temptations, and embrace industry in all its drudging particulars, and "Heaven be my helper," for it will take a strong effort to bring my mind to the routine of business. I have discharged the army of all my former pursuits, fancies and pleasures. So, now, we shall have Robert Burns without an eye, except for profits. No more flowers are to grace his vision, no more clouds are to sail above his head, no more brooks to rush along under fringing bushes, no more heart-throbs of patriotic fervour, and no more deep and sad out-lookings upon human life, no more humorous conceptions of human folly and fashion. Robert Burns forswears all this. The mouse may find no house, the hare may die in the thicket, the birds may interpret their own musical lingo; as for Burns he is going to lay aside poetry and attend to the crops. Thus this great soul, with the whole fitness of life before it, dare not embrace it, and with the whole unfitness of his nature makes a covenant with business for life. It turned out as one might imagine; and not a great way to New Year's day, 1789, he writes:—

"I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the cur-

lew in a summer morn, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers, in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing?"

Ah, indeed, to what? It is not to farming evidently that it is owing. And these symptoms of backsliding from farming to poetry ended in open apostacy, for within four days after this Burns writes a letter to Dr. Moor. "The character and employment of a poet were formerly my pleasure, but are now my pride. * * * Poesy I am determined to prosecute with all my vigour."

His doubts becoming confirmed that his farming would not be remunerative much against his taste, and repugnant to his nature, he thought of becoming an exciseman; but he says, his wife and children reconciled him to it. Fifty pounds a-year are the temptation. Fifty pounds a year! Acknowledged to be the first poet of Scotland, driven to destitution, and to taking a most dangerous occupation for his family's sake, that he might be sure of bread! His fears that he should make poor work with the farm were soon more than fears. He writes to a friend in December, 1789:

"I am writing you on a farm. * * * My poor distracted mind is torn, and so jaded, and so wrecked, so be-deviled with the attempt to make one guinea do the business of three, that I detest, abhor, and swoon at the word business."

There's a man to make money! (Laughter.) He writes to Mr. Hill:—

"I want a Shakspeare; I want likewise an English Dictionary, Johnson's, I suppose, is best. In these and all my prose commissions, the cheapest is always the best for me."

The duties of exciseman were just the kind to spoil a farmer, and we must add to spoil a man. For although it was not, as he terms it, a pleasant task, yet to be on horseback mainly, under the whole heaven, dashing to and fro amidst beautiful scenery, and meeting jovial men, and being entertained by those jovial men, who would gladly fill an hour with a man of Burns' genius, overflowing gayety, and strong common sense, was as pleasant as it proved dangerous.

His stay at Ellisland was short. He removed to Dumfries in 1791, to be occupied solely with the excise duty. Here he dwelt five years. Let those who have a heart for morbid anatomy pursue the desponding poet in his uncongenial occupation. While rebounding from it into convivialities and pleasures which his whole moral nature condemned with boiling indignation, and which almost literally seethed him in remorse. The English tongue has no language of remorse that surpasses Burns' in some of his letters. But I have no heart for such scenes. The last five years of his life were wonderfully fruitful of exquisite poetry. It was from Dumfries he sent more than a hundred songs which will live as long as the human heart shall inspire the lips. His last letters were to friends beseeching some small levies to save him from jail and his family from starvation, and the money was refused. Yet so scrupulous was this man in respect to his expenses, that when he died he owed no man a penny in the world.

At length on the 21st of July, 1796, Robert Burns was permitted to depart out of that mortal tenement to give to the dust again that body which for thirty-seven years bore one of the most wonderful natures that time has ever known. No man has ever dreamed of making Burns a saint, and no one need dispute his moral claims. No man can write anything upon his weaknesses and faults and sins which will not seem pale and lifeless beside his own recorded words. There is nothing in the English language in testimony of domestic virtues more earnest, wholesome, and conscientious than his own. There are no wailings more agonizing for the violations of purity: no suffering that unites in its expression such simple, heartfelt confession of wrong with such pleadings against an indiscriminate judgment against him; and neither moralist nor judge can ever add anything to the effectiveness of Burns' condemnation of those errors which clouded his life, eclipsed his joy, and at last ended his career. For my own part, in pursuing the necessary investigation for this task, which the partiality of his countrymen (and now my countrymen) have imposed upon me, I vibrated continually between smiles and tears, between admiration and sorrow, between wonder and pity, between reverence and condemnation. But amidst all these oppositions and conflicting opinions, steadily from the beginning Burns has grown upon my heart. I have felt at every step more and more tenderly the sorrow of one that loves, and when I have laid him in the grave it was with the grief of one who buries a brother or son. No man could keep company with him, even with the shadows of this wonderful creature, and not feel his power. His vitality is beyond all example; his fullness inexhaustible; his richness beyond all terms. Every letter, every sentence, teems, untrained, irregular and wild, yet you feel that he is master even in your criticisms, and in your judgments you find and feel that he is superior. There was more put into the making of Burns than in any man in his age. That which he

has given to us of himself does by no means express or interpret the whole of what he was. A great deal of his nature is like undug gold and unwashed diamonds. His songs and poems are like gold which you find in the Californian rivers, scattered particles, indicating how rich are the veins from which they were disintegrated. His letters are as wonderful as his poems, and his conversation is regarded as richer than either. While a half idiot was picking up, in London, every little contemptible acorn that fell from the rugged branches of that gnarled old oak, Johnson, I would that some dainty Ariel could have waited upon the inspired ploughman, and stamped into record the inexhaustible flow of his wonderful and rapturous conversation. But for the most part it fell upon wasteful ears of men, unfit to know its worth. The multitude of Burns' thoughts and most brilliant expressions hang in the past as crystals and white stalactites hang in unexplored caves, wonderfully beautiful, but for ever hidden in darkness. Such is the vitality of Burns, that there is not a place where he put his foot, where there has not sprung up historical flowers; and men, eminent before, have added to their eminence if Burns took them by the hand. The spots that were hoary with historic glory were destined to receive additional attraction if Burns visited them and touched them with his pen. Such vital force and such richness of soul had he, that there is no spot on the face of the last ten years of his life that was not crowded with memorials. His foot-prints, now a hundred years old, are yet warm. Artists, poets, historians, laymen of every name follow them with eager enthusiasm and with full cry. Alive, his cry of dying despair could not wring a pitiful ten pounds from indebted hands to save him from ruin. To-day, he has made the world rich. Alive, he could not earn food and raiment, nor control his livelihood; but since the dropping of the flesh, he has clothed millions with garments of joy, and fed them with the food of manhood and sturdy courage. His life was a failure until he died. Ever since it has been a marvellous success; and death, that overthrew him, like the wind that scatters the dry seeds from the autumn boughs and whirls them away over the land, has scattered his thoughts into all the earth to live and grow, while there is soil in the human mind to receive the seeds of genius. Had he known the future, it would have consoled his heart, so yearning for sympathy, so longing and hankering for a true fame amidst the ignoble struggles of his battling life. That sturdy soul felt the true meaning of manhood and the superiority of manhood to the mere trappings of place and adventitious glory; and he walks crowned with praise and wreathed with loving smiles in all the habitable globe. He is the inseparable companion of the Scot wherever he goes, and where is there a nook or isle of the earth where the Scotchman does not go to make much out of a little, and make it easy? Wherever he goes Burns goes with him. He is read in the camp, in the tropical forest, by the glare of torches in the South, and the light of the aurora-borealis in the North. There is not a white hawthorn that blossoms in any spot upon the globe that has not been made dear by Burns; and Scotland in her joys and sorrows, and in her whole heart is known throughout the earth as much by the songs of Burns as by her boasted sons, noble as they are, and by her historians. Strange the power of the unfleshed spirit. Burns shows that it is not books that teach men to wrestle with the passions of the human life, but a heart. There is this rough-clad son of earth touching the marrow of things in his cold and sequestered nook, pondering over things which saddened the heart of the great legislator, which tinged Homer's view of life and which engaged the minds of Plato and Socrates and every thinking man to the advent, and since then; I think the worst things of Burns were written early—his bitter invectives and raillery. As he lived to see real trouble and to struggle with the stream of life, his stream of poetry, with some sad exceptions, run clearer. His most exquisite songs, his finest delineations of nature, his most noble strains and thoughtful appeals were the fruits of his middle and later life. But it seems a mockery almost to speak of the later periods of a life which ended before most men's lives are earnestly begun. At forty men are fully men. Burns had been dead three years, when the number of forty was counted from the day of his birth. And had it pleased Him who wielded this bright star in our firmament, to have permitted it to be advanced, until it filled out its orbit here, what might we not have inherited? Had his life reached as far as his father's or mother's, we should now be speaking of those works we have from his hands as the mere first-fruits of his labours. All we now possess peradventure, would then have seemed like his own harebells and daisies. To him it was given to lift up the lowly. No finer genius has ever delineated the external forms of nature. No poet has ever better sung the humours of his fellowmen. He lifted up the superstitions of the time and gave them beauty; and gathering up the lower thoughts of men, and shedding the light of his genius upon them, has made them beautiful for ever. He danced with witches in the kirk-yard, and followed with them through the grim

air. He hung flowers even upon the brow of Satan; Milton did the same, and I think the reverence of the one, and the veneration of the other was about alike. But all these were the mere externals of poetry. The life and power of his work was in that deep moral element which pervaded his nature and gave out such sacred grandeur, and which lifted upon the eternal future such trembling and agonizing glances. The power of Burns' songs consists in their moral tone. If that were dissolved from them, they, too, would dissolve and fall in pieces. It is not wit nor humour, nor pathos, which was the centre of Burns. When you look upon a tree, it is not the wood—the root, which strikes the eye; it is the thousand branches and ten thousand leaves and buds and blossoms. And yet that sober, solid centre of wood is that which enables the tree to support so many boughs, to shake so many leaves, and shed its perfume abroad. Thus it is with Burns. Some leaves fall from his boughs, worm-eaten; some of the branches may be maimed or cankered, but the great tree, the centre, the substance, stands up hearty, healthy, human, and divine. Some have supposed that our solar system in its vast traverses of space strikes at times aerial streams of warmth or cold, making some years memorable over others for their degree of heat or cold which attends them; so the world seems to swing through vast cycles of ideas. The time in which Burns lived was eminent for the outburst all over the civilized world of the spirit of liberty. This divine spirit came forth as did Lazarus from the sepulchre, bound hand and foot, and in the habiliments of the grave. Liberty in politics ran wantonly into license, and liberty in religion went into blind infidelity. Yet the spirit of liberty pervaded the world; and no man in all that period was a more faithful apostle of liberty than Burns. It did not develop itself in political theories or philosophical speculation. It did not touch the external forms of society at all; it went to the root of all things—the ineradicable worth of man as a child of God—a frail experimental creature of time, a lingering, wistful, expectant of a better state. The dignity and rights of the individual inspired Burns, and burned like an unquenchable fire upon the altar of his soul. He had no enmity to kings, but always first and last in his earliest poetry as well as in the latest, he bore witness with all the fidelity of an apostle and power of the poet to the fundamental doctrine that essential manhood is the only greatness, and that nothing can exalt a man but himself, and nothing degrade him but himself. Through his whole life, this life for man was eminently not for him, who had wealth, learning, influence, position, and power, but for man in his simple nature as given by God. No tenderer heart ever cheered the sorrowful and the needy. No poet ever poured upon the heart more balm or fragrance than he. No name has ever made manhood more resonant in virtues or more nobly invested man with honesty, reliance, patience, contentment, and self-respect, than Burns. His poems are a torch that never goes out to all who are in dark places; and no man harassed by trouble, distracted by temptation, overcome by passion and plunged in remorse, but will find language for his woes in the poetry of Burns. He himself has felt the sins and ills of the flesh, and no man, among the school of poets, ever was so true to his kind, rejoicing with those that rejoice, and weeping with those that weep, and the nation which read Burns in the nursery could never have tyrants in the Parliament House. The men who drink at Burns' spring will be too sturdy for oppression, too courageous for power to tamper with, and with too much self-respect for blandishments and bribes. Burns had pre-eminently this love for man in all his moods, weaknesses, sorrows, joys, hopes, and fears for life, and for eternal life. He is universal in his sympathy. He loves the very shoe-latches of the poor Scotch peasant. He loves the very daisy his shoe trod upon. Terrible often with rage that sounds as thunder in the mountains, yet it is love both personal and general that marks the poems of Burns, and that gives them their wondrous vitality, and will never let them die so long as a soul yearns, or hearts desire to be tenderly cheered. Finally, to-night let us give to the memory of Burns something of that food of love and praise which his own soul hungered for, his life long, and never had. If he has faults, let us, like them of old, walking backward with reverence and affection, cast a mantle upon them. If every man within these twenty-four hours the world around who shall speak the name of Burns with fond admiration were registered as his subjects, no king on earth would have such a realm. Finally, could each feeling be changed into a flower, and cast down before his memory, a mountain would arise, and he would sit upon a rose of blossoms now at length without a thorn. (Applause.)

Dinner of the Burns Club at the Astor House.—The Burns Club of the city of New York, which always celebrates the birthday of the Bard of Scotland in a style appropriate to the merit which attaches to his name and the traditions of his country, gave to the festivity of yesterday an unusual importance, the day being the centennial anniversary of the poet's birth. The presiding officers of the club, in order to invest the affair with greater

éclat, temporarily resigned their seats to Wm. C. Bryant, who acted as honorary chairman, and the British Consul, Mr. Archibald, who filled the vice-president's chair. The dinner came off in the ladies' ordinary of the Astor House, and it is unnecessary to say that the provision of the table was unsurpassed—every conceivable delicacy, in and out of season, in these latitutes, being represented, wines of the most delicious quality, and good old usquebaugh, that would have tempted Diogenes. The room was superbly decorated for the occasion with pictures and flags. At the head, over the Chairman's seat, was the portrait of Burns, supported on each side by those of Washington and Franklin, the whole richly draped with the flags of many nations. At the other end of the room, fronting the orchestral gallery, was a large oil painting, by the artist Dick, of Burns at his plough, receiving from the Genius of Poesy the mantle of her art. The figures are life-size, and the picture, in many respects, though probably hurriedly executed, is a most effective one. On either side of the room hung pictures of Tam o' Shanter in full flight—the "Return from Labour," in the Cottar's Saturday Night, and the Riggs of Doon, with the cenotaph of Burns in the distance—all combining to make the appearance of the banquet room not only exceedingly beautiful, but when, added to the rough, bold dialect in which the bard loved to sing, that during the evening trembled in the atmosphere, made the scene rich with the associations of the land of Burns, Wallace, Bruce, Scott, and those, whether heroes of the sword, the harp or the pen, who had maintained the national honour, the literature or the song of Scotland.

The ornaments of the table were equally handsome and appropriate as the decorations of the room. They consisted of five illustrations, elegantly executed, of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," comprising the principal scenes in that famous poem; besides Highland Mary, Burns' Monument, Highland Tower, Lyrique Cottage, Tam o' Shanter, Scotch Pavilion, Temple of Worth.

In front of the guests' table stood on pedestals busts of Burns and Walter Scott, the brows of the former bound with a laurel wreath. The colours of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the United States, were draped about the room. Among the invited guests present were W. C. Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, G. C. Verplanck, H. W. Beecher, Charles Gould, Dr. John W. Francis, P. Cooper, Mignot, D. F. Tiemann, S. Osgood, H. Greeley, J. C. King, Parke Godwin, Wm. T. Thayer, F. T. Brady, W. H. L. Barnes, R. S. Willis, and Dr. Bellows.

William Cullen Bryant, Esq., presided, and Mr. Archibald, British Consul, officiated as Vice-President.

After dinner, Mr. J. Cunningham, as President of the Burns Club, presented Mr. William Cullen Bryant as the Honorary President, and Mr. Edward M. Archibald, Vice-President. He said the thanks of the Club were due to these gentlemen, and to the Press of the city and country, as well as to Mr. Swann, who telegraphed the messages between this and other clubs, and to Mr. John Horn for a similar offer. Mr. Cunningham then read letters from Washington Irving, the Hon. James Buchanan, the Rev. John Thompson, the Rev. George W. Bethune, the Rev. E. H. Chapin, Henry W. Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, Bayard Taylor, Edward Everett, and many others.

Mr. BRYANT then rose to address the company, when he was greeted with a storm of enthusiastic applause that lasted for several minutes. He spoke as follows:—On rising to begin the announcement of the regular toasts for this evening, my first duty is to thank my excellent friends of the Burns Club, with whom I do not now meet for the first time, and whose annual festivities are among the pleasantest I ever attended, for the honour they have done me in calling me to the chair I occupy—an honour the more to be prized on account of the rare occasion on which it is bestowed. An honour which can be conferred but once in a century, is an honour indeed. This evening the memory of Burns will be celebrated as it never was before. His fame, from the time when he first appeared before the world as a poet, has been growing and brightening, as the morning brightens into the perfect day. There never was a time when his merits were so freely acknowledged as now; when the common consent of the literary world placed him so high, or spoke his praises with so little intermixture of disparagement; when the anniversary of his birth could have awakened so general and fervent an enthusiasm. If we could imagine a human being endowed with the power of making himself, through the medium of his senses, a witness of whatever is passing on the face of the globe, what a series of festivities, what successive manifestations of the love and admiration which all who speak our language bear to the great Scottish poet, would present themselves to his observation, accompanying the shadow of this night in its circuit round the earth! Some twelve hours before this time he would have heard the praises of Burns recited and the songs of Burns sung on the banks of the Ganges—the music flowing out at the open windows on the soft evening air of that region, and mingling with the murmurs of the sacred river. A little later, he might have heard the

same sounds from the mouth of the Euphrates; later still, from the southern extremity of Africa, under constellations strange to our eyes—the stars of the Southern Hemisphere—and almost at the same moment from the rocky shores of the Ionian Isles. Next they would have been heard from the orange groves of Malta, and from the Winter colony of English and Americans on the banks of the Tiber. Then, in its turn, the Seine takes up the strain; and what a chorus rises from the British Isles—from every ocean-mart, and river, and mountain-side, with a distant response from the rock of Gibraltar! Last, in the Old World, on its westernmost verge, the observer whom I have imagined would have heard the voice of song and of gladness from the coasts of Liberia and Sierra Leone, among a race constitutionally and passionately fond of music, and to which we have given our language and literature. In the New World, frozen Newfoundland has already led in the festival of this night; and next, those who dwell where the St. Lawrence holds an icy mirror to the stars; thence it has passed to the hills and valleys of New-England; and it is now our turn on the lordly Hudson. The Schuylkill will follow, the Potomac, the rivers of the Carolinas; the majestic St. John's, drawing his dark, deep waters from the Everglades; the borders of our mighty lakes, the beautiful Ohio, the great Mississippi, with its fountains gushing under fields of snow, and its mouth among flowers that fear not the frost. Then will our festival, in its western course, cross the Rocky mountains, and gather in joyous assemblies those who pasture their herds on the Columbia, and those who dig for gold on the Sacramento. By a still longer interval, it will pass to Australia, lying in her distant solitude of waters, and now glowing with the heats of midsummer, where I fear the zealous countrymen of Burns will find the short night of the season too short for their festivities. And thus will this commemoration pursue the sunset round the globe, and follow the journey of the evening star till that gentle planet shines on the waters of China. Well has our great poet deserved this universal commemoration—for who has written like him? What poem descriptive of rural manners and virtues, rural life in its simplicity and dignity—yet without a single false outline or touch of false colouring—clings to our memories and lives in our bosoms like his "Cottar's Saturday Night?" What humorous narrative in verse can be compared with his "Tam o' Shanter?" From the fall of Adam to his time, I believe, there was nothing written in the vein of his "Mountain Daisy;" others have caught his spirit from that poem, but who among them all has excelled him? Of all the convivial songs I have ever seen in any language, there is none so overflowing with the spirit of conviviality, so joyous, so contagious as his song of "Willie brewed a peck o' maut." What love-songs are sweeter and tenderer than those of Burns? What song addresses itself so movingly to our love of old friends and our pleasant recollections of old days as his "Auld Langsyne," or to the domestic affections so powerfully as his "John Anderson?" You heard yesterday, my friends, and will hear again to-day, better things said of the genius of Burns than I can say. That will be your gain and mine. But there is one observation which, if I have not already tried your patience too far, I would ask your leave to make. If Burns was thus great among poets, it was not because he stood higher than they by any pre-eminence of a creative and fertile imagination. Original, affluent and active his imagination certainly was, and it was always kept under the guidance of a masculine and vigorous understanding; but it is the feeling which lives in his poems that gives them their supreme mastery over the minds of men. Burns was thus great because—God breathed into him, in larger measure than into other men, the spirit of that love which constitutes his own essence, and made him more than other men—a living soul. Burns was great by the greatness of his sympathies—sympathies acute and delicate, yet large, comprehensive, boundless. They were warmest and strongest toward those of his own kind, yet they overflowed upon all sentient beings—upon the animal in his stall, upon the "wee, sleekit, cowerin' timorous beastie," dislodged from her autumnal covert; upon the hare wounded by the sportsman; upon the very field flower, overturned by his share and crushed among the stubble. And in all this we feel that there is nothing strained or exaggerated, nothing affected or put on, nothing childish or silly, but that all is true, genuine, manly, noble; we honour, we venerate the poet while we read; we take the expression of these sympathies to our hearts, and fold it in our memory for ever. And now, having said all I purposed to say—to your weariness, I fear—I proceed to give out the first regular toast, a toast in which if you do not heartily join, I shall wonder why you are here. I give you "The Day we celebrate"—a day "which makes the whole world kin," uniting by sympathetic emotion men of all degrees, in every land, in honouring the memory and the genius of Robert Burns—one of "the few, the immortal names that were not born to die."

Music—"Auld Langsyne."

Despatches were then read from Washington and Baltimore, conveying sentiments of cordial esteem and affection.

The Hon. JAMES T. BRADY was introduced to respond to the toast, and concluded a graphic sketch of the life and character of Burns as follows:—

A century has passed since his birth—a busy century, full of new and wondrous achievements, and events. It has noted many changes, important in themselves and their consequences. What had been deemed imperishable has passed away; what considered famous, become, in many instances, unknown. Iconoclasts, innovators, reformers, are busy all over the world. Even Russia is breaking the chains of serfdom. What some men call unrest is agitating the planet we inhabit. But the light, and the power of true and beneficent genius, such as instructs and pleases man in his peaceful and silent hours—these still abide. The lustre of Burns' fame shines unalterably, even like that of the stars. (Applause.) Tacitus and Sallust are renowned as historians; but we can never feel certain that they were not more loyal to their patrons than to veracity. Not so with Burns. The poet is a man of at least three existences: one is a tribute to duty, another to society, the third to his inspiration. Lockhart, Wordsworth, Sir Walter Scott, have memorialized Burns in the Old World. American poets have rejoiced to do him justice. One of these presides here to-night, toward whom, as a poet, I may not say what the future will certainly utter; but I claim the privilege of repeating some lines from one usually denominated the "Quaker Poet," whom I could not admire if, like the presiding officer of this assemblage, he did not sympathize with human freedom in all its forms and conditions. Here the speaker read some verses for the occasion by Mr. John G. Whittier.

After a song, "The Birthday of Burns," sung by Mr. William Park, the President announced the next toast:—"The Genius of Burns.—Risen above the dust and clouds of earthly frailty and misfortune, it shines, a fixed star in the heavens, and sings as it shines, to cheer the heart of friendship and love, mercy and truth, liberty and humanity; an hundred years are proof that its light belongs not only to his own day, but to all time; and not only to Scotland, but to mankind." Music—"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

The Rev. Dr. OSGOOD responded as follows:—The subject given me by this sentiment, Mr. President, has one fault, as uncommon as it is weighty. It is the fault of being too good, so good that it speaks too well for itself to need anything to be said for it. Surely the genius of Burns has sung itself into the human heart, and if any man questions its quality, the best answer to the question is a strain of the poet's own music, that will be quite sure to set the doubter himself singing in unison. But good as the topic is of itself, without any added words, I am in for a speech, and my great hope is that the man, with the occasion, may give a little inspiration to lips not claiming the "faculty divine," as the touch of a master hand gives life to the pipes of the organ, and wrings melody from dull lead and wood. Upon this principle it may not be presumptuous in me to speak here to-night; and if your presence, honoured sir, in the chair, might call for modest silence from others upon that gentle art poetic in which you are our master, why may not this fact work quite the other way, and lead a poor proser to hope that he may catch a little of your fire by sitting near enough to the chair to feel the electric spark from that direction. Although wooden tables may not venture, as they are said to do, to move and talk under the action of departed spirits, surely our heads must be worse than wooden if we are not mediums now, and our brains are not entranced, and our tongues are not electrified by the spell of this hour, when the voice of Bryant calls on us to commune with the spirit of Burns.

The sentiment, sir, says that the genius of Burns belongs not only to Scotland but to mankind. Whether mankind really owns the property or not, it is very clear that it has taken possession and does not mean to let go. We have got the poet by heart, and we mean to keep him there. If Scotland has him, we have him too, and if she tries, as she will not do, to keep him to herself, she cannot show her treasure without renouncing her monopoly or without opening her coffer to the nations, and so giving to every one that hath an eye or an ear, a gift in its own nature of universal meaning and worth, those words winged as doves and precious as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." What better proves that this bard belongs to us all than this occasion itself? We meet here, men of every trade, profession, country and creed, to keep this festival of a ploughman's birth, and whilst we hold our genial fellowship together, we catch thrills of kindred feeling from brethren in all the great American cities whose greetings come flashing along the electric wires; and perhaps before the night is through the Atlantic cable may wake up at the thrill of so many harp-strings. The silent De Sauty may bring to us, through the cold bed of the ocean, some pulses of the heart of old Scotland, that shall make us, here on the banks of the Hudson, brothers all with the poet's own countrymen, now met on the Frith of Forth, by the waters of the Tweed, and the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon. In fact, no literary festival that ever took place on earth,

probably, had so broad an interest as this; and over the whole globe, wherever our tongue is spoken, or British or American institutions are known, there will be some genial souls to speak tenderly with us the great minstrel's name. If the drum-beat of Britain circles the world continually, and the sunrise in every longitude is saluted with the reveille of her armies and fleets, who shall tell the circle of the heart-beat of her language—our language as well as hers? Wherever that great heart beats this night, its blood quickens at the name of Robert Burns.

New York, surely, has rightly her part in this great festival, and nowhere this side of the Atlantic has Scotland so many sons and friends as here. But, Mr. President, I must not slight my mission, nor fail to say something of the poet's genius. What genius is, it is hard to define, and even the men that have most of it do not always seem to know what it is. A Yankee ought to be good at guessing; and, as a full-blooded one, of the Bunker Hill breed, I will venture to guess that genius is that which makes a man see into things and makes others see into them. There is genius in every sphere of thought and action, from constructing steam-engines to commanding armies—from calculating eclipses to composing symphonies. But whatever the sphere, we expect a man of genius to see into the matter in question, and so to shape the matter by his own mind that others also may see into it. Poetic genius is that which enables the possessor to see feelingly the soul of things, and so to make them over in thought and word, that others too may see. Thus the poet, as the name denotes, is a "maker"—a "seer," indeed, but also a "maker"—making the real life of things to be visibly seen by his art. A true poem is a living work, and its art brings out the life of the indwelling and ever-ruling spirit, as trees and flowers bring out the life of nature. Such genius, of course, is a native gift—born, not made; to be nurtured, indeed, by education, but created, not by man's art, but by God's power. It is at once a sense and a force; a "vision and a faculty divine;" a gift of seeing and of shaping; and, like all senses and all forces, it is to be traced to native organization. It works from within outward, with spontaneous life; and, unlike mere talent, it takes its possessor quite as much by surprise as it does the world; so that its best products are more involuntary births than laboured manufactures; and, when most elaborated, the labour is more upon the dress than upon the body of the creation. In this sense Burns was a genius, and as soon as he could see and think for himself he felt and betrayed the secret of his gift. It mattered little what he looked upon; he saw the soul in it and made it speak its soul to others, and under his eye the daisy or the mouse beneath his ploughshare was more eloquent than the Alps or the Oceans are to men of common mould. The characteristic of his genius I need not undertake to describe minutely after such masters in criticism as Carlyle and Lockhart have gone over the field. Following a simpler philosophy of criticism than theirs, let us say that Burns' genius was quite as remarkable for its susceptibility as for its power, and that he was at once mastered by his subject and master of it. His sense was alike genial and clear, alive to every touch of feeling, and open to every aspect of truth. His will was earnest and manly, eager to follow every hint of nature and humanity—determined to speak out his downright convictions in his words. So he had both kinds of genius; that which is mastered by a subject or surrenders itself to external influences, and also that which masters a subject and makes it speak out the poet's own manhood. In this he is more of a poet than his great countryman Scott, who is so absorbed by his theme as to lose his own personality and so became the minstrel of the old ages instead of the hero of the new age. Burns was both minstrel and hero, and his best poems, while they may rehearse old times, are shaping the new times, and not only singing songs, but striking blows for the days of liberty and humanity that are to come. It is this manly earnestness that makes Burns the people's poet, and they love him not only because he feels for their sorrows and with their joys, but because he believed in making the sorrows less and the joys more. With all his frailties, his genius was heroic as it was tender, and something of the blood of Bruce and Wallace, that he celebrated in his verse, beat in the poet's own fiery veins. In his earnest manhood he deserves to be named in the same breath with his brother bard, who was born the same year with himself—Friedrich Schiller. Heaven surely was bountiful one hundred years ago, in sending to the banks of the Neckar and the Ayr two such souls as Schiller and Burns. In both, poetry gained a genius and liberty a prophet.

Look now a moment at the fruits of his genius, and consider their form and their substance. The form of a man's thought has much to do with expressing its nature and shaping its power. With Burns the form was not a costume put upon his thought, but a life out-spoken. He spoke as he was moved, without pedantry or affectation, and the familiar airs and homely language of his people won new melody and eloquence upon his lips. He did not study versification in grammar and

rhetoric, but listened to the airs of old Scotland, that seemed part of the breath of the nation, and he gave back these airs enriched with his own precious thought and sentiment, as some spice island welcomes the rude sea-breezes to its aromatic groves, and wafts them away, no longer common air, but fragrant as Araby the Blest. He did not hunt the dictionaries for high-sounding words, nor the classics for stately sentences, but spoke his mind in the plain language of his farming neighbours, and found that common speech was more full of vitality and beauty than any scholastic dialect, even as the common earth yields more blossom and fruit than the pavements of polished marble. So he formed his matchless style—or rather, so he let his style grow, and the sincerity and force of his genius spoke itself out in his word.

The substance of his works corresponds with the form, and is to be found in every line that comes in earnest from his pen. He everywhere shows the same gentle, brave heart; the same clear, manly sense at work to bring us nearer to nature and to man—sometimes nearer to God. How marvellous is his naturalness! I refer now not so much to his wonderful naturalness in language as in his thought. He talks to Nature as a friend, and as such she answers him; and river and mountain, flower, bird and beast, that to so many have a dead language or a dumb cipher, spoke to him their mother tongue. His favourite flowers chat with him like children—the daisy, the harebell, the sweet-brier—whilst the Doon and the Ayr sing to him like old friends, and the Highland hills stand up before him like ministering priests of God. The animals talked to him and through him in a marvellous way, and what he has said of the mouse, the dogs, the old mare, the old sheep, the wounded hare, bring the brute creatures nearer our hearts, and preach trumpet-tongued, that neglected part of the Gospel—mercy to the races below us.

And what aspect of humanity has not been illustrated by his pathos and humour, his keen wit or stout manhood? But why dwell upon the theme, and try to treat at length a subject that the whole night would not exhaust? Time is taking the sceptre of judgment out of our hands, and the century has already passed its sentence upon the bard.

By the crucible of time, the merely selfish or individual element is purged away, and the universal and human qualities rise into light. Tried by this test, Burns' private follies sink into comparative oblivion, and his genius rises to its place among the providential men of his race, by the same law that lifts the oak above the bramble and swings the globes in their orbits. He had a work to do in a most momentous age—the age of the great conflict between old dynasties and new anarchies—and the first principles of constitutional right were on both sides assailed. The new age of freer and truer humanity was at hand, and a great poet was to be the spring bird to sing out the better times of promise and fruit. On one side were the autocrats with their ghostly advisers, and on the other side such mobocrats as the Robespierres and Murats, with their counsellors, more steeped in atheism and materialism than they. Between the two ranks stand the champions of constitutional liberty, under such leaders as Chatham and Burke, Washington and Franklin, and the great thinkers and authors who have striven for a social order, humane and reverential. Among these men Robert Burns has a providential name and place, and he is one of the builders of the new civilization of freedom and humanity. Whilst men were disputing whether there was any human soul and human right, and Atheism was wrangling with ghostly priestcraft, and meeting blind credulity with as blind unbelief, the Scotch ploughman came into the field of debate with his songs of liberty and humanity, and taught the people by heart that there is more mind in man than the schools teach him, and a worth, too, that kings cannot make nor mobs unmake. Though not a theologian, he belongs to the teachers of positive faith, and as his countryman, Thomas Reid, by his "Philosophy of Common Sense," rebuked the prevailing intellectual scepticism that was making men into materialists, Burns, by his poetic fire, did the same good work for the common people, and set the philosophy of common sense to music. He is one of the great teachers of the belief—now so vital and so mighty in public opinion—that there is something in man more than what schooling puts into him, and that the greatest of all wrongs is to crush down the rights and instincts of a human soul. He sang this principle of the great creed of humanity to moody multitudes almost ripe for bloodshed, and at his word they yielded their madness for mercy as Saul of old was refreshed by David's harp, and was well. In giving the Anglo-Saxon race the love of liberty without anarchy, and bringing into social and civil life a genial sense of right, Robert Burns was a servant of Providence. His notes were, indeed, often merry, and sometimes trifling; but his great songs are marches, not dancing tunes, and by their cheering music our humanity has marched on more stoutly its appointed way. Honour, then, to the genius of Burns. Pity, much pity for the man—pity for him who pitied every creature, from the little mouse to the great devil, auld

Nickie Ben himself! But no pity for his genius, so imperial as to demand our homage and to clothe us with its purple and gold! It is God's gift to us, and in common with all like gifts of Providential minds, it proves our birthright to a domain beyond aught that we can make to ourselves. We are great, brethren, not in ourselves alone, but in our race, in that humanity which God has given, and all ages are enriching, and which needs heaven as well as earth to hold its treasures. Under the spell of this great name, acknowledge to-night the common bond of humanity, and as the same music that has charmed millions now sweeps through this hall with its pathos and joy, let it touch within us the chord of brotherhood, leaving no human soul on earth or heaven out of the circle of its fellowship. All our great poets are singing for us still, and the morning stars shall cease their song before those eternal melodies are hushed.

Mr. President, I give a closing sentiment:—"The Poets of our Humanity,—great in what they have done—greater still in what they are to do for us. They not only charm our quiet hours, but nerve us to work and to wait for the good days coming, with a hand and heart of welcome to every friend of God and man in all time."

Mr. George Simpson sang the song "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw," with general satisfaction, to the toast of "Kindred Associations throughout the World,—may they preserve the songs and disseminate the sentiments of Burns, 'till man and man, the warld o'er, shall brithers be, and a' that.'"

Adam Norrie, Esq., of the St. Andrew's Society, responded. He said the Society over which he had the honour to preside was included in the last toast, and he was proud to return thanks for the honour. The name of Robert Burns awakened in all hearts the same sentiments of pride and admiration. The name of Burns was a household word in every Scottish home, and his songs were sung in every home and workshop, and by every fireside. He claimed an equality with the rest of mankind in celebrating the fame and genius of Burns, and alluded to the fact that such an assemblage as this in the New World could be gathered to do honour to his memory, and that the greatest American poet should preside on such an occasion. In conclusion, he exhibited a lock of the poet's hair, which was gathered from the brows of death, when the poet's tomb was opened to receive the remains of his wife. (Cheers.)

Song—"A Man's a Man for a' that," by Mr. Wm. Robertson.

Telegraphic despatches from Newhaven, Chicago, Detroit, Philadelphia, and Boston were here read, and elicited considerable applause.

The next toast was—"Scotland."

Mr. Chas. Gould responded.

"America—Where the dignity of self-government ennobles the humblest citizen, and the march of civilization is commensurate with the extent of territory: while she studies to advance the one, the other can never be retarded."

Mayor Tiemann, to whom this toast had been assigned, having retired, Mr. Guilian C. Verplanck responded.

The toast of "The Queen and the President," whose names were most appropriately conjoined, were acknowledged with excellent taste and feeling by Mr. Archibald, who was loudly called on to respond, and was received with great cheering.

Mr. Archibald said that if he displayed any reluctance in responding to the call which had just been made upon him, it was because he yielded to it somewhat in derogation of a well-known rule by which the Queen's health is rarely if ever responded to. Hers was a name which could best answer for itself whereever it was pronounced. This was perhaps an occasion on which it might be fitting to make an exception. But indeed they had put upon him a hard task to speak in praise of one who was above all praise; one who reigned supreme not alone over the liberties and fortunes, but in the hearts of all her subjects, and whose name was hailed with acclamations of profoundest respect whenever it was pronounced through the whole world; one who, whether as a Queen, a wife, or a mother, commanded our highest admiration, our most heartfelt affection. To Scotchmen she should be doubly dear; for, true to the Scottish blood in her veins, see how she loves yearly to revisit her Highland home—to tread the heather—and to wander by the romantic banks of the Tay and the Don, rendered classic by the sweetest of Scotland's poets. See how she delights to clothe herself and her children in the tasteful hues of the Scottish garb, and to make herself familiar with the homely joys and destiny obscure of the humblest of her subjects. This day, which was also the anniversary to her Majesty of an interesting domestic incident, would, he was sure, be celebrated by her in honour of Scotland's favourite bard with not less fervour than by the veriest Scot in her wide-spread dominions. It was pleasing to see the name of their beloved Queen and that of the Chief Magistrate of this great country thus associated on such a day as this, when the hearts of the people of the two countries beat

in harmony, and when they celebrated in unison a poetic fame which was their common inheritance and their common property. What could he more do than, as the unworthy representative of her Majesty there that day, to thank them as he did, from the bottom of his heart, for the honour with which, in this great city of the Western World, where she claimed no allegiance, they had received as they ever received the name of the Queen. Though he had no right or claim to speak on behalf of the President of the United States, he hoped it would not be considered presumptuous in him to thank them also for the enthusiastic manner in which they had received the name of their worthy and able Chief Magistrate.

"The Poets and Poetry of Great Britain and Ireland—Sanctified in the past by the genius of a Shakspeare, a Burns, and a Moore—may their successors continue to advance the march of Intellect, of Civilization, and of Freedom."

Mr. William Young, of the *Albion*, replied.

The next toast was—"The Poets and Poetry of America, engraven on the scroll of fame—'Loved at home, revered abroad'—may their influence ever be exerted in favour of Truth, Virtue, and Independence."

Dr. Francis responded.

After the close of Dr. Francis' remarks, Mr. Bryant arose to retire. The President of the Club made a few complimentary remarks, and Mr. Bryant's health was drunk with the Highland honours, the gentlemen standing on their chairs with one foot on the table, cheering vociferously for Mr. B. He expressed his thanks for the kindness with which he had been treated, and withdrew.

A delegation of three from the Burns' Anniversary Club then entered the hall. They proposed an appropriate sentiment, which was duly honoured.

The next toast was—"The Press."

Mr. GREELY said that it seemed but just that the admirers of Burns should honour the Press, for he would not have been known as he is had it not been for the Press. They say there were great kings before Agamemnon, and great poets before Homer—but what does the world know of them? They perished in the same age in which they were born. In its hour the Press has owed much to Burns. It has learned to take the side of the friendless against tradition and against the privileges of the higher classes. This character it owes to the spirit of Robert Burns. It is well that the Press is deemed worthy of the commendation of his friends. Such recognition will cheer the journalist and inspire the poet. Mr. G. closed with the following sentiment:—"The Peasant Poet—great in what he has done for the unprivileged million—greater in what he has taught them to do for themselves."

Among the toasts subsequently offered and responded to, were the following:—

"The Heroes of Scotland." Mr. Nicholson replied.

"The Memory of Washington." In silence.

"The Lasses." Richard Bell, Esq., replied.

The responses to these and to volunteer sentiments detained the company until an advanced hour in the morning.

MOZART HALL.—The centenary festival of Robert Burns' birth was celebrated enthusiastically and worthily, by about three hundred Scotchmen, with a liberal sprinkling of Americans, at Mozart Hall. David B. Scott presided. Messrs. James Gray and Thomas Miller were vice-presidents. The large room was appropriately decorated with American and British flags. A portrait of the poet, adorned with the national thistle and festoons of evergreens, was conspicuous as a transparency.

After the dinner, the Chairman, in proposing the first toast, "The Birthday of Burns," commenced his address with a glance at the poet's history. He was born in an Ayrshire cottage, in poverty, but not in disgrace. Though poverty fringed his cradle, it was a cloud with a silver lining, and from that cradle came forth the man who, more than all men, was to assert to the present and future generations the real independence of the race, and, in particular, that independence which was ever the mark of the Scottish character. The genius of this peasant bard had made the Doon as celebrated as the Tiber. He was the poet of universal humanity, the patriot-bard, in whose verse every sorrow, every wrong, every outraged feeling of our individual nature, found a tongue.

A song, "Rantin Robin," by Mr. James Gibson, followed, after which,

Professor NAIRNE responded eloquently to the second toast,—"The Songs and Poetry of Burns: age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety,"—as follows: I am called to respond, Mr. Chairman, to the songs and poetry of Burns. The songs and poetry of Burns! Myriads and millions of hearts have been thrilling to them for more than seventy years—ever since this republic took her place among the nations—and the rapture of these countless hearts—the multitudinous response of three generations of Christendom—I am expected to gather up in the fourth part of one short hour, and to utter in the words of one feeble tongue! From all the ends of the earth—from out the long darkness of the polar night, where Scottish prows have been the most adventurous; from the burning deserts and wizard

streams of Africa, where Park expired, and Cumming hunted, and Livingstone preached the gospel; from the gorgeous plains and mystic mountains of India, where Leyden sang, and Ramsay ruled, and Duff yet lives; from wherever Caledonians have found new homes—and that is everywhere, though no men love their own country with a fonder intensity of love;—from every region under the whole sky, as well as from the hills and glens, the feudal towers, and straw-roofed cottages of Scotland, the sweet echoes of these Ayrshire melodies are coming, and what Scottish soul does not catch the gathering joy without being exhorted by a brother Scotsman to listen? They are coming from the sunny South, where the broom and the heather are not forgotten among gayer blossoms, and the memory of the gowan is dearer than the present splendour of the cactus; they are coming from the Canadian wilderness, where the winter is sterner than ever visited Ben-Nevis or Schichallion; they are coming from the Orient, where the song of the nightingale does not compensate for the notes of the mavis and the lintie; they are coming from the West, where the forests are grander, and the rivers broader, but neither of them so enchanting as the "banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." They are coming from the grassy burn-side; they are coming from the purple moor; they are coming from the daisied meadow; they are coming from the pastoral strath; they are coming from the harvest field, where the sickle still flashes, and where Burns picked the thistle from the hand of his first love; they are coming from the ancient spinning-wheel; they are coming from the play-ground of the school-boy; they are coming from the workshop of the artisan; they are coming from the gilded drawing-room and the bower of beauty; they are coming even yet from the battle-fields of Spain and the stormy bivouack of Waterloo; they are coming, like the solace of sadness, from the drear encampment at Sebastopol; they are coming, like the voice of hope, from the forlorn and famishing garrison of Lucknow! The whole air is filled with their music. They are even now in our ears like an omnipresent harmony; and there will they ever be, as the tones of a mother's love are round about the child whom she has commended to the mercy of Heaven! These songs and these poems are the inspired breathings not merely of the man Burns, but of all broad Scotland; for the concentrated feeling of the land took possession of the poet's soul, and poured itself from the poet's lips. In no case within the wide range of literature has there been such a complete identification of individual genius with the heart of a whole people. The romantic love, the proud poverty, the sturdy independence, the manly piety, the loathing of hypocrisy, the quaint humour, the passion for natural beauty, the stern enthusiasm—all belong to Scotland as a nation, and all found their oracle and interpreter in Robert Burns. When he spoke, he spoke, as it were, from the national heart to the separate hearts of the nation. His words were the words of the general mother of Scotsmen, and hence it is that the souls of all her children leap to the strains of her chosen representative son. When he goes to other countries for a model, and tries to imitate the classical, he is usually feeble. When his foot is on his native heath, and his tongue articulates his native language, his full strength returns, and he is once more the Caledonian Apollo!

But it is not to Scotsmen only that the songs and poetry of Burns are beautiful and true. Strange to tell, they are as popular with native Americans as they are with native Caledonians. At the university of Edinburgh, during my time as a student, there were many young men from this country, and I knew not one of them who was not as familiar with Burns as I was myself. They quoted him as often as they did Shakspeare, and oftener than any of their own poets, and they sang his songs with as much spirit as they chanted "Hail Columbia."

My knowledge of Americans in Scotland led me to expect a love for the songs and poetry of Burns in this country—and I have found it to be even more general and hearty than that which surprised me at home. The South is quite as enthusiastic for Burns as the North. He is regarded on this side of the Atlantic as the peculiar genius of his native land. Even the glory of Sir Walter Scott becomes less lustrous beside the halo that here encompasses the Ayrshire ploughman,—and Scotsmen receive a kinder welcome and a warmer grasp because they are compatriots of the peasant bard. To quote Burns in the British Parliament would call up a smile; to do so in our Senate or House of Representatives, would be nothing wonderful. Whence comes this American relish and admiration of Burns, it is somewhat difficult to say. The scenery of Scotland, in which the poet revels, does not resemble the scenery of America. The birken shaw, the broomie knowe, and the glen o' green breckan are not to be found here; and the puny rivers of Scotland—the Doon and the Ayr, the Earn and the Yarrow—that Burns celebrates, are mere brooks when compared with the Hudson or even with the Mohawk. The Scottish dialect, which alone Burns perfectly knew, and in which all his best poetry is written, must present to the American nearly as much difficulty as a foreign tongue. Though Burns could strip off the trappings of a lord, and view him as a

mere man, he had a sovereign contempt for the almighty dollar, and the aristocracy of money was the object of his implacable scorn. The love which he celebrates is the least calculating of all passions, and he never fails to launch the lightnings of his ire at the man who courts a woman for her tocher, or the woman who marries a man just because he is rich. The frequent coarseness of the Scottish vernacular, although it conveys nothing amiss to a native, behooves to shock the fastidious delicacy of Americans; nor can they fully appreciate the wit and the inimitable drollery that palliate and go far to excuse the blemish. The man who has never admired the sweetness and purity of the golden Ayrshire butter, as it goes to market—each pound in its own fresh green leaf—can experience nothing but disgust at the "kail-blade" in "Death and Doctor Hornbook;" but to a Scotsman, the fun of the contrast, and the fierce sarcasm of the allusion, are so overpowering, that the offensiveness of the expression is positively forgotten. With all these drawbacks, and more that might be enumerated, it is astonishing that Burns should stand so high, as a poet, in American esteem. There must be in these writings a charm over and above those touches of nature which make the whole world kin—for it is a charm that entrances Americans in particular. That charm is evidently the grand independence of the man, his proud self-reliance, his claim to the lofty nobility of nature in virtue of his simple manhood!

Brothers of Scotland! Men of Scottish blood! Fellow-countrymen of Robert Burns who, one hundred years ago, opened on the light of day the most glorious eyes that ever blazed in the looks of genius! let it be our endeavour to maintain the same noble independence and the same inflexible honesty in this our adopted and adoptive home! Whoever may do a mean thing or wink at a base one—whoever may pollute his palm with a bribe, or shout in the train of a schemer—whoever may cheer the souls of tyrants by bringing self-government into disgrace—whoever may aim a stab at the heart of freedom by profligate ambition—whoever may dabble the bright locks of liberty in the dirt by vulgar scrambling for the spoils of partizanship—let it not be said of any man whose forefathers spoke the language of Burns, that he ever shared in the plunder, or soiled his soul with the villany that would desecrate for lucre this last and noblest asylum of the free!

> "Princes and lords are but the breath of kings!
> An honest man's the noblest work of God!"

The third toast, "The Memory of Burns," was drunk in silence. The fourth, "The Land of Our Adoption," was responded to by the Hon. James W. Gerard, after which Burns' song, "The Rigs o' Barley," was sung by Mr. M'Dougal.

The fifth toast, "Our Native Land," elicited a good speech from Dr. Hislop, which was followed by one of the poet's best convivial melodies, "Rattlin', Roaring Willie," sung by Mr. Miller.

The remaining toasts were in order as follows:

"The Genius of Burns." Responded to by Mr. David S. Coddington, and by Mr. Poole, with the song of "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon."

"The Queen." Drank with acclamation, the audience rising and giving many vociferous cheers.

"The President," drank in the same way.

"The Mayor and Common Council," honoured by Mayor Tiemann with an appropriate reply.

Several other toasts followed, interspersed with songs, and at a late hour the meeting dispersed—not into thin air, but into substantial individualities, each of which conveyed to a genial home an appreciative memory of the hundredth birthday of Robert Burns.

Auld Langsyne Association.—The Auld Langsyne Association held their Centenary Festival at No. 683 Eighth-avenue. About 200 persons sat down to supper, which was prepared after the most approved Scottish fashion. David B. Kerr, Esq., officiated as President, and Mr. J. E. Webster as Vice-President.

When the guests were all seated, the President called to order and began the festivities of the evening by reading the "Address to a Haggis."

> "Fair fa' thy honest sonsie face,
> Great chieftain o' the puddin' race."

After which the party "fell to" and did full justice to the repast, the "Haggis" being the most prominent and popular article upon the table. Every one ate "Haggis." An old gentleman, with his bagpipe, enlivened the interval by playing a variety of appropriate Scotch airs. When the supper had been disposed of, the President again called to order, and said:

Gentlemen of the Auld Langsyne Association: I am pleased to see you here on this occasion; the season has passed over our heads once more, and we are again assembled on the 25th of January, 1859, to do homage to genius and true worth. I feel happy to preside over such a company as the present, in which are assembled so many gay faces and grey heads of

intelligent men. I have another pride, gentlemen, which certainly ought to give me much satisfaction, and that is, that I have the honour to preside on the centennial anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns; a satisfaction which I never shall live to enjoy again. It would be almost insulting to you were I to attempt to state to you what Burns was, for "Ye a' ken him yourself'." Professor Wilson has said that Burns was by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people and lived and died in a humble condition; and no country on the face of the globe could have produced such a man but Scotland; he will for ever be the true representative of the genius of his country. That is authority enough for me; you "ken the rest," for Burns speaks to you in your own language; he speaks to you in such a way that every one of you understands him. He sings simply, not in the duets of the French, or in the demi-semi-quavers of some Italian masters who sing, but never can touch the heart. This is the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns. Where are the emperors, kings, lords or dukes of the day of Burns? They are gone, I may say, beyond that bourne whence no traveller returns. But Burns lives; he is this day known from one end of the world to the other, and is receiving homage which the greatest potentate on the face of the earth may envy. The regular toasts were then announced:

"The day we Celebrate"—Responded to in a song sung in admirable style by Mr. Robert Anderson—"There was a lad was born in Kyle." Also, by Messrs. Dewhurst, Hay, and Boyd—"We come again with songs to greet you." Mr. Wm. Hodge sang an original song, the whole party joining in the chorus. "The President, and the land we live in;" "The Queen and the land we left;" "The Memory of Burns," and there were others to the memory of Washington, Wallace and Bruce, Sir Walter Scott and Tannahill, which were appropriately responded to in speeches and songs. The festivities were continued until an early hour this morning.

Caledonian Curling Club.—The members of the Caledonian Curling Club of New York, along with a number of their friends of both sexes, numbering in all about 200, had a social and pleasant meeting at the Philadelphia House, Eighth Avenue. Mr. Taylor, President of the Club, occupied the chair; and Mr. Kellock acted as Croupier. The toast of the evening was acknowledged by Mr. J. M'Kechnie, in an animated and eloquent speech. This was eminently a hearty gathering of honest Scotsmen, a large proportion of those present being natives of Ayrshire. The proceedings ended with a dance at an advanced hour of the morning.

The Celebration at Cameron's.—A very interesting celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns came off at Cameron's dining rooms, corner of Pine and William streets. Over 100 persons sat down to supper, and Mr. Robert Anderson was unanimously called upon to preside during the evening. The room was gaily decorated with flags of the United States, and others displaying "the thistle," which were purposely got up for the occasion. Over the Chairman's head was suspended a half-length portrait, which was also specially got up for the occasion, and painted by Mr. Thom, son of Thom the celebrated sculptor, while a half-length likeness of Washington hung gracefully over the head of the Vice-President. When the cloth was removed the Chairman read a long and eloquent paper, eulogizing the character and biography of Burns. In the paper very effective arguments were deduced to show that the character of Burns, though maligned and misrepresented by those who neither knew nor understood it as it should be known and understood, is still recognized by the world as that of a great and moral man. It was strikingly shown in the paper how Burns understood and delineated human nature and everyday life, by extracts from some of his poems.

The first regular toast was: "The Day we Celebrate," which was received with great enthusiasm, and followed by one of the gentlemen present singing, "A man's a man for a' that" in a very animating style.

The other regular toasts were: "The President of the United States," "Queen Victoria," "The Press," and "Woman"—all of which were responded to by speeches short and appropriate. The toasts were also interspersed by the singing of patriotic and comic songs by various members of the company, with a very enlivening effect. Among these songs was "Uncle's Sam's farm," which was sung in such a manner as to create great laughter and merriment.

When the regular toasts were disposed of, volunteer toasts, songs and sentiments were the order of business till the "wee small hour o' morning" informed the company that they could no longer mingle in the social celebration of the centennial anniversary of the birthday of "Scotia's favourite bard."

Everything connected with the celebration passed off well, from the appearance and subsequent disappearance of the well-known and better tasted "haggis" to the close of the festivities.

NORWICH, Conn.—The anniversary was celebrated at Apollo Hall, Norwich, by a party of about two hundred persons. John T. Adams, Esq., acted as Chairman. At eight o'clock supper was announced, and, after the delivery by Mr. Crawford of the address to the "chieftain o' the puddin' race," it was done ample justice to by the company. The usual toasts then followed, introduced and responded to by appropriate speeches, with which songs alternated in due proportion. Having enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content, the company separated shortly after midnight.

PALMYRA, N. Y.—The centennial anniversary of the birth of Scotia's great Bard, Robert Burns, was celebrated by the Excelsior Society of Palmyra, at the residence of J. C. Lovett, Esq. Two spacious rooms and the hall were filled to repletion—and never was a more highly gratified audience assembled together in this place.

PHILADELPHIA.—This very interesting occasion was celebrated by a banquet at Sansom Street Hall. The participants numbered about three hundred gentlemen, embracing the Burns Club of this city and an assemblage of the bar, the clergy, the judiciary, and our prominent citizens in general. Colonel Rogers, President of the Burns Association, occupied the post of honour, supported by Vice-President Johnston and other officers of the Club. The banquet was a unique affair. It embraced viands to suit all palates, and included the haggis and other dishes, which the sons of Scotia discussed with the liveliest possible appreciation. The table was handsomely ornamented with fanciful designs in confectionery. Mr. Fitzgerald replied to the toast of the evening, "The Memory of Robert Burns." We extract a few passages from his eloquent speech:

To-day many millions of people are talking of Robert Burns. To-day "his name is great in mouths of wisest censure." Wherever the English language is spoken there the name of Burns is lovingly mentioned—there his letters are read and songs sung, and his praise, unstinted, is pointed out. Burns was a man of eminent impressibility. He saw and appreciated nature in all her forms of expression. The softest breath of summer, the sweetest odours of the new-mown hay, the variegated rainbow, vale and mountain, streamlet and ocean, sunshine and cloud, the whirlwind and the storm, all were seen and remembered, and faithfully described by him. He knew man by heart, and painted him with the cunning of a master hand. He sounded the springs of thought, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the nature and character of man. Do you doubt this, read the Cottar's Saturday Night, Holy Willie's Prayer, Tam o' Shanter, The Jolly Beggars, the Address to the Mouse, The Winter Night, The Wounded Hare, Hallowe'en, Auld Langsyne, and a hundred others, appealing to every fancy, tragic or humorous, pathetic or lively, satiric or sentimental, witty or affectionate. Robert Burns was a sincere and impassioned man. He sings to the whole people sweetly, cheerily and truthfully. We know he sings naturally, because his strains go to the heart, softening and humanizing it; and that is the secret of his wonderful popularity. His strains reach the universal heart of the world, and the response is a burst of joyous, irrepressible applause.

Several other toasts and speeches followed, and numerous songs by members of the company, amongst others by Messrs. M'Intyre, Frasier, and Robb. Altogether the evening was a very pleasant one, although there were present no illustrious orators, nor pretentious speechmakers.

PITTSBURGH.—The admirers of Robert Burns are numbered by the hundred in Pittsburgh. Some of our best citizens are either Scotchmen born or of Scotch descent, and there are few of them, no matter what their nativity, that do not revere the name and genius of Scotland's Poet. The guests at the St. Clair numbered about four hundred, and Mr. Joseph Coltart was called to the chair. Messrs. D. D. Bruce, James A. Gibson, John Brown, James Lockhart, George Darsie, Rody Patterson, and William Hanna were chosen Vice-Presidents; Messrs. A. Leggett, John Swan, C. Arbuckle, R. H. Patterson and R. C. Gray were elected Secretaries. Following the edibles came the drinkables, and here we have to notice a feature in the entertainment that has, doubtless, left its impression on a majority of the guests. We refer to the monster punch-bowl which was placed in the centre of the dining-room, and which, though it had a capacity of some fifteen gallons, was filled repeatedly during the night, and emptied as often. In short, the company eat and drank like men bent on enjoying themselves, and that they fully carried out the purpose for which they met, we believe all interested are amply satisfied.

PITTSTON, Pa.—The centennial anniversary of Burns was celebrated by a grand festival and ball. The Chairman was Mr. John M'Dougall, and the vice-chairmen represented six

different nationalities. In responding to the toast of "The Pennsylvania Coal Company and the Mining interests of Wyoming Valley," Mr. John Richards, in a capital speech, gave the following remarkable and excellent sentiment: "The Black Diamonds of Wyoming Valley and the Poems of Robert Burns—may they continue ever to gladden and cheer the fireside as year after year unfolds their exhaustless wealth."

Thomas Dickson, Esq., of Scranton, also made an excellent speech, from which we give the following extract:—Little indeed of sunshine was there to lighten up the dark and dreary corners that marked the path of the Poet's pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave. Educated a peasant, his aspiring mind was ever shrouded in thick gloom, and while the strength of his intellect enabled him to penetrate it, and look into the light beyond, poverty and the circumstance of birth had woven a web—the meshes of which enclosed him so securely, that it was impossible for him to break the bonds that bound him to his destiny. And but for his eminently social cast of temperament he might have lived and died a gloomy misanthrope, and to those social qualities his countrymen and the world are indebted for the many bursts of wit and humour that originated in his fertile imagination, and which have revolutionized the whole character of his countrymen—who have been changed by the inspiring and stirring efforts of his genius, from a proverbially canny, cautious, suspicious and ascetic race, to a people whose company upon an occasion of this kind is really very desirable, and the many noble qualities he possessed has left a mark and produced an influence upon the destinies of his countrymen that can never be counteracted. While Scotland glories in many sons well known to fame, whose names are household words—whose heaven-born effusions must ever thrill upon the heart, and beat through the pulse of Scottish nationality, and which will be handed down by posterity to a glorious immortality, yet the brightest gems in the diadem that encircles her brow, must ever bear the name of Robert Burns; and to him will ever be assigned the highest niche in the temple of fame. His were the words that breathe and thoughts that burn. Among the sons of song, none have found deeper or more true response, because his, of all others, is distinguished by the rarest and greatest excellence and sincerity. His effusions gush from a living soul, hence, they live in the memories of men, and hence, in all lands men do homage to the Peasant Bard. It is upon occasions like the present, that the power and influence of the departed poet makes itself felt, and it is exceedingly gratifying to Scotchmen, that, in this, the land of their adoption, the admirers of Burns are as numerous, and as enthusiastic as in the land of their nativity. And my American friends will permit me to say, that while Scotchmen are, almost without exception, proud of the name, and think that the sun never shone upon a spot as highly favoured, in every respect, as the brown heather and the blue hills of Scotland—yet, they will ever be found in the front rank whenever and wherever the liberties of this Republic are in danger; and I firmly believe that a man that is continually cursing and disparaging the land that gave him birth, never will, and never can, be a trustworthy citizen of any country.

The ball, after supper, was conducted with much spirit, and the most thorough appreciation of the occasion was evinced in the whole proceedings.

PORTAGE CITY, Wis.—The Burns Festival was held here. Upwards of two hundred met at the festive board—"every Jockie had his Jenny"—and the presence of the ladies inspired the whole meeting with enthusiasm and delight. J. P. M'Gregor, Esq., President of the Columbia County Bank, presided. The unusual sight of ladies mixing with the gentlemen as if at a private supper will have a happy effect hereafter at festive parties. Those inclined to dance had opportunities to relieve their limbs in Scotch reels, country dances, and Virginia break-downs, and prolonged their departure to the long hours just before sunrise.

POTTSVILLE, Pa.—The Festival in Pottsville was a happy success. Early in the evening the Pottsville Cornet Band, after parading through Centre and other streets, took their position in the saloon of the Town Hall. Here they discoursed excellent music, while the guests seemed literally to pour in. It was truly a beautiful sight to see the sturdy yeomanry of our region throng the halls—their wives and children with them. A sprinkling of "Glengarry" and "Balmoral" bonnets upon the heads of the muscular Scotchmen was observable, while the ladies had donned the plaids with peculiar taste. Mothers with their infants, by their presence, paid homage to the immortal poet's shrine, and one father, his infant child but five weeks old, in his arms, came to the President and remarked, with the peculiar pride of feeling which only a father could feel, "Behold the youngest Scot that has attended the Centenary!" General good feeling and social courtesy prevailed throughout the entire evening, and while we heard many rejoice, the only regret expressed was that the time from dark to daylight was so short.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The centenary was celebrated by two social parties at this place. In Brown Hall a festival was held under the auspices of a committee of management. William M. Rodman, A.M., Mayor of the city, was Honorary Chairman on the occasion. The party was a numerous one, upwards of two hundred being present, of whom nearly one-half were ladies. It was conducted on temperance principles, which did not interfere with the enjoyment of the occasion. Toasts, speeches and songs, with the additional attraction of national airs on the bagpipe, afforded entertainment to the company, and a happier or better conducted assemblage was never convened on any occasion.

In the same city, at Weybosset Hall, the committee in charge of the celebration made their arrangements for "an old-fashioned festival," in a manner which, apparently, gave entire satisfaction to all who participated therein. The number present was but little short of three hundred, at least a hundred more than was originally calculated for. Mr. Dugald Campbell acted as President of the evening, and opened the proceedings with an address on Robert Burns full of poetical and patriotic sentiments, which were responded to with enthusiasm, evincing the pleasant and loving memories of those present for the land of their nativity. The Vice-President, Mr. Robert Hendrie, being then called for, made some interesting remarks of a historical nature, giving some of the chief incidents in Burns' career. Numerous toasts and speeches followed, relieved by a number of excellent songs and airs performed by an instrumental band which was in attendance. At twelve o'clock the hall was cleared for a dance, with which the proceedings terminated.

ROCKFORD.—The hundred birthday anniversary of the world's great poet, Robert Burns, was celebrated by the Burns Club of this city, with a banquet at the Holland House. At half-past seven o'clock supper was announced and about two hundred persons sat down to a most sumptuous feast. The divine blessing was invoked by Rev. J. M. Faris. After an hour spent amid

> "The clang of plates, of knife and fork,
> That merciless fell like tomahawks to work,"

the cloth was removed, and the band played "The Blue Bells of Scotland." The President of the Club, William M'Gregor, Esq., greeted the audience in behalf of the Club, and welcomed them to another feast—"a feast of reason and a flow of soul"—in the following brief address:

Ladies and gentlemen—Why such an assemblage around this festive board? The reason is assigned when we know that this is the centennial anniversary of the birthday of the poet of Scotland. One hundred years ago this day in an auld clay biggin, on the banks of auld Hermit Ayr, first breathed the breath of life the peasant poet of nature, Robert Burns. He first looked upon the light whose name was to become the household word for his countrymen—whether in their native or in foreign lands. The national idol of Scotchmen at home or abroad. It is the event we have assembled this evening to celebrate, and in the goodly number I see here present I read the influence our poet's genius yet exerts, and ever will exert upon the hearts of his countrymen. And how can it be otherwise? His sweet strains have lulled our infant slumbers—are associated with our earliest remembrances in the dear old homestead—and have with their own enthusiasm in riper manhood made us love old Scotia still more. As his inimitable name leads us by the "Banks o' the Dee," or along "Old Coila's Hills and streams," or through the "Fruitful vales and spreading hawthorns of the lovely Nith," or o'er the "Bonnie Braes of Yarrow," we own the power of his genius. It holds in its hand the heart of every Scotchman—for his varied songs are but the pulsations of his country's heart. Himself the impersonation of her poetry and passion—her patriotism and her love of truth—her occasional recklessness and fervour, and her deep, all-pervading religious sentiment—Burns has honoured Scotland, peasant poet though he was, and it is fit that Scotsmen everywhere should honour him. Their honour is a tribute due to exalted genius raising itself, unaided and alone, over the mountainous pressure of adversity weighing it down on every side, to an eminence attained by few with all the aid which literature, and leisure, and learning could give them.

It is fit respect, then, that we should honour the memory of Robert Burns. We instinctively and irresistibly do honour to his name as with electric power it thrills our very hearts, and wherever we be it carries us back again to our dear native land, and with it we laugh beside "Alloway's auld Haunted Kirk," or weep by the "Banks and Braes and Streams around the Castle o' Montgomery," or kindle into more ardent patriotism as we listen to the "Bruce at Bannockburn," or bow in humble reverence again in the home of our childhood, when

> "Kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
> The saint, the father, and the husband prays."

He is pre-eminently the poet of Scotland, not only because superior to all her other poets, but because he is to us what he cannot be, and speaks to us as he cannot speak, to any other people; he spoke to us as none other can, and we would not exchange our peasant poet, our Ayrshire ploughman, for any of the lords of song in any land. You may have your Byron, and your Shakspeare, and your Wordsworth, ay, and your Milton, too, we shall keep our Burns, and feel that in honouring him we honour the country of his birth and of our own.

I congratulate you, gentlemen of the Burns Club, on the favourable auspices under which we hold our first anniversary. The number of ladies and gentlemen that have favoured us with their presence, on this occasion, is sufficient evidence of the hold the name that we honour has upon the people. With these few remarks, ladies and gentlemen, I have the honour to introduce to you Dr. William Lyman, who has been elected Honorary President for this occasion.

Dr. Lyman arose and responded to the compliment as follows:

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen—I occupy the position assigned me, with a high appreciation of the honour mingled with a distrust of my ability to perform its duties in a manner appropriate to this assembly and the occasion. This is no ordinary festive meeting, convened for the cultivation of the amenities of social life, or to while away the passing hour with music, sentiment, and song. An hundred years ago to-day, "a Lad there was, in Kyle was born;" none of the ceremonials which mark the advent of scions of royalty surrounded that humble cot; no merry peals were rung from chiming bells; no deep-mouthed cannon in thunder tones announced to an expectant nation the glad tidings—a prince was born—but then and there a prince was born, the prince of song, heir of a richer heritage than ever fell to the lot of first-born of royal Stuart, Tudor, or Bourbon line. Scotland's Robert Burns, the world's immortal poet, the sweetest bard that ever struck with gentle hand the poet's lyre, or trilled a lay of living song. Scotsmen, it is your privilege to rejoice to-night, and glory in the recollection of the land of your birth, that land made closer by the genius of your Scott—vocal with the heart music of your Burns.—A century has passed since his birth; a century that has seen the ephemera of literature sport their hour in the sunshine of fashion and pass away, while the anniversary of the birthday of Burns is celebrated more generally than the natal hour of any who ever trod our earth, the meek and lowly Nazarene alone excepted. To-night the world rejoices; wherever civilization has left her foot-prints, there grateful offerings are made at the shrine of the genius of Robert Burns, who drank inspiration from nature as a fountain head, "then seized his lyre and poured its strains sublime, deep and impassioned down the tide of time."

The Honorary President announced the regular toasts:—

1st Toast, "The day we celebrate, and a' wha honour it."

Responded to by Hon. Anson S. Miller, as follows:—

We celebrate the centennial birthday anniversary of Scotland's favourite poet, and multitudes throughout the world delight to honour it.—Like the generous poet's sympathy, this celebration is co-extensive with the race. Civilized men in every land and sea have saluted this sunrise with a wonderful unanimity of joy; and from the earliest dawn of the morning, this day, circling the whole globe, has been gladdened by one continued jubilee.

What a sublime spectacle is presented by this world-wide homage to the memory of the illustrious dead! How noble in the living, is this spontaneous tribute of the heart, not to rank and riches, not to pomp and power, but to merit, and genius, and excellence! Of all the mighty conquerors and kings, whose glory ever reached a day like this?

One hundred years now hallow the memory, and crown the fame of Robert Burns. In the century past how have pride and ambition been humbled, what mutations have overthrown governments, how have the highways of human progress been paved with fallen thrones, how many celebrities have gone into oblivion, what bubbles of reputation have burst, how many flashing meteors have vanished in darkness, how few of the renowned have stood the test of all-trying Time; while the brightening name of Burns, in an age of knowledge and illumination, has shone in beauty and splendour, and his genius enlivened the world of mind with a radiance as enduring as the stars!

Gladly would I speak of the genial inspiration of Burns, his manly and magnanimous nature, his adoration at the shrine of woman's love, his soul fraught with visions of beauty, and eloquent with "the faculty divine," his charming poetry and powers, his genuine wit and humour, the rarest natural endowments, his songs of freedom, grand marches of advancing civilization, prophetically sounding the key-note of the popular sentiments of our country and our age, his uniform affection for man, irrespective of external conditions, his fidelity to the principle of equal rights, his ardent love of liberty, and hatred of oppression in every form, his

early and lamented death, the sun of his earthly day going down in clouds, before his intellectual noon; but brevity is necessary, and many are to be heard who will do these topics ample justice.

In conclusion, Mr. President, and countrymen of Burns;—We thank you for the bountiful arrangements in this delightful festival.—You have judged rightly in not circumscribing it by nationality. Burns is the common property of the race; he addressed the universal human heart, and his mission was to mankind. His poetry is at home here, known by heart, cherished household words, full of the free spirit of our declaration of rights, the magna charta of American liberty. We revere Burns, therefore, not merely as the poet of Scotland, but of freedom and humanity.

You may well be proud of Scotland, the morality, intelligence, and inborn heroism of her people, her noble institutions, charitable, educational, and religious, her enterprising sons and goodly daughters, in every portion of the habitable globe, her illustrious names in every department of excellence, and her glorious old history. We honour them all. Burns, in his *birth*, belongs to you, in his *works* and *fame*, to us all, and to future ages. The brilliant luminary rising in the meridian of Scotland, adorns the whole firmament with undying lustre; and we bless God for the cheering light!

This is a happy day for the dear old country. Her whole domain, her highlands and lowlands, her lakes and her rivers, her mountains and glens, her cities and villages, her hamlets and cottages, are vocal with gladness. Her citizens of all classes, the high and the low, the rich and the poor,—for Burns is beloved by them all,—are celebrating the day with unbounded enthusiasm. Vast assemblages, with their orators and poets, are enjoying "a feast of reason and a flow of soul."

How your friends and kindred wish you were with them, in the festivities of this, their great holiday of the century! Let them be well assured, however, that you and your neighbours and your fellow-citizens of this land of your adoption, this republic of the western world, celebrate the day also; and that the name of Burns links our hearts to theirs by the ties of profound veneration.

Mr. John Belford then sung, "There was a lad was born in Kyle."

2d Toast, "The Memory of Robert Burns, Scotland's favourite and Immortal Bard."

Responded to by Rev. T. G. Smith, with genuine Scotch pathos.

3d Toast, "The Land of our Birth."

Responded to by John B. Young.

4th Toast, "Queen Victoria—that good woman—that pattern of all that is virtuous and noble—may she never be forgotten by Scotchmen, wherever they may be situated."

Band played "God Save the Queen," and Mr. J. B. Young sang "Are ye sleepin', Maggie?"

5th Toast, "The President of the United States—the Governor of the State of Illinois, and the land we live in."

To this sentiment, His Honour, Mayor Perry, responded.

At the close of the Mayor's speech, the Band played "Hail Columbia," and Mr. John Belford sung the song—"A man's a man for a' that."

6th Toast, "The Press."

Responded to by R. A. Bird, of the *Democrat*.

7th Toast, "Great Britain and the United States—may they ever be, as they ever ought to be, friends each to the other."

Dr. R. P. Lane responded to this sentiment.

Many other toasts were given, songs were sung, and the hour of twelve having arrived, the entire company joined hands, and sung "Auld Langsyne," and then dispersed.

The dining hall was soon cleared, when the Quintette Band appeared and furnished music for the merry dance, which was kept up very far into the "wee hours ayont the twal."

Taken all in all, this festival was an honour to the city, and to the gentlemen who had it in charge.

It might not, perhaps, be inappropriate to add, that the dining hall, on this occasion, was beautifully decorated with evergreens, portraits of Washington, Burns, &c. Conspicuous, also, among the adornments, was a fine picture of Burns, composing his "Cottar's Saturday Night."

ROXBURY, Mass.—The centennial anniversary was duly celebrated in this city by a number of the Poet's countrymen and admirers, together with their wives and sweethearts, by a social gathering and supper at the residence of Mr. John Graham, Sudbury Street. The proceedings of the evening were commenced by a call from the Chairman, Mr. J. Cunningham, on Mr. J. Rollo, who read the "Address to the Haggis." After an address was delivered by the Chairman, suitable to the occasion, numerous toasts, sentiments, and songs were given, and responded to by different members of the company present during the evening, till the near approach of the "wee short hour ayont the twal" warned us that it was time to separate. The whole affair passed off pleasantly, and will be long remembered by all who were present as an evening of unalloyed enjoyment.

SAN FRANCISCO.—About half-past seven on the evening of the 25th of January, the skirl of the bagpipes was heard on Montgomery street. The piper proceeded towards the Oriental Hotel, playing the "Gatherin o' the clans," and other tunes. By the time he reached the Hotel his followers had increased to a goodly number. As the guests had to remain some time in the reception room before dinner was announced, we had an opportunity of examining the fine military-looking figure of the old piper, (shown off to advantage in the garb of old Gaul,) and his magnificent set of silver mounted bagpipes.

On dinner being announced, the piper preceded the guests to the tune of the "Campbells are comin'," and took his place at the further end of the dining room where the band was already assembled. The room was handsomely decorated with flags and pictures, and the guests, in number upwards of 100, sat down to a sumptuous dinner, in which the "honest sonsie face" of the haggis was conspicuous.

George Gordon, Esq., presided, and pronounced the toasts. He introduced the first toast, "The Memory of Burns," with a few appropriate remarks, and, at his direction, it was drank standing and in silence. The piper played Burns' Farewell. "This day one hundred years ago" he introduced with an address, as follows:

This day one hundred years ago, a small house stood on the roadside near the town of Ayr; it was in a newly planted market garden of some six or seven acres; the land was leased by a thrifty hard working, newly-married Scotsman. The humble cottage had been built by his own hands; love and poverty furnished it, and in it, one day a century ago, the young wife bore the gardener a son. To her side the rustic mother fondly nestled her firstborn, and the grave husbandman with love and pride bent over them both; few things could have increased their pleasure. But little did they think that when a hundred years had passed, that day, that cottage, and they themselves, would be celebrated all over the world, because of that new-born boy. Yet so it is: that day was January 25, 1759. The boy was Robert Burns, the peasant poet of Scotland, the chief bard of a land of song.

The speaker related the early poverty and struggles of the poet and his family to bar the door on the wolf that snarled around their lintels for many weary years.

Such were the scenes amongst which the youthful poet first felt within him the stirrings of the mighty spirit, which "wakes to ecstasy the living lyre." Hardly fed—for even at twenty-two, when his condition had improved, and he had so risen in the world as to be learning a trade as a flax-dresser, we find him lodging at a shilling a-week, and writing to his father to say "that his meal was nearly out." We have no doubt parritch and oat-cake formed the staples of his banquets. Poorly clothed—for when on the farm he speaks of his "clouterly ploughboy carcass, bare at both extremes in all weathers,"—head regardless of bonnet, feet disdainful of shoes—with but few books, and not more than a sound country education, and borne down by continual poverty; we cannot but wonder how first was kindled within him that glorious fervour of feeling, which after smouldering in his bosom for a while, burst out in strains of a pathos so sweet, a humour so exquisite, of a spirit so fiery, so inspiring and exuberant—free as the wind sweeping through his native heather, tender as twilight of the summer eve. What fed the passionate emotions of his soul and gave them that over-mastering strength, which in after years developed itself in deathless song? Whence came that tumultuous love of his, that soft well-spring of gentleness, that delicate glow of fancy, that high range of thought, that buoyant wealth of fun, that instant perception of the beautiful, the ludicrous, the sombre and the grand; and that wondrous power of change, which sent every varying sensation and perception sweeping through his mind—from whence he scattered them, like showers of diamond dust through his poems.

Whence came they? Ask of him who made the diamond and the sandstone—the gorgeous flower and the humble grass—the stars and the clods. It is enough for us to know that they *were* the pride of our fathers—are our joy—and will be the heritage of our children.

It was as if the Espiritu Santo of the torrid zone, magnificent in foliage and superb in its flower with the dove-like petal, had been transplanted to the miserable northern soil of that hungry farm, and had taken strange root, had become invigorated and imbued by northern force and freedom, had been fed and not killed by their stormy blasts; and while it retained the luxuriance and bloom of its native tropics, caught the rugged strength and energy of its new home, growing amongst its bleak rocks and on its thin soil, a thing of power and beauty—a living exponent of the deep and passionate impulses which slumber in the grave and practical hearts of Scotland.

From the age of sixteen, until his twenty-sixth year, when his first volume was published under the modest title of "Poems Chiefly Scottish," we find him, with hardy industry, turning his hand to various labour; though

accomplishing little more in a worldly sense, than keeping himself, and aiding to support himself and family. The plough, the scythe and the flail, at which he had few equals and no competitors, always stood between him and want. His leisure, he intended to devote with hearty good will to the acquisition of useful information; but his practical resolutions were for ever upset by the wayward impulses of the imprisoned spirit within him. Worldly motives prompted him to walk steadily in paths of routine; but he was irresistibly lifted off his feet by the wings of song, which were unconsciously growing out of his soul. Prudence called him to the affairs of life—inspiration swept him into the regions of imagination. There was a continual struggle between his sense of duty and an overwhelming effluence which flooded his mind. He walked through a black sterile glen; hard toiling, poorly fed, scantily clothed; with clouds lowering above him, and chilly blasts around him, but all a-blaze within. The light *would* burst through; and it illumined the cold glen, and gilded the rocks, and set the very clouds a-glow.

During these years, Burns was frequently subject to fits of profound melancholy. This phenomenon is a very usual accompaniment of the northern imagination. It is the mist, which ever and anon envelops the rugged grandeur of its form—the relapse consequent upon states of high mental exhilaration—the harp unstrung after it has been intensely strained, and wildly swept. Whether this melancholy was a consequence, or a cause, of the exquisite tenderness of the muse of Burns, we will not inquire; but they were intimately connected. As the mist condenses, and waters the grass and flowers on the mountain side, softening and freshening their beauty; the melancholy of the poet bathes the imagery of his songs with touching grace and gentleness. These dark spells gave the minstrelsy of Burns that intermittent character, which distinguishes innate and heaven-bestowed genius, from merely educational and acquired dexterity. They came like mighty frosts, congealing the outward issues of his song, but leaving the hidden springs open. The visible current disappears, but the waters accumulate within. By and by, something occurs which sets them seething as in a cauldron. His passions, as he himself says, would rage like so many devils until they found vent in song. Internal heat thaws the mute and frozen channels, and away dart the pent-up waters, sparkling and alive.

There is a fine moral beauty in the faithful tenderness displayed by Burns to his mother and family. The incense of the world did not intoxicate him. His head turned to his old home. He lighted it with his fame, and succoured it with his savings. Let us imitate our national bard, and aye think of the old home! If, in the race of life, we have won worldly gear, let us share our blessings with those loving hearts, who tenderly nourished us when we had none but them to shield our helplessness. Now has come the day of reciprocation. Now debtors, can we discharge in part that early debt, to which we owe our being and our success, with its long arrear of interest. Now men, rejoicing in our strength, let us be all the world to those dear hearts, who were once all the world to us; and sanctify our manhood with our earliest loves. Let us not forget: lest when we are old and feeble, our own loved little ones, working out the justice of God, leave us forsaken.

We, in distant California, glory in Burns. Let us do as he did. Let us not be niggard of loving letters to those who never begrudged loving words to us. What if we have to forego some festive scene, or burn some midnight oil; are there not those who have forborne pleasures for us, upon whose tired faces for our sakes, the watcher's rushlight has shed its pallid rays? Nor let letters content us. Let substantial mementoes of our love adorn our early homes, little or much as we can—but something always. Haply, the few dollars, or the few hundreds, though little to us, would be mickle to ours. The fire might burn more cheery; the winter cold be more cosily shut out; the summer sun more pleasantly enjoyed, because of our care. The mere money would be the least joy. There would be a lustre about every poor guinea not born of gold. The real sterling would not be that of the marts of commerce. It would be recoined money, stamped and burnished in the mint of a son's or a brother's love. It will fill their little purses and their big hearts at the same moment, because "our Rab sent it."

After comparing the poetry of Burns with that of the other poets, the speaker said:

Burns leads us into the quiet sunlight. The sweet smell of nature salutes us, and the fresh dews hang trembling on his leaves and flowers. By rippling streams, on banks and braes and heathery knolls, in the green dell and along the moorland edge, he takes us. Sometimes his spirit apostrophises the storm, as it sways the lofty pines, and sweeps through the forest with a mighty sigh; but generally it bathes in its tender light something that he can love. His pet sheep, poor Mailie, receives him "wi' her kindly bleat;" his auld mare, Maggie, getting a new year feed of corn; the little mousie rinnin' from her desolated nest in the stubble;

the daisy, "wee, modest, crimson-tippit flower" —all come in for a share of his glowing kindliness. He lifts the latch of a theekit cottage. His eye beams on the patriarchal sire, the kindly wife and mother, the blazing ingle, and the open bible. He watches the bairns as they come dropping in "frae service out amang the farmers roun'," with Jenny and her bashful lover amongst them. The plaintive psalm and the solemn prayer ascend to heaven, and the poet's full heart bursts into song. The actors in that scene have long passed away; the husband and the father prays no more; the bairns have loved and toiled, and now rest; haply the very cottage has crumbled into dust; but the scene itself remains. The genius of song shone upon it one Saturday night, and by its own transcendent rays transferred it to imperishable plates—flattered in nothing, nor in aught imperfect—but as it was, a group of humble life, drawn with such exquisite truth that it will stand as long as family love and family prayer endures. This touches our hearts.

His own heart is welling full and over, "and ilka bird and ilka tree" receives its share. But if a bonnie lassie comes along, as to the queen of love, he turns to her, and investing her with royal robes, woven by his own ardent imagination, pours at her feet the very essence of his devotion and worship. She dies, perhaps—he sees her beyond the stars, and in a transport of passionate longing, throws himself on the sod, agonized by the distance that separates them, and breathes forth his eloquent soul to "Mary in Heaven." He is not long sombre; sorrow having found vent in song, like spring clouds after the moisture is discharged in rain, disappears, and the sun comes forth again. With the change, his exuberant humour, second only to his love, comes out and disports itself. He addresses "The Deil," and tells of "Tam o' Shanter,"—"a louse on a lady's bonnet" calls out his fun and wisdom. And where nothing better happens to evoke his riant humour, it even spends itself on "The Toothache," and "A Tax Collector's Demand." His passionate heart and his redundant fancy continually mingle and effervesce in a tumult of poetry; pregnant with the tonic of high moral purpose and the spirit of freedom, it has furnished a glorious intellectual beverage to two generations past—is as grateful to our palates to-day as it was to those of our forefathers.

No poet of any people has been so deeply loved as Burns. His fame has become so knit with his country that to love Scotland is to love her peasant bard.

Rest thee, noble, leal heart—faithful and impulsive spirit, rest! Long enough hast thou lived for fame. Thou cam'st like a comet, but though thy nucleus disappeared in a brief space, thy track, full of radiance, remains transfixed in glory in the heavens, and is added to our perpetual constellations. Star after star has since appeared; a crowd of orbs now gem our skies; but in its soft and tender light thy glory still remains, undimmed by time or contact.

Thou hast taken thy place among the choral band of Poets, who in all time have chaunted the songs of humanity, and have given utterance to its loves, its hopes, its triumphs and despairs—to its passions stormy as winter on the summit of Benvoirlich, or soft as summer on the banks o' Doon. Thy voice is heard as a sweet tenor—scarce heard, indeed, when the swell of mighty notes prevail, when Milton's superb bass rolls out, as from the unseen spheres —when the martial recitative of Scott, or Byron's sonorous baritone peal forth—but ever and anon stealing on the ear with a quiet melody, clear, simple, and true, which searches and plays amongst the tendrils of our nature, stirring the fountains of tenderness within us, until the unbidden tears come forth, and our touched hearts acknowledge a master's power.

Gentlemen, I give you, on the centennial birthday of Robert Burns, "This day one hundred years ago."

In response to the last toast, the band played "There was a Lad was born in Kyle," and Mr. Gordon then pronounced the following toasts, introducing each with an extempore verse:—

"The Land of Cakes." Band: "Bannocks o' Barley Meal." Alex. Forbes, Esq., responded.

"The Land we live in." Band: "Hail Columbia."

This toast was proposed by W. Lane Booker, Esq., H. B. M. Consul, who sat on the right of the President. He spoke as follows:—The eloquent and pleasing address of the President has made me forget much of what I intended to say, but the toast of "The Land we live in," allotted to me, is one requiring no effort on my part to ensure it a favourable reception. We live in a country abounding in natural advantages. We have a fine climate, a fertile soil, with a greater part of it with its virgin freshness upon it, and we have almost beneath our feet that which, I fear, we place too much value upon—Gold itself. California, as all who lived here or watched the events of the last eight or ten years must know, is a progressive country. Progress, in our case, demands a speedy and constant communication with all parts of the Union. We have done something the past year; we have one new sea-route, the Tehuantepec, and we have stages arriving twice a-week from the East. The opening of stage communication, especially if the routes receive military protection, under the fostering care of the Fe-

deral Government, will do much for the country, for what California wants is capital, not capital in money, but in "bone and sinew," and I predict thousands upon thousands of those hardy western sons of toil will, with their families, yearly find their way across. Again, this country may have a little healthy rivalry in the newly discovered gold region, British Columbia; for we must remember what my friend who preceded me has told us of the strides made by Scotland, and not forget that if the climate be less congenial than that of California, it is at least equal to a large portion of the British Empire, and there is, consequently, no knowing what progress the new colony may make. A rivalry will benefit California, as it will open the eyes of the people out of the State to the fact that this country which has benefited all, in and out of the State, must not be left entirely alone to work out its future. Our Chairman, gentlemen, has alluded to the necessity of our not forgetting our friends at home, and I will call your attention to it. One-half of my time is employed in responding to enquiries from anxious and neglected relatives, and in discovering, or endeavouring to, those inquired for. Usually I find them well-off and contented, and nothing but a carelessness I warn you all against, has prevented their corresponding with the "old folks at home." If the soul-stirring appeal of the President could but reach the hills and valleys throughout the State, I am satisfied there would be many an anxious heart relieved, and many a determination made no longer to let mail and mail pass without some few words of affection being sent to those, far or near, we never ought to forget. I will say no more, but give you—"The Land we live in."

"The Queen." Company join in the music. Band: "God Save the Queen."

"The President of the United States." Three times three. Band: "Star Spangled Banner."

"The Poets of Scotland." Response by J. T. A. Anderson. Band: "Here's a Health to them that's awa."

"The Poets of England." Band: "Fine Old English Gentleman." Responded to by Mr. C. J. Hughes.

"The Poets of Ireland." Band: "The Harp that once in Tara's Halls." Dr. Nuttall responded.

"The Poets of America." "The old folks at Home," by the band. Responded to by Col. Baker.

"The Memory of the Ettrick Shepherd." "Ettrick banks," by the band. Responded to by J. P. Brodie, Esq., one of the vice-presidents.

After the regular toasts a number of volunteer and complimentary toasts were offered and drank with enthusiasm. The evening passed away with joviality and good feeling. A number of Scotch songs were sung in fine style and were heartily applauded, and not unfrequently encored. English and Irish ballads were also given and equally well received. Friendly messages and deputations from kindred meetings called forth the good fellowship of the meeting, and were cordially responded to. The meeting then broke up, and with often interchanged good-nights, each wended his way home. Some thirty or forty, whose paths lay together, induced old Campbell and his pipes to march at their head, and not a few quiet streets were astonished to find their echoes aroused by the stirring tunes of old Scotland.

At Sacramento, Mrs. Branks, of the Union hotel, gave a Scotch haggis, with "reaming swats, that drank divinely." At Placerville, the Scotchmen found each other. At Marysville they commemorated the great day, and in every mining camp in California, there were some found who knew who Burns was and how much we owe him, and showed how much they loved him.

The Tremont Burns Dinner.—The large dining hall of the Tremont House was filled by a jolly company, who sat down at a table loaded with delicious viands and wines. The officers of the dinner party were as follows:—President, James Linen; Vice-presidents, Gen. M'Dougal and David Jobson; Treasurer, John Herron; Secretary, John H. Peacock.

After an hour had been devoted to the table, the President called the party to order, and the intellectual part of the feast was commenced. The regular toasts were as follows:

First toast.—"The Immortal Genius of Burns."

The President, James Linen, Esq., remarked as follows:—My friends,—Nature made the author of "The Gentle Shepherd" a poet, and, as it were out of compliment, she allowed him to live to a green old age, in the full enjoyment of his fame and his riches; but he was no sooner gathered to his fathers than, as if impatient to produce a greater than he, she shortly afterwards pointed to a clay-built, straw-thatched cottage on the banks of the Doon, as the birth-place of our own immortal Burns. The grass of the old Gray Friar's churchyard had only waved over the grave of Allan Ramsay one summer when Burns was born. On the 25th of January 1759, this very day one hundred years ago, he came into the world to fulfil his high and glorious destiny. He was nursed in the lap of poverty, and his journey of life was one of bitterness and neglect. He struggled like a man, however, and towered

above the circumstances of his birth. Though not born to titles, or to an inheritance from a long line of distinguished ancestors, he was illustrious by nature, and received the high credentials of nobility from his God—an imperishable honour, and a gift which monarchs cannot confer, nor the world take away. Burns was emphatically the poet of nature; a warmer heart never beat within a bosom. He was intensely Scottish in his feelings, and his soul burned with a devotion to his country which adversity could not chill. He sympathized with all suffering. The "wee sleekit, cowerin, tim'rous beastie," the mouse, he even called his

"Poor earth-born companion
And fellow mortal."

He mourned the daisy of the field, which he turned up with his plough; but while he crushed it, the magic touch of his muse gave the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower" a glorious immortality.

The Chairman concluded an eloquent speech as follows:

Come then, my countrymen, come one, come all; and let this night be dedicated to social conviviality, for the sake of Burns. I hope, however, that we have met for a nobler purpose than merely to feast our appetites. Let our social meeting be also an intellectual banquet. Let the glorious spirit of Burns himself be present. He is now ranked with the author of the Iliad and the Bard of Avon, and his name will go down to the latest posterity as a benefactor of the human race. When the splendid monuments that have been erected in honour of the poet shall have crumbled into dust, his memory will live embalmed and undecayed in the affections of his countrymen. Up then, my friends, and cordially toast, with three times three, "The Immortal Genius of the Poet Burns!"

In answer to the above, Mr. Peacock sung "A man's a man for a' that," and he was accompanied by Mr. Burrage on the piano. Mr. Linen then gave the other toasts as follows:

2d. "The Land of Burns.—May the songs of her bards be always manly and independent, helping to elevate the lowly and bring down the proud, until both shall meet in good fellowship on the platform of humanity."

Response, a song by Mr. Donnelly—"Scots wha hae."

3d. "The Land we live in.—May its rapidly increasing population be prosperous and happy, and the tone of its literature elevated and refined."

Response, a song by Mr. Peacock—"Oh Susannah."

4th. By the 1st Vice-President, Mr. Jobson: "The Peasant Poet.—Scotland claims him for his birth; the world claims him for his worth."

5th. By the Treasurer, John Heron: "The Press.—The mighty lever in the world that will yet overthrow every system of despotism; the medium through which public opinion is directed, and the only safeguard of a free and enlightened people. The history of the past abundantly proves that 'the pen is mightier than the sword.'"

Response by Col. Baker.

6th. By the Secretary, Mr. Peacock: "The Poets of America.—Numerous and bright as the stars of heaven, may they shine in the firmament of Poesy, cheering millions by their humanizing and genial influence, and illuminating the dark and dreary pathways of life in our destined pilgrimage to another and a better land."

Response by Col. Tracy.

SAVANNAH, Geo.—The Burns centenary was celebrated here by a fete the most brilliant in every respect that ever transpired in this State. Dr. R. D. Arnold presided. He made a speech replete with humour, wit, fact, and feeling, in response to the memory of the immortal bard. William Duncan, a native Scotsman, was Vice-President, and responded to the toast "Queen Victoria." His speech was witty and happy; and when he sat down the company rose to their feet and gave the good Queen three cheers. The first toast, "The President of the United States," was responded to by Solomon Cohen. The favourite toast, "Auld Langsyne," was responded to by Hon. Wm. H. Stiles, with touches of feeling felicitously appropriate. "Bonnie Scotland" was the sixth toast, to which Mr. J. S. Hutton, a native Scotchman, responded. "The Harp of Ireland" was the next toast, and to that Mr. J. J. Kelly, a native of the Green Isle, responded eloquently. The "American Poets" was the next sentiment, and Hon. Henry R. Jackson, our late Minister to Austria, responded. C. C. Jones responded to the next sentiment, "Woman," in a chaste and felicitous tribute to the sex.

Messrs. A. M. Hodge and J. J. Kelly gave some glorious songs. The dinner was a feast for the gods: the wines were the best ever made of grape. The company numbered one hundred gentlemen.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—A large number gathered at the Eagle Hotel on Tuesday evening to do honour to the memory of Robert Burns. There were Scotchmen, and descendants of Scotchmnn; there were people, too,

representing other countries, for the occasion was one in which it was appropriate for all to participate. Hon. John Sanders was called to the chair. Prof. Foster, ex-Ald. Hunter, A. J. Thomson, Esq., and W. M. Colborne, Esq., were appointed Vice-Presidents. G. D. Kennedy, Esq., was chosen Master of Ceremonies; and I. M. Gregory, Secretary.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. — The festival in Springfield was one of the most entertaining ever given in that city. The gathering was large and respectable, and several excellent speeches were made, the most prominent of which by Mr. Knox, a native of Scotland.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—The celebration in this city of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns will be long remembered as a brilliant tribute to the memory of the "Poet Ploughman." It was not left to Scotchmen alone to commemorate the man. Burns belongs to no nation. Humanity claims him and loves him. The hundreds of Americans assembled on Tuesday night, if a correct analysis of their estimate of Burns could be made, would find that deeper than their admiration of the unrivalled genius of the poet lay a home-like affection for the loving-hearted, manly Robert Burns. There would be a sad void in British literature if the writings of this laughter and tear-provoking poet were stricken out of it. But a sadder void in the history of humanity would be created if the large place that Burns fills there were a blank.

In proposing the toast, "Burns, the Bard of Scotland," Mr. A. S. Mitchell said—Genius was in a remarkable degree the property of Burns. But with genius there was also humanity. Genius and humanity met in the person of Burns. Not only were they celebrating the memory of the hale fellow, but of manhood in its most glorious personification. Burns was a poor man, poor indeed; poverty in the father, in the mother, brother, and in himself. They were all hard workers, that family of Burns. The poet himself a hard worker—working by the year at the rate of seven pounds,—thirty-five dollars for one year's labour of the poet Burns. This work in the traces of the treadmill was the condition of humanity in its lowest grade, in its most abject state; but let it be considered that from that grew the infinite. We are wont to censure the world, but after all is not that the source, the agency from which we reap the glory which twines the brow of human nature? Wine effervesces in the bottle and carries warmth to the heart, but the grape was crushed before it gave the spirit. No music came from the lyre until the chords were struck; no fire flashed from the steel until it came into collision with the granite rock. Suppose he sinned! Without sinning there is no repentance—without repentance no pardon, without pardon there is no shout of joy in exultation around the Almighty's throne. Without his sufferings, his errors, his sorrows, his repentance, what would be the record he had left behind him? If he sinned he sorrowed; if he went astray he repented. We know the Almighty made him, and we will leave him in the hands of his Creator.

Numerous other speeches were made and songs sung, and some two hundred and forty souls carried away with them impressions which memory will ever cherish as among the most pleasing memories of the past.

ST. PAUL.—The anniversary was celebrated in the capital of Minesota, by a festival at Schiller's Banquet Rooms, by a number of Scotchmen and their friends. Alexander Buchanan, Esq., presided. Toasts were proposed and responded to by the Chairman, Mr. L. B. Greig, Ex-Governor Gorman, W. Crawford, Robert Eckford, W. G. Fonseca, J. H. Murray, J. Craig, Ex-Governor Rumsey and other gentlemen. Numerous songs enlivened the evening, and a piper in Highland costume varied the entertainment by playing a variety of national airs. "It is the design," says the *Minesotian*, "of the Scotch citizens of St. Paul, among whom are some of our most respected and well-to-do townsmen, to organise a St. Andrew's Society, and endeavour to bring into our new State an immigration of these thrifty, energetic, hardy, and intelligent class of people. We will welcome them as a valuable accession to our population, for though we know how dear the memory of their native land is, they make good citizens always.

TREMONT, N. Y.—Though few and far between, the Scots of this village caught the infection of the centennial celebration of the ploughman bard, and resolved to commemorate the event in the usual festive way. A good supper was partaken of at Itner's Hotel, the "chieftain o' the puddin' race" holding a prominent place on the table. Supper being despatched, the usual national and patriotic toasts were drunk with suitable remarks. Song and sentiment went their merry round till an advanced hour. After singing "Auld Langsyne" with national honours, the company separated highly pleased with the entertainment.

TROY.—The occasion was celebrated here by a banquet, at which about 200 guests were present. At the table at the head of the hall sat Hon. Alfred Wotkyns, Honorary Chairman; upon his right were William Lindsay, Esq., President of the St. Andrew's Society, General John E. Wool, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, and William Cooper, Esq. On his left, Judge Gould, Hon. Arba Read, Mayor of the city, Hon. John A. Griswold, ex-Mayor Slocum, Thomas T. Read, Esq., and others. Judge Gould responded to the toast of the evening in an able speech, and among the other speakers were General Wool, Rev. Dr. Kennedy, Rev. John Smith, John A. Griswold, B. H. Hall, George William Curtis, &c. The festival was a highly successful one.

WASHINGTON.—The celebration at the metropolis of the Union was worthy of the occasion. Although the Burns club here is in itself small in numbers, such was the enthusiasm among the admirers of Scotland's peasant bard, that nearly one hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner at the National Hotel, including many of the most distinguished persons in politics, literature, art, and the drama. The chair was taken by Senator Pearce of Maryland, a near connection of the Ramsays of Dalhousie. On his right sat the orator of the day, Mr. Carlisle, Professor M'Leod, and Mr. Cameron, president of the St. Andrew's Society; on the left the Rev. Dr. Balch (chaplain of the day), Mr. Hannay, president of the club, Mr. D. Dewar, secretary, &c. Mr. Pearce's opening speech of welcome was full of simple and earnest feeling; and his remarks on Burns would make an admirable addition to our volumes of criticism on Scotia's favourite bard. Mr. Carlisle (who married a M'Leod, and remarked that, though not of Scotch descent himself, his children were), responded to "The Memory of Burns" in a speech containing many fine thoughts and animating allusions. Mr. Speaker Orr spoke for America and the devotion of her sons to Burns in that fervid strain characteristic of South Carolina orators. The toast of "The Poets of Scotland and America" called up Donald M'Leod, Esq., of Washington who, though born on the banks of the Potomac, was educated at the university of Glasgow, married a Scotch wife, and spent some years at different times in Scotland and other parts of Europe). His speech was a brief series of sententious notices of Allan Ramsay, Scott, Campbell, Hogg, Wilson, Graham, Motherwell, Moir—prefaced by a touching tribute to Tannahill and Ferguson—and a glowing eulogium on Bryant and Halleck, the former our best descriptive poet, and the latter one of the finest lyrists in any language. Each of the names alluded to by the Professor called forth plaudits, but none received greater cheering than that of Halleck—probably on account of his recitation of some verses from that matchless piece of American lyric poetry, the lines "To the Wild Rose of Alloway," which he designated as the best thing that had ever been said or sung about Burns. Every line went to the heart of the Scotchmen present; and the Americans rejoiced that such apt and discriminating eulogy had come from one of the most loved and honoured of American poets. Mayor Berret made an excellent speech in reply to the toast to "The City of Washington," and some clever allusions to Burns and the occasion. But the speeches were scarcely more notable than the songs by Messrs. Gilbert Cameron, Ford, Sword, Woodley, and Dimitry. About two o'clock in the morning a company of gentlemen of the highest culture—including senators and representatives in Congress, statesmen, orators, poets, wits and humourists — assembled around Mr. Speaker Orr, who, after the retirement of Mr. Pearce, had taken the chair, and sang "Auld Langsyne." It was a memorable spectacle, and a fitting conclusion to the proceedings of the day.

A simpler but very interesting recognition of the centenary was given by Professor M'Leod at his Literary Institute, in the form of two lectures, on Monday and Tuesday, reviewing the Life and Poems of the bard-peasant. They were attended by the *elite* of Washington.

WEST FARMS, N. W.—The anniversary was celebrated here by a supper, part of which consisted of "the chieftain o' the puddin' race." We had also some of the inspiring beverage that Willie used to brew from the maut. Songs and toasts appropriate to the occasion were given, and the company spent a very happy evening. The chair was occupied by Mr. William Mackay, who ably discharged his duties, and Mr. William Howie officiated as Vice-Chairman.

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Chronicle of the hundredth birthday of Robert Burns

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